



Say  
Hello to  
Halim!

**By Katie Richey**

Based on a true story

*“Freely ye have received, freely give” (Matthew 10:8).*

At school that morning, Marcus noticed a new boy walk into the classroom.

“Good morning, everyone,” Mrs. Becker said as everyone quieted down. “This is Halim. He is new to our school. In fact, he is new to our country.”

Halim kept looking at the floor as he said hello. Marcus thought his voice sounded kind of different. Mrs. Becker kept talking.

“We are so glad he is here and that he is going to be part of our class. I hope we can all help him feel welcome.”

As Mrs. Becker showed Halim where to sit, Marcus thought about how nervous he would feel if he had to move to a new country and a new school.

After their morning snack, Mrs. Becker told everyone she had a surprise for them. Marcus sat up really straight so he could see what she was pulling out of her bag. They were small buckets. She started passing them out to everyone in the class.

“Each one of us has an imaginary bucket inside of ourselves,” she said as she handed Marcus a yellow bucket. “People fill our buckets when they do nice things for us. And we can fill others’ buckets by being nice to them. For example, when your mom gives you a hug, she is filling your bucket. When you say something nice to someone, you are filling their bucket.”

Marcus looked at his best friend, Caleb. He got a yellow bucket too!

“This week, we’ll keep these buckets on our desks so we can write nice notes for each other,” Mrs. Becker said. She folded up a little piece of



## WE CAN BE KIND

“Each of us can develop brotherly kindness at home, at school, at work, or at play.”

President Russell M. Nelson,  
“These . . . Were Our Examples,”  
*Ensign*, Nov. 1991, 62.

paper and dropped it in a bucket. “And that will help us remember the imaginary buckets everyone has inside. We want to be kind so that we are bucket fillers.”

Marcus pulled out a piece of paper and thought of the things he could write to Caleb, like that he was good at sports. But then he looked at Halim. His shoulders were kind of bent over, like he was sad.

Marcus wondered if Halim had a best friend where he used to live. It must have been hard to say goodbye and scary to move so far away.

Marcus looked down at the blank piece of paper on his desk. He had an idea, then he wrote,

“Dear Halim,

Welcome to our school. If you want, we can play at recess. I will be your friend. And I bet Caleb will be your friend too.

From, Marcus.”

Then he carefully folded the paper up and dropped it in Halim’s bucket. Halim smiled. Marcus felt warm and happy inside. He liked being a bucket filler! ●

*The author lives in Idaho, USA.*

