



The CHRISTMAS Cane

By President Thomas S. Monson



At home in a hidden-away corner, I have a small black walking stick with an imitation silver handle. It once belonged to a distant relative. Why do I keep it for a period now spanning more than 70 years? There is a special reason.

You see, as a very small boy I participated in a Christmas pageant in our ward. I was privileged to be one of the three Wise Men. With a bandana around my head, Mother's piano bench cover draped over my shoulder, and the black cane in my hand, I spoke my assigned lines:

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him" (Matthew 2:2).

I don't recall all of the words in that pageant, but I vividly remember the feelings of my heart as the three of us "Wise Men" looked upward and saw the star, journeyed across the stage, found Mary with the young child Jesus, then fell down and worshipped him and opened our treasures and presented gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

I especially liked the fact that we did not return to the evil Herod to betray the baby Jesus, but obeyed God and departed another way.

The years have flown by, the events of a busy life take their proper places in the hallowed halls of memory, but the Christmas cane continues to occupy its special place in my home; and in my heart is a commitment to Christ. ♦

From "Feelings of Heart Recalled," Church News, Dec. 12, 2009, 7.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD TEARE