



By Elder  
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# A Lesson from My Parents

I grew up in a small town in southern Italy. My family were not members of the Church. One day, when I was nine, two missionaries knocked on our door.

My parents weren't interested in what the missionaries had to say, but I was. So was my brother, Alberto. Our parents let us keep meeting with the missionaries. Later we got baptized and confirmed. I was 10, and Alberto was 11.

When I was 18, I asked my father to help me pay for my mission. At first he said, "No way. It's too much money." But a couple of days later, he asked me, "Do you really want to go on a mission?" And I said, "Yes. With all my heart." My father said he would help me.

I didn't understand why my father would pay such a great price for me. Then I realized it was because he



loved me. It made me think of

Jesus Christ's sacrifice for us. He paid the highest price because He loves us.

When I got back from my mission, my mother was very sick with cancer. One day she asked me to teach her to pray. She wanted to pray for me. Even in her pain, she was thinking of others. She reminded me of Jesus too. When He atoned for us, He was in great pain. But He was praying for *us*.

Even though my parents never joined the Church in this life, they were good examples for me. I am grateful for the lessons I learned from them. We can learn a lot from our parents, teachers, and leaders if we are open to what they teach us. ●