

Coming Into the Internship

Being a Book of Mormon intern was not something I had ever dreamed of doing. It wasn't until I had seen the impact the program had on friends of mine that I started considering it as something I would someday do. It wasn't that it sounded like a like a lot of fun, in fact quite the opposite for a while, I just wanted to see what the big deal was first hand. Unfortunately, by the time applications were open I had built up a lot of assumptions, judgments, and frustrations towards the program. Among other things, I thought parts of the dress code were absurd, I was couldn't believe how time consuming the program was, I was going to have to spend money on medications for Belize and nice clothes, and I was nervous about going out of country.

One strong point remained: everyone who had been an intern had loved the experience. I had made up my mind to apply for the internship, but not while I had such a negative attitude towards it. If I was going to be part of this I wanted the full benefits of the experience; that meant no bad attitudes in the way. So I prayed. A lot. I requested that if this was something I should do that I wouldn't continue to be bothered by all the petty things I was bothered by. I don't know if you have ever woken up one day to find that your pet peeves no longer annoy you, but it's a bit strange, and exactly what happened to me. Within a couple weeks of praying I felt at peace when I thought of what I didn't agree with about the internship. My prayers had been answered, and with it confirmation that I personally had God backing my decision to be an intern.

I submitted my application long before the retreat in January, and from then on it seemed there was always something to frustrate me. My contract got lost in the mail, my emails got lost, I ended up having issues with my health insurance (like not having any), and I was slightly offended by a couple comments made during my interview. Honestly, I am thankful for all of it. Every time something came up I had to make a conscious decision not to let it bother me so that I

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could be “all in.” By the time the actual internship started I had so much practice being “all in” that nothing was going to get to me. I have had an incredible six weeks. I am so thankful to have done the internship, and I now understand, first hand, what the big deal is.

Airplane Ears

Being a Book of Mormon Intern on an odd year means going out of country, which means flying. The last time I flew was in 2010, and I discovered that flying hurts my ears. A lot. Everyone's ears pop and feel uncomfortable, I know, but I experience severe pain. My mom has the same problem and has tried everything, including different prescriptions, and has never managed to fully get rid of the pain. Since I decided to apply for the internship I was nervous about the flights to and from Belize. I was convinced that nothing man had to offer would heal the pain, so I left it up to God. The day before we left for Belize I asked the interns to pray for my ears not to hurt on the flights.

In the airport the next morning a couple people told me they had been praying for me, which I really appreciated. One girl told me she had googled my problem and came up with the answer of filtered earplugs, which she just so happened to have a pair of. I was more inclined to roll my eyes than get my hopes up, but told her thank you and that I might try them. Well, she sat by me during the flight, so there was no "might" about it. As the plane took off I cooperatively stuffed the earplugs in my ears. To my astonishment and relief, they seemed to work. I could still feel the pressure on my ears, but no worse than anyone else was, and without pain. When we got off the plane several people commented on how their ears were still plugged up- mine felt great. The next flight I waited longer to put them in because I was talking to people, but it didn't take long to feel the pain shoot up into my ears, so I quickly put the earplugs in and was fine after that. The flights home were also painless.

I'll admit, I was a little disappointed that it was earplugs that kept my ears from hurting and not pure, unaided, God power. Then I remembered a story about a guy stuck on his roof in a flood who prayed that God would save him, and rejected all the boats and helicopters that came

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his way because he was waiting for God. He died at the end of the story. You see, I think it's a great thing to pray for each other. It is also extremely important that we do our best to help people ourselves, and that's what this girls did for me. She didn't just pray, she took the time to punch my problem into google, and God led her to the answer and resources to not only give me comfortable flights to Belize, but the solution for any future flights I may go on.

Healing Through Administration

The first full day in Belize, I woke up bright and early to a beautiful morning. It was a service project day, so I got dressed in my work clothes, and headed downstairs for breakfast. As I waited, my stomach started hurting. It mostly felt like I was hungry, but there was a hint of feeling sick. I assured myself I just needed to eat, but it only got worse so that by the time I finally sat down with my food, I grabbed my room key and ran up to the bathroom instead of eating. I was sick after all. Several concerns were running through my mind. “Why do I have to have the immune system that can’t handle a third world country? What if I’m sick all week? Even if I’m not sick all week, I’m sick today. I can’t work in the hot sun like this. What if my malaria pills are making me sick and I go through this every time I take them?” Eventually Sugar came and checked on me and I told her what was going on. She told me that she and I would stay at the hotel if I was sick, and asked if I wanted to be administered to. Yes please. I didn’t want to miss out on any of the trip.

Sugar left to fetch Lynn and Eldon, and while she was gone the other girls I was rooming with came up because they had finished breakfast. When they saw I was sick they offered to pray for me. During the prayer I could feel my stomach start to settle, and I knew healing was coming my way. While Lynn and Eldon administered to me I felt better still. I managed to keep down some breakfast, and I told Sugar I would decide on what I wanted to do that day based on how I felt after devotions, but I was confident that I’d be fine. After devotions I felt great, and hopped got into the van to face our first day of service projects. I honestly think I felt healthier that day than how I normally feel, and my health held up the whole trip.

Fourth Testimony

Several of the interns made a point of praying for the weather to be on the cooler side while we were in Belize. Honestly, before we got down there I thought they were being ridiculous and spoiled Americans. Then we got down there and it was clear their prayers were answered. It was on the cooler side as far as Belize goes. We got some steady breezes that kept the mosquitoes away, and frequent but brief rain showers. It was great. I was very thankful that God listened to their prayers for the weather, because it turns out I'm a spoiled American too.