

# Sharing Christmas

*We knew our first Christmas as Latter-day Saints would be different. But sharing is what made it extraordinary.*

BY DAIANA MELINA ALBORNOZ DÍAZ

When I was 17, my mother had a sewing job for a doll factory. She worked from home, but she would go to the factory to get more to do and to turn in her work. The man she gave her sewing to had something special about him.

As my mother got to know him, she realized that something had happened to make him sad. She invited him to visit us, and he came that very day and spent several hours with us. We learned that he had come to Argentina from Brazil in search of work and had never returned to his home, as he wanted to.

Our family has a custom of inviting someone to spend Christmas with us, and in December we began, as we do every year, to discuss whom to invite as our guest. However, this Christmas was different for a special reason; it was the first we spent as members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I thought of my mother's co-worker right away but didn't say anything. Later my mother mentioned that she wanted to invite him.

The next time my mother turned in her sewing, she asked him whom he was going to spend the holidays with, and he replied that he didn't know. My mother told him how nice it would be if he would come to our house on Christmas Eve, and he said he would let her know.

Late on Christmas Eve, someone came to the door. When we answered, there stood my mother's co-worker and his three-year-old son. It was exciting to meet this little boy and spend the evening with him. He had the loving spirit of his father. Our family felt like we had bells ringing in our hearts as we listened to the sweet singing of this little boy on Christmas Eve.

I am grateful for the gospel, which added to the spirit of our Christmas beginning that year and increased our family's resolve to "remember . . . brotherly kindness [and] charity" (D&C 4:6). ■

