

# Forgiveness

## by Marissa Garcia

Good morning boys and girls and happy Sabbath. Today I'm gonna bring you the children's story okay.

So today's story is about a boy named Frank and he was playing soccer with his friends and all of a sudden his friend Miguel throws a ball to him and Frank was ready to do his winning shot boom to the to the goalie and all of a sudden crash.

Oh, no. Oh, my goodness. Oh, my goodness. He got up and he was holding his wrist and his wrist was like, what happened? What's wrong? He's like, I hurt my wrist. I hurt. I heard it crack. I swear I hurt my wrist.

And his friend Miguel goes, "You're fine, don't worry about it. Let's just keep playing. We just got out here." He goes, "No, no, no. It hurts." And his friend Diego was like, "Let me see it." And then he looked at his wrist and he goes, "It looks fine to me. It's doesn't look swollen. Come on, let's just keep playing." And Fred's like, "No, it really hurts. I want to go home."

And they're like, "It's fine, stop being a baby, stop crying, let's just keep playing." And Frank was getting mad, so Frank said, "I'm just gonna go home." So as he turned around to walk home, he can still hear them, Miguel and Diego, and they're making fun of him. "Hey, hey, hey, let me go home, I wanna cry baby."

Oh, Frank was so upset. He even forgot about his pain and he's like he didn't want to cry. But all he was so mad that he started crying and he couldn't believe his best buddies have been such jerks and making fun of him. So he gets home and he's like dad, "I hurt my wrist when I was playing soccer." And His dad said "Let me see your wrist. Doesn't look so then why don't we just wrap it up and wait until tomorrow and see how you feel." Frank said okay

So it's the next morning. Frank gets up, goes straight to his dad. Dad, my arm's still hurt. He's like, okay, let's go to the doctor. So they go to the doctor. They do x-rays. And yes, indeed, his wrist was broken. So they put a cast on his wrist and off he went home. And as he and his dad were driving home, Frank was like, I can't believe my buddies were such jerks. Oh, I never want to see them again. I hate them.

So as he's driving up to his driveway, guess who's there in the front yard? Miguel and Diego. So they're coming towards the car. "Hey, Frank!" And Fred's like, "Oh, you don't want to see them. Why do you do that?" "Hey, what's up?" And then he gets off the car and they're like, "Whoa, Frank, what happened?" He's all like, "I broke my wrist." "Oh, are you okay?" "I'm okay." And they're like, "Oh gosh, my friend was pissed. I'm never gonna see them again." That's it. And Miguel and Diego goes, "Hey Frank, sorry, sorry dude, we were being so mean to you. We didn't know you were that hurt, but we shouldn't have done that. We're sorry." And Frank's like, "Yeah, whatever." And then he's walking back inside his house.

And something came into his mind like, oh, God, should I forgive them or not? I really don't want to. Fine. So he turns around and he's all like, "you know, you guys got me really upset. I can't believe you guys didn't believe me that I was hurt." "They're like, we're sorry, dude. We didn't mean to do that. We were just messing around, but we shouldn't have done that. We're sorry." And Frank's like, "yeah, whatever." And they started walking inside. He's like, "okay, that's fine. I accept your apology.

"Okay, we'll see you tomorrow, Frank." Okay, bye, bye, whatever. And he was walking inside. All of a sudden, he felt relieved. He said, wow, I don't feel that pressure anymore. I feel kind of relaxed. I'm kind of happy that we forgave each other. So he felt more relaxed than he was all day tired, upset, thinking about over and over how they hurt his feelings.

So boys and girls, the Bible teaches us that we have to learn how to forgive. The verse in the Bible says, Ephesians 4.32, Instead, be kind to each other, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, just as God through Jesus has forgiven you. So boys and girls, if anybody asks you to forgive you, your brother, your sister, your friend, somebody at school, accept their apology, okay?

Well, enjoy the rest of your Sabbath, and until next time, bye.