

Kindness at CAMP

By Jordan Monson Wright
(Based on a true story)

This story happened in the USA.

Kat rubbed her prosthetic arm nervously as Mom drove down the dirt road. "Mom, I'm scared."

Mom gave her a soft smile. "I know. But I think you will like summer camp, honey. Think of all the new kids you will meet."

Kat said nothing, but inside she thought, *That's what I'm afraid of.*

Soon they arrived at the day camp. Mom went with Kat to talk to her camp counselor, Brian. "Kat had her arm amputated as a baby," Mom told him. "It won't affect how she plays, but sometimes it makes meeting new people a little hard."

"Don't worry, Kat," said Brian. "We're all happy to have you here."

Kat had fun meeting the kids in her group. They named themselves the Purple Tigers. They went on a hike, ate cheese and crackers, and had foot races. Kat was one of the fastest in the group.

At the end of the day, Brian announced that they would compete against another group in a sack race. Kat hoped the Purple Tigers would win!

When it was her turn, Kat pulled the sack around her knees and began to jump. But the sack was hard to hold up with one hand, and she tripped over the heavy fabric. Kat fell and rolled onto the grass. By the time she got back up, the other team had finished the race. Kat's team had lost.

That night at dinner, Kat told her parents about the sack-race disaster. "I don't want to go back to camp," she said. "The team lost because of me. They won't want me to come back."



Kat knew how it felt to be different.



"I'm sorry, sweetie." Mom gave Kat a hug. "I'm sure your new friends still love you. And you know who will always love you no matter what?"

"You will." Kat smiled a little.

"Yes. We love you! And so does your Heavenly Father. You're His child too, remember?"

"It sounds like you had fun before the sack race," said Dad. "Why don't you give camp one more try?" Kat nodded. "OK."

Dad smiled. "Try to notice when people are kind to you. And look for ways to be kind to others. That always helps me when I'm having a hard time."

The next day at camp, the kids from Kat's group greeted her with high-fives and hugs. No one mentioned the sack race, and Kat forgot how worried she had been. She told jokes with her new friends while they waited for the activities to start.

Then Counselor Brian walked over to the group. Next to him was a boy Kat's age. "Attention, Purple Tigers," said Brian, "we have a new friend today. His name is Rodrigo. Rodrigo only speaks Spanish,

so we are trying to find a counselor who speaks Spanish to help him."

Kat was learning Spanish at her school, but she only knew a little. She was too scared to try to talk to Rodrigo.

Then she looked at him. He looked scared too. *Not speaking the same language as the other kids must be hard,* she thought. She knew how it felt to be different.

Kat remembered how all her new friends had welcomed her to the group. They made her feel loved, just like Jesus would. She wanted to do that for Rodrigo too.

Kat remembered how to say "hello" in Spanish. So she took a deep breath and walked up to Rodrigo. "Hola," she said with a smile.

Rodrigo's worried look went away, and he smiled back. Kat held out her prosthetic hand.

"¿Amigos?" she asked. *Friends?*

Rodrigo's smile got bigger. He took her hand and shook it. "Amigos." ●



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