



SACRAMENT IN ANY LANGUAGE

After a walk along a dirt road to the bus stop, followed by a long bus ride, followed by a subway ride, I was happy to get on the streetcar. It was my first Sunday morning in Vienna, Austria, where I was staying for the summer, and I was looking forward to going to church. I felt a sense of relief when I noticed a sign on a small building with the words: “The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Visitors welcome.” I clutched both my English and German scriptures tightly as I entered the building. I followed the

sound of hymns to the chapel and sat at the end of a bench.

After the hymn, an opening prayer was given, but I didn’t understand much of it. Then the man I assumed was the bishop addressed the congregation. Few of his words made any sense to me. Suddenly I felt conspicuous as I sat alone. I felt lost and hopeless.

I blinked back tears. Then, one of the men got on his knees and began to bless the sacrament. The words were in German, but I knew what was being said, and the message was clear

and powerful. As I listened to the promise that we can “always have His Spirit,” I was filled with peace.

As I sat in a small chapel surrounded by people, a city, and a language that were all foreign to me, I savored the familiarity of the sacrament. I felt a sense of belonging. I knew that the restored gospel of Jesus Christ and the Church unite us, and the comfort and blessings of the gospel are available to all, no matter where we may be.

Catherine P., Utah, USA

FROM SEED TO TREE

A few years ago, I wanted to gain my own personal testimony of the Book of Mormon, so I put more effort into reading my scriptures daily. When I reached the end of the book, I followed the counsel of Moroni, who said to ask God, and if I have a sincere heart and real intent, Heavenly Father would answer my prayer (see Moroni 10:4–5). I kneeled down and prayed. I waited for an answer. I expected an unforgettable spiritual experience that night, or the feeling of what they call “burning in the bosom,” but nothing came.

I was disappointed, but I didn’t give up. I continued to read my scriptures each day in faith. And as I read, the scriptures enlightened my mind little by little. I learned to love the messages and words found in the scriptures, and they brought comfort and hope to my heart. These seemingly small experiences became more frequent.

One day I realized that there was a difference between how strong my testimony was before and how strong it is now. I realized that everyone gains their testimony in different ways. For me, testimony came like the story found in Alma 32: like a little seed of faith, as I nourished it daily by reading my scriptures, pondering, and applying

MUSICAL MISSIONARY

One summer, my youth choir took a tour to all of the main Church history sites. We had the opportunity to perform concerts in places like Liberty Jail, the Kirtland Temple, and even the Sacred Grove.

While it was a great opportunity to visit the places where the gospel was restored, I had an even more powerful experience realizing that we were preaching the word of God through our music. For instance, as we sang “The Spirit of God” (*Hymns*, no. 2), I felt that we were testifying of the Lord’s Church and of the blessings of having the gospel in our lives. I felt that we were bringing people to Christ.

By the time the tour was over, my testimony had been strengthened so much, and I had seen many of the other choir members’ testimonies grow too. I also hope and pray that we were able to touch the lives of the many people who listened to us. By sharing the word of the Lord through music, we had a great missionary experience. I am now preparing for my full-time mission, and I look forward to continuing to preach the gospel.

Jared P., Utah, USA



the things I learned from the scriptures, my testimony slowly but surely grew “line upon line, precept upon precept” (2 Nephi 28:30). From that seed of faith and desire has grown a tree of testimony.

But my story doesn’t end here.

I know I must continue to nourish the tree so it doesn’t weaken and wither away. Then my tree of testimony will grow larger and more rooted, and when the storms of temptation and trial come, my tree will not fall.

Charlene L., Philippines