

A Driving Lesson

would return. I wanted them back, and I wanted the darkness to disappear.

At that moment, I experienced what it means to be truly miserable. I had lost Madeleine and Lucas. They had moved ahead without me, leaving me alone, surrounded by darkness.

When I awoke the next morning, I realized that my Father in Heaven had given me a sign. If I didn't return to church and take my wife and son to the temple to be sealed, I would lose them. I would not have them in the next life. I would be in a lost, miserable state.

"Tomorrow," I told Madeleine, "I'll go to church."

Every Sunday morning since then, I have gone to church with my family. I have not missed a single meeting since that dream five years ago. We were eventually sealed in the temple in September 2016.

I'm thankful for all my blessings. I'm especially grateful for my family and for my wife's courage, strength, and example. I'm grateful that she and my Heavenly Father never gave up on me. I am the man I am today thanks to them. ■
Harmin Toledo Gonzalez, Chiloé, Chile

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I was driving home from a young-adult meeting on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. I felt relaxed and unhurried as I thought about the messages I had heard about developing our potential as children of God. I asked myself what I could do to develop the potential that is in me.

My route home took me through a narrow, two-way stretch of road. A long line of cars came from the opposite direction, but no one was behind me. Then, all of a sudden, I heard the repeated blaring of a car horn. There was now a driver behind me. He flicked his headlights on and off and yelled at me to get out of the way. It appeared he wanted to drive faster.

I thought that this person needed to learn patience and respect for others, so I slowed down. As we went past a number of streets, he kept blowing his horn and flicking his lights. He then turned off the road and stopped. I looked in my rearview mirror to see his reaction at not being able to go faster. I felt good about having taught him a lesson.

Suddenly, the driver jumped out of

his car and opened the passenger door. A woman emerged quickly with a baby in her arms. I looked to see where they were going. In the distance, I saw the lighted letters: "Hospital Emergency Room."

"What have I done?" I asked myself. I arrived home, fell to my knees, and with tears in my eyes, I asked God to forgive me.

That day I learned that the actions of those around us can be motivated by things we cannot always see or understand. Today, when I see someone act in a way I judge to be wrong, I prefer to think that I do not quite understand what they are going through. I try to show the love and compassion that Jesus Christ has asked us to have toward others and to focus on understanding and helping those around me.

How can I develop my potential as a child of God? I can respond to the actions of others with love and understanding. Doing so has enabled me to feel more of the Savior's love in my own life and enables others to feel my love for them. ■

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