

PURE RELIGION

Angels at the Bishops' Storehouse

Day after day the work of caring for those in need goes on quietly and without fanfare. It takes place on narrow streets in faraway countries, in cinderblock bishops' offices, and in humble living rooms and backyards throughout the world. Often this service goes unnoticed and unreported. But every once in a while, we hear something that lifts our hearts and brightens our day. That was the case recently when this letter arrived at Church headquarters:

Dear Welfare Services:

I am a student at a junior high

school. I am 13½ years old. This is part of my English assignment and my feelings are true.

I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the help you give to those in need.

We have been recipients of your graciousness. My mother told my family that the food came from angels. I was later privileged to help get groceries, and then I saw the angels, those kind workers at the bishops' storehouse, helping others. I am grateful for people like you who make others' burdens light.



Sincerely,

(Name withheld)