

It was evening on Temple Square, and the imposing shadows of the temple stretched long upon the earth. My heart quickened as I gazed through the trees into the uppermost reaches of the temple spires and saw an Angel gleaming in the sunset against the darkening sky. As I strained against the shadows, I could almost hear trumpet music piercing the evening air. As though the Angel Moroni had pursed the golden trumpet to his lips to proclaim the wonder of the restoration. Imagine! Jesus Christ, a mere babe at the first Christmas, had returned again, to sweep cobwebs of darkness from a sin-bound world.

Seeing our day in vision, It was John the beloved who said: *"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.*

Moroni was that angel.

My heart was full. Gratitude filled my soul. The babe in the manger was but the beginning. He has appeared to His Prophets, and continues with us even now. He lives. He loves us; and He has restored His Church to the earth in these latter-days. Thus, the Spirit of Christmas may remain with us forever.      - Robert Fitt -