**Dolores Cuadra autobiography**

Everything started with a couple all the way up in Spain. They met at a young age and since then they new they were meant for each other; time went by and this couple- Dolores and Santiago- got married. For their honey moon they decided to go to the beautiful country in Cuba, with not so much thought on it, they decided to stay on such paradisaic place. With the years, when they had a more stable life, they decided to start a family, and it was in 1940, when Jose Cuadra was born.

Jose Cuadra and his parents had a wonderful life all up until Cuba governments went into corruption and they had to immigrate to United States, where they were separate for a time and eventually reunited in New York. They had lost everything they had left all of their positions behind and were thrown into start their life from cero in this new place. Jose, work at the library up until he was 53 years old. Bored of the life at the library and thirsty to know the world, retired at such young age and started going around the world; starting on Spain, his parent’s homeland, and jumping from country to country, continent over continent France, England, China, India…etc. running out of money decides to come back to America, where he explored many countries in South America, not liking any of those decides to go a little further up to Guatemala, where he hears how such a beautiful place Honduras was and decides to go back to explore this land. In Honduras, Jose Cuadra visited many different places, and he indeed realized he not only liked it, but loved been in there.

One day, Jose, heard about this girl- 16 years old back then- in this small town that it’s being sold by her adopted parents. Delmis Mendoza was the name of the young lady he had purchased and who immediately became her wife. He gave her the life she never had, she was able to have a home, and an education an after a year of their union they had a baby and her name was Dolores Cuadra, yes, me.

I’m Dolores Karina Cuadra, I was born on September 28, 2000 in San Pedro Sula, Honduras.

I always thought my family was a little different, my father well, he was 41 years older than my mother and I had a big brother who looked nothing like me, but who I loved so much. Danny, my older brother, my best friend and mischief buddy was my mother’s first some that she had a young age and although, my father tried really hard to not make difference between us it was very clear he had preference over me than him, and I didn’t really like that.

Going back to Jose, he had never had a daughter before, and he didn’t even know what to do with me. My pre school I attend a mix school that was near home. Dad didn’t tolerate seen me around boys that he made me go to a catholic school from grade 1st to 5th in elementary school, where I was eventually kicked out for being too much trouble; I used to make fun of the sacrament, scream every time I saw a Jesus on a cross and I’ll take off all the nun’s veil to see if they had pretty hair or not. Don’t know what they were talking about trouble, I was just having fun!

After my big R.I.P. on the catholic school, my mom decided to send me to a public mix school, where I interacted with many people with different religion taste. Despite my young age, I always believed there was a God. Mom will read us the bible and take us to cult every Friday and dad will send me and my brother to the early mass reunion every Sunday, place where I eventually made my first communion. I hated those days, although my loved for God and my faith on Jesus Christ, I didn’t felt liked I belonged in any of these two places.

One time, we were all in the living room watching tv and one of those Mormon adds that said *“this is a message from the church of Jesus Christ of latter-day saint”* passed on the tv. I remember the video really touched me and asked that (whom for me was always right and knew it all) who were this church, which he replied saying *“Mormons, you don’t want to be one of them”.* Didn’t say why or explained any more but something I did know for sure if that “*I didn’t want to be one of them”.* Time went by and it was a Sunday while I was playing football outside of the house with my big brother and he walked in and left me outside, but I felt like I shouldn’t go in. not knowing why such weird felling was going through my body, I looked both ways and at the distance I was able to recognized two young man, walking up the street on white shirts and ties. I thought they were SO DUMB, Honduras was such a hot country, why would they be dressing like that? As they got closer, I decided to go back inside, but before I could enter home they called at the door. I answered them, and they asked for a cup of water. I remember I froze and not knowing what to say I said “*Why don’t you just go buy your own water?”* and they replied that they couldn’t buy on Sunday, I was astonished, I’ve never heard such a thing, then they added that they would love to come by one day that week to explained me more about why they don’t buy on Sunday. I froze up again, ran inside and ask my mom if they could come back to visit us; I also explained to my mom that one of them was REALLY CUTE and after that my mom walked out, gave them her information, and set up a time to visit us back.

The Elders started teaching us about the gospel and the funniest thing was when they gave us all a copy of the Book of Mormon and the flashbacks of my dad telling me I didn’t want to be of them came back. I didn’t say a thing, but I was refusing to read the book. I was praying daily, going to church weekly and making sure my father wouldn’t find out about our meetings with the missionaries. One day, Elder Dye and Elder Moreno came to my house saying they wouldn’t be able to come anymore. I was really sad but they explained their purpose and how If I didn’t read the book there was nothing, they could do for me. I was heartbroken and really sad to lose my friends but I understood their reasons; nonetheless, I really liked the things they were teaching me and decided to give the book a try. I am not really big in reading; I actually can testify that I hate reading with a burning passion. But that wasn’t going to stopped me, I did as they had thought me, I started with a prayer where I asked the Lord to help me know if the Book was true or not, then I opened the book and started to read on 1 Nephi 1, and read, and then it was 2 Nephi, and I kept reading, and reading, and reading all the way up to 6 am of the next morning, when I finally felt tired. When I entered into my senses, I realized the time, and that I had read at least half of the book on one night I knew it was definitely the answer to my prayer, I felt so good although I had not sleep, nor eat or go to the bathroom in what apparently was about 10 hours of non-stopping reading, I called the elders around 8 am and told them what had happened and that I wanted to get baptized an be not a Mormon, cause I didn’t want to be one of them, but a member of the church of Jesus Christ of latter day saints.

* Dolores got baptized the 3rd of August, 2014. Lola (as she is better known) Finished her 4 years on seminary and right after moved to Connecticut in United States where she took the decision to serve a full-time mission. She was called to the Canada, Edmonton mission where she served diligently and faith fully.
* Shortly after her baptism, her mom and older brother joined the church, to in less that a year after become inactive members of the church.
* Jose, her father, never joined the church and was always very against it. He joined the Muslim faith to also experiment new things. He passed away due to COVID on April 10, 2020 while Lola was serving in Canada; his last words to her were “I’m really prod of you, you’ve always chose God over me, or anyone on this world” he added that he would love to have the temple work done for him and to finish her mission with honor.
* Lola also has two younger siblings, Dioscurides (11) and Francesca (9) who are very active member of the church in Cofradia, Honduras and dream to serve a mission just like their older Sister.
* Dolores is currently an active student at Brigham Young University in Idaho, where she expects to earn a degree on Computer Science.