

MY FIRST TIME AT THE TEMPLE



*I wanted to personally attend the temple,
not just hear about other people's experiences with it.*

By Matias Pedraza

When I was 16, the stake presidency announced that our stake would visit the temple in Buenos Aires, and I was invited to go. I saved money and worked hard to be worthy to obtain a temple recommend.

After I received the recommend, temptations attacked me from every side, all trying to make me lose that worthiness. But I had a desire to attend the temple. I didn't want to just hear the experience and testimony of others; I wanted to have my own experience and testimony.

The night to travel came. Even before getting on the bus, I had thoughts about not going, but I didn't give in. During the 10-hour

trip, I sat by a member of the Church who was very friendly to me. He was around 60 years old. He told me about his life and how happy he was to have gone through the trials he had.

I began to tell him about my life and how I felt very alone because many people had distanced themselves from me because I was following God. He told me, "God will give you a great friend, and that friend will always be there for you. Don't forget it." When he finished saying these words, I felt calm and peaceful because I felt that what he told me was true.

When I entered the temple, the heaviness I was carrying

disappeared. It felt like there was a spiritual embrace telling me, "Welcome, my son. I have been waiting for you."

I felt that the temple really was the house of God, not just a beautiful structure. After doing some baptisms and confirmations, I went outside.

I felt the burdens return, but now I felt like I had the strength to overcome them.

I know that preparing ourselves and leaving everything in the hands of God and giving the best of ourselves to enter the temple is what is expected of us. Then God blesses us abundantly. **NE**

The author lives in Córdoba, Argentina.