

By Stephanie Gudmundsson

# MY EVERY DAY TESTIMONY

*My testimony comes from living the gospel day by day and not from one miracle moment.*

When I was growing up, I always looked for a miracle moment to prove to myself

I had a testimony. I would hear story after story about miraculous moments when people learned without a doubt the gospel is true. The stories ranged from standing up to temptation or danger, to leading hundreds of people to the Church through small and simple acts, to times when the scriptures would flip open to answer life's dilemmas. My favorite stories were about someone headed home at night, bypassing a danger unknown to them until the next day. I heard stories about miraculous healings or angels protecting people. I could hardly wait until it was my turn to have such a moment. I expected to see angels and lights that would tell me I had a testimony of the Church.

My parents taught me to pray, go to church, read the scriptures, dress modestly, live a clean life free from worldly influences, and trust in the Lord. I had the confidence to live right.

I just wanted to be able to prove I had a testimony and have someone notice me for it.

In family home evenings or in Sunday School, we would practice lines that would help us stand up to peer pressure. I couldn't wait to use these lines. For example, I imagined hanging out with my friends. Someone would pull out some alcohol and pass it around. The beer can would be handed to me, and all eyes would be looking in my direction. The pressure would mount. I would stand up and say, "No! I am a Mormon, and I don't drink!" All the kids would be in awe. No amount of their persuasion would convince me. Soon the party would disperse, and someone special in the crowd would tell me I had impressed him so much with my firm stance that he wanted to learn more about my church. Angels would sing praises, and I would be filled with light.

It never happened. No one ever tempted me like that. They seemed to already know my standards by the way I lived. To my disappointment, my "glory moment" never came to pass.

But now I know that having a testimony does not have to come from angels appearing. My testimony comes from living the gospel day by day, feeling the witness of the Holy Ghost, and enjoying the simple blessings that come from obedience.

I know who I am. I know God loves me. I know the Savior atoned for my sins. This is my testimony. Knowing this brings me peace of mind.

I can't say I have had a miraculous moment when I knew the Church was true, but I am happy to know I *do* have a testimony. So, until that moment when angels appear to me, I am going to be satisfied with living a pretty normal life with the simple blessing of knowing the gospel is true. ■

