

Ashley's Conversion Story

Part I.

I grew up in a semi-Christian family. I'm a triplet with another sister a year younger than us. I remember my mom trying to take us to her (United) church when we were around five years old. My dad didn't really like going to church and trying to take four kids on her own was too hard so she eventually stopped trying to take us and would just go to a Bible study during the week. Sometimes we would go to church with my grandparents (who were very active in their United church) at Christmas or Easter and I remember doing crafts at the kid's Sunday school.

When we got to be school-aged we went to our local public school for three years (kindergarten-grade 2) but my parents did not like the environment and so decided to send us a private Mennonite elementary school that had just opened. At that school we would read from the Bible, we had to memorize the Lord's Prayer and we would have Christian themed assemblies from time to time.

It was through this Christian background that I learned of Jesus Christ and eventually received my own testimony of His reality. When I was in grade five, so 10 or 11 years old, my best friend was selected to play the part of Jesus in our Easter school assembly. I remember my teacher saying that only a very kind, good person could be chosen to portray Jesus and I thought she was the perfect choice! Unfortunately she ended up breaking her leg and so my teacher was forced to find a replacement. Much to my surprise he chose me! I remember sitting on my bed, memorizing my lines from the Bible, and having a strong knowledge come to my mind that Jesus Christ was real. I never doubted and an early experience with prayer taught me that Heavenly Father hears and answers prayers.

Part II.

When my parents were first married at 21 years old they bought a piece of land out in Minaki Ontario (a 2.5 hour drive from Winnipeg where they lived). They would spend the weekends out there and built a tiny A-frame out of scrap materials. There was no running water, electricity and it was only accessible by boat- but it was a tiny piece of heaven! My grandpa started and owned a lumber company called Finmac Lumber and his two sons worked for him. My dad and his brother had a falling out and eventually my dad decided to buy his brother's share of the business. In order to come up with the money to do that my parents sold half of their land in Minaki to an older couple who were also from Winnipeg. This older couple would spend the whole summer out at their cabin and sometimes Mrs. Carter would get lonely so she had her family visit her. Her daughter Judi lived in Idaho and visited a few times until they decided to buy some of the land and build their own cabin too. One of Judi's sons was Micah and I first met him when I was five years old!

My family knew Micah's family as "the Mormons" and we thought they were a little weird. They didn't drink alcohol, tea or coffee, didn't smoke, and every Sunday, rain or shine, they would take the boat across the lake and drive an hour to go to Church!

We mostly hung out with Micah's sister Katie when we were younger. We would swim together, catch frogs and minnows and watch movies. It wasn't until we were 15 that Micah and his friend ventured over to our cabin that we started to get to know Micah.

The next summer I fell in love with Micah, and one of the things I loved about him was his love of the gospel. He told me from the very beginning that his brothers had made some mistakes and he was not going to follow that path- he drew a line in the sand that he would not cross- he was not going to have sex until he was married and he was going to get married in the temple. Micah would come over to my cabin after Church and teach me what he had learned that week, he brought over the "Eternal Families" video for me to watch and he even sat down with my mom and answered some of her questions. When Micah talked to me about the gospel I had whisperings from the Spirit that the things were true and good.

Despite Micah trying to teach my mom, both her and my dad were very very against the Church. And they didn't want me to get involved with Micah. But from that summer I knew I didn't want anyone else.

Part III.

When we were 18-19 Micah told me that he was going to go on a two year mission for his Church. Little did I know that he had prayed to know what he needed to do to get me to join the Church and the answer he received was "go on a mission." I had started university (pre-pharmacy) and Micah assured me it would be alright, that he would write me letters, so two years didn't seem that bad. Before Micah left he gave me a set of scriptures (a quad), a Gospel Principles book and a picture of Jesus and asked me to read the Book of Mormon. Within a few months of Micah leaving on his mission I had read the Book of Mormon and prayed to know if it was true. Those same feelings I had received back when I was ten about the truth of Jesus Christ filled me with the knowledge that the Book of Mormon was true and thus Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.

