



*José couldn't wait to go to the temple.  
So why was he so nervous?*

# Peace in the Temple

By José Rodríguez

(Based on a true story)

*"I love to see the temple. I'll go inside someday"*  
(Children's Songbook, 95).

"Congratulations, José," Bishop García said. He handed me my new temple recommend.

"Thank you!" I said. I shook his hand and walked out of the office, staring down at the white paper. I could go to the temple to do baptisms!

My *abuelos* (grandparents) were waiting in the hall. My parents didn't come to church very often, so I usually went to church with Abuela and Abuelo. They both gave me a hug.

"Are you excited for your first temple trip next week?" Abuelo asked as we walked out of the building.

"Yes!" I said. But I couldn't help noticing a funny, fluttery feeling in my stomach.

"It will be so nice to go together as a family," Abuela said with a big smile.

I smiled back, but the funny feeling didn't go away. As the day of the temple trip got closer, I got more nervous. I finally talked to Abuela about it.

She was chopping vegetables in the kitchen, but she stopped when I came in. "What's wrong?" she asked, wiping her hands on a towel. "You look worried."

I sighed and sat down at the table. "I'm really excited to go to the temple. But I'm also nervous."

Abuela nodded, like she understood how I felt. "You don't need to worry. People will be there to help you every step of the way."

As she spoke, I felt a warm, comforting feeling from my head to my toes. I knew it would be a special day.

Soon the day of our temple trip came. I put on my Sunday clothes and combed my hair. Abuela came into my room.



## QUESTION FOR YOU

Why do you think the temple is a special place?

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Excited! I can’t wait to go to the temple.”

Abuela sat on the end of my bed and pulled a piece of paper from her pocket.

“This is a temple ordinance card,” she said. “It’s for my brother. He was very special to me. But he died before he could be baptized. Would you be baptized for him in the temple today?”

Abuela held out the paper to me. I read the name: Ramon Rodriguez. I could tell Abuela loved her brother, and I was glad she trusted me to get baptized for him.

“Of course, Abuela. Thanks!” I carefully put the card in my pocket.

While riding the bus to the Santo Domingo Temple, Abuela told about when she went to the temple for the first time with Abuelo. Back then, they had to go all the way to Peru because

there wasn’t a temple in the Dominican Republic.

An hour later, we arrived at the temple. Bishop García was there too. My eyes widened as we walked up to the building. It was so beautiful! I paused to read the words above the doors: Holiness to the Lord: The House of the Lord.

As I walked through the doors, I knew I was entering a special space. All my worries seemed to melt away.

Everything was quiet and calm.

After changing into white clothes, I stood in the baptismal font with Bishop García. I listened carefully as he said the words of the baptismal prayer. When he said Ramon’s name, a peaceful feeling filled my body.

Bishop García lowered me into the water. When I came up, I was smiling. I couldn’t wait to do this again! ●

*The author lives in National District, Dominican Republic.*

