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Through photos and poems, teens share what the temple means to them.



Mesa Arizona Temple, Lexi C., 15

atter-day Saint youth revere the temple as the purest and most sacred of all buildings, a place of beauty where the Spirit speaks and where covenants are made for eternity.

Their love for the temple is evident in the heartfelt joy of their words and the vibrant emotion of the images that temples inspire them to create. Enjoy their poems and photos as you think of the love you also share for the house of the Lord.



The Gila Valley Arizona Temple, Katie G., 14



Denver Colorado Temple, Hayden C., 16

Salt Lake Temple, Nephi B., 16





KANSAS CITY MISSOURI TEMPLE By Savannah M., 14, Missouri, USA

Oh, how majestic it stands! White spires pointing upward, Nigh unto my Father, The angel Moroni like a beacon Drawing me closer to the Savior. Joyful we are, To have such a dwelling so blessed— A dwelling of refuge, Of peace, of salvation, of service— A dwelling I fancy when I rest.

Only the home could ever compare With the holiness of the temple We now consecrate. And through it my family May live together For time and eternity, so complete.

My heart, oh my heart! May it ever lean to such beauty And abide here, For this tabernacle we have made Is of the Messiah For now into Eternity.

Editor's note: This poem was written about the dedication of the Kansas City Missouri Temple.

Learn about Temples To learn more about temples, go to Ids.org/go/temples6NE.



Kyiv Ukraine Temple, Christopher H., 19



Logan Utah Temple, Chantel L., 17



Kansas City Missouri Temple, Dominique D., 13



Washington D.C. Temple, Jasmin J., 21

FOR SARINE

By Brittny M., 16, Hawaii, USA

I step into the font. The warm water gently laps around me. Sarine and I have not met, But I know her; I feel her presence.

My mind and heart turn back To the frustrations, the searching, the waiting, To the jubilation of discovering. It was all worth this moment for her.

A hand is raised, a prayer is said, While she, behind the gate Where she has been so long, Still hopes. Still prays. Still waits.

My hands in hands of priesthood authority, I am buried in the depths. The water cascades around my face. Finally, past the gate, She smiles, And I feel her elation, In this place where Earth and heaven meet.

San Diego California Temple, Hannah M., 16

Editor's note: This poem was written after the author researched an ancestor's name and ordinances were performed for her in the temple.

