



By Bryan Bostick
(Based on a true story)

A friend loveth at all times (Proverbs 17:17).

When Rachel moved to our town, my teacher picked me to help her learn how our class works. I showed her where the library is and how we take attendance. It felt good to help her.

At recess, I introduced her to my friends. As we laughed and played together, I found out that Rachel and I had a lot in common. She fit right into my group of friends.



Rachel & Me

We were all getting along great until one day at lunch, a few weeks later. My friends and I are all in the same ward, and Sara was talking to Alexis about something that had happened at church the week before.

“Hey, Rachel,” Alexis said. “I haven’t seen you at church.”

“Oh, I don’t go to church,” Rachel said.

We were all silent. Rachel was so much like us. We automatically thought she would go to our church.

Over the next few days, my friends didn’t talk to Rachel as much.

“I don’t think we should play with Rachel anymore,” Sara said to me. “She doesn’t go to church.”

I knew it wasn’t right to leave Rachel out just because she didn’t go to church. But I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want to lose my friends.

One morning at recess, Rachel and I walked over to where Alexis and Sara were playing soccer.

“Can we play with you guys?” I asked.

“You’ll have to choose between Rachel and us,” Alexis said to me.

I didn’t know what to do. “Sorry, Rachel,” I muttered, and left her as I went to play soccer. Looking back, I saw Rachel standing against the wall with her head down.

The rest of the day I had a sick feeling. Over the next week, I tried not to look at Rachel so I wouldn’t feel bad. Each day it got a little easier to ignore her, but I still felt that sick feeling tying knots in my stomach.

One day, Rachel didn’t come to school. I went in the bathroom and cried. That night, I told my parents what happened.

“It’s OK to be friends with people who go to different churches or who don’t go to church at all,” Dad said.

“Could I go to Rachel’s house right now to apologize?” I asked.

“Of course,” Mom said. “We’ll take you.”

When we got to her house, Rachel was surprised to see me.

My eyes filled with tears as I tried to say, “I’m sorry.”

She started to cry too. Then she hugged me.

“It’s OK,” she said.

“I want to be friends again,” I said. “It was wrong for us to leave you out. Please come back to school.”

And the next day, Rachel did come back! We played and ate lunch together. Even though Rachel doesn’t go to church, I’m glad we can still be friends. ♦



“We need to reach out and extend our friendship to others regardless of whether they are interested in the gospel or not.”³

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

