

By David Dickson
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(Based on a true story)

THE GREAT FIDDLING DUO

“A person bright and lovely is my mother dear” (Children’s Songbook, 203).

Lisa glanced at the talent show sign-ups as she walked down the hall to math class. She paused for a second and then kept walking. *No way! No more talent shows. Not after what happened last year.*

Onstage—in front of everybody—she’d *forgotten* the words to her song!

It was one of the most embarrassing moments of her life.

So why was she even *thinking* about putting herself through that again? What was the point? *So that’s that*, she decided. *Not gonna happen.*

At home that night, Lisa got out her violin to practice. She loved playing the new fiddle song Mom had been teaching her.

Her fingers pressed down on the strings. The square-dance song made her feet start tapping.

This would be a perfect song for the talent show, Lisa thought. But playing her violin in front of everyone sounded even scarier than singing! There were too many notes she could forget.

“That’s sounding good,” Mom said when Lisa finished the song. “Now try it faster.” Mom adjusted the metronome. The tick-tick-ticks that told Lisa how fast to play started to speed up.

Lisa concentrated on her fingering and the notes came out fast and bright. Now she *really* wanted to dance! Mom played some backup notes on her own violin that helped Lisa keep her place.

Suddenly Lisa had an idea. A few other kids had music teachers playing backup music for their songs. If anything could help Lisa not feel so nervous, it would be Mom playing with her.

“Mom?”

Lisa set down her violin. Mom turned off the

After messing up at last year’s talent show, how could Lisa try again?

metronome. It sounded really quiet all of a sudden.

“Yes?”

Lisa hesitated. Then she blurted out, “Would you play this with me in the talent show? You know, like how we played it just now?”

Mom grinned. “If we can both wear cowgirl hats, you’ve got a deal.”

“Yes! This will be awesome!”

Before Lisa knew it, the night of the talent show had come. She peeked from behind the curtain as her turn got closer. There was such a big crowd that people had to stand up in the back. She was frightened and excited. *Fright-icited*, she thought. A little of both.

“Our turn,” Mom said as she gave Lisa a quick hug. Lisa said a quick prayer that things would go OK.

The hug and prayer helped chase away the jitters. They carefully adjusted their cowgirl hats, then walked to the center of the stage.

Mom started playing the introduction. Lisa put her bow to her violin . . . and *messed up!* She came in too soon! Was this happening *again?*

But Mom kept on playing, and Lisa was determined to continue. Besides, after the intro came Lisa’s favorite part. The fun section.

Listening to Mom’s steady playing, Lisa launched into the melody and started hitting the notes with more confidence.

The crowd clapped and cheered. Lisa even began tapping her feet while she played. The rest of the song flew by. It was so fun!

By the time the music ended and they took their bows, Lisa could hardly remember those few goofy notes she’d hit early in the song.

Mom grabbed Lisa’s hand, and they smiled at each other. Lisa felt terrific.

Thank you, Heavenly Father, Lisa prayed silently. *Thank you for giving me such a great mom.* ♦

Turn the page for an activity to go with this story!



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