

# My Island of Faith

**W**hen I was a child on Robinson Crusoe Island, located 416 miles (670 km) off the coast of Chile, my parents taught my siblings and me about faith and perseverance.

One of their memorable lessons occurred during a torrential downpour one Sunday. My parents knew they had a commitment to keep with the Lord—they had to go to church. Our umbrellas were broken, so we only had jackets and boots to shelter us from the storm. My mother got the idea to cover us with plastic garbage bags. We weren't embarrassed to be the only people walking down the street in the rain. We knew we were doing what the Lord would have us do.

When we arrived at the house we used for a chapel, we realized that we would be the only ones attending that day. Many Sundays were like that. My father served as the branch president and often conducted meetings attended only by children and a few Relief Society sisters. He would also bless and pass the sacrament.

I miss those days we attended church as a family. Singing hymns together and learning about our Father in Heaven and His Son, Jesus Christ, remains a treasured memory. My heart

is still on Robinson Crusoe Island. All my childhood memories, including gospel teachings I received from my parents, occurred there.

With few members of the Church on the island, we didn't have the programs or resources many members enjoy. But my parents taught us to attend church, pray, and read the scriptures. I found strength and direction as I read the scriptures and had moments of personal revelation. I remember one Sunday in particular when I received confirmation to serve a mission.

When I was a college student in Viña del Mar, Chile, I remembered my parents walking to church with me in the sun, rain, hail, and wind. Each Sunday, this memory prompted me to get out of bed, get ready, and go to church—regardless of what was happening outside.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has been the center of my life as a child, missionary, and now as a wife and mother. Now that I have my own family, my husband and I will pass down to our children the faithful example of my parents. ■

**Belén Aros, Coquimbo, Chile**

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