



I love my brother, but this was asking a lot.

By Kaci Rhodes Cronin

I thought I had life pretty much figured out. I had lots of friends, and my week was jam-packed with seminary, school, Church activities, and cheerleading. So when the weekend came, I was ready to kick back with my friends and have some time just for me.

Then one day my parents put a giant cramp in my 10th-grade style. I could continue to have Friday nights for myself, but Saturday was to be their official date night. And guess who was to be their official babysitter for my 11-year-old brother? You guessed it: me. I protested that I was being forced to miss out on everything my friends were doing on Saturday nights, but to no avail. I just knew this was the beginning of something terrible.





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The first Saturday babysitting night came around, and my brother picked out movies for us to watch. He excitedly began the first one as I pouted that this was going to be boring. When the movie began, I scanned the buffet of irresistible foods my parents had so strategically spread out on the table. The movies my brother had chosen were surprisingly not lame, and by the time all was said and done, we'd made quite a dent in the refreshments.

Another week passed and Saturday rolled around once more. This time we were going to make chocolate chip cookies together. They didn't turn out exactly like our mom's, but we didn't struggle to choke them down. In fact, we started up a little contest to see who could eat the most chocolate chip cookies without drinking any milk. When I gave up and chugged my glass of ice-cold goodness, my brother smiled from ear to ear.

Over the next two years, my Saturdays were filled with trips to the mall, games at the bowling alley, late-night

swims, eating out at just about every fast-food place imaginable, seeing movies, reading books, building forts, telling scary stories, and so much more. It didn't take long for me to realize that my Saturday babysitting episodes were not the beginning of something terrible after all. They were the beginning of something wonderful.

Saturday nights together with my brother helped me learn one of the most important lessons of my life. I was not stuck at home with my brother while all of my friends were out having fun. That wasn't even possible. I was no longer babysitting my brother; I was babysitting a friend.

I realize that we don't get to choose who will be our brother or our sister, but we do get to choose who will be our friend. I'm grateful for all of our Saturday nights together that have allowed us the chance to choose each other. **NE**

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