

# I LOVE YOU

As my mission's zone conference was coming to a close, I stood outside wondering, "What am I doing in this foreign country? How am I going to do all that is expected of me?"

I had been in Sicily, Italy, for little over a week, but already I felt discouraged. My time in the missionary training center had seemed like a wonderful dream, but because of my inadequacies, I now felt as though I were in a nightmare.

"Dearest Father," I prayed, "I wanted to be a great missionary. Now that I am here, I realize I don't have the talents, skills, or intelligence to accomplish what I have been sent to do.

I thought I knew this language, but everyone speaks so quickly, and any words I try to utter just get tangled up in my tongue. I don't think my companion likes me. My mission president can barely speak English. I don't have anyone to talk to. Please help me."

I knew I had to go back inside, but I lingered on the street just a few minutes longer. Suddenly I felt three tugs on the back of my overcoat. I turned around to find a beautiful little girl and slowly knelt down next to her on the cobblestone street. She wrapped her arms around my neck and whispered in my ear, "*Ti voglio bene.*"

"What did you say?" I replied in

English, knowing perfectly well she didn't understand me.

She stared at my name tag. "Sorella Domenici," she read, "ti voglio bene."

I knew the meaning of the phrase. It was one of the first phrases we had learned as missionaries. It was a phrase that could speak directly to the soul. It means, "I love you."

Those words were just what I needed to hear at that moment. The Savior had sent a special messenger to deliver them to me. I led the little girl into the building.

"She must be the child of one of the members," I thought. I wove my way through groups of missionaries, hoping her mother would spot her.

When I found my companion, I asked, "Have you seen this little girl before?"

"What little girl?" she replied, looking confused.

I looked down at my side. The little girl was gone.

I stood in the open doorway of the building and glanced up and down the deserted street. As I pondered, a whisper I not only heard but also felt echoed through my soul: "Sorella Domenici, ti voglio bene."

I didn't know who the little girl was, but I knew that the Savior loved me. ■

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