

Practice Makes Perfect

Becky Rademacher Godfrey, "Practice Makes Perfect," *Friend*, March 1999

There was once a boy named Eric who loved to play basketball. According to Eddy, the team's student manager, he's the third grader most likely to make a shot. His mom says he plays so well because he plays so often. "Practice makes perfect," she says. Today he discovered that he could use some practice at something besides basketball.

At lunch, Eric and his friend Kurt were walking toward their usual table when he saw Trevor sitting alone. Trevor is a boy who sometimes comes to primary in Eric's ward. Yesterday Sister McKay, Eric's primary teacher asked him to stay after class. She asked him to invite Trevor to primary. Eric knew he should talk to Trevor right away, but he didn't want to. He thought, "I have all week to ask him to Primary. I don't need to do it right now."

He must have felt a little guilty, though, because Eric ate his lunch much more slowly than usual. After about fifteen minutes, everyone else was out on the playground, but he was still eating. The lunchroom was practically empty except for Eric and Trevor. Eric finally went and sat by him. Trevor was quiet at first but then started talking about Boston, where his family had moved from. Eric was so busy listening to Trevor that he barely remembered to ask him to church the next Sunday.

That night at family home evening, Eric learned the parable about the sheep and the goats. When scripture came up that said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Eric wondered if he was really ignoring Jesus when he ignored Trevor.

He told his parents about what had happened at school that day and asked them if it made him a goat because he did something good but he really didn't want to do it in the first place. "Today you were kind because you knew it was right, but hopefully you will learn to help others because you love them as Jesus does. This may take time and practice."

Eric decided to have lunch with Trevor the next day. "Besides, Trevor is even taller than me," Eric thought. "Maybe he can hit the outside jumper."