

Buddy's HEART



By Ray Goldrup
(Based on a true story)

For man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (1 Samuel 16:7).

After my friend Buddy was in a car accident, I didn't see him for a while. I guess he didn't want to see his friends because he had some scars on his face.

One day I decided to call him on the phone. He said if I saw him I wouldn't want to be his friend anymore. "I'm ugly," he said, and I could tell he was crying.

Before the car accident, Buddy had always been

**Can a broken
rock help
Buddy heal?**

happy and fun to be around. Now he was sad and wanted to be alone.

Buddy's birthday was coming up. He didn't want a party. He didn't want anybody to see him or stare at him. Mom told me that Buddy and his family prayed that Heavenly Father would help him to feel different about himself. He knew he was a child of God and that his family loved him, but he still didn't want to see his friends.

Before I went to visit Buddy, I asked Heavenly Father how I could help my friend. On my way out of my bedroom I saw my rock collection on the shelf. Something told me to give Buddy the big quartz rock. The rock didn't look like much on the outside, but it had bright crystals inside.

I wrapped the rock in blue paper and headed to Buddy's house. He didn't want to see me at first, but he finally told his mom it was OK. When I went in his



room, he was wearing a bandana to cover part of his face. I handed Buddy his birthday gift. When he opened it, he just stared at the rock.

“Uh, thanks,” he said.

“It’s better than it looks,” I said. “Grab your dad’s hammer, and come outside with me.”

We went into Buddy’s backyard. I put the rock on the ground and hit it with the hammer. It broke open, and Buddy’s eyes widened with surprise. “Wow, cool!” he exclaimed as he saw the crystals inside glinting in the sun.

Then I realized why I had been prompted to give Buddy the rock. “It’s just like you,” I said. “People who know you don’t care what you look like on the outside.

What’s important is your heart.”

Buddy didn’t say anything as he gazed at the quartz, but I could tell he was smiling under the bandana.

Buddy decided to have a birthday party with his friends, and he didn’t wear the bandana over his face. He was his old self again. He still had scars, but he didn’t mind and neither did we. We knew what was inside, and that’s what was important. ◆

“Rather than being judgmental and critical of each other, may we have the pure love of Christ for our fellow travelers in this journey through life.”²

President Thomas S. Monson

