



## 400+ NAMES FOR THE TEMPLE

“**M**addie! Come upstairs! Brother Eldredge is here to teach you how to find a name!”

I groaned. Ever since our ward made a goal for all of the youth to find a name to take to the temple, I was trying to stay under the radar. I trudged upstairs. Brother Eldredge helped me log in and showed me how FamilySearch worked. As he showed me how simple it was to search and find names, a thought came to me that maybe doing FamilySearch wasn't all that bad. Brother Eldredge finished helping me and then left.

I kept going through the steps, and within 15 minutes I had found and reserved a family name. At that moment, a feeling of comfort washed over me, and I felt as though I had been given a big hug. But I didn't stop there. I wanted to find more, so I did. Within the next hour, I had found 20 names. With every name I found, I felt the presence of someone new. That night, as I said my prayers, I knew that I was doing a great work.

The next day was a holiday from school, and I was bored. A little thought came into my mind that I should start using FamilySearch. With that thought in mind, I said a prayer

and then searched for names for a good three hours. By the end of the day, I had 130 names. Over the course of the next few weeks, I took an hour here and there to find names. It became a habit. After about two months, I had a little over 400 names. It wasn't something I wanted to make a big deal about. I did it because I felt like I was doing something good and something for my ancestors. Doing family history became a blessing. I think everyone should do it.

**Madison L., Utah, USA**

## “DO YOU LOVE ME?”

**A**t the age of 14, I moved from the Bay Area of California, USA, to St. George, Utah.

Traveling to a different state started as an exciting adventure, but once my family arrived and I started attending a new school, I quickly became lonely. My loneliness led to very unhealthy thoughts and feelings. I began to question whether my family loved me and even thought of suicide.

One Sunday I was really struggling and was wondering if there was even such a thing as love in the world. At church that same Sunday, my father spoke in sacrament meeting and told the congregation that if they had a question—any question at all—then

## SAVED BY A PROMPTING

**I** was feeling down one day at Young Women camp, so I decided to sit in the wooded arena where we gathered for skits. I sat there for about 10 minutes when I had the sudden thought to leave and go back to my cabin. At first, I ignored the idea and just remained where I was. The longer I sat, the more uneasy I felt, and the stronger the urge to go became.

Finally, I obeyed the prompting. I walked back up to my cabin and hung out with a few of my friends and some of the cabin leaders. Not more than 10 minutes later, everyone was forced to enter the cabins because there was a grizzly bear in the area. We found out later that the bear was spotted in the same place I'd been sitting moments earlier. I was so relieved that I had been prompted to move and that I had obeyed

the prompting. I knew the Lord was watching over me. Then and there I could feel the love that God has for me. I knew that He knew me, and that was such a relief, especially since I had been feeling so sad earlier.

**Meghan M., California, USA**



they could ask God and He would give them an answer. That night, I humbly prayed before Heavenly Father as I never had done before. I told Him how lonely and sorrowful I was and told Him that I felt hopeless.

At this time, I felt that I only needed one question answered: “Heavenly Father, do You love me?” Although it seemed difficult to put this question in

my prayer, I asked, desiring to know the truth with every beat of my heart. The answer came through the Spirit, and an overwhelming feeling of calm and peace filled my soul. To this day I cannot explain the depth of Heavenly Father's love that I felt that night. Knowing that God loves me unlocked my testimony of everything else.

**Christopher B., Utah, USA**