

Elizabeth Smith

Each morning, on our trip, two interns were in charge of leading morning devotions. I was paired with Hannah Sperry, and we were supposed to share Tuesday. This was the day we were to witness to the protestors. It was the second day of the trip, and, as everyone was sleeping in their bed, I was lying down praying to God. After I had said my prayers, I laid in silence for a few minutes, until the Lord brought a scripture to my mind.

But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer with meekness and fear to every man that asketh of you a reason for the hope that is in you: Having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evildoers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conduct in Christ. (1 Peter 3:15-16 IV/KJV)

After I picked up my scriptures and read these verses, I knew the Lord wanted me to share this with the interns for our morning devotions on Tuesday. I sat in silence pondering the scripture and, after a few minutes, looked to my left at the wall in our hotel room. As I looked at the wall, I saw a cross. Light from the curtains had created this perfect cross, and where the two boards met was a perfect square brighter than the rest. As I looked at the curtains, I didn't suppose they could have cast this shadow, but I knew that what I was seeing was real. I proceeded to stare at it for several minutes, not really understanding why I was seeing it, but knowing there was some reason for it. As the next two days went on, I pondered this experience, wondering why I had seen this cross, and the Lord brought to me my answer. I had remembered a movie we interns had watched shortly before our trip. It was called, "Do You Believe?" In the beginning of this movie, there is a man carrying a large cross on wheels down the street. He makes his way to a car and asks the man inside if he believes in the cross of Christ. The man in the car explains that he is a preacher, to which the man with the cross says, "You did not answer my question." He then repeats himself again and asks him, "Do you believe in the cross of Christ?" When this dialog came to my mind, I knew what that cross I had seen on the wall meant. I knew the Lord was asking me, do you really believe in the cross of Christ? Is it more than an Easter Sunday remembrance for you? Would these protestors be ashamed about the evil they say of you because the hope of Christ is real in your life and your conduct reflects His? These were hard questions I had to answer, and I felt convicted. I knew, in that moment, that the Lord wanted my life to be a witness—not just externally, but internally. I could speak truth, deal gently with these people, explain my points, lay out my agenda, but unless the hope of Christ was real in my heart, it would mean nothing. My testimony is that Jesus Christ must be real to you and, if He is not, then you must pray that He is. For if we desire to share the testimony

of Christ in the Book of Mormon with others, then we must be able to share something we have already received.