

A MODEST REWARD

One of my good friends asked me to go to our Senior Ball, and I was really excited to go with him. I wanted to look nice, and I knew I wanted to wear a modest dress. My mom and I shopped at a few stores, and I found a beautiful, modest dress that I was excited to wear.

A group of four couples had decided to go to a nice restaurant for dinner before the dance. My date

and I and another couple arrived at the restaurant first. We chose to be seated at a table while we waited for the other two couples to join us.

About five minutes after we were seated, our waiter came over to our table and asked for our order. Since we were waiting for the other couples to arrive, we were not ready. Our waiter

paused and said, "There is someone in this restaurant who would like to pay for your dinner, and they need to leave soon." My mouth dropped open. The four of us were astounded. We placed our order but asked our waiter to bring our food when our entire party had ordered. After the other two couples arrived, we told them that our meal had been paid for by an anonymous patron of the restaurant.

After we ate our dinner, our waiter brought us the folder for the bill. My date picked it up and, with the other



young man watching, opened it. They both looked up at each other and then looked at me and the other young woman. "This isn't for us. It's for you ladies," my date said. I opened the folder and read a note that was left inside. It read, "Thanks for dressing modestly! You look great!"

We never figured out who was kind enough to pay for our dinner, but it made our dance even more memorable. I had never thought that wearing a modest dress would be noticed by anyone, but I am glad that I made the choice. Dressing modestly is a choice, and this experience made me want to continue to dress modestly.

Rachel Y., Utah, USA

BAPTISM FOR MY GRANDPARENTS

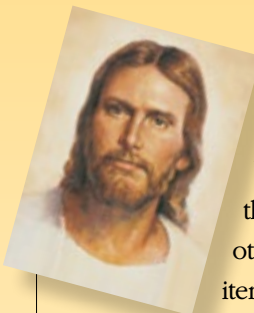
My grandparents weren't members of the Church. After they passed away, my family was able to serve as proxies for their baptism and temple ordinances. It's amazing to know that even though those loved ones we had here on earth are gone, we can still be with them in the next life. Before entering the baptismal font when I was a proxy for my grandma, I was overwhelmed by the Spirit, and I knew that what I was doing was right—not just for me, but also for my grandma. After the baptisms for them, my parents and I felt the Spirit much stronger, knowing that our ancestors can be with us in the next life. I miss my grandparents, but I know that we can all be together one day in the presence of God.

Reinely M., Washington, D.C., USA

A REMINDER IN THE RUBBLE

Last year I had the opportunity to take part in a massive relief effort in the devastated city of Joplin, Missouri, which had been hit by a tornado. I saw and experienced many things, some of which are difficult to even put into words. One particular experience has caused me to do a great deal of pondering.

We were at a house that was completely devastated, searching through what seemed like endless piles of rubble and debris. We were merely trying to see if anything at all was salvageable in this heap of mostly indistinguishable remains that were once somebody's personal belongings. Not much turned up, but in the midst of the work and the commotion, something caught my attention and caused me to pause for a moment. Among the rubble that we couldn't distinguish, I discovered a picture of the Savior.



I stopped for a brief moment, put the picture with the other few salvaged items, and for the rest of the day continued to carry out the tasks we were assembled to perform.

On reflecting about this small and seemingly insignificant event, I've been reminded of a valuable lesson. There in the most devastated, most hopeless situation imaginable, among what seemingly couldn't be salvaged, I found the Savior. His love was evident in the inspiring relief efforts that took place in Joplin, Missouri.

This small moment has reminded me that no matter how hopeless or lost we find ourselves in life, we can always find the Savior. In fact, the Savior Jesus Christ seemed to be the only thing that stood out from the surrounding devastation. I'm reminded of all the times I and others were helped through difficult times by the loving influence of Jesus Christ.

Daniel C., Arkansas, USA

COMFORTED BY THE SCRIPTURES

Last year I attended Especially for Youth (EFY) for the first time. The days were filled with endless devotionals and personal scripture study. I have never felt the Spirit stronger in my life.

However, on the last day of EFY, I was separated from my friends and felt really lonely. I moodily left my spot at the dinner table and walked out of the cafeteria. As I was walking back to my room, I remembered that I was holding the scriptures in my hands. I recalled my parents saying to me that by reading the scriptures, we can be comforted.

I then sat down and began to read.

Right when I had opened my scriptures and began to read, I felt the Holy Ghost. I was overcome with a sense of comfort and joy for the scriptures, and I continued to read. Soon, two people from my group came over and began to read with me. I could tell that they felt the Spirit too.

Ever since that experience, I have had a strong testimony of scripture study and the power and comfort it can give us. I am so thankful for the scriptures and what they can do in our lives.

Matthew H., California, USA