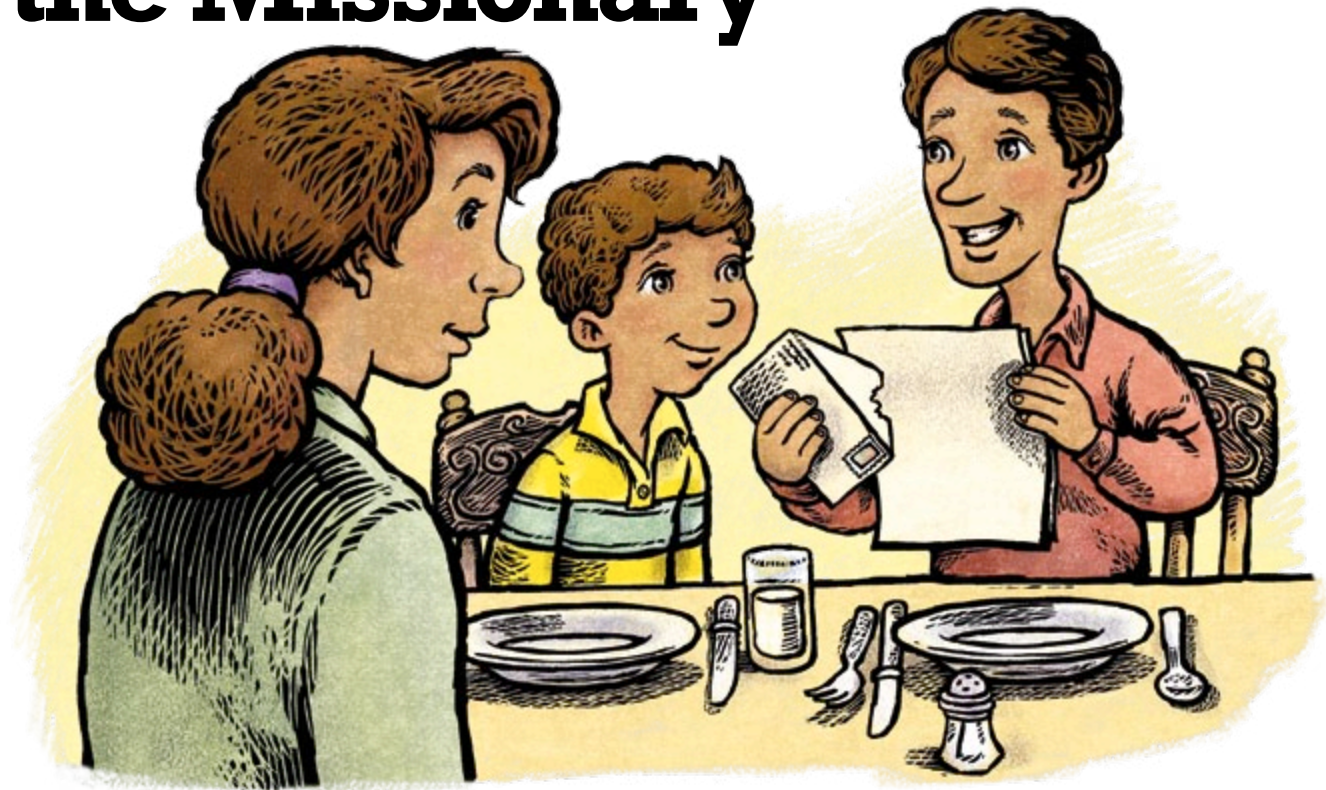


My Brother the Missionary



By Kevin V., age 11, Mexico

“I hope that I can share the gospel with those who want to know the truth” (“I Hope They Call Me on a Mission,” Children’s Songbook, 169).

Our family—my parents, my brother, and me—prepared for a long time so that my brother could serve a mission. Whenever we would talk about him being a missionary, I would joke with him, saying I wouldn’t miss him and that I would be glad to be alone.

The day finally came for him to send in his missionary papers. He had tried to do well in school, and we had all worked hard to

save money for his mission.

One day the stake president called us and said the call had arrived. My brother decided to open the letter after dinner at home. He was called to serve in the Mexico City East Mission.

Not long after that we dropped him off at the airport and said good-bye. On the way home my mother could not stop her tears, but I did not cry. But only two hours later, when I was in the room I used to share with my brother, I suddenly realized that I would not see him again for a long time. Then I was the one who could not stop my tears, and I let myself cry and cry.

My parents hugged and comforted me, and we all felt great joy and great sadness at the same time.

Since that day, I pray to Heavenly Father and ask Him to take care of my brother as he serves.

My brother taught me that I must also prepare for a mission. I must be worthy to receive the priesthood, attend seminary, and achieve the goals in *Fulfilling My Duty to God*. He taught me to work and save money, read the scriptures, and obey my leaders.

I want to serve a mission too so that other people can have the blessings of the gospel and know that it is true. ■