

Gaining a Testimony *around the World*

By Wilmer Amaya Munoz

I was born in Spain and lived there for eight years. We didn't go to church a lot, so I wasn't baptized when I turned eight, but I really wanted to be. One day I asked my parents why we weren't going to church anymore and why I wasn't baptized.

As I explained to them my desire to be baptized, it touched their hearts, and we started going to church again. It felt good. My mom was such a good example and an inspiration to me. She had a strong testimony and often read the scriptures.

Later on, we moved to Venezuela, where my dad is from. We lived there for two years, and because of the difficulties in the economy, we faced a lot of challenges. But there were good things too. I loved the food, and I had family there who were anxious to meet me. They were such humble people, and we all went to church together and felt the Spirit.

Even though we were going to church and I could feel the Spirit, I knew my family and I were missing something. I really felt that we needed to be sealed as an eternal family. One Sunday morning, the bishop invited everyone in the congregation to read the Book of Mormon before the end of the year. I knew this would help my parents and me more fully



ILLUSTRATION BY PAULINE GRAYSON

This is the story of how I joined the Church and my family became active in the gospel.



live the gospel of the Lord. Little by little, as we read the Book of Mormon, the Savior started giving us more knowledge and blessings, and we continued to read the scriptures regularly.

Soon I got baptized. I could really feel the Spirit in my life, and my parents did too. My testimony started growing more. We moved to Florida, USA, and we had to make a lot of changes and sacrifices again, just like when we left Spain. But our testimonies were growing stronger. We went to church every week and kept reading the scriptures.

After a lot of effort and a lot of reading the scriptures, praying, and choosing the right, we wanted to get sealed as an eternal family. We talked to our bishop, and even though it took some time, the day finally arrived. We were so excited to go inside the temple.

I got to do baptisms while I waited for my parents to complete the temple work for themselves. I felt like I was getting baptized again. I was really happy I could help people beyond the veil. Now my family and I go to the temple every week. I regularly do baptisms because I love helping there. I am so glad I got to be sealed in the temple to my parents for eternity and have the opportunity to live forever with them. ■

The author lives in Utah, USA