

# Elevator Repentance



**By Elder Benjamin M. Z. Tai**  
Of the Seventy

**W**hen I was 11, my family lived in a 12-story building in Hong Kong. Every day after school, I ran into the building and rode the elevator to our apartment.

One day I got into the elevator and pressed all the buttons so they lit up. Now the elevator would stop on each floor. The doors started to close, but all of a sudden a hand shot in and opened the doors. It was one of my upstairs neighbors. She didn't say anything about the buttons, but I was nervous. It felt like it took forever to get home!

Sure enough, the elevator stopped on the next floor, waited, and then kept going. As soon as the doors opened on my floor, I dashed out. I got home sweating because I ran so fast!

Soon after I got home, the phone rang. It was the neighbor from the elevator. I got so nervous waiting for my mom to get off the phone.

After she got off the phone, my mother asked, "Did you press all the buttons on the elevator?"

I couldn't lie to my mother. "Yes," I said.

My mother smiled. "OK, let's go upstairs and talk to our neighbor."

We went upstairs together. I rang the doorbell, and my neighbor came to the door. My head hung low as I said I was sorry that I pressed all the buttons. I promised I would never do it again.

Our neighbor was kind. She said, "As long as you never do it again, I think that's fine."

After telling her I was sorry, I felt good. And I never pressed all the buttons on the elevator again.



This experience helped me learn about repentance. I knew I did something wrong. I felt sorry and asked for forgiveness. And I never did it again. Then I felt happy! Repentance can bring you happiness too. ●

*From an interview with Kristin Pedersen.*