

LUDOVIC'S PIANO

By **Lucy Stevenson Ewell**
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(Based on a true story)



Togo is a small country in western Africa.

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Today, there are 21 wards and branches there.

Comment ça va?

Je vais bien, merci.



Togo's official language is French.

Ludovic picked up some folding chairs and carried them across the street. It was Sunday, and church would be starting soon. The house where they had church in Togo didn't have enough seats. So Ludovic always brought chairs from his grandfather's house.

"Why would you leave a nice church to go to a small shack?" someone called after him. "Your church doesn't even have benches!" someone else said, laughing.

Ludovic pretended not to hear. *I just have to keep doing what's right*, he thought.

Ludovic first learned about the Church when he was 10. Now he was 12. He and his family had been baptized recently. He held the priesthood and helped pass the sacrament. He even saved some of his lunch money to buy bread for the sacrament each week. Ludovic was happy to serve Heavenly Father.

When it was time for church to start, the small room was full. Some people sat in the chairs Ludovic had brought. Other people stood.

The meeting started with a song. "Israel, Israel, God is calling," Ludovic sang. He loved to sing at church.

After church, Ludovic hummed as he put the chairs away. He hummed as he walked home. Then he had an idea! He got out his toy piano keyboard. Maybe he could figure out how to play "Israel, Israel, God Is Calling"!

Ludovic hummed the notes and played different keys until he got it right. Soon he taught himself to play the whole song.

Then he remembered that his family had some recordings of Church hymns. He listened to them and learned to play other songs too. Ludovic practiced and practiced.

"Why don't you play in church while we sing?" Ludovic's dad asked one day.



A missionary taught Ludovic to read music so he could play the piano better.



Ludovic is grown up now. He and his wife, Benedict, both love music.



Ludovic owns a real piano at home and plays the organ at church.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAROLINE GARCIA

Ludovic was happy to serve Heavenly Father.



Ludovic's stomach did a flop. "I'm too shy," he said. "What if I mess up?"

"Then you will keep going," Dad said. "You are a better pianist than you think."

The next Sunday, Ludovic didn't carry just chairs. He carried his toy keyboard to church too. When it was time for the opening song, he nervously put his fingers on the keys. Then he started to play. Everyone sang along. And it sounded so good!

Ludovic played in church each Sunday after that. Sometimes he messed up. But he didn't quit. When the song was too hard to play, they sang without the piano, and Ludovic led the music.

Ludovic smiled. It didn't matter to him that they had church at someone's house. It didn't even matter that people made fun of him. What mattered was that Ludovic was using his talents to serve God. ●