I decided to tell my mom about my prayer and my desire to start going to Church. She was angry with me and thus started two years of constant fighting, contention, and trouble. My family was a literal fulfillment of John 12:51-53 "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother in law against her daughter in law, and the daughter in law against her mother in law." My parents tried to get me to stay home on Sundays, my mom brought home books from the library about the Church being a cult, she talked to pastors who obviously told her the Church was a cult. I continued going to church on my own and started having the missionary lessons, even though Micah had already pretty much done all of the missionary lessons with me! I read the Book of Mormon three times and the Gospel Principles book countless times- it helped me when I was sad and lonely. To make matters worse, Micah couldn't send me those promised letters because his mission president told the elders not to write to anyone except him and their

parents (and Micah wanted to be obedient). Instead, Micah's mom sent me copies of Micah's journal that he sent home for her! I was so grateful for those.

Somehow I survived the two years but the good and the bad were far from over. Once Micah got home from his mission he baptized me in the lake in front of his cabin. I told my parents that I was getting baptized but I did not tell them the exact date because I knew that they would try to stop me. I will never forget the feeling of finally being baptized and the joy that Micah and I both felt! Three days after my baptism I was confirmed a member of Church in the Kenora branch (where we live now!) That night Micah proposed to me and exactly a year later we were sealed in the Spokane Washington temple.

My family disowned me for several years but I'm happy to say that our relationship is beginning to mend. I know that difficult days are ahead, and I also know firsthand how it feels when family or friends "betray you" as President Nelson has warned us about. I know my testimony was strengthened during my mini "years of tribulation" where I "cried unto the Lord day and night for deliverance". I thank God every day for sending me Micah and for him leading me to the gospel.

I share this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

My Conversion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ by Judith Ruth Fowler English.

When I was 14 or maybe 15 years old, I belonged to the Presbyterian church. However, I had given my heart to Jesus Christ long before that year. I belonged to a young people's church group, and I had been walking to church by myself (or with my mom oftentimes) since I was probably 8 or 10 years old. I went to several Billy Graham revival meetings and other revivalists since I was a teen and I was totally committed to doing God's will. For one year, I actually accepted an assignment from an older lady in the church to teach a Sunday school class to a group of needy children in a neighborhood far away from St. James, my home neighborhood. (Arlington and Sargeant approximately). This lady had become a member of our church a year or so ago. Her name was Miss Moody. She had been a missionary in Africa and, in my opinion, looked so old and beat up. It must have been a hard life she'd had, but I admired her so much for doing that for God. I had no car obviously, so I got my friend, Janis, to go with me. Janis was in my Presbyterian youth group. On Sunday afternoons, the bus ran once an hour. Then we had quite a long walk from the bus stop to this house where we taught the Sunday School lessons. We did that for about a year and I loved it! You can imagine how cold it was waiting for that bus to arrive! About that same time, an 18-year-old young man (cute as the dickens!!) joined our church and was enrolled in Bible College to start that fall in Ontario, Canada. At that point, I was totally smitten. I decided I was going to be a missionary for God and would go to the same Bible school (and marry him one day?) I told my minister about my desire to go to Bible College, and he was so thrilled. Bruce, the 18-year-old, however was not so thrilled and he

avoided me from them on. Haha...I couldn't have been that much in love, because I quite quickly lost interest in him but not in Bible College for my future plans.

So, maybe a year thereafter, in the spring or early summer 1965, when I was 16 years old, my girlfriend, Janis, was tracted out by the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our first lesson was that coming Friday evening. First of all, I was impressed by the expression on these two young men's faces. Yes, they were handsome, but I had learned my lesson and just wanted to discuss gospel principles with them although I will admit I did fall very much in love with the elder who baptized me. They were so sincere and definitely not interested in us as young girls, but as future converts. They were about 19 or 20 years old and yet seemed so much older spiritually that I was. We had all the lessons at Janis's house and I decided I was a lot more than interested in their church and I told Janis. She panicked (she was just interested in the guys as future boyfriends and knew I was "going to hell" if I joined that church.) So, she told her mom who called the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and one evening that I was at Janis's house for just hanging out, the "minister" or whatever they called themselves in that church, showed up at her house. We all sat around in the living room, (including Janis's mom) and this older fellow hammered me for at least an hour or two. He literally told me that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was of the devil and that I would definitely be going to hell if I joined the church. I remember his index (pointer) finger on his right hand was half gone and he used that finger to continually point and shake at me as he lectured me. I felt he was creepy. I said as much as I could think of to dissuade him, but he was undeterred in his determination to convince me not to join the church.

