



Callie was eager to take her children to the temple so they could touch it.

FEELING THE SPIRIT OF THE TEMPLE

I had the opportunity to visit my daughter Callie in Las Vegas, Nevada, USA, where she had recently moved with her husband and two children. Callie's ward met at noon, so we had a nice leisurely morning to get ready and discuss some options for after church. Since Callie hadn't had a chance to visit the temple yet, we decided to go and take some pictures of the children on the temple grounds.

As with all temples, the grounds of the Las Vegas Nevada Temple were beautiful and well kept with beautiful fountains and flowers.

After reading a story President Thomas S. Monson told, Callie was eager to take her children to the temple so they could touch it (see "Finding Peace," *Ensign* or *Liahona*, Mar. 2004, 5–6). The first thing she did was explain the sacredness and importance of the temple to her daughter, Stella.

Stella understood as well as any three-year-old would, and we urged her to touch the temple. We took several pictures of Stella and her three-month-old brother touching the temple.

When it was time to leave, Stella was especially reluctant to go. We thought we understood why; she was having a great time in a beautiful setting and was undoubtedly feeling the same spirit we were.

After getting her in the car and buckled up, we began to leave. I turned around, waved, and said to Stella, "Say bye-bye, temple." She looked at the temple, waved, and said, "Bye-bye, temple. Bye-bye, Grandpa." I wasn't sure I had heard her correctly, but when I turned to Callie and saw her eyes fill with tears, I knew we had both heard the same thing.

Stella's grandfather—my husband, Tim—had passed away four years

before Stella was born. She certainly had seen pictures of him and heard the family talk about him, but he hadn't come up in our conversations that day.

When Tim passed away, we had only one grandchild. Now we have 12, and whenever I hold one of those precious new babies who so recently left our Heavenly Father's presence, I want to ask, "Did you get to meet your grandpa? What words of advice did he send you off with?"

My testimony of the sacredness of temples was strengthened that day. We may not be able to take our young children inside with us, but we can take them right up to the doors and allow them to put their hands on the doors that countless worthy members have used to enter the house of the Lord. ■

Kathy Rossier, California, USA