

By Haley Yancey  
(Based on a true story)

Damián looked through his backpack to see that he had what he needed. Church clothes? Check. Shoes? Check. Book of Mormon? Check. He zipped up his backpack, put it over his shoulder, and headed for the door.

"Mamá!" Damián called. "I'm going to Abuela and Abuelo's!"

Mamá was folding towels. "Be sure to help your grandparents." She stopped to give Damián a big hug. "I know you like to go to church with them. Have a nice time tomorrow."

"I will!" said Damián. *But I wish you would come with me*, he thought.

Damián walked to the bus stop. Every Saturday, he took the bus across his town in Ecuador to Abuela and Abuelo's house. He stayed the night with them. Then he went to church with them the next day.

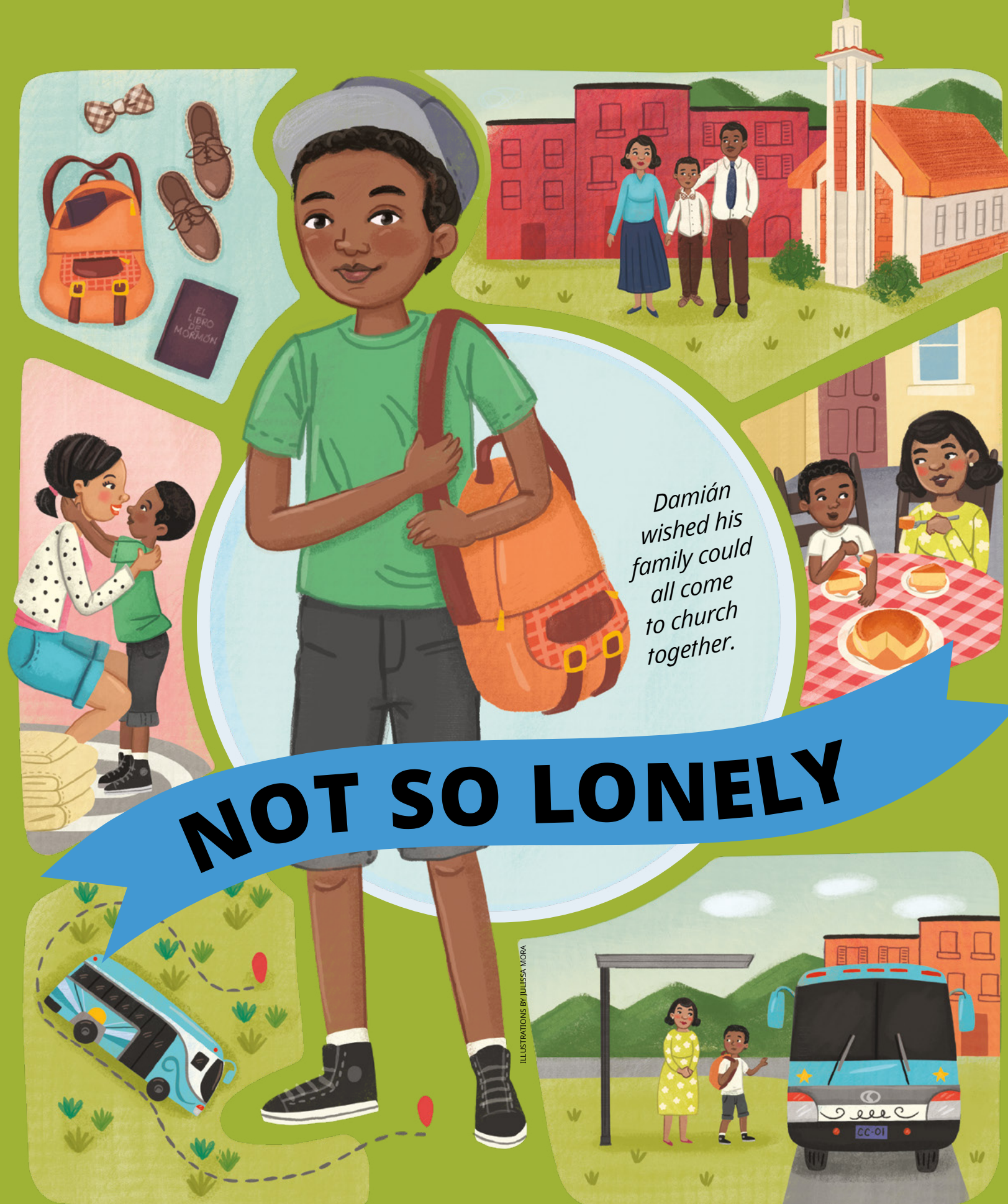
On Sunday morning, Damián got dressed for church. He buttoned his shirt. He put on his shoes. Then he walked to church with Abuela and Abuelo.

Damián liked church. He liked to sing the songs and take the sacrament. He liked to see his friends too. But he wished the rest of his family was with him.

That afternoon, Damián, Abuela, and Abuelo walked over to Brother and Sister Ruiz's house. They were going to have home evening together. Abuela brought a dish of flan for dessert.

The lesson was about Jesus. Damián colored a picture of Jesus while he listened to the lesson. "Jesus understands everything we feel," Brother Ruiz said. "Even when we feel sad."

Damián looked at his picture of Jesus. It made him happy that Jesus knew how he felt.



After the closing prayer, Abuela said, "I brought flan. Who wants some?"

"Me!" Damián said. The creamy, sweet dessert was Damián's favorite! And Abuela made the best flan.

After home evening, Abuela walked with Damián to the bus stop so he could go home. Damián looked down at the ground.

"Is something wrong?" Abuela asked.

Damián frowned. "I wish the rest of my family came to church with us."

"Me too," Abuela said. She gave Damián a hug. "But your family loves you very much. And so do Abuelo and I and many others!"

The bus pulled up. Damián sat by the window and waved to Abuela as the bus drove away.

Damián thought about what Abuela had said. He thought about Mamá and his brother and sister. He knew they loved him so much. Then he thought about his Primary teacher. And the Ruiz family. And Abuela and Abuelo. They all loved him too.

Most of all, Damián knew Heavenly Father and Jesus loved him. And that made him feel not so lonely anymore ●

*This story took place in Ecuador.*

"We were not placed on this earth to walk alone. . . . [Our Heavenly Father] has assured us that He will be there for us to provide help if we but ask."

President Thomas S. Monson (1927–2018), "We Never Walk Alone," *Liahona*, Nov. 2013, 121.