

## I WOULD NOT CHEAT

As a freshman in college, I was often disappointed with my classmates. That's because many of them would cheat during exams. Some would sneak their notes into class. Some would text test answers to others. A few would even copy off the exams of their classmates.

Those who cheated always got higher scores than I did. Nevertheless, I was not tempted to join them. I always put into my mind and heart that it's better to have an honest 0 percent than a stolen 100 percent.

If I cheated, I wouldn't be setting an example for them. I wouldn't be living in a way that I could share the gospel of Jesus Christ with them. I wouldn't be showing them that the Church is true.

One afternoon I went to the college cashier office to ask about my remaining tuition balance. I had to pay all my fees before I could take final exams the following week. As I was walking, I worried about where I would get the money I needed. For a self-supporting student like me, finances were tight.

When I reached the office, I asked the cashier how much I still owed.

"You pay no more until you graduate," she said.

Shocked, I asked her if she was sure or if she was pulling a prank.

"Yes, I'm sure, and I'm serious," she said. "The guidance counselor processed an application for you to get a scholarship from a senator. You are now a scholar."

Hearing those words made me very happy. I thanked her and ran to the guidance counselor's office to thank the person responsible.

"You don't have to thank me," the counselor said after I told her how thankful and happy I was. "I was only an instrument."

As I left, I remembered the scripture I always love to share: "And blessed is he that is found faithful unto my name at the last day, for he shall be lifted up to dwell in the kingdom prepared for him from the foundation of the world. And behold it is I [Jesus Christ] that hath spoken it" (Ether 4:19).

By doing right, I had shown my faithfulness in keeping the commandments of our Heavenly Father—even in a situation where dishonesty was common. I know that by standing firm in my faith, He will never leave me.

I am happy that I can now study with no payments to worry about. I'm also encouraged to continue doing what's right, not because of the rewards and blessings I could receive but because I love Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, who set an example for me. ■

Joanna Mae Rangga, Southern Leyte, Philippines

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I wanted so much to wear my mother's wedding dress when the day of my marriage arrived.

## MY MOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS

I was a girl when I first saw my mother's wedding dress. It was carefully wrapped inside a box, and I remember my mother unwrapping it tenderly so I could see it. How beautiful it was! I so much wanted to wear that dress when the day of my marriage arrived.

My mother gently put it back and promised to lend it to me in the future. She said the dress had been a special gift from my father. She looked so in love and beautiful in her wedding photographs. My parents, not members of the Church, were wonderful people.

I learned about the Church when I met the man who would become my husband. That meeting was unusual because, though he was not active in the Church, our meeting led to the story of the First Vision. I found the story amazing, but I was not ready to accept it.

After we had dated for 16 months, my dreams came true when I put on

my mother's wedding dress with its long tail and walked down the aisle toward my fiancé. I also was so in love. Many people said I looked just like my mother when she married.

Years passed, and we had two sons. When my husband tried to return to church, I hindered his efforts. Though I wasn't active in the church of my youth, I had a hard time accepting another church.

That finally changed after 19 years of marriage. My husband returned to church, and a few weeks later I began to attend with him. My testimony grew rapidly, and I was baptized and confirmed. Soon afterward my greatest desire was to prepare myself to be sealed to my husband in the temple.

When the happy day of our sealing arrived, I wore my mother's white dress again. A friend from church had adjusted it so it would be proper to wear in the temple.

I have worn it there ever since.

By the time my father had passed away and my mother had entered her last days, she still wasn't ready to accept the restored Church. But I told her many wonderful things about the Restoration. I also told her that when she crossed the veil, she was going to hear the message of the true gospel. I promised her that after a year, I would wear our dress in her behalf so she could vicariously receive temple ordinances and be sealed to my father. And I did.

My dress is old now, and I know that one day I will have to retire it. Until that day comes, I will continue to wear it with love—for my husband, for my mother and father, for family members I have served vicariously in the temple, for the true gospel, for my sacred covenants, and for my Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. ■  
Angélica Flores Algaba, Querétaro, Mexico

## THE LORD SPOKE PEACE TO ME

Our daughter Carlie had been sick for a few days, and I thought all she had was a cold. But as her symptoms progressed, I began to think it might be more serious.

My fears were confirmed and intensified at her doctor's appointment—Carlie was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. She was slipping into a diabetic coma and needed to get to the hospital quickly. I prayed in my heart that I would be calm and that the doctors would be able to help her.

When we arrived at the emergency room, the doctors and nurses quickly went to work trying to save her. I pled with my Heavenly Father for comfort and peace.

In a moment of quiet, my husband and his father gave Carlie a priesthood blessing. In his blessing, my husband assured her that it was the will of her Heavenly Father that

she live. I began to feel peace.

After several more hours of watching doctors poke, test, and check Carlie for improvement, I was exhausted. Her room became less hectic around 1:00 a.m. I didn't know what to expect, I couldn't sleep, and I felt alone.

I pulled out a copy of the Book of Mormon my sister had brought to the hospital and prayed that the scriptures would bring me the reassurance I needed. The book fell open to Alma 36:3. As I read, I felt that the Lord was speaking to me: "I do know that whosoever shall put their trust in God shall be supported in their trials, and their troubles, and their afflictions, and shall be lifted up at the last day."

For the second time that night, I felt peace. I knew Heavenly Father was aware of us. He wanted me to know that He was there and that I needed to have faith in Him.

