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How well I remember the day and time and exact location -- when I had the desire to know if I knew or if I just accepted the testimony of others. I had grown up going to church every Sunday and listening to teachers. I was 11 and my teacher was Amanda Clark (She gave me my first book of Mormon) and she told the class (the list of members are inside the cover) if we would read the Book of Mormon and then she show us the Magic scripture -- if we would pray we would know.

I loved to read and so I decided to try. As I look back now I realize I read the Book of Mormon like a history novel. When I finally arrived at the Magic scripture I was almost afraid to ask, wondering if it would work. I put off the actual "asking if it is true" prayer for two days. I went out under the apple tree in the dark, it was chilly, and knelt down and asked about the Book of Mormon -- WOW! What a feeling, I then knew exactly what Bosom meant, and I silently ask if that my heart "yes" was the answer. That was a good experience because I then had the courage to ask if the church was true and if the prophet was a prophet. I can't ever remember asking if Jesus was my brother I just knew. Dick keeps telling me my faith is too simple for I accept things so readily, it was ---- not until early twenties that I decided to pray about other things. I went on a quest and read and studied and made a list of things to pray and ask about like the word of wisdom etc. I've always been grateful for those experiences because it taught me how to recognize answers that I have had and maybe that's the way I have just simple faith as if the prophet says something I believe and accept. I'm grateful to know that Jesus is my brother, My Savior, the truthfulness of the Church and that the prophet of the day is the prophet, I'm thankful that as each Prophet has come into my life that I've had the witness to know he is the prophet.