

“Let your light so shine” (*Matthew 5:16*).

Dinah sat on the rug, excited for story time. It was her favorite part of the day.

She looked across the rug and saw a classmate named Felicity waving to her.

“Come here!” Felicity said.

Dinah scooted across the rug. “What’s up?”

“Your hair is different than mine,” said Felicity. “Why does your hair look like *that*?” She touched Dinah’s braids and giggled.

“My mom helped me do it,” Dinah said. She loved the color of her hair and how it felt under her fingers. She loved the neat rows of cute little plastic hair clips.

“Also, I want to see something,” Felicity said. “Show me your arm.”

Dinah held out her arm. “Well, what?” she asked as Felicity moved her own arm next to Dinah’s.

“Your arms are so brown!” said Felicity.

“Oh,” said Dinah, scooting back to the other side of the rug. Suddenly she couldn’t wait for the day to end.

At home, Dinah didn’t say much at dinner. When it was cleanup time, her sister, Aly, grabbed a towel to dry dishes and Dinah picked up the broom.

Mom started singing. Mom loved to sing while they cleaned.

“*This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine . . .*”

Dinah smiled a little. She hummed and sang along as she swept: “*Let it shine, let it shine . . .*”

The song ended. “My turn!” Aly said. She started a new song. Dinah tried to harmonize like

This Little LIGHT of Mine

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(Based on a true story)



Aly and Mom did, but it sounded flat. Like a boring gray color. Everyone burst out laughing.

“That was funny!” said Dinah. “Let me try again.”

Aly started the song again, and Dinah closed her eyes and joined in. This time, the different notes started to blend, like yellow and blue mixing into a bright green.

They sang almost the whole time they cleaned. When they were finishing, Dinah remembered what happened at school. She still felt uncomfortable about it.

“Mom, do you ever think about how people look different?” Dinah asked. “How everyone has different hair and skin and eyes?”



“Hmm, yes, I know what you mean,” said Mom. “Did something happen that made you think about that?”

Dinah told Mom about what Felicity said. “I felt *weird*. I didn’t like it. Why did she say that?”

“It sounds like Felicity was curious about you,” Mom said. “Everyone has their own unique skin color. And hair and eyes too. We’re all Heavenly Father’s children, and there’s no right or wrong way to look. But sometimes people need to get used to the beauty of different colors.”

“All peoples’ colors are beautiful?” Dinah asked.

“Definitely. Everyone’s color shows something special about their family and their history. The way you act represents our family to others. And who do we always say we follow in our family? Jesus Christ, right? So you also represent the Savior.”

Dinah nodded as Mom pulled her into a hug. Then she pulled Aly into the hug too.

“We can always feel good about who we are—especially when we’re following Jesus Christ,” she said quietly.

Dinah’s upset feelings began to settle down.

“Now,” Mom said with a smile, “time to get ready for bed. And then—dessert!”

“Yay!” Aly shrieked. “It’s gonna be pie, I just know it!” She zoomed upstairs.

Dinah followed Aly. She felt much better after talking with Mom. Her skin color was another part of who she was, like her family and her testimony were. She would keep being kind and set a good example at school. With God on her side, it would be a piece of cake.

Or even better, a piece of pie! ♦

The authors live in Georgia, USA.



“The children of God have more in common than they have differences.”

President Henry B. Eyring, First Counselor in the First Presidency

“Our Hearts Knit as One,” *Ensign*, Nov. 2008, 70.