

ONE BLUE BULB

My mom and dad disagreed on how to decorate their home at Christmastime. My dad was color-blind, so to him red, green, and brown all looked similar and dull. However, the color blue looked bright and beautiful. He was also a big fan of Brigham Young University football, whose school colors include blue.

Since blue was his favorite color, he wanted to put up blue lights. But my mom said blue was not a Christmas color, so every year Dad neatly hung strings of red, green, and white Christmas lights along their roof. To tease Mom, he replaced one of the bulbs with a bright blue one. If you looked closely, you would see one

blue bulb among the red, green, and white lights.

Every year the blue bulb shone from a different location. Sometimes it hid around the corner where no one would notice it, but sometimes he put it over the garage or the front porch. It was a fun game between Mom and Dad.

One year, Dad unexpectedly passed away two days before Christmas. At his funeral, the story was told of the one blue bulb he would hang every year. The following night, my mom looked out the window. Across the street, shining among the white lights above her neighbor's porch, was one blue light. Within a few days, many neighbors and friends added blue bulbs to

their strings of Christmas lights. Some even decorated whole trees in blue.

I'm grateful that my mom's friends and neighbors showed their love for her by decorating with blue lights. They helped me know what it means to "mourn with those that mourn; . . . and comfort those that stand in need of comfort" (Mosiah 18:9). I'm grateful that Heavenly Father gave us the gift of His Son. Because of Jesus Christ, I will see my dad again. ■

Amy Brown, Utah, USA

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