



Beanbag

By Jane McBride Choate

(Based on a true story)

Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another (Ephesians 4:32).

Zoey sat with her CTR 7 class in the Primary room. Sister Saxton, the Primary president, said, "Today we're going to play a game for sharing time."

Zoey leaned forward in her seat. She liked sharing

time, especially when Sister Saxton gave the lesson. Sister Saxton always had a smile, and she knew the name of every child.

"We're going to find good things to say about each other," Sister Saxton said. She held up a blue beanbag. "When someone tosses you the beanbag, he or she will say something nice about you. Then you think of someone you'd like to give a compliment to and toss the beanbag to him or her."

Zoey raised her hand. "What does giving a compliment mean?" she asked.

"It means saying something nice about someone." Sister Saxton tossed the beanbag to Gavin. "I like the way Gavin folds his arms."

Gavin's grin stretched from ear to ear. He held the beanbag for a few moments before tossing it to Janine. "Janine is always smiling," he said. "It makes me feel happy inside when I see her."

Zoey's teacher was the next to get the beanbag. She tossed it to Zoey. "Zoey helps new children feel welcome," she said.

WORDS



A sweet warmth spread through Zoey. She tossed the beanbag to Sister Ross, the Primary chorister. Sister Ross knew sign language and often taught the children how to sign the words of the songs. “Sister Ross makes learning the songs fun,” Zoey said.

Soon all the children and teachers had a turn.

“We can either build each other up or tear each other down with our words,” Sister Saxton said. “If we remember to use beanbag words, then we will build others up.”

Zoey thought about how she and her three brothers had argued the night before. She had wanted to watch a TV show about twin sisters. Her brothers had wanted to watch a football game. Finally, their mother came into the room and turned off the television. Zoey and her brothers had gone to bed angry with each other.

A sad feeling crept into Zoey’s heart as she remembered the unkind words she had said to her brothers. Even though they were older than she was, they often took her with them to get ice cream or go to a movie. She needed to tell them how much she loved them,

even when she argued with them.

After Primary, Mom was waiting for Zoey. “How was Primary?” Mom asked.

“It was great,” Zoey said. “I’ll tell you about it on the way home. I want to find Rob, Steve, and Hyrum. I have some things I need to tell them.” ♦

“I will do my part to strengthen my family.”

My Gospel Standards

