

By Richard M. Romney
Church Magazines
(Based on a true story)

Allan sat on a bench outside his house. The sun was setting. Palm trees stood against the pink and orange sky.

He turned the page of the book he was reading. It didn't have any pictures. But Allan didn't mind. He loved

reading this book! His eyes skimmed across Papa's neat writing. He remembered this part! It always made him laugh. Just then, Papa came outside. "What's so funny?" "I'm reading one of your books." Allan grinned. "I like the part about the coconut."

"Oh, you mean my journals." Papa sat beside Allan. "They tell the story of my life. But they are not just about me. You are in them too. And so is Mama, and your brothers and sister."

"Like Nephi!" Allan said. "He wrote stories about his life, and he wrote about his family too."

"Right!" Papa said.



"I like the parts about you best," Allan said. "Like when you were a missionary here in Tahiti."

"I like the stories about you best," Papa said. "Did you know that we named you after Elder Bednar's middle name?"

"You never told me that! I can't wait to read that part."

Papa smiled. "There are lots of stories in my journals. I've been writing in journals since I was eight."

"Since you were eight?" Allan asked. "That's a really, *really* long time."

Papa laughed. "I'm not *that* old."

Allan thought for a bit. "I'm turning eight soon," he said. "Could I get a journal for

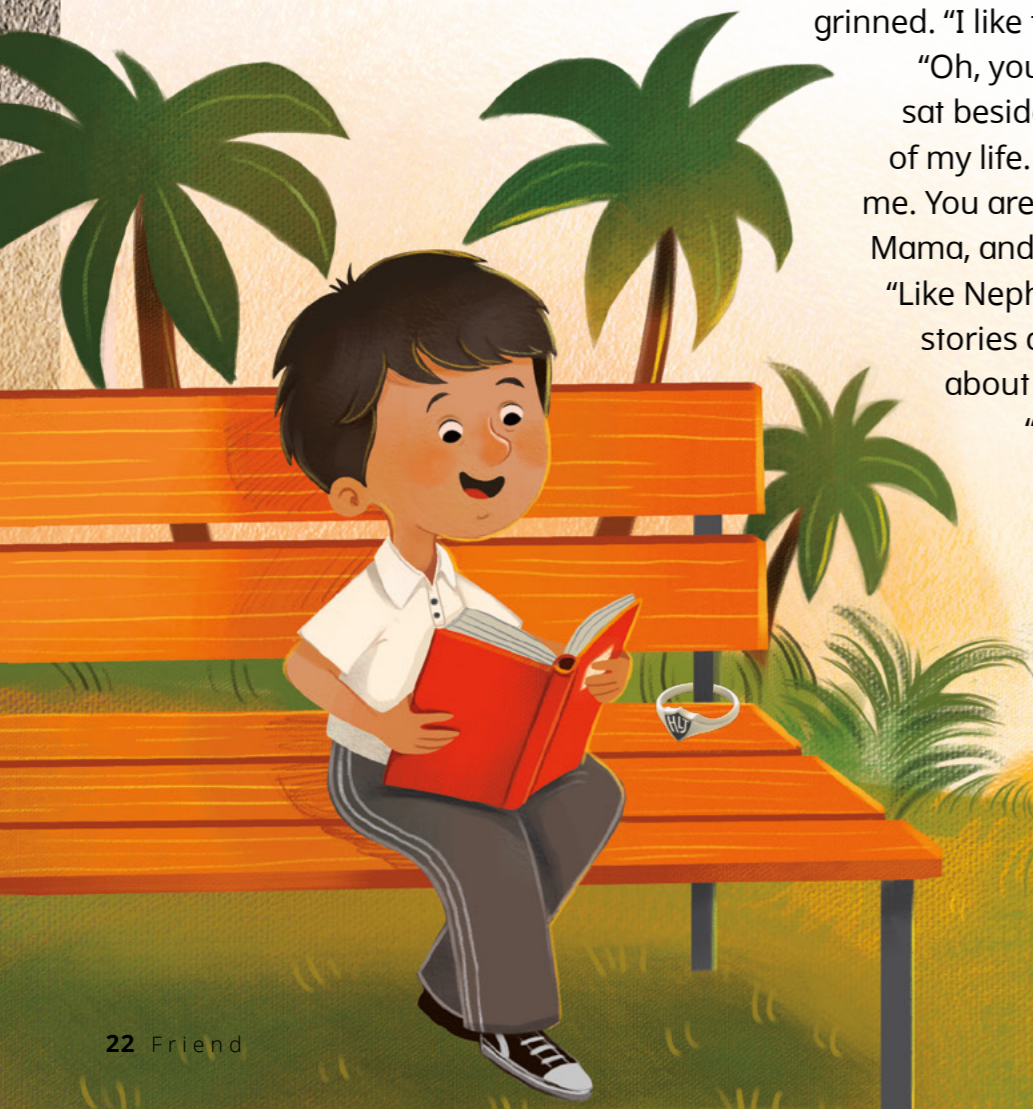
my birthday?"

