

## Kim DeSelms

Ever since my brother, Ben, went through the Internship, I wanted to be in it as well. I wanted to wait until after I graduated from college, so I pinned up an Internship brochure to my wall as a reminder that I was going to do it later. Years passed and the winter break before my last semester began. I knew I needed to fill out the Internship application, but I kept dragging my feet.

I finally decided to stop being lazy and fill out the paperwork, but I didn't mail it in yet. I knew the Internship would require me to step out of my comfort zone to such a degree that I wasn't sure if I was willing to do that. So I held onto the application and prayed about it.

My last semester began, and I got an email from an employer with whom I had previously applied to do an internship. They told me there was a position that was unofficially open that I could apply for. I applied, knowing I couldn't be in the BMF Internship and have this job. I prayed about it, and I asked others to pray as well. I knew that both opportunities were good ones, but I didn't want to be the one to have to pick between them, so I asked God to pick for me. He blessed me that by the time I found out that I didn't get the job, I didn't even want it anymore.

I set a date for myself that I would either turn in the Internship application, or I would forget about it. When the day came, I prayed about it, then got ready to go drop the application off at the Foundation. As I was gathering my things, I got a text from one of the people I had asked for a reference letter from letting me know that she had just sent in my letter. This was confirmation to me that I was at least supposed to apply, so I did.

When the interview came around, I felt it went really poorly and I just knew that I hadn't gotten in. I was surprised by how devastated I was by the thought that I wouldn't get to participate in such an awesome program, and I was really disappointed at the thought of having to miss out on all the things we'd be learning. When Sugar called to tell me that I did get in, I was surprised, but so very thankful.

When the Internship started, we were given journals to write our testimonies in, and Sugar told us to write our testimony of the Internship in it. Even though little blessings allowed me to be here, at the time I really didn't feel that I had a testimony worth sharing—one that said I was supposed to be in the Internship.

During our trip to Kirtland, Matt ran out of insulin and had to go to Walmart to get more. As we began the trip, I realized I needed a belt. That morning, I asked if I could tag along so I could get a belt, and they said that was fine. After paying for my belt, I walked over to the pharmacy and found out Matt was having trouble getting his prescription. Not knowing they had prayed about the situation already, I offered to call my Dad, who is a doctor, to see if he would call in a prescription for him, and he did.

As we were waiting for the medicine to be filled, Lynn was reflecting on the situation and said it was no accident I was in the Internship and that God had put me there for a purpose. I don't know that I have ever felt that I was exactly where God wanted me to be, doing exactly what He wanted me to do before, so I thought it was really neat that I not only got a testimony that I was to be in the Internship, but also that God was using me as a tool to help others.