



MY READING BUDDIES

I used to have a hard time reading, and I was really self-conscious about it. I wouldn't read in class because it was hard for me to sound out some of the words, and I was afraid to read out loud because the kids in school would tease me because I couldn't understand what I was reading. It was hard for me to make friends, too, because my family moved around a lot. Then my family moved to Oregon, USA.

One of my new neighbors quickly became one of my best friends. He encouraged me to go to church. The guys there didn't tease me like the kids in school did. They took it upon themselves during church to help me read the scriptures. They spent

the time to help me learn to read the words I couldn't sound out. Slowly, they gave me the courage to read out loud. From that day on I would read even if it would take half the class time for me to read what the teacher asked me to read.

I was blessed with these great guys who took me under their wings. They didn't have to do this for me, and they could've stayed silent, but following the Spirit, they made a choice to help me and made a difference in my life. We too can make a difference in others' lives; we just have to be willing to listen to the Spirit to guide us to those people who are in need of help.

Larry W., California, USA

WAITING ON THE BUS

I was on the bus on my way home from school on a very windy day. My bus driver got to the stop where my neighbor and I get off. Our driver had a feeling that we shouldn't get off, so she pulled to the side of the road and told us to stay on. As my neighbor and I were waiting for her to open the doors, we saw a flash of light and heard a big crash. We looked out the windows and saw our other neighbor's big tree fall over onto a power pole, and the pole fell across the road right in front of the bus. It was in the exact spot where we would have crossed the road. If our bus driver had let us off, we would have been roadkill. I was really grateful for the Holy Ghost that day and that He inspires people.

Kenzie W., Utah, USA

THE MISSING PIECE

When I was in high school, I got offended about some of the Church doctrine. It eventually led me to become less active. I attended some activities at another church that helps people spiritually, and yet my joy was not full, as if there

TOO SICK TO AUDITION?

My piano teacher is not a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but she knows that some of our members are called to play the organ. One time she encouraged me to audition for a scholarship to learn the organ. I decided to audition so that I could learn to play the organ in order to serve in church.

The morning of the audition, I woke up extremely sick. My mom said our family would be praying for me. When we got to the audition, my dad told the judges I wasn't feeling very well. Before I began playing, I said a little prayer in my heart. I asked Heavenly Father for His help, especially if He wanted me to play the organ at church. As I began to play I felt as if someone else was playing. I didn't feel sick but instead was just amazed to watch my fingers move. Before I knew it, I'd finished all my songs, and I don't remember making any mistakes.

As soon as I got off the bench, the sickness returned and my dad took me home to rest. I slept all day until my mom woke me up that evening to tell me I'd won the scholarship. I know Heavenly Father wanted me to learn to play the organ and listened to my prayer. I've truly felt the Lord's hand in my life. I'm so grateful for the talents He has blessed me with, because as I share them and use them to serve, He strengthens and blesses me.

Amy M., Texas, USA



was something missing.

It took me time to find what was missing, but one day after I prayed, I opened my eyes and I saw my Book of Mormon on my table. I was about to go to sleep when a thought came to me, saying, "I was born a Mormon. How come I haven't

finished the Book of Mormon?" So that day I decided to finish reading the Book of Mormon, and after many years, I have finally found the missing piece of that happiness here in the mission field.

Elder Jayme Promise, Philippines Quezon City Mission