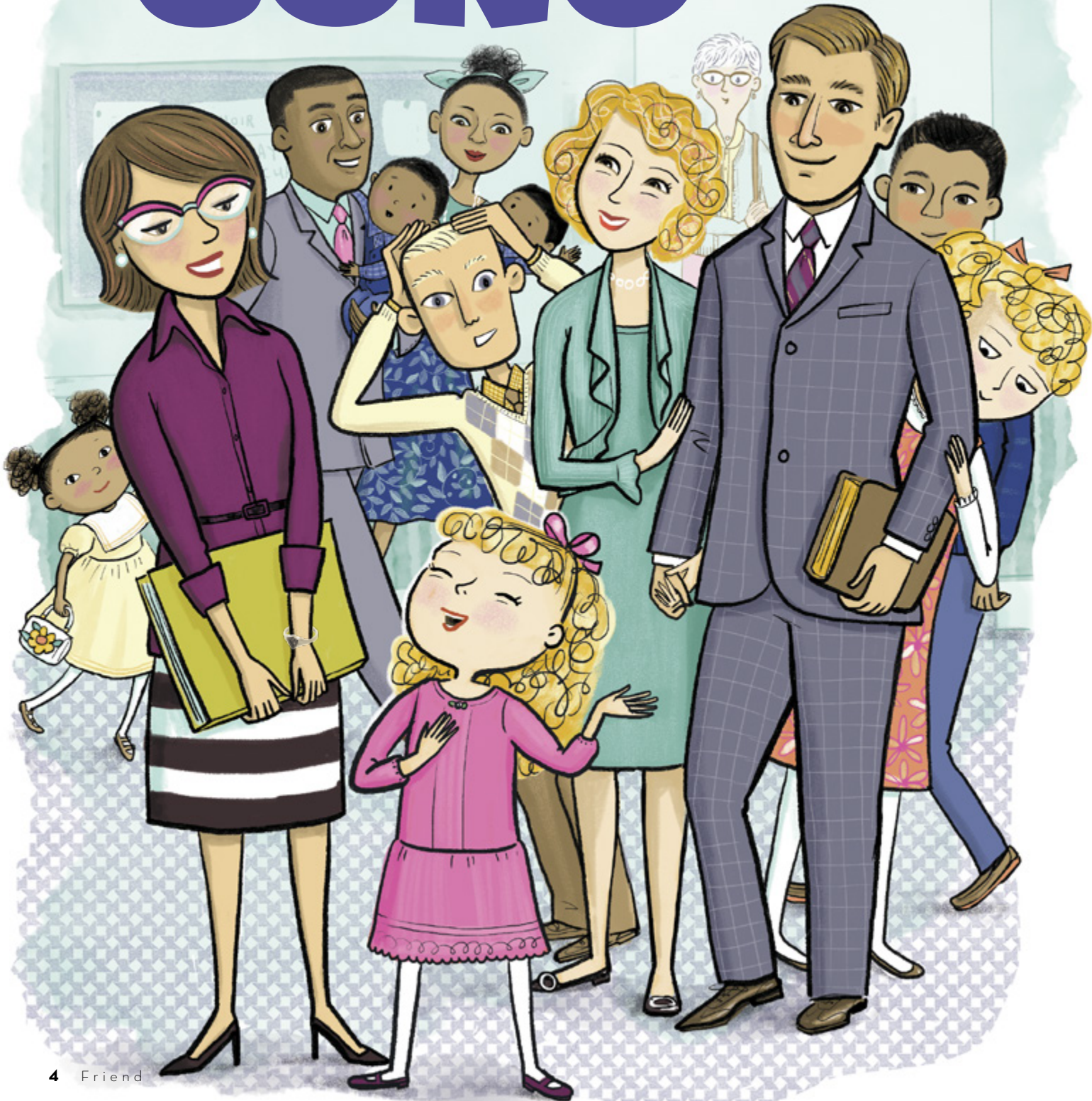


# Bonnie's SONG

Bonnie took a  
deep breath and  
opened her mouth . . .



## By Claudia G. Remington

(Based on a true story)

*“The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me”*  
(D&C 25:12).

**B**onnie loved to sing! She sang when she woke up in the morning. She sang while she got ready for school. She sang in her bed at night. The only time she wasn't singing was when she was eating or brushing her teeth. Not that she didn't try!

Bonnie knew lots of songs—Church songs, school songs, songs from the radio, and songs she made up herself.

Not everyone liked to hear her sing all the time.

“Stop! I can't stand it anymore!” her brother, Alex, said when he was grumpy.

“Go sing in the barn,” her sister, Susan, said one day. “The cows will love it.”

Even her mom said, “It's not polite to start singing in the middle of a conversation.”

But her dad said, “Bonnie is my little songbird. She will sing all the way to heaven.”

Where Bonnie *really* wanted to sing was with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. She wanted to travel all over the world singing to people and making them happy. The only problem was that she was too young. So instead, she listened to the Tabernacle Choir on Sunday mornings and sang along when she knew the words.

Then, one day, Bonnie had a brilliant idea!

“If I can't sing in the Tabernacle Choir, I will sing in the ward choir,” she announced to her family.

“You're too little,” Susan said.

“Yeah, there aren't any kids in the choir,” Alex said.

“Maybe in a few years,” Mom said. “I'm sure you'll be very good.”

But her dad said, “You should ask Sister Hildebrandt, the choir director. Maybe she'll let you join.”

On Sunday, Bonnie waited for Sister Hildebrandt to come out of the chapel. Bonnie walked up to her, gently tugged on her skirt, and looked up to the tall lady's face.

“I want to sing in the ward choir.”

Sister Hildebrandt looked down. “What did you say, dear?”

“I want to sing in the ward choir.”

“Oh, that's nice. I'm sure you will one day.”

That was not the answer Bonnie wanted to hear.

So she took a deep breath. She opened her mouth.

And she began to sing one of her favorite hymns, in her loudest and best voice.

All the people in the foyer stopped talking and turned toward her. She could see that Alex and Susan were looking embarrassed and were hiding behind her parents, but she kept right on singing. Sister Hildebrandt straightened up very tall and listened. And then she smiled. In fact, when Bonnie finished all of the verses, everyone was smiling!

“I want to sing in the ward choir right now,” Bonnie said softly. “Please?”

Sister Hildebrandt leaned down and looked into her eyes. “We practice every Sunday at noon.”

“I can be there!” Bonnie said. Then she turned to her dad. “I can be there, right?”

Dad nodded.

Sister Hildebrandt smiled. “Good. Your dad can sing too. We need tenors.” She patted Bonnie's shoulder. “Be on time.”

Bonnie, the newest member of the Glenwood Second Ward Choir, took her dad's hand and walked happily out the door with her family, singing very softly along the way.

No one complained. ◆

The author lives in Utah, USA.

Turn the page for an activity to go with this story.



When I'm singing, I feel the power of the Spirit, and it helps me sing with even more power. It makes my body feel warm and cozy.

**Ella E., age 9, Somerset, England**