

By Jenna Kimble

(Based on a true story)

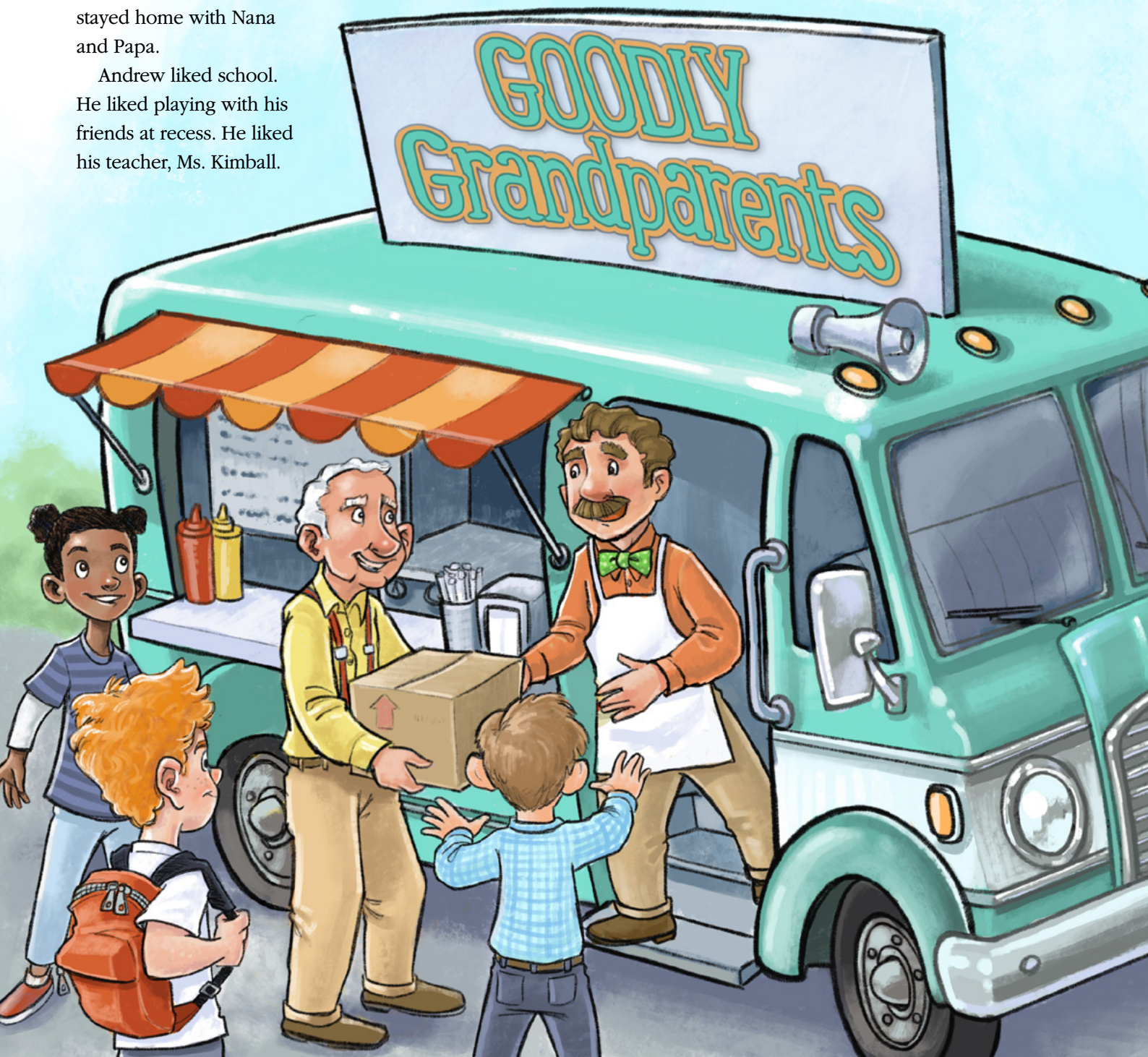
"I have a family here on earth. They are so good to me"
(Children's Songbook, 188).

Andrew! The bus is here!" Nana called.

Andrew raced out the door. He waved goodbye to Nana, Papa, and his little sister, Amy. Amy was too little to go to school, so she stayed home with Nana and Papa.

Andrew liked school. He liked playing with his friends at recess. He liked his teacher, Ms. Kimball.

After morning recess, Ms. Kimball said, "Next week we are going to have Bring-a-Parent-to-School Day. When your parent comes, make sure they bring something from their job to show us. We're excited to hear from them!"



Andrew's face got hot. He didn't have anything to say about his parents. He didn't remember a lot about his mom. She left when he was little. And Andrew didn't even know his dad.

Andrew listened as other kids talked about their moms and dads. Tony's mom was a firefighter, and Jessica's dad worked at the zoo. Everyone hoped her dad would bring a monkey or sloth to class!

"What about your parents?" Tony asked Andrew.

Andrew looked at his feet. He shrugged. "I live with my grandparents."

Andrew loved Nana and Papa, but they didn't have cool jobs. Nana sold blankets and baby clothes. Papa drove a food truck. Andrew wasn't so sure about Bring-a-Parent-to-School Day.

That night Andrew read the first chapter of the Book of Mormon: "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents . . ." (1 Nephi 1:1).

I don't live with my parents, Andrew thought. *I just live with Nana and Papa.*

Just then, Amy walked into Andrew's room, hugging a fuzzy blanket. She held it up for Andrew to see. "Nana made!"

"Yeah, Nana made that blanket for you." Andrew smiled a little.

He thought about all the nice things Nana did for him—making breakfast before school, helping with homework, playing games with him and Amy. Nana was a lot like a mom.

Then Andrew thought about Papa. Papa read stories to Andrew every night. He helped with homework too. He also taught Andrew how to ride a bike. Papa was a lot like a dad.

Andrew's smile got bigger. He was really grateful for Nana and Papa. He still felt nervous about bringing a grandparent to school. But it was going to be OK. *I may not have goodly parents*, he thought, *but I have goodly grandparents, and that's something special.*

On Bring-a-Parent-to-School Day, Andrew sat with Papa in the back of the class and listened to the other kids' parents. Tony's mom brought her firefighter uniform. She let everyone try on her helmet. Jessica's dad brought a turtle from the zoo.

"Your turn, Andrew," Ms. Kimball said.

Andrew walked to the front of the class with Papa. He took a deep breath and said, "My Papa drives a food truck. He meets lots of people, and he works really hard."

Andrew looked up and saw Papa smiling. Then Papa talked about driving his truck. He also gave everyone a treat from his work! The kids in Andrew's class asked Papa lots of questions about his job.

Andrew was happy to have Papa with him. He and Papa and Nana and Amy were a family—and they were a goodly one. ●

The author lives in Utah, USA

