

More than a Good Practice Day



The feeling to talk to her got stronger. "I really feel like we should," he said. He took Papá's hand and walked over to her.

"Good morning, ma'am," Ismael said with a wave.

The woman didn't look up. "What do you want?"

Ismael could tell she wasn't very happy. But that didn't stop him. "I wanted to tell you that you are doing a great job!"

This time the woman looked up at him.

Ismael smiled. "Thank you for taking care of the park!"

The woman smiled back. "Thank you," she said. Then her smile got even bigger. "Thank you very much."

Ismael felt happy as he walked home with Papá.

"I think what you said was important to her," Papá said. "I'm glad you listened to the feeling you had."

"Me too." Ismael thought for a moment. Then he asked, "Do you think it was the Holy Ghost?"

Papá nodded. "Sometimes the Holy Ghost gives us a thought to help someone. And that's exactly what you did."

Ismael grinned. Talking to the lady was just a small thing, but he had made her day better. Listening to the Holy Ghost had made his day better too! ●

By Carolina Maldonado Leyes

(Based on a true story)

This story took place in Bolivia.

Ismael smiled as he stepped outside into the sunshine. He and Papá were going to the park. As they walked, Ismael held Papá's hand and carried his football. Ismael liked to spend time with Papá—especially when they played football!

When they got to the park, Ismael looked around. A lady was weeding near the football field. A family was walking on the sidewalk. But no one was playing on the football field. Ismael and Papá would have lots of room to practice!

"Ready to play?" Papá asked.

"Yes!" Ismael ran as fast as he could onto the field. He did zigzag drills, penalty kicks, and corner shots.

Papá kicked the ball hard. It flew right over Ismael's head!

"I'll get it," Ismael said. He ran to the corner of the field and picked up the ball. He saw the lady still digging in the dirt. She looked tired.

"I'll be goalie now," called Papá. "See if you can score!"

Ismael ran back and kicked the ball toward the goal. Papá reached out to stop it but barely missed.

"Goaaaal!" Ismael cheered as the ball hit the net.

Soon a whole hour had passed. "Time to go home," Papá said.

Ismael looked back at the woman weeding. *Working in the sun isn't as fun as playing football*, he thought. He wanted to cheer her up. Then he had an idea.

"Papá, don't you think that lady is doing a good job?" he asked.

"What?" Papá looked over at the woman. "Ah, yes."

"I think we should go tell her!" said Ismael.

"Well, we need to hurry home. Mamá is waiting for us," Papá said.

Ismael watched the woman wipe her forehead.



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