



Trying to Be Like Jesus

The Best Gift



Everyone in my school class was supposed to bring a gift to exchange at our Christmas party. We put our gifts under the tree, and then we could pick any gift except for the one we brought. When the last boy was called to pick a gift, he said the one gift that was left was the one he had brought. It was only a folded-up piece of paper. No one wanted to trade their gift for the piece of paper. After a few seconds of silence, I said I would trade. A wonderful feeling came over me as I handed him my unwrapped gift and took the piece of paper from him. Even though I didn't get a gift like the rest of my class, I felt happy because I knew I did the right thing. That is the best gift of all.

Dakota L., age 9, Idaho

Cards and Kindness



On Christmas Eve I made cards for the widows and widowers in my ward. When my dad and I delivered the cards, the people seemed very happy and grateful. On our way home I told my dad that I felt really good. He said the feeling was the Holy Ghost telling me I had done something nice. I look forward to making cards again next year.

Ellee C., age 7, Utah

Helping Others



One day in December there was a knock at our door. When my parents opened the door, no one was there. There was an envelope on the ground, so they brought it inside. My dad opened the envelope, and there was a lot of money inside. We decided not to keep the money. Instead, we gave it to people who needed it more than we did.

Zen D., age 10, Utah



Warm Blankets, Warm Feelings



My family made some blankets and delivered them to a children's

hospital. When we were driving home, my mom came up with the idea to make blankets every year at Christmastime. We decided to do it because when my brother was sick in the hospital he was given a homemade blanket. That cold night I felt warm inside because I knew we were serving others and serving Heavenly Father.

Lauren S., age 8, Colorado

A Special Tree



The week before Christmas, my mom's friend found out that she was very sick and had

to stay in the hospital for a long time. She would be in the hospital at Christmas and away from her family. My mom asked me how I felt about letting her friend borrow my little pink Christmas tree that I keep in my room. Even though I knew I would miss my tree, I wanted to give a special gift to our friend so she wouldn't feel lonely on Christmas. I wanted to be like Jesus.

Ellie C., age 4, Oklahoma



Tell us how you're trying to be like Jesus. Turn to page 48 to find out how to send us a letter.