



A Temple for Ítalo

He couldn't wait to go inside someday!

By Sadey Ludlow

(Based on a true story)

"I love to see the temple. I'm going there someday" (Children's Songbook, 95).

Ítalo was excited for the ward temple trip. They were going to the Recife Brazil Temple. It was 15 hours away!

Ítalo, his older brother, Henrique, and their parents left early in the morning. As they rode along, Ítalo kept thinking about something Mom had told him. "This year, you can see how beautiful the temple is from the outside," she said. "Next year, you'll be old enough to see how beautiful it is on the inside."

Ítalo hadn't been to any temple before. But he had been watching the new temple being built in Fortaleza, where his family lived. It was amazing!

They stopped for lunch. Ítalo had his favorite, *feijoada*, black bean stew with rice. While he ate, he kept thinking about the temple. When the temple in Fortaleza was finally dedicated, it would be a temple his family could visit over and over again. They wouldn't have to drive so far.

The sun was setting when Ítalo and his family arrived at the temple in Recife. "*Que bonito!*" Ítalo said. "How beautiful!" He couldn't stop smiling.

The next morning, Mom showed Ítalo where he would be waiting with his friends from the ward. "Even though you can't go inside the temple yet," she said, "pay attention to the special spirit you can feel while you're on the temple



grounds.” Then the rest of Ítalo’s family went inside the temple.

Members of the ward sat with Ítalo and the other children on the grass near the temple. They read stories from the Book of Mormon. *Reading scriptures is a good way to get ready for the temple*, Ítalo thought. He felt calm and safe. *Mom’s right*, he thought. *There is a special feeling here.*

Then the adults took Ítalo and the other children for a walk around the temple grounds. That’s when Ítalo noticed the words over the entrance to the temple. *“Santidade ao Senhor: A casa do Senhor,”* they said. *“Holiness to the Lord: the House of the Lord.”*

No wonder I feel so peaceful here, he thought. *This is God’s house.*

When the temple trip was over, Ítalo and his family returned home. He wanted to remember how he had felt at the temple. What could he do?

Sometimes Ítalo felt he could draw his feelings better than he could write about them. So he drew a picture of the temple. Then he showed it to Mom and Dad.

“This will remind me of where I want to go,” he said. He kept the picture in his room where he could look at it each day.

“I want to be ready,” he said. “Because I want to go inside someday!” ●

The author lives in Utah, USA.



What can you do to get ready to go to the temple?

