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Tomorrow, I'll Go to Church

Two years after my wife, Madeleine, and I were baptized and confirmed, I became less active and quit going to church. Every Sunday morning, she would encourage me to get up and go with her, but I would say no.

"I'm tired. Let me sleep," I would say. And later I would go play soccer.

Madeleine would get up by herself and head to the chapel with our

son, Lucas. In the rain or the cold, she always went.

Looking back, I realize that Satan was attacking me. He convinced me that I was fine without the Church. He told me, "You're good, you're calm, you're comfortable." But in reality, I had lost blessings, progress, and happiness. Thankfully, my wife and my Heavenly Father helped me see things clearly.

One Friday night about a year after I quit attending church, I had a dream. I dreamed that I was in a beautiful countryside, walking hand in hand with my wife and my son. We were very happy.

But then it began to grow dark. It became so dark that I couldn't see anything. Suddenly, I noticed that I was no longer holding hands with my wife and son. I called their names, hoping they