

By Hilary Watkins Lemon

(Based on a true story)

“Help me with others my blessings to share”

(Children’s Songbook, 22).

As we walked toward our front door, my heavy trick-or-treating sack kept bumping my leg.

“I can’t wait to count all the candy I got,” I said to my brother Josh. “I bet I set a record!”

“No kidding,” Josh said. “My bag is breaking my arm!”

Our little sister Bekah hopped up the front steps and opened the door. We rushed in and dumped our candy on the floor. Mom and Dad had a rule that we

could eat only a few pieces of candy on Halloween night, so I wanted to make sure I chose the best ones.

I turned to Josh, who was hunched over two piles.

One was big and had some of the best candy a kid could get. The other pile was pretty small.

Josh is allergic to most of this!

I suddenly remembered. In all of the excitement, I had forgotten that my brother has dairy, nut, and soy allergies. Most candy makes him sick.

I felt kind of sad when I saw the puny pile Josh could eat. But then I noticed he had a smile on his face.

“I did great! Look at all of this,” Josh said.



The CANDY

Josh was allergic to most of his candy.

So why was he smiling?

“Yeah . . . um, that looks like a lot of good candy,” I said, trying not to make him feel bad.

Josh gave me a funny look, like he could tell exactly what I was thinking.

“It’s OK, Joseph,” Josh said. He started dividing up the big pile of candy he couldn’t eat. “I know my pile of safe candy doesn’t look like much, but I have awesome plans for the rest of it.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Well, first I’m giving two suckers to Bekah, because she loves them, but she was too shy to go trick-or-treating at the house that was giving them away.”

Josh held out a couple of lollipops to Bekah, who squealed and grabbed him in a sparkly pink hug.

“Next I’m gonna save these for my friend Max, because he loves candy with peanut butter in it. He was sick this week, and I’m not sure if he got to go trick-or-treating.”

As I watched Josh push a bunch of the candy off to the side, a warm feeling grew inside my heart.

“It’s really cool of you to give away your candy like that,” I said.

“Well, I like helping people when I can. Plus, I’m not giving up all of it. The rest is for trading.”

I looked at my own small mountain of treats. I saw a pack of fruity candy that I knew Bekah liked.

“Here, Bekah. Want this?”

“Yes! Thank you!”

The warm feeling grew even bigger. I felt that Jesus would want me to share what I had too.

Josh had the right idea—it felt really good to share with someone I love. ♦

The author lives in Texas, USA.



Once in church I drew a picture of a rainbow. My little brother wanted to draw a picture too, but there was no paper left. So I ripped my rainbow picture in two and gave one half to him. He colored in my picture and gave it to my mom for Mother’s Day. And then I felt the Holy Ghost.



Esther F., age 7, Utah, USA

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