

Sincerely, Maisy: A MUDDY THANKSGIVING

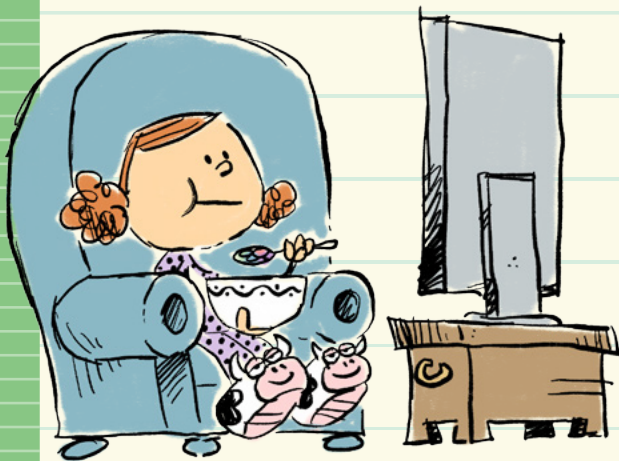
By Charlotte Mae Sheppard

(Based on a true story)

NOVEMBER 23

It's finally Thanksgiving! It was raining when I woke up, but I'm not going to let that ruin my day. Thanksgiving is my FAVORITE holiday, and I know exactly how to make it perfect:

1. Watch the parade in my fluffy cow slippers
2. Keep Grace from spilling the punch
3. Eat until I feel like a parade balloon



I think holding the balloons would be an awesome job. And a little bit scary too. What if you started to float away?

On Thanksgiving, Mom gives us each a job to do for dinner. This year Grace is making the punch, because LAST year she was in charge of watching the oven, and let's just say it didn't go well. . . .



Guess what? Dad just got home, and he's COVERED in mud! He wants to talk to me and Peter right away. I gotta go! Now that Dad's the bishop of our ward, he's gone a lot. I woke up extra early, and he was already out visiting people.



NOVEMBER 23 (AGAIN)

Turns out Dad was muddy because all the rain made the creek rise. And it flooded the Wilsons' ranch! The only way to protect their house was to dig ditches to give the water somewhere to go. So me and Peter and Dad came to the rescue!



I missed most of the parade. But I don't feel grumpy at all. In fact, I feel . . . I don't know. Grateful? While we were digging, a lot of ward members and other people showed up to help. By the time we were done, I realized I had a LOT to be thankful for:

1. Having a family that's not afraid to get muddy helping someone out
2. Our ward family, and all their extra shovels
3. A warm, dry house to come back to

So now there's mud in my hair.
And on my clothes. And look, even
in my journal!



I guess my perfect Thanksgiving didn't go exactly as planned. But seeing how happy the Wilsons were made it all worth it. The rain hasn't stopped, but I'm feeling pretty sunny!

Sincerely,
Maisy