

Nicole

My back testimony

The week before we were supposed to leave for Belize I was going through a lot of stress, and feeling overwhelmed with all of the things I was juggling. Then that same week I also got in a car wreck. Then 2 days before we were supposed to leave I somehow managed to throw out my back in my sleep. When I woke up I was in so much pain that I couldn't move without pain shooting up my back. I had to work that day and was stressing out about having to lift heavy things. About halfway through my shift I was in so much pain that I finally just sat down on a crate feeling helpless and defeated. Then I realized that I hadn't asked the interns for prayers. So I sent out a group text asking for prayers, and received a bunch of responses from interns saying they were praying for me. Within an hour I began to feel better. Then James Tandy suggested that I get administered to by a man who was from Oregon and was preaching at the Waldo summer series that night. He also happened to be a chiropractor, and ended up administering to me and then working on my back. While pushing on my back he said that one of my ribs had popped out and that it would take several days to fully heal. The next morning (the day before we were leaving for Belize) the pain was completely gone, and I knew that God had healed me because of the power of prayer and faith. God never ceases to amaze me and his timing is always perfect.

Helping Marley

When our group of interns were in Belize we were waiting on dinner at the hotel. I was standing in the dining area, and I looked over towards the kitchen, and saw a woman folding silverware. I immediately felt prompted to go and talk to her. I walked over and asked her if I could help her fold. She said it was ok, and we started to converse. She soon told me (in Spanish) that her name was Marley and that she had 3 kids and was working at the hotel to pay for them to go to school. She said school in Belize was very expensive, and while she was talking I could clearly see the burden that she carried and also the love that she had for her kids. After more conversing I offered a Book of Mormon to her and she accepted it. The next day was the last day I was going to see Marley and I brought her the Book of Mormon and thought that was all I was going to do. Then that night as she was walking out the hotel gate, the spirit came over me and I immediately felt prompted to run out and give her the remaining souvenir money that I had. At first I was reluctant because I wanted to use the money for my family, but then I realized how selfish I was being and immediately called out her name and began to run after her. She had made it about halfway up the street by this time, and I ran to her and told her I felt like I should give her this money for her kids schooling. I then told her that God loved her and gave her a hug. She teared up and told me that I didn't have to, but I told her that I wanted to. The money that was left over was not very much, and I was humbled when I saw how overwhelmed she was when I gave it to her. I share this testimony because I was given a better understanding of how blessed I was, and it humbled me and made me more grateful for the position that God placed me in so that I could reach out and help the people in Belize and hopefully be a positive influence in their lives.

In his image

After the interns got back from our trip to Belize we started to visit various churches and hold services. While planning for the services Kelvin Henson asked me if there was any way I could draw a portrait of Jesus portraying his love in 10 minutes. Not knowing what I was getting myself into, I agreed. As the time for the services drew nearer I began to get more and more

nervous about drawing the picture. I had never attempted to draw Jesus, and was nervous that I would mess up the drawing and possibly offend people in the process. Well the time came for the first service and I was so nervous that my hands had begun to shake, and I was unsure that I would be able to hold onto the charcoal that I was using. While sitting in the church I just said a prayer, and started to tell God that I didn't see how I could possibly represent Christ in only 10 minutes. I was basically complaining to God that this was too hard. Then he swiftly spoke to me through his spirit, and reminded me that Christ had come to the earth and stood in the stead of God for his whole life. After thinking about this I suddenly had a better understanding of the burden that he had to bear, and realized that drawing a picture of Christ was such a simple task in comparison. I was humbled by Christ's sacrifice, and love for us. After realizing this my hands stopped shaking and I was filled with a spirit of peace. God was with us through that service and he has been with us through every obstacle, for that I am thankful.

The gift of Spanish

I was raised with a Spanish and American heritage. My mother was born in Honduras, and growing up she spoke to us in both Spanish and English. My dad was born in The U.S. And spoke English and Spanish also. With this history I grew to be bilingual. After moving out of my mothers house, my Spanish sort of stopped being used so frequently and I began to forget some of the language. When I had my interview for the Book of Mormon internship they asked me if I would be able to translate in Belize and I said yes. Well as the time for departure came closer I began to get nervous that my Spanish would be different than the Belizians or that because of my lack of practicing Spanish I would not be able to carry on a conversation as well. Before the trip I prayed that God would help me to remember the words I needed to and that my own lack of practice would not hinder the communications there. When we got to Belize I was immediately greeted with Spanish, and could understand almost everything the people were saying. They did have strong accents, but they understood me and I understood them. I was even given the chance to translate a conversation between the pastor of the branch there, and Lynn Baumgart (one of our foundation directors). On the way home I started to see all the various situations where God had helped me recall the words that I needed to communicate with the people and felt very blessed that He was able to use me and help me be an instrument in his hands despite my own weakness.