

Brett's Quest

By Helen Marie Parsons

It all started when my friend Brett said, “Last night when I talked to my friend, I found out that her parents have been telling her stuff about our religion, making us sound really bad. She told me that I was wrong for being Mormon, and she seemed to have plenty of evidence. Lots of stuff that I didn’t know about. I figured I can’t defend this if I don’t know what we believe.”

Then he asked me, “Do you want to come over and study scriptures tonight? You know, we could do a little reading, look some stuff up.”

“Seriously?” I hesitated. It wasn’t that I didn’t want to. It was just that I was taken off guard. I mean, how many teenagers hang out on weeknights to study the scriptures for fun?

“Sure, I guess,” I accepted slowly. “If you really want to.”

Brett was the only other Church member in my grade, and he’d never seemed very religious. I still remember being surprised my sophomore year when I first met him. He asked me why I chose not to date until I was 16. I was astounded by his question because Brett had been an active member his entire life but he somehow still didn’t know some of the basic teachings of the Church.


To him, church was a Sunday thing. I remembered answering Brett’s question about my decision not to date until 16 and then enlightening him on many other standards we had as Church members.

Now, as seniors, we’d grown to be close friends. And once again I found myself surprised by Brett.

I arrived at his house not sure what to expect.

As I walked into his family’s study, I noticed the Bible was open and several LDS reference materials were stacked on the desk. He’d already begun. “Look at this,” he said excitedly, pointing to James 2:21–26.





Hanging out on
a weeknight to search through
the scriptures together?
Was he serious?

“I thought we could find some answers.”
Then he asked, “Do you have any questions?”

“I don’t know. I guess so.”

“After listening to my friend, I know
I need to study more,” Brett continued.

“So, are you looking up things about the
points she made?” I asked.

“Yeah. I can see where she’s coming from, but
you know, the more I find out about what we
believe,” he continued, “the more I see and feel
just how right our beliefs are. It’s exciting.
I want you to help me.”

I’d never considered the scriptures exciting
before. I felt humbled by his enthusiasm. He
wanted my help because I’d read the Book of
Mormon, prayed, felt the Spirit, and from then
on hadn’t had doubts.

But at that moment, I realized I too needed to
search the scriptures more.

Brett and I really studied the scriptures that night and
found the answers to his questions. Time and time again,
Brett searched the scriptures in response to criticisms of the
Church. As he learned to trust the scriptures, his testimony
grew. Not only did that study help him talk with his friend,
but his example of asking questions and finding the answers
in the scriptures made a difference for me too. **NE**

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