I asked Janis if I could use her phone and she said yes. I called the missionaries and they said, "stay there, we will be right there!" Very shortly, they drove up to the house and I went out to meet them. I had walked the 11 blocks to Janis's house and it was dark by now. The missionaries couldn't drive me home in their car, but they didn't want to leave me to walk home alone. We did not go back into the house, but instead the missionaries walked me all the way home. We talked the whole time. They were upset that the man had been so aggressive with me, but they did not say one bad thing about him or his church. They just wanted to let me know whatever I wanted to do was fine with them. Obviously, I prayed about it that night in my bedroom and by morning I was convinced that their church was the right church to belong to. My Presbyterian minister, upon hearing of my plans, was incredibly angry with me so I didn't go back there. I never pursued Bible School and I never saw any of the members again.

I was baptized on August 14, 1965 by Elder Fred McKee Turner (from Springville, Utah) and confirmed by Elder David Winters (from Bountiful, Utah), the two missionaries who taught me. My mother came to my baptism and my family supported me completely in being a member. Apparently, and I didn't know this before, my grandmother fed the missionaries a lot and although she never joined the church, she supported their efforts, so that made it easier for my family to accept what I was doing. I wonder now if one of my children had decided to join a different church at such a young age of 16, would I have been so agreeable?

Anyway, my conversion story does not end there. I walked all the way to church on Academy Road in River Heights and back home again afterwards every Sunday. Sometimes I got a ride

from members; I don't remember getting that a lot though. Did I have a true testimony of the gospel at that tender age? No. I had a testimony of Jesus Christ and God. I easily accepted God and Jesus and the Holy Ghost being three separate beings and I loved Fast and Testimony meeting. More often than not, I would bear my testimony of what I believed and the Branch members began calling me "jumping Judi," because I literally leaped to my feet to go to the podium and bear my testimony. This is what I believed: If I belonged to a church that taught honesty, kindness, charity, chastity, abstaining from smoking and alcohol, and being true to your family, etc. etc. why would God be upset and send me to hell if it wasn't a "true" church?

Quite a few years later, after I was married but had no children yet that I can remember, we were watching a Conference on a big screen in our Branch building. I don't know if it was a General Conference or a Stake Conference or just a special meeting. I had a brilliant "duh" moment! I was watching those mature senior men and women teach us gospel principles, and it reminded me of my missionaries. They had the same beautiful expressions on their faces. They were sincere and wholesome looking. Members of the world at large, yet so pure looking! Of course, the church HAS to be true! There was no one who was "creepy" looking to me. They all had the light of Christ in their eyes. That was a moment of great clarity to me. I BELIEVED! I KNEW! I BELONGED TO GOD'S CHURCH!

I have been a member now for 56 years. Never have I doubted! I have doubted my own worthiness to belong many times, but never have I doubted God leads The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I pray I will be strong and courageous for God forever!

In the name of Jesus Christ, who loves us so much. Amen.

Jennifer's Story

Hi Micah and Ashley!

I first want to start out by telling you both how grateful I have been for the papers Micah shares on YouTube. They really have made a big difference in my life as I have been trying to understand more about the last days and trying my darndest to prepare myself to be a good servant for the Lord, and really try to learn how to hear His voice. I still have a lot to learn but I am drinking all of this up like a sponge on water!

I feel like I know all of you now, including Blake and Linde and Jordan and now Tyler, listening to you all every week and interacting in the chat when I can attend it live, that I have felt myself having a desire to want to interact with all of you more!! So when I just saw Micah's announcement about wanting to talk about conversion stories I knew that this was something I can jump in on!

I am a convert to the church, and will be a member for 25 years this coming June. I was baptized when I was 13 years old but my story started two years before we were introduced to the church.

