

Cody & the Campout

By Jessica Larsen

(Based on a true story)

“As I have loved you, love one another” (Children’s Songbook, 736).

Thomas ran through the house looking for Dad. His Scout patrol meeting started in 10 minutes, and he needed help tying his neckerchief.

“Dad! Can you help me?” Thomas pointed at his neckerchief. But Dad was busy talking on the phone.

“Of course Cody can join our patrol,” Thomas heard Dad say. “In fact, we have a campout next weekend.” Dad talked some more, then smiled and hung up.

“Who was that?” Thomas asked.

“You know Cody from school? That was his dad. Cody’s going to join our den and come on the campout next weekend.”

Going on overnight campouts was Thomas’s favorite part of being an 11-year-old Scout, and he liked Cody. But he was confused about one thing. “But Cody doesn’t go to our church.”

“I know,” Dad said. “Cody’s church doesn’t do Scouts, so he wants to join our patrol.”

But everybody in our patrol is from our ward, Thomas thought. How would Cody fit in?

Before the campout, everyone met up at the Church building. “Hi,” Cody said to Thomas. The boys talked for a bit, and then Cody said, “I brought a two-person tent. Wanna share it with me?” Thomas grinned and said yes. Soon the Scouts set off for the mountains. When they got there, the boys ran off to set up their tents.

“Ready?” Thomas called to Cody.

“Ready!” The two boys pushed the tent poles into the ground. Their tent rose up and made a long shadow. “That was easy,” Cody said. “Race you to the river!” Cody bolted away, and Thomas followed behind.

Cody took a turn leading a hike and lighting the campfire. He liked exploring and was really friendly. Thomas was glad Cody got along with the group so well.

At dinner that night, Cody and Thomas grabbed their tinfoil dinners and joined the other patrol members at the picnic table. “Brother Wilson, will you say the prayer?” Dad asked one of the other leaders.

Thomas folded his arms and looked over at Cody. He wasn’t sure how Cody prayed at his church. But Cody bowed his head too and said “amen” at the end—just like everybody else.

“Why did your dad call him ‘Brother Wilson?’” Cody whispered. “Is he really his brother?”

“It’s because we’re all children of Heavenly Father,” Thomas explained. “Do you pray the same way we do?”

Cody smiled. “We use some different words, but it’s mostly the same.”

Pretty soon it was time for s’mores around the campfire. “Now we’ll have Cody give the spiritual thought for tonight,” Dad said.

Thomas was surprised, but Cody gave him a thumbs-up as he walked to the front of the group. “Thanks for letting me come,” Cody said. “I was a little nervous at first, but you’ve all been really nice. I’m going to share one of my favorite scriptures.”

Cody read, “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you” (John 13:34). Thomas recognized the scripture. “I go to a different church than you guys, but we all show that we love God in the same way—we love each other. Thanks for being my friends!”

Dad stood and thanked Cody. “Now let’s sing ‘Love One Another’ to finish our evening,” he said. Cody listened and smiled while the group sang.

“Nice song,” he said as he crawled into their tent. “It was just like my scripture!”

Thomas smiled and climbed into his sleeping bag. *Cody and I might go to different churches, he thought, but we can still be great friends.* ♦

The author lives in Arizona, USA.

Cody didn't
go to our church.
Could he still fit
in with our
group?



“Each of us can develop brotherly kindness at home, at school, at work, or at play.”

Elder Russell M. Nelson of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

“These ... Were Our Examples,” Ensign, Nov. 1991, 61.

.....WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A

"I belong to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (Children's Songbook, 77).

Your turn!" Monica said to Kami.

Kami listened to the beat of the ropes hitting the pavement.

"One, two, one, two, *annnnnd* jump!"

Kami leaped between the ropes, raising one foot and then the other. Double Dutch was one of her favorite things to do during recess.

"Hey, Kami!"

Kami turned around to see her friend, Chelsea, waving her over.

"Hey! I was wondering where you were," Kami said with a grin. But her smile faded when she saw Chelsea's face. Her friend looked sad.

"Can you come here really quick?"

"Yeah! What's wrong?" Kami asked, jogging over.

Chelsea took a deep breath and stared at her shoes. "I just wanted to let you know I can't come over after school today. My mom said we can't spend so much time together."

"What? Why?"

"Um . . . 'cause you're Mormon."

Kami felt her mouth fall open. She didn't know what to say. Chelsea had been coming over to Kami's house a lot lately to work on school projects.

"My mom's worried I might learn some things from you that our family doesn't agree with," Chelsea said.

Kami felt like she was frozen in place.

"I guess I'd better go," Chelsea said and walked away.

Kami sat down and picked at the grass for the rest of recess. When she got home, she told Mom what happened.

"Is there something wrong with being Mormon?" Kami asked.



Mom paused for a minute. "Do *you* think there's something wrong with being Mormon?"

Kami thought about it. "No. I mean, we believe in following Jesus and helping others. How can Chelsea's parents not like that?"

"Well, I think sometimes people don't understand what we believe," Mom said. "They don't know what it means to be a member of the Church."

What does it mean to be a member of the Church? Kami thought as she drifted off to sleep that night.

The next day was a field trip, and her whole class was excited as they stood in line in front of the bus.

Kami groaned when she heard the seating assignments. She wanted to sit by Monica, and instead she had to sit by her teacher in the front seat! But soon

MEMBER

By Tina Dean

(Based on a true story)

Mrs. Weir started talking to her, and Kami's bad mood didn't last long.

"I've noticed that many of the children in my classes who are Mormon are good students," Mrs. Weir said. Kami blinked in surprise. She had expected her teacher to talk about school stuff, not this. "Will you tell me a little about your religion?"

Kami told Mrs. Weir the full name of the Church. She told her about when she was baptized and about going to Primary. Mrs. Weir had a few questions about what Kami could eat and drink and what she believed about God. Kami did her best to answer. She even remembered some lines from the article of faith she was memorizing.

Later that afternoon Kami ran through her front door, excited to tell Mom all about the conversation.

"I'm proud of you,

Kami!"
Mom said.
"And guess what? By being a good example, you're helping Mrs. Weir learn something really important. Do you know what?"

Kami smiled and nodded. Chelsea's mom didn't know it yet, but Kami's teacher was noticing.

"I'm teaching her what it means to be a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints!" ♦

The author lives in Utah, USA.

What could Kami and her teacher have to talk about?



Part of being a member means being kind to everyone.

No matter what they believe!