



THE MIRACLE OF TITHING

I had been a member of the Church for only one month when I paid my first full tithe. I was the only member in my family, and tithing was complicated for my family to understand. My mother discouraged me from paying tithing and wanted me to give her the money instead.

One day before work, I realized that there was no food in the refrigerator and I'd have to buy something to eat. I didn't have any money with me, so I asked my mom to lend me money for lunch. She refused and said I didn't have money because I had paid my tithing.

I went to get my Book of Mormon and told her that this book would give me my nourishment for the day—my spiritual nourishment. I opened it in front of my mother and found 100 pesos (enough to buy some lunch) tucked inside. It was a miracle—I hadn't put that money in my scriptures. I learned a great lesson: although challenges and temptations are everywhere, I will always be blessed as I pay a full tithe and keep the commandments.

Montserrat L., Culhuacán, Mexico

TIME FOR THE TEMPLE

As soon as I turned 12, I received my first temple recommendation. I'll never forget that first temple experience. The peace I felt was so unique. Though my home in southern Taiwan was four hours from the temple, I decided to go once a month on our stake temple day. I went even if no one could accompany me.

Soon I started inviting my Church friends to go with me. Though they didn't show much interest at first, now they go every month. Many people in the ward also started going to the temple. Now no matter how often our ward plans a temple trip, many people come—more than our stake has ever seen before.

Soon after my decision to attend monthly, my family decided to go every month. Even if we have tests at school the day after our temple day, my family and I attend regularly. I've been frequently attending the temple with my family for seven years now. The temple is the house of the Lord, and we know the importance of going to the temple.

Sister Liu, California Fresno Mission

GETTING BENCHED

For most of the four years I played high school basketball, I'd been a starter and never missed a game. So when my coach told me that I wasn't doing enough for the team and wouldn't be starting the next game, something inside me broke. I'd been benched.

Trying not to cry, I ran out of the gym and, for the first time in my life, felt like giving up. And right then, for some reason, the word *fortitude* came to mind.

Fortitude means “courage in pain or adversity.” I lifted my head. Fortitude. No one was asking me to do this alone. Hands shaking, I opened my phone and searched the lyrics to “Come, Come, Ye Saints” (*Hymns*, no. 30). As I read the words, I felt I was being gently reminded of two things.

First, the lyrics ask, “Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right. Why should we think to earn a great reward if we now shun the fight?” And I remembered to be grateful.

Then, second, I read, “Gird up your loins; fresh courage take. Our God will never us forsake; and soon we'll have this tale to tell—all is well! All is well!” And I remembered to be brave.

Grace H., Utah, USA



SHARE MY TESTIMONY?

One day while studying the scriptures, I felt impressed to share my testimony at the upcoming fast and testimony meeting. I'd thought about doing it before, but I hadn't since I was really young.

When fast Sunday came, I passed the sacrament and felt the impression even stronger than before. I knew it was the Spirit telling me to bear my testimony. But then thoughts began flowing into my mind, like “You're too nervous,” “You can do it next month,” and “What will people think of you?”

I was about to give in to my doubts and remain seated when my uncle handed me a small piece of paper and whispered, “This is from your aunt.”

Written on the paper was the one-word question “Testimony?” I immediately decided to do it. When I spoke, I wasn't even nervous because I felt the Spirit so strongly. I was also happier and felt more grateful after I went up. The Spirit really does work through other people to help us.

Jordan B., Utah, USA