

# Searching for Monkeys

"It's just like how I can hear the Holy Ghost when I listen."



By Chelsea Mortensen

A true story from Costa Rica.

"Whoa!" Ethan said. "Did you see that one?"  
"Yeah, look at its cute little tail!" said Lily.  
Boston looked up, but he only saw shadows.  
"We've already seen three monkeys today!"  
Ethan said.

But Boston hadn't seen any! His family was visiting a rainforest to see wild monkeys. But the monkeys were too far away for Boston to see.

Boston was blind. He could only see things very close to him. Usually, he didn't mind being blind.

He could still do lots of cool things. He could read Braille with his fingers and walk with his cane in the dark. And he could find people by listening to their voices.

But sometimes, Boston didn't like being blind. Like today.

Boston sat on the ground and sighed. *It's not fair!* he thought.

A few minutes later he had an idea. *Heavenly Father, please help a monkey come close enough for me to see*, Boston prayed in his mind.



Boston couldn't see any monkeys yet. Then he heard a noise from far away.

"Did you hear that?" Boston asked. "I think it was a monkey!"

"I didn't hear anything," Ethan said.

"Neither did I," said Dad. "You have good ears!"

Boston heard a monkey run through the bushes by the trail. He pointed toward the sound. "Over there!"

Then he heard another one, and another. Sometimes his family could see the monkeys once he pointed them out. But none of the monkeys got close enough for him to see.

Soon it was time to go home.

"I'm sorry you didn't see any monkeys," Mom said as they walked to the car.

Boston shrugged. "It's OK. I wanted to see one, but I got to hear lots of them instead." Then he thought about his prayer. "It kind of reminds me of the Holy Ghost."

"What do you mean?" Mom asked.

"When I stopped to listen, I realized they were all around me. I could hear them even though I couldn't see them. It's just like how I can hear the Holy Ghost when I listen."

"That's a great lesson," Mom said.

Boston heard something in the bushes next to him. Then something ran out onto the trail—right in front of him! It had reddish hair and a long tail. It stopped and looked right at him. Then it ran into the trees again.

A monkey! He got to see one after all!

Boston smiled. Being blind was hard sometimes. But today, it helped him learn about the Holy Ghost. And that was pretty cool. ●



## TALK ABOUT IT!

What did Boston learn about the Holy Ghost?