



They Planted a Seed in My Heart

Where did I come from? What am I doing here? Where do I go after this life?

When I was 29, these questions kept coming back to me. My parents had passed away. I grieved for the loss of my firstborn infant son. I had three other children to raise and a life full of challenges.

The Lord began to answer my questions when He guided two young missionaries to my home. When I welcomed them inside, they asked if there was anything I felt was missing in my life. I told them about my parents and my son. I told them I thought it would be unfair to have children and to form families if everything just ended with death. I asked if I would ever see my parents and my son again.

“Marta,” they said, “you can have your family forever.”

Joy filled my heart. I wanted to know

more. At their next visit, they taught me more about the gospel of Jesus Christ. They gave me a Book of Mormon and challenged me to read it and ask God if it is His word. I accepted their challenge. When I prayed, God’s answer came clear as sunshine. I knew in my heart it was true.

Unfortunately, when I took a new job, I lost contact with the missionaries. In the months that followed, my marriage ended and I tried to start a new life with my children.

Eventually, I remarried. One day my husband said he missed having God in his life. We decided to attend the church he once attended. When we entered the building, I saw a Book of Mormon on a table in the foyer. This was the same church I had been introduced to before! I loved the Spirit I felt there. When we left, I asked my husband how I could be baptized.

I felt that I should tell the sisters who first taught me that I had joined the Church and that they had planted the seed of the restored gospel in my heart.

“You need to be taught by the missionaries,” he said.

“I was taught five years ago!” I replied.

My children and I were taught the lessons. Our baptism day was the happiest day of our lives.

Several years later, I felt that I should tell the sisters who first taught me that I had joined the Church. On Facebook, I found a group of returned missionaries from the Brazil Santa Maria Mission. It included one of the sisters who had taught me. I sent her a friend request and told her who I was, how I became a member of the Church, that our family was sealed in the temple, and that my son was serving a full-time mission. I told her all this was possible because she and her companion had planted the seed of the restored gospel in my heart. ■

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