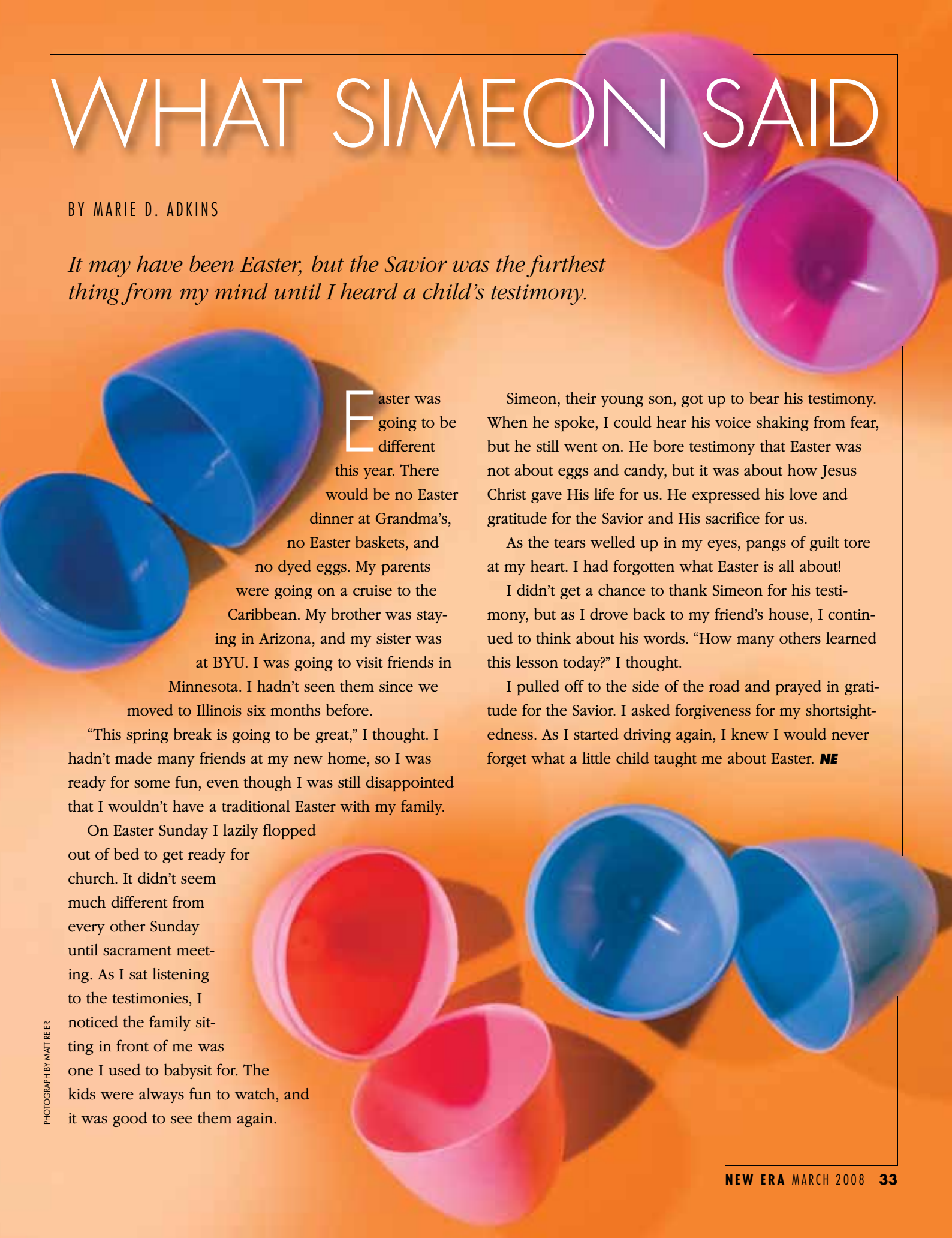


WHAT SIMEON SAID

BY MARIE D. ADKINS

It may have been Easter, but the Savior was the furthest thing from my mind until I heard a child's testimony.



Easter was going to be different this year. There would be no Easter dinner at Grandma's, no Easter baskets, and no dyed eggs. My parents were going on a cruise to the Caribbean. My brother was staying in Arizona, and my sister was at BYU. I was going to visit friends in Minnesota. I hadn't seen them since we moved to Illinois six months before.

"This spring break is going to be great," I thought. I hadn't made many friends at my new home, so I was ready for some fun, even though I was still disappointed that I wouldn't have a traditional Easter with my family.

On Easter Sunday I lazily flopped out of bed to get ready for church. It didn't seem much different from every other Sunday until sacrament meeting. As I sat listening to the testimonies, I noticed the family sitting in front of me was one I used to babysit for. The kids were always fun to watch, and it was good to see them again.

Simeon, their young son, got up to bear his testimony. When he spoke, I could hear his voice shaking from fear, but he still went on. He bore testimony that Easter was not about eggs and candy, but it was about how Jesus Christ gave His life for us. He expressed his love and gratitude for the Savior and His sacrifice for us.

As the tears welled up in my eyes, pangs of guilt tore at my heart. I had forgotten what Easter is all about!

I didn't get a chance to thank Simeon for his testimony, but as I drove back to my friend's house, I continued to think about his words. "How many others learned this lesson today?" I thought.

I pulled off to the side of the road and prayed in gratitude for the Savior. I asked forgiveness for my shortsightedness. As I started driving again, I knew I would never forget what a little child taught me about Easter. **NE**