

By Ray Goldrup
(Based on a true story)

"Your work shall be rewarded" (2 Chronicles 15:7).

September 8

My name is Garrett. Something weird happened to me today. I got a lot of bumps on my arms, but I wasn't even cold. In fact it was a really warm day. Mom said I got the bumps because I liked the violin music we were listening to so much. I think she's right. Otherwise, why would I have a poster of a famous violin player hanging in my room?

Violin VICTORY

October 10

Guess what! Mom and Dad said I could take violin lessons! I'm so excited for my first lesson. My teacher's name is Mrs. Redman. I'll meet her tomorrow. I can hardly believe I'm going to learn to play the violin!

November 20

I still want to play the violin, but why does it have to be so hard? I wish I could play as well as the violinist on my wall. Mom says I should just be my own best self and not compare myself with anybody else. Besides, I haven't been taking lessons that long.

December 15

I'm getting a little better at the violin, but I still get pretty frustrated sometimes. Dad says it takes time to develop a talent. He says Heavenly Father gives us all different gifts. That's another word for talents. Some people are good at singing or listening or other stuff. Dad says God wants us to work on our talents so we can help other people.

February 23

Today at my lesson, Mrs. Redman said the biggest part of getting better is to practice, practice, practice. She said we have to take care of our talents the same way a farmer takes care of the crops in his fields. That way, they will grow. She said, "If a farmer didn't tend his crops every day, they wouldn't grow well at all." I think she's probably right.

April 23

Mom and Dad said I'm sounding pretty good on the violin. I wonder if they said that just to make me feel better so I won't give up. Because it's funny how when I practice, they find a reason to go somewhere else—like outside or down the street.

June 16

Tonight I played the violin in front of the whole ward. It was for our talent show. I was so nervous. When I played "I Am a Child of God," I saw Sister Palmer crying. Then I saw Mom wiping her eyes too. I thought maybe it was because I was playing so badly.

Afterward Sister Palmer came up to me. She said I played the song so beautifully it made her cry. Mom said her tears were happy tears. Dad hugged me so hard I thought I was going to burst.

August 10

I'm still working on the violin. I practice almost every day. I know I can get better at it. I want to make my talent grow so I can be my own best self. Maybe someday I can even play in a real concert hall. ♦

The author lives in Utah, USA.



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