

Sister

Squabble

How could Jaide make things right with her sister?

By Richard M. Romney
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(Based on a true story)

"So I say to myself, 'Remember this: Kindness begins with me'"
(Children's Songbook, 145).

"Bridgette, have you seen my takkies?" Jaide said. Sometimes Bridgette borrowed Jaide's clothes. This time, Jaide's tennis shoes were missing.

"Bridgette!" Jaide called again. "Have you . . ."

Bridgette came into the room, holding Jaide's white shoes. Only they didn't look white anymore. They were covered with mud!

"What did you do?" Jaide said.

"I had to go outside," Bridgette said. "And it was raining. So I put on your shoes. But I stepped in some mud and . . ."

"You're always ruining my things!"

"And you're always mean to me!"

That's when Jaide heard awful words come out of her mouth: "I wish you weren't my sister!"

Bridgette started to cry. Then she ran out of the room.

Jaide started to cry too. She hadn't meant to say that.

Jaide looked out the window. Along the street she could see the lavender blossoms of the jacaranda trees.



There were lots of them where her family lived in South Africa.

Usually, seeing the pretty trees made Jaide feel happy. But right now she didn't feel happy at all. She had hurt Bridgette's feelings with those sharp, ugly words.

Now she wasn't sure what to do. She sat down at the table and looked at her scriptures. Last night she had been reading a story with Dad and Bridgette. It was about when an angry crowd came to take Jesus away.

Jaide opened her scriptures to that part and read, "And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear."

The disciple must have been really angry that Jesus was being taken away. Jaide read the next verse:

"Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matthew 26:51-52).

Then Jesus healed the man's ear. Jesus was kind, even though the man was there to hurt Him.

Now Jaide realized what she needed to do. She needed to forgive her sister, like Jesus would. And then she would try to help her heal from the cutting things she had said earlier.

Jaide bowed her head and said a little prayer. "Please, Heavenly Father, help me make things right with Bridgette."

Jaide looked out at the jacaranda trees again. She got a piece of paper and started drawing. She drew a picture of their street, lined with the beautiful trees. In

the corner, she wrote, "I love you, Bridgette!" Then she went to find her sister.

Bridgette was sitting alone, staring at the floor.

"I made this for you." Jaide held out her picture of the jacaranda trees.

Bridgette looked at the picture. "Thank you! It's so pretty!"

"What I said was mean," Jaide said. "I'm really sorry."

"But I ruined your shoes."

"It's OK," Jaide said. "I forgive you. Will you forgive me for saying something horrible that I didn't really mean?"

"Yes!" Bridgette said. "Do you still want to be sisters?"

"Of course! I love you, and I want to be your sister forever."

She liked the way those loving, happy words felt coming out of her mouth. It felt good to follow Jesus. ●

