

I had checked and rechecked the day before. A large box caught my eye. Something didn't look right.

A closer look revealed that it wasn't one box but two boxes nested together. I lifted the top box from the one below. In the bottom box, I found the parts! I said a prayer of gratitude and returned to my office to notify the fabricators that the missing parts had been found.

Suddenly, I realized that I had not just found the parts, but I had also discovered that Heavenly Father knew where I was and that I was important to Him. God had not forgotten me, and He never will. ■

Edwin F. Smith, Utah, USA

## MY DREAM COME TRUE

I was born in Hong Kong, China. When I was young, I dreamed of living in a beautiful country surrounded by nature.

After I grew up and got married, my husband and I moved to Australia.

He was a skilled mechanic and was granted a work visa, which allowed us to stay in Australia for four years. When we both became employed, we received an additional four-year extension on our visas.

During this time, we worked to improve our situation so we could apply for permanent residency. We couldn't afford to pay for English classes, but a brother and sister in our ward helped us learn. Still, at the end of eight years, it looked like we would have to leave Australia. We fasted and prayed to find a way to stay. Our ward fasted and prayed for us as well.

Our situation looked hopeless. We started to pack and make plans for our return to Hong Kong. One night a friend called and asked about our visas. We explained our situation and he told us that he knew an immigration agent who might be able to help.

The next day we visited with the agent. He quickly put our minds at ease. He would submit the papers for an extension on a

different visa—a permanent-residency visa that required us to move out of Sydney and into the countryside.

We moved to a city about one and a half hours north of Sydney. We found a home close to a chapel, surrounded by lush green Australian foliage. We loved our new home and ward.

Soon we were granted temporary visas. My husband and I continued to pray. He fasted every Sunday for six months. We read the scriptures daily and attended the temple weekly.

Then one day we received a call from the immigration agent. We needed to return to the office in Sydney and hand in our passports. They were handed back to us stamped with an approval for permanent residency. We thanked Heavenly Father for this blessing. We had faith that our prayers would be answered, and they were. And my dream of living in a country surrounded by nature had come true. ■  
Valencia Hung, New South Wales, Australia