

The **BEST** Night

By Stefanie Hall

(Based on a true story)

This is the night we've waited for; always a treat we have in store! We love each other more and more with ev'ry fam'ly night (Children's Songbook, 195).

Mom and Dad call it Family Night. I think it's the greatest night of the week.

We take turns praying and leading the songs. I like it when I get to help plan the lesson or activity. It's always exciting to be a part of the action.

Dad stands on a chair with a pan on his head. He is the mighty Goliath. With my wadded paper stone,

I slay the giant in one blow. For I am David, and poor Dad has fallen.

Mom asks, "What do you want people to think of when they hear your name?"

Sometimes we just sit around the table and talk about important things: How can we help each other? Who can we be a better friend to? What makes us feel loved?

Mom sings and plays the piano to introduce the next performer: a giggling toddler makes a dash from the stairs to the fireplace. He claps with the rest of us at his performance. Next, I do some fancy footwork as I dance with incredible speed. It's our talent show night.

Every week is something different. When we learned





about the prophet John Taylor, Dad sang “A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.” I imagined it was just the way it might have sounded in Carthage Jail.

“How do you feel right now?” Dad asks when we finish a special lesson.

We think about what he and Mom have just said: that we can be together as a family forever if we make good choices. I feel good, kind of warm and happy.

“That’s the Spirit of the Lord,” Dad says with a smile.

I look around and see smiles on all our faces.

Mom and Dad call it Family Night.

I think I’ll call it the best night. ♦