As I reflected on the day's events, I thought of how the Lord had blessed us. I had felt an urgency to take Carlie to the doctor. We had arrived at the hospital safely. Priesthood holders had arrived quickly to administer a blessing.

Since that day we have settled into a routine of checking blood sugar and keeping snacks on hand. We have learned how diabetes management can affect the body. Carlie's disease continues to be a trial, but we have learned to trust in our Heavenly Father every day.

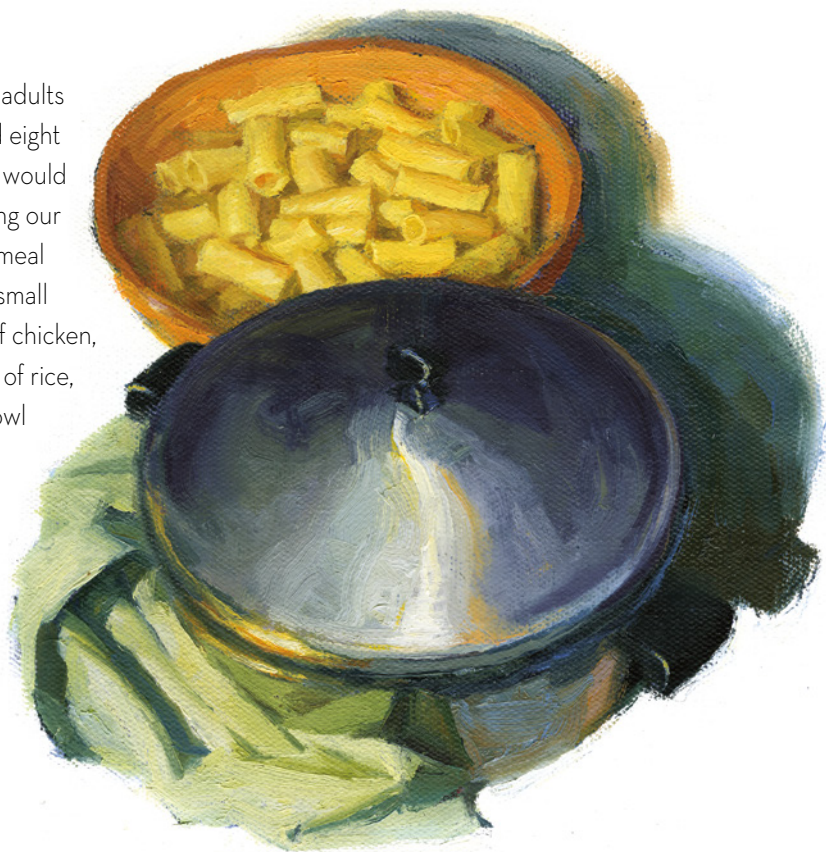
That day in the hospital is not one I want to relive, but it is one I will be forever grateful for. It was a day of learning, of exercising faith, of feeling gratitude. I learned that Heavenly Father is aware of each of His children and that He will truly support us in our trials. ■

Trisha Tomkinson Riggs, Arizona, USA

When we arrived at the emergency room, the doctors and nurses quickly went to work trying to save Carlie.



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## EIGHT SMALL PIECES OF CHICKEN

With my husband temporarily out of work, making ends meet for a family with five growing children was challenging. A day before the broadcast of the October 2013 general conference, we checked our food supplies and decided we would prepare a simple lunch of fried chicken and rice during the break between conference sessions.

Sunday came, and we were all set. The rest of our extended family, composed of my parents and my sisters and their families, met at the stake center half an hour before the broadcast started.

What a joy and a blessing it was to hear prophets, seers, and revelators share messages specifically for our generation. As I listened to the counsel and basked in the wonderful spirit of peace and love I felt from

my Heavenly Father, I received the assurance that everything would be all right, that my family's spiritual and temporal needs would be addressed, and that if I continued to exercise faith and let my Savior take the reins, we would be released from the grips of poverty and other hardships.

Enjoying the beautiful spirit of that Sabbath day, I had forgotten about lunch. Only when the break between sessions arrived did I realize there would be 17 of us. Nine adults and eight children would be sharing our meager meal of eight small pieces of chicken and a platter of rice, along with a bowl of pasta one of my sisters had brought.

Eight-year-old Henry offered a prayer of thanksgiving and blessing on our food, asking that all who partook would be filled. Then I broke each

piece of chicken into smaller portions and handed these to the children as my sister placed pasta and rice on their plates. I could not keep tears from falling as I realized we had enough for one small serving for everyone and one extra serving after all the pieces were broken and the pasta and rice were divided among us. All of us then ate—and were filled.

I told my parents and husband that I knew of a surety that the Savior had indeed divided five loaves of bread and two fish and fed a multitude of “five thousand men, beside women and children” (see Matthew 14:14–21). Some critics and nonbelievers claim that the miracle was metaphorical, exaggerated, or impossible. But to my family and me, the account is true as written.

Heavenly Father had heard the prayer of a faithful child who gave thanks and requested the blessing that all who would partake would be filled and receive nourishment.

As we returned to the hall for general conference, I was feasting in my heart. I felt as though I were there with the multitude Jesus had fed, yearning to stay and learn from Him who promises that if we heed and hearken, we will never hunger or thirst (see John 6:35).

With our children we quietly took our seats inside the chapel and prepared to listen to Heavenly Father's chosen servants. It was an occasion we will always remember. ■

Abigail Almeria, Cebu, Philippines