



## TOP-SECRET CHRISTMAS ANGELS

**D**uring December, my seminary teacher invited our class to bring food and presents for a family in need. We didn't know the circumstances—only that there was a husband and wife with three little girls, ages 5 to 10 years old.

A few days before Christmas, I met my classmates in the seminary building with a Barbie doll and some boxes of macaroni and cheese in my hands. I was surprised to see that our class had filled not one box but several boxes with canned food, a large cooked turkey, baked goods, and toys.

We wrapped all the presents and carpoled to the family's home. Most of us hid behind bushes and watched as a few boys quietly carried the boxes to the doorstep of the small, run-down home. Wanting our contributions to be anonymous, the boys rang the doorbell and ran.

From our hiding places, we watched a small girl in her pajamas open the door and squeal. One by one her sisters joined her, each screaming with delight as they saw the many boxes overflowing with presents.

The door widened and, as the mother stepped out, we could see

a small Christmas tree with no presents beneath it in the center of their living room.

I saw the mother look around, bewildered. She then fell to her knees and began to cry. We saw her look up and heard her pray: "Thank Thee, God. Oh, thank Thee for sending Thine angels to give my children Christmas."

We drove back to the seminary building in silence. No one thought of the doughnuts or hot chocolate waiting for us. Instead, there was a tangible feeling of love, peace, and gratitude.

When I got home that night, I sat on my bed and prayed to Heavenly Father, thanking Him for letting me act as His angel for a night. I realized that “I have been given much” and that part of that blessing requires that “I too must give” (“Because I Have Been Given Much,” *Hymns*, no. 219), which was the greatest blessing of all.

**Keri S., Arizona, USA**

## GLENNA'S GIFTS

**M**y grandfather died just three days before Christmas. That year, my family received a gift that changed our lives forever: Glenna. Glenna is my dad's sister who was born with disabilities. She came to live with us after my grandpa passed away. Ever since that first Christmas, Glenna's example has taught me how to be more Christlike.

Glenna was born with many physical challenges, and she's helped me see that sometimes the most beautiful spirits are housed in different-looking bodies. Because of Glenna, I'm no longer self-conscious about the way I look, and I choose to focus on what's inside.

Living with Glenna has taught me patience. She has difficulty speaking, she often breaks things, and she struggles to do many tasks on her own,

## “TELL YOUR MOTHER THE MISSIONARIES ARE HERE”

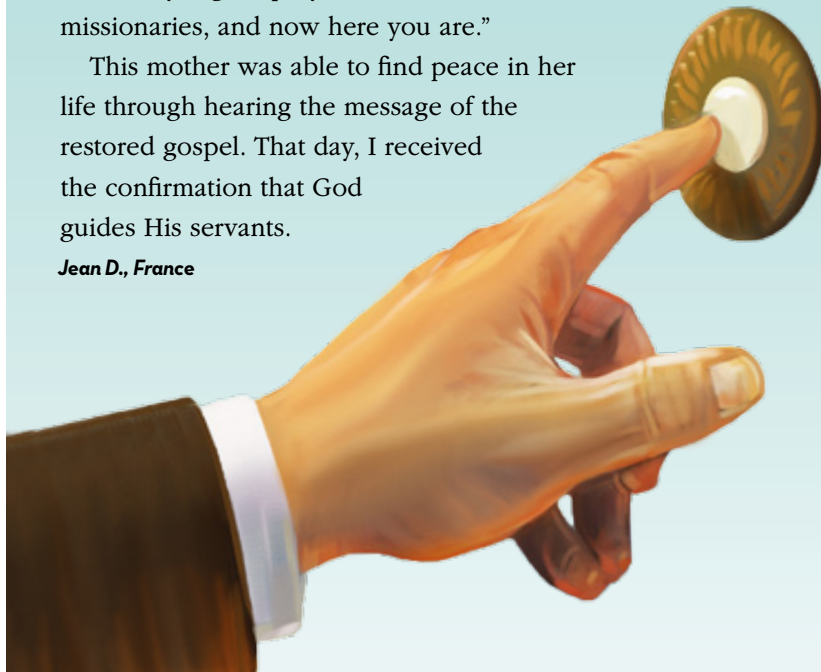
**I**t was preparation day on my mission in Yamoussoukro, Cote d'Ivoire, a small country in West Africa.

At about 11 o'clock in the morning, I had the feeling that my companion and I should go out, without really knowing in advance where we would go. I suggested that we go, and he agreed without hesitation. A few minutes later, we were out in the street. We walked as if we were being guided by someone and went straight to a particular residence. I rang the doorbell and a young girl answered the door. I said to her, “Tell your mother the missionaries are here.”

The mother came out to greet us. She was in tears and said, “Three days ago, I prayed and asked God to send me missionaries, and now here you are.”

This mother was able to find peace in her life through hearing the message of the restored gospel. That day, I received the confirmation that God guides His servants.

**Jean D., France**



but she's also willing to learn. There's no greater reward than working with Glenna until she gets something right.

Glenna has taught me to find joy in the little things. For instance, at Glenna's birthday parties, it didn't matter whether she received a one-dollar bill or a one-hundred-dollar bill—she was delighted. And when we drove around each year at Christmastime, Glenna would shout, “Wow!” and clap her hands at each

brightly lit home we passed by. She's taught me to see the extraordinary within the ordinary. She's taught me to see that there's something special in everything—and everyone.

As I look back on the past Christmases I spent with Glenna, I can see the impact she's made on my life. Every year, the one Christmas gift I will never forget—and will be forever grateful for—is Glenna.

**Lauren B., California, USA**