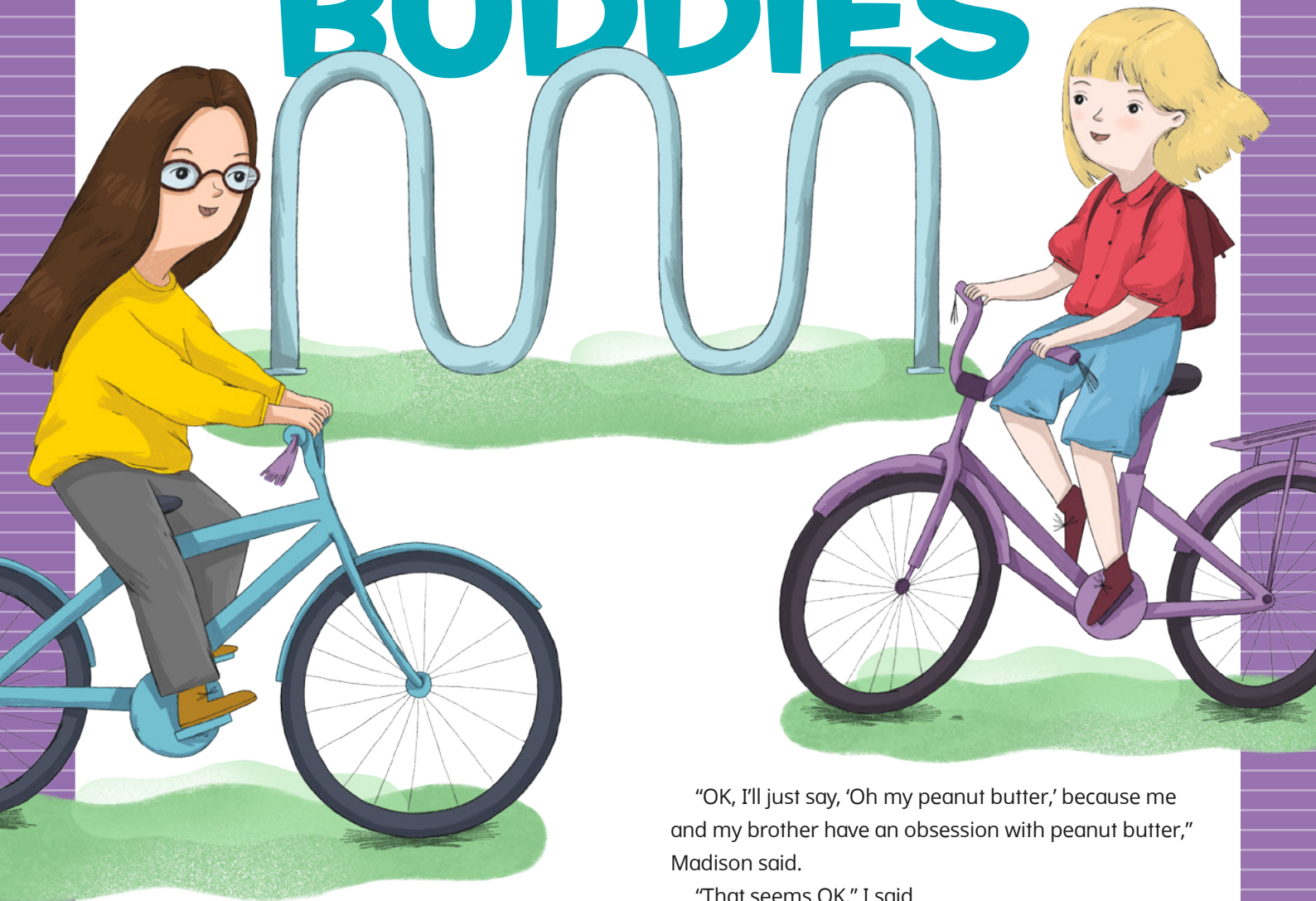


Bike-Rack BUDDIES



Mindy B., age 13, Utah, USA

It was a regular day. I was getting my bike from the bike rack after school when I saw a girl around my age at the other end of the rack. I said, “Hi, my name is Mindy. What’s yours?”

“Hi, Mindy. My name is Madison,” she said. Madison had straight brown hair and dark red glasses. She was sitting next to her bike. As I talked to her, she said a swear word, and I automatically said, “Please don’t say that.”

“OK, I’ll just say, ‘Oh my peanut butter,’ because me and my brother have an obsession with peanut butter,” Madison said.

“That seems OK,” I said.

Somehow our conversation got around to religion. She told me she wasn’t a member of the Church. Madison told me that she lived with her mom and her mom’s boyfriend. Eventually I said, “Would you like a copy of the *Friend*?”

“What’s the *Friend*?” she asked, and I told her what it was. The next day I brought her a copy. After she read it, she told me she liked it, and I gave her the *New Era*. Madison read that, and we continued to meet. She told me that she wants to get baptized.

Someday I’ll give her the Book of Mormon and the *Ensign*. I hope that Madison will get baptized and, when she’s old enough, go on a mission and get married in the temple. ●