

The Sunflower Bouquet

By Noelle Lambert Barrus
(Based on a true story)

This story happened in Denmark.

Amalie followed her parents through the church doors. The sound of the piano playing hymns filled the chapel. Amalie and her family found a bench and sat down.

Sacrament meeting started, and soon the whole branch was singing the opening hymn. While she sang, Amalie noticed their next-door neighbor, Sister Aisha, sitting nearby. But Sister Aisha wasn't singing. She was frowning.

Sister Aisha was always so nice to Amalie. But she looked sad a lot. Amalie knew that she lived alone. Maybe she was lonely.

Amalie wished she could do something to help. But what?

The next week, Amalie went on a bike ride down a long road. She rode past big green fields. The sun warmed her skin.

Soon she came to a field of sunflowers. The bright yellow flowers waved slightly in the wind and stretched to the sun. They were so tall and so big!

A sign next to the field said, *Free sunflowers! Take as many as you want.*

Amalie stared at the field. The flowers looked like an ocean of yellow smiling at the sky.

She parked her bike and picked a bunch of flowers. She could give them to Mom! Mom loved flowers. But there were enough flowers that she could pick more for someone else too.

A name came to her mind: Sister Aisha. Maybe these flowers could help brighten her day.

"I hope she likes sunflowers," Amalie said quietly to herself. But she was a little nervous. What if Sister Aisha thought it was weird?

Amalie stopped picking the flowers. She rubbed the soft

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petals between her fingers. Maybe she shouldn't give flowers to Sister Aisha.

No, Amalie thought. She knew she should give them to Sister Aisha. They might not make everything better. But Amalie still wanted to help, even in a small way. She could give the flowers to Sister Aisha at church tomorrow.

Amalie spent a long time picking the best flowers. She put them together and placed them carefully in her bike basket. Then she hopped on her bike and rode home. The bright yellow of the flowers looked pretty with the deep green of the forest in the background.

When Amalie got home, she tied each bouquet with a ribbon. She gave one to Mom.

Mom smiled big when she saw it. "Thank you! They're beautiful." She put the flowers in a vase on the table.

The next day, Amalie took the other bouquet of sunflowers to church. She found Sister Aisha sitting alone on a bench.



"Hi," Amalie said. "I picked some sunflowers for you."

Amalie held the flowers out. When Sister Aisha saw them, she smiled. Amalie hadn't seen her smile in a long time. Her eyes were filled with light.

"Thank you," Sister Aisha said. She gave Amalie a hug. "These are my favorite flowers."

Amalie smiled too. She hadn't known they were Sister Aisha's favorite flowers! But the Holy Ghost had prompted her to make a bouquet for Sister Aisha, and Amalie was grateful she had listened. ●



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"If you have a thought to do something good, it's prompted by the Holy Ghost."

Elder David A. Bednar, Face to Face (worldwide youth broadcast, May 12, 2015), Gospel Library.