

By Michael Peak Idaho, USA



hen I was 17, a friend of mine told me she was a Mormon. At that time I had no idea what a Mormon was. My parents didn't make me go to church, so I didn't know much about the Bible or about God, nor did I want to. I told my friend, "If I want to know anything about it, I'll find out on my own."

Seeing that I wasn't too concerned with the Church, she just gave me a copy of the Book of Mormon. Then she asked me to read and pray about it. She didn't pressure me or get upset that I didn't want to hear about the Church. All she wanted me to do was read and pray.

Later that night as I opened the book, I noticed her testimony in the front. As I read her testimony, I felt that I should learn more about this book. So I started from 1 Nephi. I could not put the book down. I needed to know more.

Soon after, I went to a family home evening with her family where they taught me about the gospel of Jesus Christ. Even though I knew nothing about the gospel, everything seemed to make sense. As I learned more, my attitude about church, God, and Jesus Christ changed. For once in my life I wanted to do what God wanted me to do. Soon I was taught by the missionaries and baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Book of Mormon changed my life. As I look back, I can see how the Holy Ghost helped me want to learn more. The gospel helped me to know who I am, where I came from, and where I can go if I'm faithful. I'm thankful for my friend who shared it with me and showed me that a true friend shares gospel truths.

