

# My Story of Seeking Light and Truth

~by Kimberly

When I was a young girl, my grandfather and others would playfully refer to me as a “perpetual motion machine.” By others, I was known as “Miss Smiley.” As I grew up, I was referred to with adjectives such as “passionate,” “intense,” “zealous.” Indeed, throughout my life, I have had an insatiable desire to learn, serve, and implement truth. Growing up, this was largely directed towards my family and the LDS Church, along with my schooling and music.

When I was a few days old, my mother received persistent promptings to “go check on Kimberly.” Heeding these words, she presumably saved my life by rescuing me from a two-year-old neighbor who was attempting to carry me down a flight of cement stairs. During the ensuing years, I have had numerous experiences where I followed the guidance of “inner promptings,” changing the course of my life and others.

I have always had an intense love for and interest in other people. Somehow, being able to “tap into” a great amount of natural, spontaneous happiness, I have always desired to live in ways that would bring more joy to those around me and to the entire world. I remember as a young girl often feeling frustration overhearing the conversations of others. The ways of this world seemed so mundane. Somehow, I knew that life could be so much more meaningful.

When I was fifteen, I was given a singular “spiritual” experience as I stood quietly alone in my room. I was told two things: “You will live your life with no regrets, and... the day will come when you will give birth to the Holy Spirit.” Not understanding what this could possibly mean, I tucked it away in my heart and silently pondered on it from time to time.

I gave every cell of my body to the LDS Church in my attempt to live “joyfully” and find all the truth and meaning possible in life. Along the way, I continued to be “tutored” by “spirit” and mentored in many things that appeared to be out of the realm of interest of most of those around me.

I voraciously read the Book of Mormon, all the standard works of the church, the lives and writings of the leaders and others who had contributed in significant ways to society, amassing an immense library along the way. All the while, the promises from my youth and my inner compass seemed to guide my zeal and efforts. And yet, I wondered often why there was no one else that seemed to be having the experiences, receiving the directions, learning the things I was.

I served with all my heart, usually in leadership positions. I memorized scripture, attended the temple nearly weekly, gave myself heart and soul to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my husband, children, neighbors and the Book of Mormon.

Whenever I would share my “para-normal” experiences, I would usually receive blank stares or looks of disbelief. However, through my insatiable searching, I occasionally would stumble on deeply personal, spiritual accounts written by others.

One night, in my thirtieth year, I was reading and resonating with some of these experiences of others when I seemed to be “carried away by the spirit.” I had many things brought to my awareness. The most poignant were the words: “Everything I have ever given to any of my children is held in reserve for you, as soon as you truly desire it.” A while after having this experience, I got up from where I had been reclining and passed by a mirror. Stunned, I saw brilliant light where my “body” was.

This experience just intensified my efforts to realize all that the Father hath in store for any of his children. It was not enough for me to know all about God the Father and Jesus Christ. I wanted to KNOW them. I yearned to hear their voice with my own ears, to feel their arms around my mortal body, to see them with my own eyes, to be considered their friend.

How I desired to be their voice to this generation. To bring the hope and joy to others that I felt. To help rid the world of fear and unhappiness. I wanted to know “pure light and truth,” to have “intelligence” distill itself upon me. I endeavored to purify my love for each and every one of my earthly brothers and sisters. My most fervent prayer was to develop and realize the same unconditional love for ALL of my brothers and sisters that my Heavenly Parents have for me. I equally sought for all the intelligence (light and truth) that Father would bring my way.

The one relationship that seemed to need the most effort was with my husband. I adored him. I had given my heart and soul to him. Yet, somehow, I knew that my love for him was not pure yet.

Raising my children, I would attempt to teach them in ways that would all fit together within one whole realm of truth. Obviously, to me, the gospel of Jesus Christ (with the LDS Church that I whole-heartedly ascribed to) was at the very center and within all truth. I would have a Daily Devotional with my children that included reading from and role-playing stories and elements from the Book of Mormon. I taught them to read from it, to memorize its scriptures, learn to sing and play the songs and music of the faith, learning history as it

stemmed from the gospel time-line, multiplication tables, science, etc. as it all played into truth.

In 2000, I began opening up my mind somewhat about the church and its leaders that I loved so much. With that opening, I was able to consider certain things such as: the new Conference Center sure looks and seems like a “large and spacious building.” Were there better uses for my tithing money for the many people in need in this world? Why did the most pertinent “revelation” seem to regard how many piercings an ear could have? Where was the “thus sayeth the Lord!” by the prophets?

Why weren’t the apostles themselves (or any member for that matter) having the experiences I was, or sharing them if they were? I knew that God was NOT a respecter of persons and that all could receive equally as they desired. Where were Jesus and the Father in all this? If Joseph had seen and experienced all that he had, and if I could also, then what about everyone else? Why was there so much fear and apathy regarding the spirit and its guidance?

