

WHAT WAS MOST IMPORTANT TO ME?

About halfway through my third year at college, I realized that the money I had saved to pay for rent and utilities would not be sufficient to get me through the summer. It was that time of year when I could work to pay for the next semester. I found a part-time job as a shop assistant.

All went well until my work schedule changed to include Sundays. During the job interview, I hadn't said anything about not working on Sundays because at the time the store was closed that day. Nevertheless, the job was important to me, and I liked what I was doing. I worked with a friend, and between us we could be free on two Sundays and work the other two. This let me attend some Church meetings and attend to my calling.

However, soon I found that I could not keep up with this schedule. I actually had a feeling that I wasn't able to fulfill my Sunday responsibilities even if I didn't work every Sunday. I started asking myself what I could do to change this situation. After I had prayed to ask for a way to soften the heart of my supervisors, I read 1 Nephi 7. I remembered reading verse 19, where, after Nephi had prayed, the hearts of his brethren were softened. Finally, I was able to speak to my employers about not working on Sundays.

I told my superiors that I was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-day Saints, and they asked me about what Latter-day Saints believed. When I asked them if I could have Sundays off, the response was no. They pointed out that during my first interview, I had said I was available to work any day of the week and had never mentioned any religious needs.

The months passed without any change until one Sunday I rushed out of Church meetings to hurry to work. I asked myself, "What is most important to you?" The response was immediate and impossible to miss: the Church, the gospel, service in my calling, participation with all my heart in Sunday meetings, and discipleship in word and deed.

I decided that I would ask again

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not to work on Sundays, but this time I would do it with a letter of resignation in my hands, in case they told me no a second time.

I had prayed, fasted, and received supportive text messages from friends.

At the moment of my interview, even though my heart was fluttering, I was calm because I knew I was doing the right thing. This time my supervisor said yes. My prayer had been answered. I tore up my resignation letter as soon as I got home.

I received many blessings from this experience, but the most immediate and tangible blessing was that I was able to keep my job and still keep the Sabbath day holy. For that I am truly grateful to the Lord. ■

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