

By Alice Stratton

(Based on a true story)

“We believe in being honest” (*Articles of Faith 1:13*).

Papa laid a bright pink bracelet on the dining room table.

“Oh, Papa,” I cried. “Where did you get it?”

“I found it on the sidewalk in front of the barber shop.”

I picked it up and carefully slid it onto my wrist. I felt so beautiful. I’d never, ever worn anything so pretty.

“Can I have it?”

“Would you want to keep it when it belongs to someone else?” Mama asked.

“But maybe we can’t find who it belongs to.”

“Well, if we can’t find the owner, then you may have it,” Papa said.

That night when I knelt to pray, I wanted to ask Heavenly Father to bless us so we *couldn’t* find the owner. But the words wouldn’t come out. I tried three times, but I just couldn’t feel good about

saying it. So I climbed into bed and decided to pray later.


The next morning I hurried into the kitchen. “Can I wear the pink bracelet to school?”

“That’s a good idea,” Papa said. “Maybe one of your classmates will see it and know who it belongs to.”

I skipped to my room to pick the perfect dress to go with the bracelet. Then I had a scary thought. If someone recognized the bracelet, I’d have to give it back. So I picked a blue dress with long sleeves. I pushed the bracelet way up under my sleeve. I worked it clear up over my elbow and pushed it to the very top of my arm. No one would see it there.

Usually I liked school, but not that day. It was too warm for my long-sleeved dress, and wearing the

The Pink

An artistic illustration of a young girl's face, shown in profile from the nose up. She has long, wavy brown hair and is smiling. Her hands are visible at the bottom, holding a pink bracelet with several pearls. The background is a soft, painterly wash of colors.

bracelet way up on my arm was uncomfortable. At recess I didn't feel like playing, so I stayed in.

When the bell rang for the end of recess, I hurried to the drinking fountain and bumped into Stella. I noticed she was wearing a string of beads that were exactly the same pearly pink as the bracelet on my arm. I caught my breath. "Oh, Stella, where did you get such pretty beads?"

"My aunt sent them to me. She sent me a bracelet too, but I lost it."

"Where did you lose it?" I asked.

"On the way home yesterday. I searched all the way up and down the sidewalk both ways, but it's gone. I

hope one of my friends finds it."

I didn't know what to do now. It felt like the bracelet was making a rash on my arm to punish me for hiding it.

Back at my seat I realized why it had been hard to say my prayers last night. It was because I wasn't being honest. But now, all I wanted was to give Stella her bracelet.

The classroom was buzzing like a beehive. It wasn't a nice, quiet place like my bedroom, but all at once I wanted to pray. From deep down in my heart I told Heavenly Father how sorry I was. I asked Him to forgive me and to please help me do the right thing with the bracelet. I suddenly felt good inside, and I began to gently work the bracelet down my arm, past my elbow, and onto my wrist.

As we left the school building, I stepped alongside Stella and handed her the pink bracelet. "You found it!" She squealed and gave me a hug.

"You said you hoped a friend would find it for you." I smiled. "Well, that friend just happened to be my papa." ♦

The author lived in Utah, USA.

When have you been honest even though it was hard? Write and tell us!

Bracelet