

What Happened to Your Arm?

Amy makes a new friend with a question and some crayons.

By Sarah Chow

(Based on a true story)

If you want a friend, you must show that you care (Children's Songbook, 262).

The cast was blue. Amy had seen a cast on Lee's arm at school, but she had never seen a cast on an elderly man's arm. Just before stake conference started, Amy leaned forward and asked the man in the next row what happened to his arm.

The man smiled and turned around. "I have a sore muscle," he said.

"Ouch," said Amy. "My name's Amy. What's yours?"

"I'm Charlie Young," he said and used his other hand to shake her hand. "And this is my wife, Nancy."



Friends come in all shapes, ages, and sizes!

You can turn to page 24 for some tips on making friends.



Amy sat back in her seat. She knew Mom had brought paper and crayons in her bag, so Amy got them out and colored three pictures for Brother Young to make him feel better.

"Your pictures are beautiful," Nancy said when Amy gave them to Brother Young.

"I think I feel a little better already!" Brother Young said. In her prayers that night, Amy prayed that Brother Young's arm would get better.

Six months later it was time for stake conference again.

In the chapel Amy looked all around for Brother and Sister Young.

"There they are!" Mom said, pointing across the room. "Let's go sit by them."

"How's your arm?" Amy asked Brother Young once they sat down.

"All better." Brother Young held up his arm for her to see.

No cast. "I put your pictures on my refrigerator. They helped me feel better. Thank you."

"You're welcome," Amy said.

Mom nodded and leaned forward.

"Brother and Sister Young, we'd like it if you could come to Amy's birthday party in a few weeks."

"How old are you?" Brother Young asked.

"I'm turning eight. How old are you?" Amy asked.

"I'm 83. Say, if you're turning eight, does that mean you're getting baptized soon?"

"Yes!" Amy said. "Can you come to my baptism too? I'd like you to say the closing prayer."

"I would be honored,"

Brother Young said. "And Nancy and I would be happy to come to your party. We'll have to think of a very special present for such a special friend."

A few weeks later, Amy's birthday finally arrived. Charlie and Nancy Young came, and so did lots of Amy's school friends. When it was time to open presents, Mom had Amy cover her eyes while Dad brought something into the room.

"OK, you can look now," Dad said.

Amy opened her eyes and saw that her first present was a brown guinea pig. "Wow, my first pet!" Amy said.



Amy's second present was from Brother and Sister Young. It was a beautiful blanket that was almost as soft as the guinea pig.

"Yellow, purple, and orange. Those are my favorite colors! How did you know?" Amy asked.

"Your mom told me. I crocheted it myself as a surprise for you," Brother Young said.

"Thank you!" Amy said, hugging Charlie and Nancy. "I have a surprise for you too, Brother Young. I'm going to name my guinea pig Charlie, after you."

Brother and Sister Young laughed. "I'm sure you've found the very best name," Sister Young said.

"And the very best friends," Amy agreed. ♦

