

GOOD QUESTION, TRENT

BY ALEX LAVELLE

My friend's question finally made me think seriously about the Church.

My friend Trent was a little confused when I explained I couldn't help pass the sacrament because I wasn't even a member. That's when the question came, "So . . . do you want to be baptized?"

I grew up in my mother's home, but I eventually moved in with my father and stepmother, who were both members of the Church. They always lovingly invited me to go to church with them, but I always kindly said, "No, thanks."

After a year, I finally decided to start going to church with them. I found out that it wasn't as bad as I thought that it would be. The chapel was very close to the house, and I could enjoy the company of my parents and friends there. I kept going to church, but only because it was convenient.

One day, just before sacrament meeting, Trent, a friend of mine, came up and asked me, "Hey, Alex, do you want to help pass the sacrament?"

I was shocked at what he'd asked. "No, I'm not even a member," I told him.

He seemed confused. "So, you're not baptized?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I'm not baptized."

There was an awkward pause while he tried to think of something to say. Then the words finally came out, "So . . . do you want to be baptized?"

"No," I answered simply. "No, I don't want to be baptized."

"Oh, I see," he said. There was another awkward pause. Then he said, "Well, see you at Sunday School."

I can just imagine how embarrassed and uncomfortable Trent must have felt as he returned to his seat, but what neither of us knew was that he'd planted a seed somewhere deep within me. When I sat down, I couldn't get his question out of my head. I thought to myself, "How ridiculous! Of course I don't want to be baptized! There's no way I . . . well . . ."

Then, for the first time in my life, I realized that I'd never found out for myself if the Church was true. Then I couldn't help but ask myself, "Do I want to be baptized?"

One night I was off by myself and still thinking about Trent's question. I knelt down and asked Heavenly Father to help me find the truth. As I thought about it, I felt strongly that I should investigate the Church. When I got home that night, I asked my stepmother if she could set up visits with the missionaries for me.

The elders came and explained the restoration of the gospel. They cleared up much of the misunderstanding I'd had about the Church and answered all my tough questions. They also gave me a copy of the Book of Mormon, and I fell in love with reading it. For weeks I carried it around in my pocket and read it every chance I had.

Deciding one night to act on Moroni's challenge and promise, I prayed and asked my Heavenly Father if what I'd read was true (see Moroni 10:4-5). I felt a peaceful assurance come over me, and I knew in my heart that

the Book of Mormon was true!

I ran upstairs, excited, and told my parents the answer to Trent's question: "I do want to be baptized!"

On December 25th I had a very "white" Christmas. Not only was there snow on the ground, but I was also dressed in my white baptism clothes. A few weeks later, after receiving the Aaronic Priesthood, I went up to my good friend Trent and asked: "Can I help pass the sacrament?" **NE**