"Of course!" Papa said.

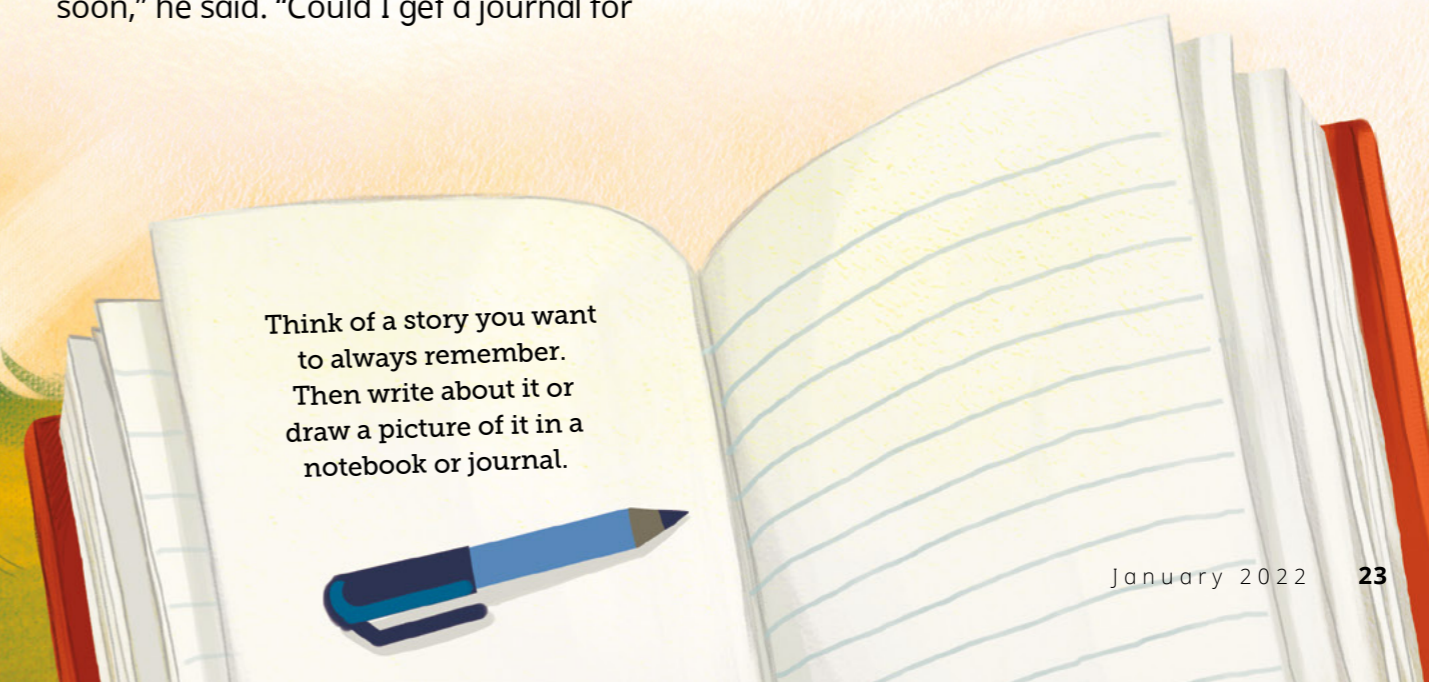
"Then I can write my stories so that someday *my* kids can read them."

"That sounds like a great family tradition!" Papa said. ●

This story took place in Tahiti.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALESSIA GIRASOLE



Think of a story you want to always remember. Then write about it or draw a picture of it in a notebook or journal.