In early 2001, I went with my young baby to Gospel Doctrine class one Sunday. I saw my dear friends in attendance, watched a man I very much liked “teach” them, and yet I saw, superimposed over the scene, him plugging in pacifiers into their mouths and “lulling them off to sleep” with his words, words that came from a prescribed book from the “authorities.” It seemed to me that the members were zombies just sitting in attendance for their weekly transfusion. My heart was ready to break.

In despair, I offered up a silent prayer, “Father, what do I do?!” “Go home,” I felt. In amazement, I did go home. Having never even ditched a class in high school and giving 1000% of myself to the church, this was a most rebellious moment for me.

Putting my baby down to sleep, I stretched myself out on my bed and let sobs break from my body. Finally, I was able to speak: “Father, I would scrub toilets for the rest of my life if that would help you in your kingdom. Where do you want me? Where can I serve you?”

In answer, I received, “You can serve me the most where your heart feels the most comfortable” (repeated three times). I marveled as the words sank in. Where DID I feel comfortable? In the church that I had thought every day of my life was HIS? I had to admit, no. Although I had for most all of my life desired to attend and serve within it, I no longer did. My attempts now felt fruitless. I was then told, “Then I don’t want you there.”

In awe and amazement, I realized that I was not going back.

Needless to say, this caused no small stir within my world. After a few weeks of not attending and of requesting to be released from my teaching calling among the women, my Bishop asked to talk with me. He and others assumed that I must have had my feelings hurt in some way or another. I had not. I just simply did not “fit” in their church any more. I was realizing that my “church” inside me was far more real than any mortal sanctuary and its regulations.

The bishop implored me to come back, stating that many women in the ward had said that they didn’t feel the spirit any more without me. I looked him deeply in the eyes and said, “Bishop, the women and the ward does NOT need ME, they need the Spirit for themselves. I will always continue to love them and desire to be their friend as long as they would like, but I am choosing to no longer participate in the church.” I pondered on what I should do with my church “membership,” but felt, “Let them do with you whatsoever they wish.”

My children each came to me within the next few days (although my oldest one did not for some weeks) and asked if they could stay home with me and have me teach them on Sundays. Thus began some tremendously liberating and wondrously fun Sundays. My husband was greatly angered. After a few months he decided that he would, also, join us.

With the restrictions off and then with my husband joining us, Sundays became so joyful and an opportunity to leave the “world” behind and explore nature and be together. I thought that perhaps my marriage would make it, after all. Now, I had very little outside “authority” dictating what I could or should read, think or do. I felt so liberated in comparison. I continued to seek truth and my experiences with spirit were heightened and became more and more regular. Nevertheless, I continued to search and petition for the fullness of love and intelligence.

On Mother’s Day in 2002, I gave birth to a baby who “died” in my arms at eleven days old. This experience, though unforeseen, brought blessings of peace and understanding in its wake, affecting many lives. I was grateful for the strength that I had gained already in my life that helped me peacefully flow through this.

After many experiences with my husband, I finally realized that I must love myself as much as I loved him and that my “marriage” should not put a ceiling on my JOY.

In 2003 I divorced him and, in doing so, “surrendered” to all his requests, including having no legal or physical custody of our eight living children (ages 3 through 17). Because I did not participate in “gossip” and endeavored to remain in peace and be guided from “above,” the “rumors” freely flew about me.

A church court was conducted on me, and, even though I had left peacefully over three years previously, walking away with no looking back, I was now officially excommunicated from it. I also “lost” my “good name” and reputation among many of my previous friends, my relationships with my siblings and parents, homes, financial stability, dreams for the future, etc. etc. The most difficult was to see the systematic dismantling by others of my relationship with my children.

Throughout it all, I felt heaven SO close, but just out of reach! Although I would never have believed that I had “asked for” all of those experiences, looking back, I realize that it was all an answer to my earnest prayers and deepest desires. One does not develop a love which is UN-conditional without having opportunities to experience and prove a love without conditions.

There were many times when I resorted to feeling like I had lost EVERYTHING. There were even times that I felt angry and wanted REVENGE. Gratefully, I made it through those moments, learned greater compassion and empathy for human suffering, and gained quite a bit of ground in my pursuit of greater light and knowledge and un-conditional love.

In December 2004, I realized that that Christmas would be very different than any previously, in that I would be alone, without my children. As I realized this, I also realized that, like every prior experience, I could choose to be a “victim” or I could create a “higher” experience. I immediately sent out a prayer that Jesus find His place in my heart that Christmas to a deeper degree than I had ever realized before. I found myself greatly anticipating the wonder of the coming day! I was so incredibly happy, knowing that Father was sending a great blessing my way and wondering what it would look like.

Three days before Christmas, a dear friend called me and told me that he had just come back from being out of town and had met a guy who claimed to have translated The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon. Although I had had nothing to do with the church and even very little to do with the Book of Mormon for a few years, I felt an incredible surge of joy and expectation well up within my heart and mind. I had to sit down, I was eager to hear every detail I could. I immediately called the translator to speak with him personally, but was only able to leave a message. Before I was able to talk directly with him, I shared the translator’s name with a very “psychic” friend of mine. He immediately warned me with a dire warning, giving great detail—some of which appeared to be accurate.

