

A CHRISTMAS SONG

for Grandpa

By Myrna M. Hoyt

(Based on a true story)

"Praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth" (Hymns, no. 208).

Jennifer twirled in front of her bedroom mirror in her sparkly red Christmas dress. She pictured herself standing center stage under the bright spotlights and giggled with excitement. She couldn't wait to sing in the community Christmas program tonight!

Jennifer loved to sing. She especially loved singing Christmas songs! She had spent a lot of time practicing with her mom at the piano to get ready for her big solo. And now the day was finally here!

She hummed happily as she brushed her fingers through her curly hair. Then there was a quiet knock at the door.

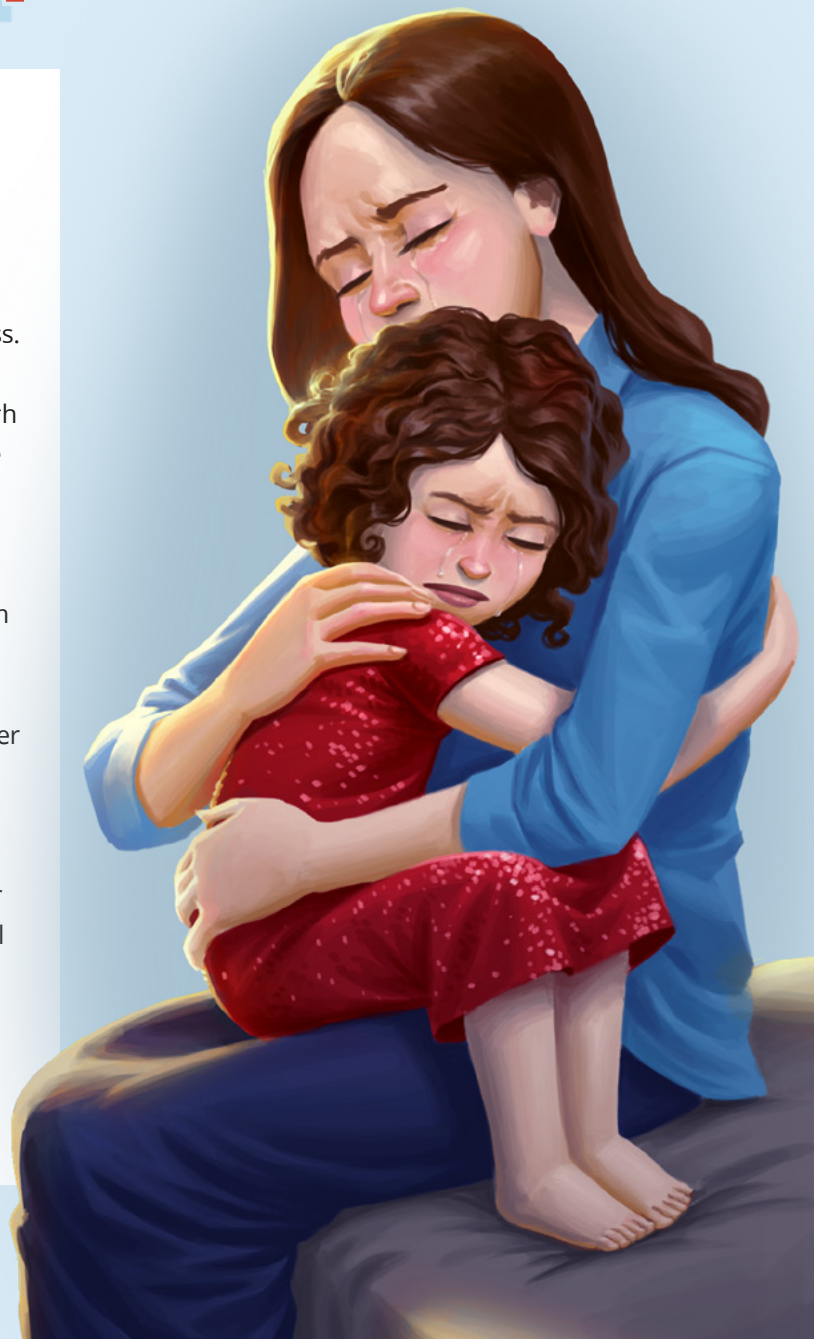
"Come in!"

