

MY EXPLODING PEACHES

I thought I was the perfect parent . . . until I had children.

For me, parenthood has been a refiner's fire. My weaknesses seem to come out as I become stressed, sleep deprived, worried, or upset. Of course, parenthood's blessings make up for those moments, but I have found that I have a temper. It's humiliating to admit, but I used to yell or throw things to get my children's attention.

I would resolve time and again not to lose my temper, but I would still lose it in times of stress. Heavenly Father knew I needed something dramatic to help me.

One evening after a long day of bottling peaches, I put on the last batch and decided to take a short nap. I was sure I would wake up in time to take the bottles from the steamer.

I didn't.

My husband, Quinn, and I were startled awake by the sound of exploding jars. I ran to the kitchen and saw shattered glass and gluey peaches over every surface of the room. Apparently, the steamer water had evaporated, heat and pressure had built up, the top of the steamer had blown off, and six of seven peach jars had exploded.

"I think I'll clean this up in the morning," I said.

Bad idea.

By morning the hot peach muck had solidified into hardened, glass-filled mounds all over the kitchen and

dining room. The plastered peach-glass tidbits had even found their way behind countertop appliances and into every nook and cranny, including behind the fridge.

Cleanup took several hours. I had to soak the glass-filled mounds with wet paper towels and then try to wipe them up without cutting myself.

As I cleaned, a familiar voice

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whispered to me: "Mary, when your temper explodes, as did these jars, you cannot easily fix things. You cannot see where and how your anger hurts your children and others. Like this mess, that hurt hardens quickly and is painful."

Suddenly, the cleanup took on new meaning. The lesson was a powerful one. Like my anger, there was no quick cleanup. Weeks later I was still



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DID WE DO THE RIGHT THING?

finding little clumps of peach rock embedded with glass.

I pray that someday my patience will become as great a strength as it was a weakness. Meanwhile, I am grateful that the Lord's Atonement is helping me better control my temper so that I can spare my loved ones any more messes caused by exploding anger. ■

Mary Biesinger, Utah, USA

I was a well-known journalist who had written for some good magazines and newspapers in Lima, Peru, but my way of life—far from God—was tormenting me more each day. Because of this, I accepted a job as a proofreader for a magazine in the Ventanilla District, located far from my home. I was desperately seeking a way to get away from my current circle of friends. In Ventanilla, I felt in my heart that my life would change.

I was occasionally attending church with my girlfriend, María Cristina, when two good, stubborn missionaries convinced me to ask Heavenly Father in prayer if the Church was true. I did so, and what I experienced was indescribable. I had never felt the Spirit so strong as on that unforgettable day.

Married and baptized a short time later, María Cristina and I rented a small, uncomfortable room in Ventanilla. Because of my hard work, I was advanced from proofreader to editor at the company's magazine and newspaper. I had never been an editor before, and I was happy with the position. Even so, things started to change when our publications began to lower their standards, publishing items of questionable morality. These changes, ordered by our directors, opposed Church principles and values.

I had always wanted to be an editor, but the situation made me

uncomfortable. Our bishop suggested that if we did things that pleased our Heavenly Father, He would bless us. After my wife and I thought it over and prayed about it, we felt prompted that I should quit my job.

A few days later I was beginning to feel stressed out and wondered if I had done the right thing. After resigning, I had sent résumés to several companies but had heard nothing back. María Cristina suggested that we pray again, and we did so. We prayed that everything would turn out well and that we would not lose faith even though the bills were piling up.

A few hours later my wife encouraged me to call one of the companies. Somewhat unbelieving, I called. I was astounded when an official there said he was just about to call me. He wanted to know if I could start the next day!

We wept for joy. Our Heavenly Father had answered our prayers.

We had to leave our ward and many good friends for my new job, but we left with stronger testimonies. I now have respectable work and a good salary, and we have a nice place to live. Above all, we have been blessed with the certainty that when we do the things that please God, we receive His blessings. ■

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