My patriarchal blessing describes my parents as "goodly" just like Nephi describes his in the first few verses of the Book of Mormon, and I would agree. My mother was brought up Methodist and my father Catholic, but we attended no church when I was a child as both of my parents

wanted something from church that they couldn't find. My mom did her best to teach us about Jesus and lead by example and I fully believe the environment of faith they created in our home, largely without really even knowing it, contributed immensely to my ability to recognize the Spirit of God when the time was right.

When I was 11, we had experienced a lay-off and a move closer to my mom's family for support what my dad attempted to restart his career. While we were living close to my aunts and uncles, they kind of took it upon themselves to...I guess try to 'convert' their heathen sister's children, and me and my younger brother started attending church with my uncle's family. They belonged to a church called the "Open Bible Baptist" which was very fire and brimstone, and very controlling in how its members could live their lives, which was odd to me, but I was willing to listen to anything at this point, and spending time with my cousins whom I loved seems like a great idea.

One particular Sunday, after we had attended a few times, I had an experience that particularly disturbed me. In my youth Sunday school class the teacher singled me out and very harshly explained that if I did not join their church that I was expressly going to hell. I left church that day and on the drive home was very uncomfortable because I clearly didn't want to go to hell and I wasn't sure why the teacher would say that to me. I told my parents about the experience when we got home, and my mom was very upset. She wanted to forbid us from attending anymore with my uncle. I wasn't sure what to do...I knew that it didn't feel very good to think that I would be going to hell, but I wanted to continue going if it was indeed true that I could be spared hell if I joined their church.

I went to bed that night still pondering this experience and as I was laying in bed a voice came into my mind that was distinctly different from my own. (It's interesting to note here that I have only heard this voice a very select few times in my life...) The voice told me first that I didn't need to worry, I wasn't going to hell. And then it told me to wait a little while. That was it. But I felt an immense peace and fully trusted the voice. The next morning I told my mom that I had decided not to go to church with my uncle any more and she was in agreement with that decision and we moved on with our life.

At that time we had moved into a home that we were renting from members of the church, and as the weather changed we kept having problems with the bathroom vents, so that their handy man had to keep coming over and fixing it. Of course, the handy man was also a member of the church (gotta love all the service opportunities) and it wasn't long before that handyman was bringing over the missionaries any opportunity he got, to speak with my Dad who was still unemployed at the time. It took a while before my dad clicked with a set of missionaries who could answer some of the deeper questions he had...but once he did my parents started talking to the missionaries together. They did not allow us as children to sit in on the discussions, so me and two of my brothers would sit on the basement stairs and listen to their discussion.

Listening to those discussions with my parents feels the same as when I listen to Micah's videos now...I could not get enough of what they were talking about and I thought about it ALL the

time. Finally my parents agreed to attend church with the missionaries and allowed me and my younger brother to attend with them.

The MINUTE we stepped into the church building I had an overwhelming feeling that this was what I had been told to wait for nearly two years earlier. I knew it. I thought then entire ride home and the rest of the day that Sunday of how I was going to tell my parents that I wanted to be baptized and if they would even let me, it consumed me.

The next day after school I walked in on a conversation between my parents and I caught the word "baptize" and I literally leaped into the air exclaiming that I wanted to be baptized as well! They laughed at me and told me that I would need to take the discussions first and it would take a little time but within the month my parents were baptized into the church, and a month after that myself and my younger brother were baptized as well. Eventually my two older brothers were baptized and they married life long members, while me and my younger brother both married people that we got to participate in helping convert them to the gospel as well. We're now all raising the first generation of born-in-the-covenant children for many generations down our family trees....though my mom turned out to be a distant relative of Joseph Smith.

I feel so privileged to have found the gospel and to be raising my children in the light of truth. I take very seriously my responsibility to share the gospel with those around me, and though I struggle with fear sometimes, I KNOW without a doubt that this is the true Church of Jesus Christ on the earth today....I feel very much as Joseph Smith once did...I know it's true, and I know God knows that I know, and I cannot deny it.

Thank you so much for giving me the opportunity to share this story with you! I hope it isn't too long to include in your fireside this week!

Thank you both for what you are doing! I feel a very real love for both of you and what you are doing to help spread the gospel and reignite some fires that had grown a little cold in those of us who have the light in our lives already.

Thank you so much!

