

A MIRACLE IN THE LORD'S HOUSE IN KYIV

My family and I were excited to be traveling by car from Romania to Kyiv, Ukraine, for the dedication of the temple in August 2010. Knowing that this would be the temple for the Saints in the Romania/Moldova Mission, we traveled for about 14 hours just to be there. When we arrived, we met another group who had also traveled from Romania. We were all happy to be in Kyiv for this sacred event.

On the day of the dedication, our group from Romania was assigned to watch the dedication via broadcast in a room on the ground floor of the temple. Some began to express their disappointment. They had hoped to participate in the dedication with the prophet in the celestial room. Some even said that they could have just stayed at home and watched the broadcast from their chapel in Romania.

I began to pray in my heart, “Heavenly Father, how can we help these members from Romania have an unforgettable experience in Thy house?”

I still hadn't received an answer when the dedicatory session began. Soon we learned that the prophet, President Thomas S. Monson (1927–2018), was going to come down and put the cornerstone into place. Perhaps this could be our answer!



I prayed for a way for the prophet to come and greet the Romanian Saints.

“I don’t ask for this for myself,” I prayed, “but for my brothers and sisters.”

After the cornerstone ceremony, President Monson walked by our room on his way back to the celestial room. Suddenly, I felt in my heart that I should stand and invite him to come in our room.

I stood and said, “Our prophet! Come and see us. We are from Romania.”

He didn’t seem to hear me. Then, a moment later, he came back. “Romania!” he said and entered the room.

He greeted all of us and said he loved us very much. My heart was full as I watched the joyful faces of our dear members. “Thank you, dear

I prayed in my heart, “Heavenly Father, how can we help these members from Romania have an unforgettable experience in Thy house?”

Father,” I prayed, “for this miracle in Thy house.”

When the prophet left the room, no one was sad anymore. I felt that we were in the most blessed room in the temple. It was an experience I will never forget. ■

Doru Vasile, Bucharest, Romania

A SMILE OF ACCEPTANCE

One night our ward held an activity that we had spent hours preparing for. After the activity a young investigator said goodbye to me but a few minutes later returned and asked, “Bishop, when do I need to come back?” I told him Sunday, and the boy quickly said, “No, isn’t there another activity?” He had had such a good time with the youth of our ward that he wanted to come back.

I also conversed with a visiting couple who had attended the activity and asked them what they had thought. The husband said, “Since we got here, we have felt peace and tranquility,” which his wife affirmed with a nod of her head. I was surprised by this because when they first arrived, there had been a lot of people talking and making a racket. But he continued and looked at me and asked, “That’s the Holy Ghost, right?” Surprised, I could only say yes.

There had been a lot to do to get ready for this activity, so that night when everything ended, the only thing I had wanted to do was go home and go to bed. Because of how tired I was, I had not been able to think over my conversations with the investigators. When I got home, I said my prayers and got into bed, but I couldn’t sleep; in my mind I pictured the Lord smiling. It was a smile of acceptance. At that moment I began to remember the wonderful things that had happened at the activity.

I understood that the diligence and love of the ward members had made it possible for the hearts of those three investigators to be touched. I understood that the smile of acceptance was for what we were doing. I couldn’t avoid crying, and I felt so grateful for the gift that the Lord gave us. He had given us a smile of acceptance. I testify that the Lord’s words are true; that when we bring but one soul to Him, great will be our joy in the kingdom of the Father (see D&C 18:15). ■
Franklin Romero, Manabí, Ecuador

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