



FORGIVING MY CYBERBULLY

My friend Nora* created a social media account using the name of my other friend Kate.* Nora used that profile to start harassing people and make fun of my religion and personality. Everyone started blaming Kate for the mean messages.

When Nora later confessed to the fake profile, everyone hated her. She apologized, but I was too angry to forgive her.

One day while reading the

scriptures, I came across D&C 64:9–10: “Wherefore, I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another; for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin. I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men.”

Instantly I thought about Nora. I knew it wasn’t right for me to act so meanly. I prayed and asked my

Heavenly Father to help me forgive her.

Forgiving her wasn’t easy, but I started small. I sent her messages asking her about her day, and I talked to her at lunch. I learned that Nora’s life wasn’t easy. I was glad I hadn’t stayed mad at her. Kate and some others didn’t understand how I could be so forgiving of someone who had insulted me, but I knew that what I’d done was right.

Name withheld

* Names have been changed.



I ASKED GOD AGAIN— AND AGAIN

It was a normal day until later in the evening, when I started getting stomach pains. I've had stomach pain all my life, so it seemed like one of those "stomachaches" that I could pretend wasn't there until it went away.

But then the pain worsened. I lay in bed, sweaty and in increasing pain, and prayed that God would help lift my burden.

There was no answer. I asked God again. And again.

And there was still no answer.

When my mother came in to check on me, I asked her, "Why isn't God answering my prayers?"

She replied, "It might seem like God isn't listening, but sometimes you have to endure trials."

By this point the pain was lighting every nerve on fire. The night felt as if it dragged on for days. Somehow, I was able to eventually fall asleep.

REMINDED OF MY WORTH

Before I received my patriarchal blessing, my stake patriarch asked me to bear my testimony. When I did it, I cried, which made me feel weak and unimportant. But the patriarch told me that I was crying because I felt the Spirit. There was no need to be embarrassed.

Then when I received my blessing, I felt like God was also telling me that I was not weak. God knows me and loves me.

My patriarchal blessing has been a huge help in my life. When I get very emotional and feel like I'm not important and that no one understands me, I can read my blessing and realize I have worth and a purpose. I am reminded that I can become that amazing person I've always wanted to be.

Brenna B., Utah, USA

When I woke up, the pain had dulled. But I still didn't understand why God hadn't helped me.

One day, I read a talk by Elder Quentin L. Cook of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles entitled "Hope Ya Know, We Had a Hard Time" (Oct. 2008 general conference). One certain part stood out, quoted from Doctrine and Covenants 121:7–8: "My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall

exalt thee on high." When I read that quote, I remembered Jesus Christ's pain when He atoned for my sins. Our Savior willingly endured this great pain—for us.

Everything aligned. I understood why we have trials. If God took away our pain, we would never appreciate our great moments of weakness. But if, when we experience trials, we endure faithfully, we can be exalted on high.

Kaitlyn E., Illinois, USA