Jennifer Fletcher

Vicki's Story

My parents didn't raise me in any particular religious persuasion. The name of God was rarely spoken, except in frustration. It is not my intent to cast them in a poor light. How do the young people say it "throwing shade?" I know now, after raising children myself, they did the best they could under the circumstances. I do recall attending church several times as a child. Once I remember riding in a school bus, a rather pothole-filled ride. The next scene I was partaking of chocolate chip cookies and grape juice, a culinary faux pas, which ended in a most embarrassing eruption. Truthfully do not recall a thing I was taught about God that day.

Another church encounter was when my family attended with my mother's parents. I remember many older people about me clad in fine twined linen, furs. The big draw there was a stop at Dunkin Doughnuts on the way home.

The final memory of my childhood church experience is found in a modest church building, where the lights were low, as candles were lit and passed to the Simon and Garfunkel tune THE SOUND OF SILENCE. Fast forward to the summer out of my junior year of high school.

That summer I chose to accept my first step mother's invitation (there were three) to work at night in a bar. She'd acquired for me an illegal document claiming that I was 21, wherein alcohol and drugs, in the space of a few months, became what I sought during my time at work. It was the means of survival for all of my coworkers. There I was night after night for three years until I had this sudden urge to dry out and remain aloof from the company I'd kept. Just me and my five cats. Yes I was and still am a cat lady.

During this drying out time, I did not work at all. I remember wondering if there was a God, where I came from, why I was here and where I was going. I began watching television(no Google, no computers) to discover something about the world I had been purposefully numbed to, when one day a commercial came on showing starving children in Latin America. Through the television screen the dark eyes of a little girl pierced my soul and changed my world. I thought, " If there was a God this would not be!" My soul was racked in torment to think this little girl had nothing to eat, while I could fulfill my physical desires almost effortlessly.

My days were then spent from then on trying to make sense of it...my guilt and shame in a life of ease, her innocence and deprivation, why? One day I pray to be able to kneel in gratitude to her and The Savior for awakening in me a sense of guilt that sent my on this quest. Not long after this encounter with self I had two visitors knocking at my door.

These two women visitors had the look of ones who had led clean lives. I was intrigued and allowed them into my apartment. They spoke with me of Jehovah, showed me a facsimile of prayer, and why I felt guilt...because I was guilty! Our ongoing weekly discussions were much appreciated, yet my soul felt like it was starving for something more. It wasn't a couple more weeks before another knocking couple came to my door.

This couple were young men, who also had the look that portrayed clean lives. In opening the door they asked, " Do you know Jesus Christ?" Thrilling it was to let them in, because Jesus was by then all I wanted to talk about. They, too, began an ongoing alternate set of weekly discussions that eventually brought me to a proverbial fork in the road. One night in a tearful, struggling prayer to the God who was yet unknown to me, I found myself pleading to know the truth. If these women had the truth, I would accept it with all my heart, but if there was more I had to be shown...repeatedly pounding my fist on the ground, demanding to know. This was the prayer of one who knew not the power of God to answer, nor the mercy of Him who heard. Little did I know soon the miracle of mercy would be mine.

The Elders from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints came with a lesson, the subject originally I am not certain. There were flipcharts in those days. I may have asked a question that got things out of sequence. What I remember is they showed me in scripture that I was God's child, literally. The word father I understood, but what they taught was that I lived with Father in Heaven before I came to earth....now I use human words to explain a Spiritual manifestation.

As I read about how God knew Jeremiah before he formed him in his Mother's belly, I felt the crown of my head an opening, slowly at first it seemed, then bursting open a conduit of sorts, wherein I saw not with the eyes in front of my head, but through this opening people dressed in white robes, living and loving in a place long ago. At the very moment this vision came to my view, I also felt as if an arrow at gone straight through my heart. The time it took for the "arrow" to pass was exactly how long the vision was. It is impossible to convey...that it was more than what I saw, but the intense, overwhelming feeling of love, which lifted me from my seat. I began running through my apartment laughing and crying simultaneously, trying to explain to the missionaries what had just happened! I then knew everything they would tell me thereafter would be the truth for which I had longed that summer.

