

By Ann Stephenson

(Based on a true story)

Let us love one another: for love is of God (1 John 4:7).

Hi, Mom,” Tanner called as he took off his shoes and hung up his backpack.

“Hi, Tanner,” Mom said as she looked up from washing the dishes. “How was school?”

Tanner liked school, so when Mom asked him that question, his answer was usually the same.

“Good. How was your day?”

“It was fine,” Mom said softly.



A Bad Day

Tanner wasn't so sure. Mom didn't sound very happy. And she wasn't smiling like she usually did when he came home from school.

“Is something wrong?” Tanner asked.

“No, nothing's really wrong,” Mom said. “I've just had a bad day.”

“I'm sorry,” Tanner said. He gave Mom a big hug, hoping it would help.

Tanner walked to the pantry and began to look for a snack. While

he looked, he thought about some bad days he had had—like the time someone stole his scooter, or when he crashed his bike and skinned his knee. “I guess moms can have bad days too,” Tanner thought.

Tanner wondered what he could do to help Mom feel better. He thought of a few things that made him smile—frogs, video games, and spaghetti—but he was pretty sure Mom didn't care very much about any of those things.

After grabbing a handful of crackers,

Tanner had an idea. He walked across the kitchen and stood next to Mom. “Mom,” he said, “what was the best part of your day?”

Mom stopped washing the dishes. Tanner could tell she was thinking hard about his question. A big smile spread across her face. “You are,” she said. “You are the best part of my day.”

Tanner smiled too. Mom seemed happier. He was glad he could help make her bad day better. ◆



Better

**"Let us open our hearts, let us reach down
and lift up."³**

President Gordon B. Hinckley (1910–2008)

