

I dreaded Sundays. Each Sunday brought depression and tears—a far cry from delight.

In his talk “The Sabbath Day a Delight,” **President** Russell M. Nelson used the word *delight* sixteen times. **To me, *delight* meant something like ice cream; *delight* did not in any way describe my Sundays.**

Week after week, I struggled emotionally on Sundays. I would go to church and manage to **stay the tears** for the three painful hours, and then I would go back to my lonely apartment and fall apart. It was a terrible pattern, and I grew to hate Sundays.

So when the Church started to reemphasize Sundays using **President** Nelson’s talk as a banner, I was honestly frustrated. It wasn’t my fault that Sunday was a terrible day, or so I told myself. All the good things **President** Nelson proposed **we** do to have a delightful **Sabbath** weren’t possible to do when I was already upset.

All I could do was survive the “Sunday Blues,” as I called them, and hope for a new and brighter week. **If I could be indifferent to Sundays, then that would be an improvement.** Thinking of Sundays as delightful was a long way off—if at all possible.

The reason I was frustrated wasn’t that **President** Nelson and the other general authorities just didn’t get my situation but that I wanted the Sabbaths they spoke of and not my dreary day of self-deprecation. I wanted a delightful day. I wanted to look forward to it all week long. I wanted to reclaim my Sunday.

I tried. I failed.

I made plans during the week about how my Sunday was going to be better, but when the day rolled around, I was again in my low place.

But **President** Nelson told **us** that the Sabbath could be a delight, and I wanted to believe him, so I listened and pondered on the talks that he and other church leaders shared on the subject. And it took a while—a lot more bad Sundays—but eventually this quote from Elder Nelson’s talk stood out to me: “Faith in God engenders a love for the Sabbath; faith in the Sabbath engenders a love for God. A sacred Sabbath truly is a delight.”

I was so focused on me—on my actions, on my emotions, on my circumstances. I thought I could change my Sundays by just doing better and magically getting over my “Sunday Blues.” But it would never work that way.

If I was going to make my Sunday a delight, then I had to devote the day to my relationship with God. I needed to make it a day of prayer, a day of reverence, **and** a day of renewed covenants. Instead of stressing and complaining about the cares of my life, I needed to hand over my life to God, with faith in him that the Sabbath could indeed be a delight.

And it’s working, little by little. My Sabbath is becoming a delight.

Comment [1]: Can we add something hopeful to your kicker? Maybe: “I wanted to enjoy them, but I didn’t until I learned to focus on my relationship with God.”

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Comment [2]: This phrase might be difficult for a non-Native English speaker. Can we reword it so it is more readable for them? Maybe: “...and manage to not cry”

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Comment [3]: To ease reading, could we reword this sentence? Maybe: “I felt being indifferent to Sundays would be an improvement.”

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Comment [4]: This is a powerful line break. Great choice!

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Comment [5]: I love that you bring it all full circle. What a great way to end your article!