The Elders invited me to church. I had to ask what to wear and they actually helped me borrow a dress appropriate, as all I owned at the time were halter-type, sequin laden clothes. How I felt going that first time is wiped from memory; however, it may or may not be worth mentioning that I do recall one woman in the pew directly in front of me, who turned around welcoming me by extending her hand. I was taken aback when extending my hand for the shaking, I noticed her very long purple painted fingernails. A turn off to the Nth degree. I was looking for purity and thought in would be there in abundance. Says something about the unpure heart I still had, doesn't it!

Well, one might conclude that with such merciful answer from God, when with the missionaries that day, I was baptized right away. That conclusion would be lacking. You see, at that time I was 20 and did not have enough faith in God's power to direct me into to quitting the only job I had known since I was 17 years old, which would have to had occurred to be in harmony with what my heart was telling me. The next 5 years I would essentially try to drink myself to death. I slashed my arms and punched my fists through glass in an attempt to not have to decide about Christ, as I continued working at the bar. My first step mother was long gone by then. My dad married another woman and lived in a different city. I was in Atlanta Ga. I do not remember, but I must have asked the missionaries not to come back because we all know they don't give up easy, but will honor someone's agency. I just needed to hit rock bottom, as they say.

Fast forward again from '78 to 1983. I always knew what I had to do. At the beginning of '83 (ya'll were still looking on from Heaven) I made a promise to my Father in Heaven that by the end of that year I would be baptized; I would trust him; I would do whatever I had to do to honor the answer He'd so mercifully given to a heart so ready to give up. Yes, I just about waited to the very end, but I remember in November somehow my spirit was ready. At work I would sit with the drinking customers and decline their offers to buy me a drink, telling my story that I planned to quit the whole scene, and be baptized in a couple of weeks. It actually brought tears to the eyes of some.

Well, finally I called the Missionary office and told whoever answered that " I am ready to be baptized." Within two hours Elders Spackman and Watkins were at my door. They quickly did a review of the lessons, perhaps over several nights. That isn't as clear to me now. My baptism was

scheduled for Dec 11, 1983. Before that date, I had an interview with the Mission President, whose name I don't recall. He helped me feel less concerned at some of my past and with the assurance that true repentance and faith in Christ's atonement, I could move past these things.

The last time I saw MY missionaries prior to my baptism I was on cloud 9 (not sure where that expression originally started) and knew everything was going to be fine; however, they left my apartment with a caution, "Satan will try everything in his power to get you to change your mind." My reply, " He cannot scare me."

That night I had an experience in sleep with darkness that created fear equal to the measure of sublime joy I'd felt 5 years earlier when the "arrow" pierced my heart in the waking vision of the premortal life. As has been stated in the New Testament, " whether in the body or out" I know not, but that in looking upward I saw the most beautiful man in white flowing robes. As he gradually descended, I thought it to be Christ. I could see his long wisps of sandy blonde hair gently floating on air, his hand extended as if to welcome me into his church. The closer he came, his gaze locked into mine. I could not look away. Steel blue eyes devoid of love stirred concern in my soul. It was too late. As his hand angrily grabbed mine, fear struck my soul. I felt he was trying to rip my spirit from my body and I could not on my own power free myself from his ever tightening grasp. In a short desperate plea I prayed, " Father, please help me, help me!"

Then I heard three simple words, more dulcet than all love songs ever sung, pierce me to the center, "Sleep no more." Immediate was my response. I jumped out of bed gasping for breath. Turning on every light in the apartment, not knowing why I thought a light bulb could chase away a demon, I picked up my Bible and opened it. Then I wondered should I be baptized? I would ponder this question and read with my finger leading my eyes to an answer. I would stop reading, leaving my finger in position as my mind again pondered, " Should I be baptized?" This sequence occurred several times when at last after a moment of pondering, my eyes fell upon the next word beside my finger. It was "baptizeth" and as my eyes saw the word I felt again the "arrow" as before go straight through my heart. No vision, but I knew from whom the blessed communication had come because I had felt it before. My Father had not given up on me. He was ever merciful then as He has been ever merciful through the years and ever merciful now as He has led me to be a small part of this fireside. May God bless, God speed and may we ever keep the faith is my prayer in the Sacred name of The Holy One of Israel, who us Mighty to save, even Jesus Christ. Amen.

