



By Elder K. Brett Nattress

Of the Seventy

“My daddy is my fav’rite pal . . . and I know he loves me too” (Children’s Songbook, 211).

When I was eight or nine years old, I wanted to build a derby car. There was a race coming up, so my dad helped me build a car to enter. We found some two-by-four wood planks and put one in the middle and two on each end. Then we put a little chair on it with ropes to steer. We just had a block of wood for a brake—I pushed it down with my foot, and the wood dragged on the ground. To finish the car off, I put some big, old plastic tires from a tricycle on it.

When we showed up at the race, the other kids had these really fancy derby cars. People were laughing when they saw us. But I wasn’t embarrassed, because my dad was by me. As long as he was there, I was good.

People stood all along the streets. The nice, shiny cars lined up at the start. We raced down the hill, and

my car won! Then we went to the next race, and the next race, and I kept winning. A few in the crowd started chanting, “Go two-by-four!” They were cheering for me and my car. I won second place overall! I even got a trophy.

The race was really fun because my dad had helped me and let me make the car how I wanted. I had confidence because my dad was there. I knew who I was and that my dad supported me.

We have a Heavenly Father who knows who we are. He always loves and supports us. We can follow His example. ●

From an interview with Ashley Barnett

ILLUSTRATION BY RACHEL BEAN

RACE DAY WITH



DAD