



The Mooncake Festival

By Lori Fuller Sosa
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(Based on a true story)

*“I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you”
(John 14:18).*

“Don’t run too far ahead!” Dad called. “It’s getting dark, and I don’t want you to fall.”

Vincent stopped and turned around. “But you’re walking so slowly. I want to get to the festival before all the mooncakes are gone!”

“They won’t run out of mooncakes,” Dad said as he and Mom caught up. “At least, not until you get there!”

Vincent could hear drums beating as they got close to the park. Strings of colorful lanterns hung from the trees, lighting up the dark night. Families were eating on blankets, getting ready to watch the full moon together.

Mom found an empty spot on the grass and laid down their blanket. She handed Vincent some coins to buy food.

“Thanks!” Vincent couldn’t wait to go exploring. He counted his coins as he walked. Twenty ringgits! That was enough for a mooncake. But which kind did he want? Ham? Egg yolk? Durian? Finally he picked one full of black sesame paste. He wandered from stall to stall

as he ate, staring at all the different foods. Stacks of chicken on skewers. Giant pots of spicy broth and noodles. Maybe he could get shaved ice with ice cream with his last coins!

Pretty soon he’d wandered into an area that didn’t have as many lanterns. The darkness gave him an idea.

I wonder how far I could walk with my eyes closed? He shut his eyes and took a step. Then another. Then caught his foot on something. He was falling!

Ouch! His chin hit something sharp. It was a big metal drain cover! He reached up and touched his chin. He was bleeding.

“Dad? Mom?” he called out. He hurried back toward the lanterns, and someone helped him find his parents.

“We were getting worried!” Mom said. Then she saw his face. “We need to go to the hospital.”

Pretty soon Vincent was sitting with Mom and Dad in the hospital waiting room. He was so scared. Was he going to be OK?



He folded his arms tight and thought about Jesus. He and his family had been baptized a few months ago. The missionaries had said that Jesus could help him feel comfort.

Jesus Christ will help me. Jesus Christ will help me, he thought over and over again. And soon he did feel a little calmer. It felt like the Holy Ghost

was by his side.

Dad squeezed his hand.

“Everything will be OK,” Mom said.

Vincent nodded. He knew she was right.

When the doctor came, she stitched up his chin. It hurt, but not too much. She told Vincent that he would probably have a scar. But that was fine with him. Whenever he saw it, he would remember mooncakes, the festival, and a time he felt comforted by Jesus and the Holy Ghost. ●

This story took place in Malaysia. See the next article to learn more about this country!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HABBEN