



OUR TRUE COLORS

My sister and I had both been chosen to be on our school color guard (flag team). We were so excited, and we practiced daily so that we could be at the same level of expertise as the others who had been doing this for years. After a long summer of practice, it was time to take a picture of the entire color guard and marching band. For the picture the guard girls were asked to wear an outfit that was very tight and revealing. My sister and I were a little upset. We'd been taught to dress modestly, and we knew this should be no exception.

That night my sister and I made a plan. Color guard was important to

us, and it was something we loved to do, but we knew that if we lowered our standards, we would be asked to do the same in the future because we'd already done it once. We knew we must be strong and stand up for what we represent, and if our coach and team couldn't accept that, then we would quit color guard because our standards were too important to us to be changed by a sport.

The next day, after a lot of prayer that everything would turn out OK, we walked into the gym for pictures, wearing black slacks and T-shirts. The only comments we received from our teammates were that they wished

they'd worn what we did because they were embarrassed to be wearing something so immodest. Even our coach agreed! My sister and I were so proud that we'd stood for what we believed in and that we could continue doing color guard! For the past two years, the uniforms had been short or sleeveless, but because we stood up for our beliefs, we've been able to modify them to our standards.

Though it may seem hard, if you stand up for your beliefs, the result may be something you never expected. It may not work out like it did for us, but you'll never know if you don't try.

Shelby W., Missouri, USA

WE'LL ALL BE TOGETHER AGAIN

I was having a meltdown. I was working on a family history project, and I was getting nowhere. I was looking for a marriage certificate for my great-great-grandparents, but when I'd done a quick search on FamilySearch for their names, nothing had come up. I'd prayed to Heavenly Father that the Spirit would help and guide me, but I was starting to get frustrated because my prayer hadn't been answered yet.

I started scrolling down matches again. No, no, no; this wasn't helpful at all. I scrolled back to the top. Wait—I'd missed one! There were my grandparents' names, but they were on a baby's birth certificate. I called for my mom, and I told

STRONGER THAN FEAR

I used to have nightmares every night after hearing a scary story at Scout camp. I was very scared—it was hard to go to sleep. I prayed every night for Heavenly Father to help me, but I still had nightmares. Then one night I told my dad. I was shaking a little when I told him because it scared me to talk about it. We said a prayer together. Dad suggested I sing a Church hymn to myself, because I share a room with my brother. My favorite hymn is “There Is a Green Hill Far Away” (*Hymns*, no. 194). Every night after that I wasn't scared, and I stopped having nightmares. In my personal prayers every night I ask Heavenly Father to continue helping me with my fears, and I still sing my favorite hymn to myself every night.

James W., Arkansas, USA



her I'd found a record of a baby named Sarah. I would have never imagined her response.

“We don't have a known great-aunt by the name Sarah,” she said.

I checked the record. Yep, it was correct. We searched for her name by itself, and we found a death certificate for her. It was

four days after she was born. I was ready to cry, but they were tears of happiness. My prayer had been answered. I had one thought: “*We'll all be together again.*”

Melody M., South Korea