

A Promise to a Child

A few years ago, I was extremely depressed. The only thing I could find a little motivation for was my best friend and her children. We went for walks on weekends, which I enjoyed. Over time, however, we began to go on walks less and less frequently. I began to miss my friend and her family. I later learned that our walks became less frequent because my friend and her family had resumed a practice they had stopped many years before—attending church.

One day they invited me to lunch. Seeing them again made me feel very happy. I told them how much I missed them. My friend's six-year-old daughter suggested that we solve that problem by going to church together. So without thinking twice, she invited me to go.

Oh, no! How could I make this family understand that going to church was right for them but too

boring for me? I hadn't gone to church for years, but how could I say no to a child? I said I would go, but the truth was that I didn't have the least intention of keeping that promise.

That Sunday, I went to breakfast with my dad. My cell phone constantly rang, reminding me that I had promised a little girl that I would go to church with her. I ignored my cell phone until my dad asked me why I wasn't answering it. I admitted that I had been invited to go to a church meeting but didn't want to go. He smiled and said, "Lluvia, never make a promise to a child if you are not

willing to fulfill it." I decided I would keep my promise.

When I arrived at church, I felt something different, something that I can't describe. I still can't explain how it happened, but the next Sunday, I found myself there again, and the next and the next, until I understood what I was feeling: the Holy Ghost.

The Church members began to make me feel at home. Without any doubt, I was curious about the Church. I began meeting with the missionaries, and I also began to gain a testimony. The missionaries' visits became more constant, and my understanding of the gospel grew until I felt an immense desire to be baptized. I was baptized a short time later, and now I enjoy the blessings of the gospel. Because of this, I'm so grateful I kept my promise to a six-year-old girl. ■

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