



A Light in the Dark

By David Dickson

(Based on a true story)

By small and simple things are great things brought to pass (Alma 37:6).

The smell of freshly baked chocolate-chip cookies started filling the house. Nathan caught the scent and ran as fast as he could toward the kitchen. Sure enough, Mom was pulling a cookie sheet out of the oven.

“You made cookies!” he said. He couldn’t wait to taste one. Mom’s cookies were the best.

“Yes,” Mom said. “Some are for us, and some are for Michael. I want to send him a care package.”

Nathan nodded in excitement. Michael would be so happy to get a box of Mom’s cookies out on his mission.

I want to send something to a missionary!



Let's ask Mom if we can draw pictures to send to Elder Spencer from our ward!

*Even a small gift can
be a really big help.*

“Awesome idea! Can I put something in the care package?” he asked.

“Of course,” Mom answered.

Mom handed Nathan a cookie. He thanked her and started nibbling on the treat—so tasty!—while heading to his room. He wanted to search through his things for the best gift to send.

It had to be just right. Wrapping little presents and giving them to friends and family was one of Nathan’s favorite things to do. Sometimes he’d draw a picture and wrap that. Other times he’d give away an eraser. You never knew when you might need an eraser.

Nathan kept thinking as he finished his cookie. Would Michael want a small toy? Maybe. How about a nice pen? Possibly. A pen could be useful to a missionary.

Then his eyes landed on a two-inch flashlight that could fit right in your pocket. Any missionary would love such a cool flashlight. It would be the perfect gift! Nathan wrapped the flashlight and took it to Mom, who slid it into the care package.

A few days later Dad gathered the family. “I have some news,” he said. “Michael’s mission has been hit by a hurricane.”

Nathan’s heart skipped a beat. That sounded bad! Was Michael OK?

Mom held up a hand. “He’s fine. Nobody has to worry. The worst that happened to Michael was that the power went out. But I want to tell you something he said in his letter.”

Nathan let out a sigh of relief. Michael wasn’t hurt. But still, a hurricane! He leaned forward, listening closely.

“Michael said that our care package arrived about an hour before the storm hit. He said he appreciated the cookies.”

Nathan smiled. He knew Michael loved Mom’s cookies almost as much as he did.

“But then he mentioned something else. The flashlight he keeps in case of an emergency was packed deep in a closet. He wasn’t able to find that flashlight when the power turned off and everything went dark.” Tears started forming in Mom’s eyes as she continued. “However, that wasn’t such a big problem for Michael. Does anybody want to guess why?”

Nathan thought for a second. Then a smile spread across his whole face. “My flashlight!”

Dad nodded. “Yes, Nathan. The flashlight you sent your older brother was the only light he had during that big storm. He was so grateful you sent it.”

Nathan thought about how scary it would be to go through a hurricane without any light. He was so glad he’d been able to help his big brother. Nathan felt warm inside, happy that he’d made a difference.

Now all he had to do was figure out what to send the next time Mom put together a care package! ◆



“Acting obediently on . . . promptings strengthens us.”¹

Elder Richard G. Scott of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles