

The Dance

By Jane McBride Choate

(Based on a true story)

“Search, ponder, and pray are the things that I must do. The Spirit will guide, and deep inside, I’ll know the scriptures are true” (Children’s Songbook, 109).

Lisa watched as her 16-year-old sister, Michelle, sat on her bed and read the Book of Mormon.

“Aren’t you going to the dance?” Lisa asked.

Lisa was 11. It would be three more years before she could go to a stake dance. “I wish I was old enough to go,” she said as she sat down on Michelle’s bed.

Michelle smiled at her. “You bet I’m going! But I want to finish reading before I go,” she said. “I just have a couple of pages left.”

Lisa sat quietly while Michelle read. She knew her sister had looked forward to the stake New Year’s Eve dance for weeks. Michelle had saved her money from her job at the mall and had bought a new dress to wear that night.

Lisa also knew that Michelle had set a goal to finish reading the Book of Mormon by the end of the year. Lisa was reading too, but she wasn’t finished yet.

Michelle looked up and grinned as she closed her scriptures. “Done!” she said. “I finished the whole Book of Mormon! Lisa, do you want to pray with me?” she asked.

*It was time to go,
but Michelle had
something to finish.*



Can Wait

Surprised, Lisa nodded. She and Michelle had prayed together for family home evening and family prayer, but never just the two of them.

Lisa listened as her sister prayed. Michelle told Heavenly Father how much she loved the scriptures, the prophet, and Jesus Christ. After the prayer both girls were silent for a long moment.

Lisa finally looked up to see tears on Michelle's cheeks. "Why are you crying?" she asked.

"I've read the Book of Mormon before," Michelle explained with a smile as she brushed the tears away. "But I never really

understood the words on the cover until now—'Another Testament of Jesus Christ.' This time I learned that the Book of Mormon really does testify of Jesus Christ."

Lisa suddenly felt a rush of love for Michelle. "I'm glad you're my big sister," she said.

Michelle brushed a hand over Lisa's hair. "I'm glad you're my sister too," she said. "Want to help me do my hair?"

"Sure!" Lisa said. They both brushed Michelle's long brown hair until it was shiny and smooth.

Michelle kissed Lisa's cheek, then hurried to get ready for the dance. Lisa picked up the scriptures. She had just set a goal for the year. She was going to finish the Book of Mormon too. ♦



Hey—my older sister is a pretty good example to me too.

Aw, thanks, Matt.

