

Mia's Testimony



By Amelia Hawkins

(Based on a true story)

“The Holy Spirit whispers with a still small voice. He testifies of God and Christ and makes our hearts rejoice” (Children’s Songbook, 105).

It was past her bedtime, but Mia wasn’t in bed. She was sitting on the floor of her room, thinking about something Sister Duval had read in Primary: “The time will come when no man or woman will be able to stand on borrowed light.”*

“A testimony is like a light inside of us,” Sister Duval had explained. “And we each need our own. Then we can be strong when life is hard and Satan tempts us.”

Mia leaned her head against her bed. *I want a testimony that the gospel is true*, she thought. But how exactly did you get a testimony? She knew that praying was part of it.

“I’ll pray,” she decided. She would pray and wouldn’t stop until something happened to let her know the Church was true. She was ready to pray all night if she had to!

She got on her knees. “Dear Heavenly Father,” she whispered, “I want to know if the Church is true. I want to feel it in my heart and just *know*.”

Mia waited. She didn’t feel anything except for the soft feeling she usually felt when she prayed. What was she doing wrong? Where was her testimony?

She had been on her knees for what seemed like a long time when the door to her room opened a little and her dad peeked in.

“I saw the light under the door,” he said. “Are you up reading again?” Then he saw tears on Mia’s cheeks. He knelt down and put his arm around her. “What’s wrong?”

She was quiet for a minute. Then she asked, “Daddy, how do you get a testimony?”

Daddy hugged her tight. “That’s a good question. *Wanting* a testimony is one of the first steps.”

Mia felt the lump in her throat start to go away. She had taken the first step already.

“Getting a testimony doesn’t usually happen with one prayer. And even when you have a testimony, you need to keep working on it.”

“But where does a testimony come from?” Mia asked.

“A testimony comes from the Holy Ghost,” Daddy said. “Have you ever felt warm and good during family home evening or at church?”

Mia thought about that. “When you gave me a special blessing before school started, I felt good.” She thought some more. “And I always feel warm inside when I hear President Monson talk in general conference. And when I’m nice to my friends or when I’m reading my scriptures, I feel good then too.”

Daddy smiled. “Those feelings are the Holy Ghost speaking to you. He gives you those feelings when you do something that’s right or when you hear something that’s true.”

“I feel warm and happy now,” Mia said. “Is that the Holy Ghost?”

Daddy hugged her again. “Yes. He’s telling you that the things we’re talking about are true. And *that’s* how you get a testimony.”

When Mia went to bed later, she didn’t think she had a whole testimony yet, but she still had that good, warm feeling that what Daddy told her was true. She knew this feeling was just the beginning.

Mia snuggled into her warm blanket and closed her eyes. Just before she drifted off to sleep, she whispered, “Thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for helping me have a testimony. And thank Thee for my daddy.” ♦

The author lives in Missouri, USA.

* Orson F. Whitney, *Life of Heber C. Kimball* (1967), 450.