



David couldn't wait to go to the Dubai Temple someday.

# The SWEETEST GOAL

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ROBISON

**By Charlotte Larcabal**  
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(Based on a true story)

David squeezed some glue onto a sugar cube. Then he carefully put it in place.

"Wow!" Mom said. "Your sugar-cube temple looks amazing."

"Thanks!" David said. "It's the Dubai Temple. I can't wait for the real one to be done."

David had been excited ever since President Nelson announced a new temple in the country where David lived. The United Arab Emirates had some of the tallest buildings in the world. But it didn't have a temple—yet. This would be the first temple in the whole Middle East.

David stuck the last sugar cube onto his temple. "There!" he said. "All done."

Mom leaned down to get a better look. "Nice job! Where should we put it?"

David thought. "How about in my room? Next to my trains." David loved trains. He wanted to be a train engineer someday.

"Great idea," Mom said.

David carefully carried his sugar-cube temple to his room. He gently set it next to his model trains. He couldn't wait to show his sisters and dad.

The next day, David's aunt Ana came to visit. They talked about the things he was looking forward to the most. Then he thought of something.

"Want to know what I'm most excited about?"

David asked.

"Of course!" Aunt Ana said.

"The church my family goes to is building a temple in Dubai!"

Aunt Ana smiled. "That sounds really special."

"It is!" David said. "Right now, there isn't a temple for our church nearby, so we go to a temple in Switzerland or Germany. I'm glad there will be one closer to us. I've set a goal to prepare to go there."

"How exciting!" Aunt Ana said. "What are you doing to prepare?"

"I pray and read the scriptures," David said. "And I try to follow Jesus Christ. And then I'll be ready to go to the temple!"

"That's wonderful," Aunt Ana said. "I'm sure you will work hard to reach your goals."

"I will!" David nodded happily. It felt good to share something so important to him.

That night, David asked if he could move his sugar-cube temple to the kitchen.

"I want to keep it where we can see it all the time. I want to remember to keep getting ready for the temple."

"That's a good idea," Dad said. "I think seeing your temple every day would help me too."

Dad helped David move the sugar-cube temple to the kitchen.

"Looks good," David's sister Kaitlynn said.

"When the real Dubai Temple is done, can I invite my friends to come see it?" David asked.

Mom nodded. "That's a great idea!"

"And Aunt Ana?"

"Of course," said Dad.

David smiled. He was already so grateful for the Dubai Temple! ●

*This story took place in the United Arab Emirates.*