Matt's about to have surgery on his broken arm. Dad and Brother Johnson gave him a priesthood blessing.

Thanks for coming on such short notice, Tyrell. I'm glad you asked me.

A few hours later—

Is the surgery over already? Yes, and the doctor says everything went fine. We'll be able to take you home today.

At school the next week—

Yeah, I was climbing a tree when a branch snapped! I was lucky something stopped my fall.

The ground!

What was it?

Two weeks later at Thanksgiving dinner,

Matt tells what he's grateful for—

...and that my fall wasn't worse...and that I learned I can do hard things...and for doctors and nurses, and priesthood blessings...I'm grateful that my eating arm wasn't injured.