I will be forever profoundly grateful that I did NOT allow myself to be swayed by the grave warnings, but answered the call from deep within my heart to “find out for myself, through my OWN experience!” I was able to talk with the translator on Christmas Eve. Afterwards, I downloaded The Sealed Portion ([www.thesealedportion.com](http://www.thesealedportion.com)) and read and read and read, hardly sleeping all

that night. Christmas found me with my gift to myself having been granted! Thank you, Father!!! My life had been changed!

In my great searching, and my intense desire for PURE TRUTH and NOTHING ELSE, I held out initially in my “decision” about the work. However, my desire was to have a completely open, child-like willingness to BELIEVE and let go of any previous “knowings” that would prevent me from totally accepting it (if, indeed, it WAS true).

There were times that I felt “shaken” regarding what I was reading. I wrestled somewhat with a couple issues. But my great desire was to accept whatever Father had for me and to not be deceived. Some of my previous “understandings” that had felt very comfortable, I found myself trading for others of greater truth and more peace.

There were many, many areas of The Sealed Portion that easily resonated within me. Through my own experiences I had been led to understand “hidden” things. When I read that these all fit together and the “hows” and “whys” in The Sealed Portion, I continually marveled at the wonder, the beauty, and THE SIMPLICITY OF FATHER’S PLAN. I now could REALLY SEE much better HOW to “love my neighbor (un-conditionally) as myself”. As my heart swelled open to receive, my mind THEN embraced and found “understanding.”

Early on, the biggest stumbling block to me regarded the translator himself. As I read his autobiography and some of the things written ABOUT him by those who desired to present him in a spurious light, I questioned his ability to be a “prophet.” I then remembered those things that had been spread about ME, and I reminded myself that “not all that is published and spread abroad is God’s truth.”

As I have hungrily read and internalized the doctrine of The Sealed Portion and the additional writings that have come forth, my life has changed in unforeseen ways. I feel that my whole perception has changed. I never knew that I had been wandering around in the “mists of darkness.” I thought that I had had a firm grip on the “Spirit” and “reality.” I find myself now, though, seeing EVERYTHING so much more clearly! The Sealed Portion has given me a rod by which to measure all that I hear, feel and think. AND, it has given me the power of truth through the spirit within ME.

Feasting upon The Sealed Portion initially brought me INCREDIBLE PEACE and TASTED MORE DELICIOUS THAN ANYTHING I HAD EVER TRIED. All it has taken when I have been the slightest unsure is to consider the depth of the peace that I now experience, the tremendous amount of understanding and allowing that I feel for my “birth” children and all the others of my earthly brothers and sisters. The “mysteries” are now opening up for me, bringing joy beyond measure. The Sealed Portion, it seems, was a milestone, not a “final resting

place,” bringing me some essential “keys” and “code words” to understanding all truth.

Although I had loved others and sought for truth all of my life, I had never truly loved myself as deeply nor completely. I had also validated the truths and witnesses of others sometimes greater than that within my own heart. The last three years of fine-tuning the “Golden Rule” has brought this all into harmony and balance. The JOY I now feel is beyond compare. The great peace I have received surpasses anything I have ever had to relinquish to acquire it.

So here I am now, a single mother, raising a daughter completely on my own, having faced and surmounted staggering debt and financial and career obstacles, more gloriously happy and feeling more “on purpose” than I ever have in the past. I need no one. I have such a deep and abiding acceptance and love for myself. I, indeed, have no regrets. I have brought forth the “Holy Spirit” within myself. My love and understanding of my “self” and all others is equal, balanced, and knows no bounds.

Heaven on earth is lived daily and continues to increase its glory as I see more and more lives impacted by real truth. Life is GOOD.

I feel like the very earth I stand on has changed. No more do I feel apprehension for my children, their future, the homeless or despairing in the world. I see that all is beautiful and that, though we’re not all “there” yet, we are all on our way to realizing a world beyond compare—together. I am amazed by the simplicity and grandeur of the “plan.”

I love this work! It is my desire, with every cell in my body and with every breath I take, to help the Father as He directs me through the Holy Spirit and as outlined in the Gospel of Jesus Christ (which I now understand more than I ever have before). I am seeing my “place” within this plan. I surge with joy and acceptance—from within.

For any who may read these words, I would encourage you to take Moroni’s challenge: *(in my own words)* Truly read ALLLLLLLLLLL of The Sealed Portion with a broken open heart, and a COMPLETE willingness to prove all your (former) self WRONG. THEN, as you read, you will be able to learn (remember) as a pure little child. THEN, the taste can become very desirable and delicious to YOU.

And then. . . your life can change and you can access the PEACE, the JOY, and the lasting HAPPINESS that your inner soul has been hungering for. Worlds without end.

With great love for ALL,

Your sister,  
Kimberly Wallis