Mom opened it and stepped inside. Her eyes looked a little puffy. Jennifer could tell that she had been crying.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Jennifer asked.

Mom put her arm around Jennifer's shoulder. They sat down on the bed.

"Grandma just called," Mom said softly.



"The Savior was born to give us light and hope," Mom said. "Even when we are sad."

"Grandpa Hoyt passed away."

Jennifer couldn't stop the tears that immediately came rolling down her cheeks. She loved Grandpa Hoyt! Jennifer had visited him nearly every day. They played his favorite games, watched old shows on TV, or just talked. He had been sick for a long time and used an oxygen machine to breathe. But she couldn't believe that he was really gone.

Mom pulled Jennifer into a tight hug while Jennifer sobbed.

"You don't have to sing tonight if you don't want to," Mom said in a quiet voice. She wiped away some of Jennifer's tears.

Jennifer nodded. Maybe Mom was right. Jennifer missed Grandpa so much it made her heart hurt. Maybe she didn't feel up to singing anymore.

Mom wiped away some tears of her own. "I guess this gives us a special chance to remember why we really celebrate Christmas," she said. "The Savior was born to give us light and hope. Even when we are sad."

Jennifer took a deep breath. "And because Jesus was resurrected, Grandpa Hoyt will be resurrected too," she said bravely. "Because of Jesus, we'll see him again."

Mom gave Jennifer's hand a squeeze. "That's exactly right, sweetheart."

Jennifer felt like a warm, fuzzy

blanket had been wrapped around her. She knew it was the Holy Ghost testifying that what she said was true.

Suddenly Jennifer had an idea.

"I want to share the light and hope Jesus gives us," Jennifer said. She was determined. "I'm going to sing for Grandpa."

Mom smiled through her tears. "I'm sure that would make both Jesus and Grandpa Hoyt very happy."

"Can we say a prayer?" Jennifer asked.

Mom nodded, and the two of them knelt down by the bed. Mom prayed for Jennifer to have comfort, strength, and courage to sing.

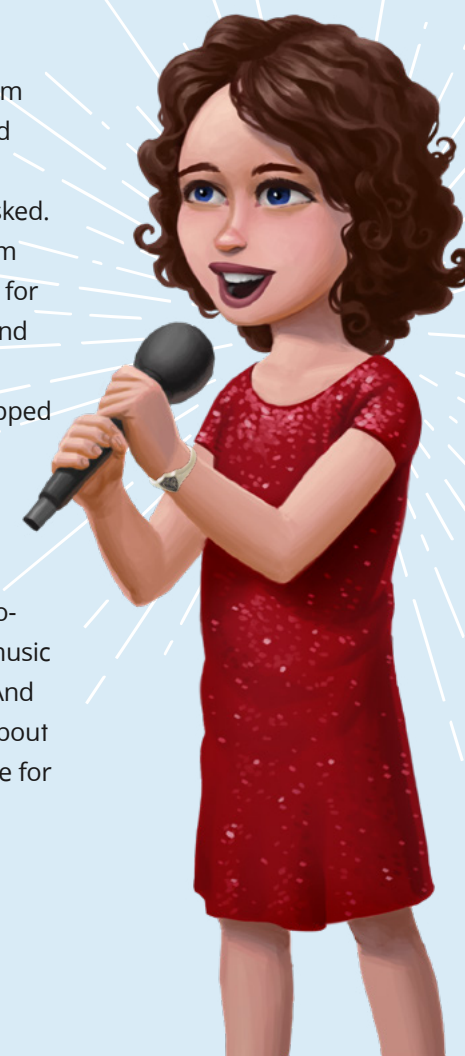
After saying "amen," Jennifer wrapped her arms around Mom in a big hug. "Thanks, Mom."

When it was time to go on stage, Jennifer squared her shoulders. She smiled as she walked up to the microphone under the bright lights. The music started playing. Jennifer felt peace. And in her best singing voice, she sang about Jesus—the One who made it possible for her to see Grandpa Hoyt again. ●

The author lives in Utah, USA.



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