

By Hilary Watkins Lemon
(Based on a true story)

"Help me with others my blessings to share"
(Children's Songbook, 22).

As we walked toward our front door, my heavy
trick-or-treating sack kept bumping my leg.

"I can't wait to count all the candy I got," I
said to my brother Josh. "I bet I set a record!"

"No kidding," Josh said. "My bag is
breaking my arm!"

Our little sister Bekah hopped up
the front steps and opened the door.
We rushed in and dumped our candy on
the floor. Mom and Dad had a rule that we

could eat only a few pieces of candy on Halloween
night, so I wanted to make sure I chose the best ones.

I turned to Josh, who was hunched over two piles.
One was big and had some of the
best candy a kid could get. The
other pile was pretty small.

Josh is allergic to most of this!
I suddenly remembered. In all
of the excitement, I had
forgotten that my brother has
dairy, nut, and soy allergies. Most candy
makes him sick.

I felt kind of sad when I saw the
puny pile Josh could eat. But then I
noticed he had a smile on his face.

"I did great! Look at all of this," Josh
said.

"Yeah . . . um, that looks like a lot of good candy," I
said, trying not to make him feel bad.

Josh gave me a funny look, like he could tell exactly
what I was thinking.

"It's OK, Joseph," Josh said. He started divid-
ing up the big pile of candy
he couldn't eat. "I know my
pile of safe candy doesn't look
like much, but I have awesome
plans for the rest of it."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well, first I'm giving two suckers to
Bekah, because she loves them, but she
was too shy to go
trick-or-treating at
the house that was
giving them away."

Josh held out a
couple of lollipops to
Bekah, who squealed and
grabbed him in a sparkly pink
hug.

"Next I'm gonna save these for my
friend Max, because he loves candy
with peanut butter in it. He was sick
this week, and I'm not sure if he got
to go trick-or-treating."

So why was
he smiling?

As I watched Josh push a bunch of the candy off to
the side, a warm feeling grew inside my heart.

"It's really cool of you to give away your candy like
that," I said.

"Well, I like helping people when I
can. Plus, I'm not giving up all of it.
The rest is for trading."

I looked at my own small
mountain of treats. I saw a
pack of fruity candy that I
knew Bekah liked.

"Here, Bekah. Want
this?"

"Yes! Thank you!"

The warm feeling grew even big-
ger. I felt that Jesus would want me
to share what I had too.

Josh had the right idea—it felt
really good to share with some-
one I love. ♦

The author lives in Texas, USA.

Once in church I drew a picture
of a rainbow. My little brother
wanted to draw a picture too,
but there was no paper left.
So I ripped my rainbow picture
in two and gave one half to
him. He colored in my picture and gave it to my
mom for Mother's Day. And then I felt the Holy
Ghost.

Esther F., age 7, Utah, USA



The CANDY Plan