

Praying

By Sherrie Gavin

Based on a true story

One hot summer day, Reese and Cheyenne invited Zara over to play. Mum made a snack. The girls sat at the table to eat.

Mum sliced mangoes from their mango tree. She put apple slices and grapes on a plate. Reese looked at the delicious food. She remembered to say a prayer before eating her snack. She asked Zara, "Do you pray at your house?"

"What's that?" Zara asked.

"Like this," said Cheyenne. She folded her arms and bowed her head. She asked a blessing on the food. When she was done, she said, "See? Like that. Easy!"

"We don't do that at our house. We just eat," said Zara.

Reese had never thought about *not* praying. "Mum," she said, "can we stop saying prayers?"



with Zara

Mum smiled as she carried cups of ice water to the table. “We like thanking Heavenly Father for what He has given us. We’re going to keep saying prayers. But it’s OK if other people don’t.”

Reesey knew Mum was right. She *was* happy when her family prayed. Maybe praying would make Zara happy too. “You could try it,” she said to Zara. “Prayers are good.”

“I like it when we pray,” said Cheyenne. “It makes me feel like a smile all over me inside.”

Zara smiled. “Maybe I will,” she said and ate a slice of mango.

Reesey and Cheyenne were happy they could tell their friend about praying. They all finished their snacks and ran back outside to play. ■

The author lives in Queensland, Australia.

