Who Is

By Charlotte Mae Sheppard
(Based on a true story)

“Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; stand like a hero” (Children’s Songbook, 80).

Ellie bit her thumbnail nervously. Miss Fitz was going down the rows of desks and asking each student a question, one by one.

“Who is your hero?” Miss Fitz asked Jeremy.

Jeremy didn’t waste a moment answering. “My dad!” he said proudly.
Who Is Your Hero?

Miss Fitz smiled. “And yours, Sarah?”
Her answer came just as quickly. “Abraham Lincoln.”
Ellie felt her heart thumping as Miss Fitz continued
down the row of students. They had been talking about
heroes all day, and now everyone was supposed to say
who their hero was—in front of the entire class!
Amber and Justin said their moms were their heroes.
Walter said his was his grandfather. A few other students
said theirs were presidents or other famous leaders.

Only a few students were left before Miss Fitz would
reach Ellie. She had to think of a hero—and fast.
Ellie looked down at her shoes, embarrassed. Coming
up with a hero wasn’t the real problem. She already
knew who her hero was. It was Jesus Christ. He
had healed the sick, raised the dead, and paid
the price for everyone’s sins. He was the great-
est hero who ever lived! She was just too
afraid to say it.

Ellie bit her thumbnail again at the
thought of telling the whole class that
Jesus Christ was her hero. What if Jeremy
laughed at her? What if Sarah and Amber
whispered about her at recess?

Of course she knew Jesus Christ was her
hero. But that didn’t mean everyone else had
to know too.

Miss Fitz stopped right in front of Ellie’s desk
and smiled. “And who is your hero, Ellie?”

Ellie glanced from the row of students beside her up
to Miss Fitz. “Abraham Lincoln,” she whispered.
Miss Fitz beamed. “Good!” she said as she walked to
the next student in the row.

As soon as she was gone, Ellie’s shoulders dropped in
relief. Thank goodness that was over. The last thing she
needed was for everyone in class to know that her hero
was—

“Jesus Christ,” a voice said.

Ellie’s eyes widened as she slowly looked over.
There—only a little farther down the row—sat a small
boy. He was skinny and shy, and he always sat at the
back of the classroom. Ellie didn’t even know his name.
She couldn’t remember him ever saying a single word—
until now.

A few students turned to stare at the boy, but he
didn’t notice them. He just looked up at Miss Fitz and
spoke again. “My hero is Jesus Christ.”

Miss Fitz smiled brightly and continued down the row.
But Ellie looked at the boy in amazement. She had been
afraid to tell everyone about her hero, but he hadn’t. He
didn’t even go to her church! But he knew how impor-
tant it was to stand as an example of Jesus Christ, even
when it was hard.

Ellie smiled at the boy. She wouldn’t be afraid to say
who her hero was anymore. After all, she had two of
them now. ◆

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Ellie knew who her hero was, but she
was too afraid to say it.