Antonia's Story

So approximately 7 years ago my son who was at the time an atheist since high school, now a returned college student going thru a hard time, trying to decide on career and a going sour 7 year relationship with a girlfriend. According to him he hit bottom really hard when his girlfriend found someone else and he was the only one that didn't know. So he was so heartbroken that he got on his knees and asked God if he was real to please help him by sending someone or help him get busy to get over the pain. They both had applied to respiratory school and gotten in and he didn't know what to do because he figured she would also be there (she didn't) and he didn't think he could cope. He then suddenly remembered a friend of theirs that

had invited them to her baptism and they had gone. He remembered how amazed they were that she had changed and he decided to try to reach her. He found her on FB and sent her a message.

She states in her testimony that she had been discouraged that day he contacted her and had been praying to have someone to teach the gospel to and then his message popped up.

She then told him she would meet him at the chapel. He did and she introduced him to the missionaries where they began to teach him. When he met them one of the missionaries seemed extremely familiar to him but he was from Utah and there was “no way they could have met or known each other”. So he kept meeting the missionaries unbeknownst to us who were practicing Catholics.

I started noticing some changes in him as though he was “lit up” and told him so and I asked him about it and he just smiled.

My son would spend lots of time with our neighbor “gaming” and would sometimes stay out so late that he would just spend the night. One Sunday we were looking for him to help us move some furniture and he wasn’t home so we called the neighbor to see if he was there to our SHOCK he told us, “its Sunday he’s not here he’s at church on Sunday”. So when he got home I was like, “so the neighbor says you were at CHURCH, what church are you going to? He immediately shut me down and said, “I’m not ready to talk about it.” So several months went by and he was happier and changes were coming fast. Then one day he told me on a Wednesday that he was ready to talk about church and would I like to sit and talk with him, Obviously I immediately sat down and said yes! What gives! He proceeds to give me the pamphlets that the missionaries had been giving him and he then started telling me about his lessons. He then asked if they could come to the house on Saturday for his last lesson because he was going to get baptized and wanted us to go. I then freaked and said what else are they teaching you. He proceeded to tell me about the BOM and asked if I wanted to load it on my iphone. (he knew I would because I read A LOT) and he knew I knew the bible well. I of course said YES! Because it was my intention to study all this stuff by Saturday to teach these missionaries and lesson and they would have their hands full with me!!! HaHAHa

So I picked up the BOM and Read clear thru Alma by the time Saturday came. When the missionaries came. They gave him his lesson and then proceeded to pull out a BOM to gift me. And as they were about to say, Read and Pray this first page..... and I interrupted and said, I know this book is true. The Holy Spirit has told it to me. Those missionaries and my son were SHOCKED and they sat back down and asked if I/we wanted for them to start teaching us. We agreed and at the end of the visit we committed to baptism 3 weeks from that date.

When the missionaries left I asked my son who that missionary was, because I knew him or his family or something, He smiled and said No, I thought the same thing but you will learn later.

That missionary also has a story from that day. His mission was about to end (3 weeks later). Earlier that morning he and his companion had been fasting and praying for them to find that family that he had been told about when he was set apart that would indicate to him that his mission was now complete. You see for him he was an older missionary he had started his

mission years ago and 5 mos into his mission he was lost and felt he didn't have a testimony and went back home and almost 5 years later he received his calling to return to the mission field unexpectedly and when he was set apart he was told that he would meet a special family that would be prepared and he would know it and he would be able to complete his mission. We were that family. He did not tell us this until he came back 3 mos later after completing his mission to take us to the temple for the 1st time. He also felt the same premortal bond and someday soon we will know all the details.

Also the day of his baptism he had invited my sister who live 250 miles away to come and she came with her daughter and her boyfriend who joined us at the chapel. My sister stayed with me on Saturday and she sat in on one of our lessons because she got there early. When the missionaries left she also stated, "who was that man? I know him or his family or something!"

The next day in the chapel we sat side by side and each of the missionaries at each end. When my niece got there and sat down. She asked my sister about that missionary if he was a cousin or something because he was very familiar!!!