



By Wilmer Amaya Munoz

**M**y name is Wilmer Amaya. I am 13 years old, and I was born in Spain. I lived there for eight years, and I remember we didn't go to church a lot. I wasn't baptized in the church, but I really wanted to be. One day I asked my parents why we weren't going to church anymore and why I wasn't baptized.

As I explained to them my desire to be baptized, it touched their hearts, and we started going to church again. It felt good. Because my mom was the only member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in her family, she was such an example and an inspiration to me.

Later on, we moved to Venezuela, where my dad is from. I lived there for two years, and we faced a lot of challenges. But there were good things too. I loved the food, and I had family there who were anxious to meet and talk to me. They were such humble people, and we all went to church together and felt the Spirit.

But even though we were going to church and I could feel the Spirit, I knew my family and I were missing something. One Sunday morning, the bishop invited everyone in the congregation to read the Book of Mormon before the end of the year. I knew this would help my parents and me



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ILLUSTRATION BY PAULINE GRAYSON

more fully live the gospel of the Lord. Little by little, as we read the Book of Mormon, the Savior started giving us more knowledge and blessings, and we continued to read the scriptures regularly.

Soon, I got baptized. I could really feel the Spirit in my life, and my parents did too. My testimony started growing more. We moved to Orlando, Florida, and we had to make a lot of changes and sacrifices again, just like when we left Spain. But our testimonies were growing stronger and stronger every time we went to church. We went to church every week and kept reading the scriptures.

After a lot of effort and a lot of reading the scriptures, praying, and choosing the right, we wanted to get sealed as an eternal family. We talked to our bishop, and even though it took some time, the day finally arrived. We were so anxious to go inside the temple.

I got to do baptisms for the dead while I waited for my parents to complete temple work for themselves. I felt like I was getting baptized again. I was really happy I could help people beyond the veil. Now, my family and I go to the temple every week. I regularly do baptisms for the dead, because I love helping there. I am so glad I got to be sealed in the temple with my parents for eternity and have the opportunity to live forever with them. **NE**

*The author lives in Florida, USA*