My little brother Patrick is a pain!

By Renee Riede
(Based on a true story)

“And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you” (Ephesians 4:32).

Patrick is a pest. At least, that’s what I used to think. This morning I found Patrick sitting on my bedroom floor surrounded by lots and lots of potting soil, lots and lots of flowerpot pieces, and three messed-up marigolds.

Just a few minutes earlier, that potting soil, those pieces of flowerpot, and the three marigolds all added up to one wonderful Mother’s Day gift. But not anymore.

The moment Patrick saw me, all he could say was, “Uh-oh, Kwissie. Uh-oh.”

Patrick is almost three, and he still can’t say his Rs. I can sure say mine, and boy did I ever say them to Patrick.

I said, “Patrick! You just ruined my Mother’s Day present. You are in really, really big trouble!”

Mother’s Day is tomorrow, and I had been all ready for it. My class had made Mother’s Day gifts at school. First we decorated flowerpots. Mine was beautiful. It said, “To the very best mom in the world,” and it had bunches of bright blue butterflies fluttering all over it. (I’m really good at drawing butterflies.) Next we filled our flowerpots with potting soil. Then we poked three holes in the soil, put a marigold seed into each hole, and filled the holes up again. We watered our plants every other school day, and we waited and watched until our marigolds finally appeared.

My teacher, Ms. Stockton, says that growing things takes a lot of
I love my baby brother, Maddux, and always want him to be safe. I’m his special job to put on and buckle his seatbelt. I am thankful Jesus loves everyone, but especially little children. So I am trying to show him by taking good care of my brothers. I used to think my little brother was a pest. But then I realized... "I'm so glad I have a baby brother!"