

A Fulness of Joy

Name withheld, Utah, USA

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While sitting in a medical clinic waiting room, I noticed a mother with her daughter. The child wore a face mask and coughed many times. Her eyes were sunken, and her face was pale. I couldn't help but feel sorry for her. Her mother looked worn-out.

The waiting room was small, so I heard everything she said. After she paid her co-pay for their visit, the receptionist reminded her of a

past-due balance that was more than double what her current visit cost.

The woman explained, with difficulty controlling her emotions, that she would not have any spare money until the following month. She said she barely had enough to pay her rent. The receptionist told her she should try to pay off her balance as quickly as possible. The woman and her child were then ushered into the back for their appointment.

As I sat there, I couldn't stop thinking about the woman and her situation. I am by no means wealthy, but when I thought about how good the Lord has been to my family and me, I felt an overwhelming desire to help this woman and her daughter.

I approached the receptionist, wondering if what I wanted to do was

even possible. I explained that I had overheard the woman's predicament and wanted to pay her remaining balance. The receptionist was surprised but also delighted to honor my request.

I asked her to tell the woman that the balance had been paid and that she no longer need worry about it. I also told the receptionist not to say who had paid it. Then I paid the balance and continued with my appointment. I did not see the woman or her daughter again, but I prayed that things would soon improve for them.

It is hard to describe the amazing joy that filled my soul as I left the clinic that day. No wonder the Savior speaks about having a fulness of joy (see Doctrine and Covenants 11:13). More than ever before, I knew that I wanted to be more like my Savior and to experience more often the joy that comes from serving Him. ■

