

## Service of Your Fellow Beings

"Dad," Auggie sighed as he continued to rake the leaves in Sister Freeman's front lawn. "How much longer do we have to do this? I was going to hang out with Sam today."

"Well with her husband passing away so suddenly, times have been hard for Sister Freeman," Dad said as he pulled another weed by the side of the house. "Her husband used to do most of the yard work."

"Yeah, well maybe it's time she learned how to do yardwork herself," Auggie grumbled.

"Auggie," Dad gave Auggie a stern look. He thought for a moment then brushed the dirt off his hands as he walked to Auggie. He bent over to be eye level with him. "Did you know that when we serve others, we are serving God?"

"What do you mean?" Auggie asked.

"There's a scripture I want you to memorize. It's Mosiah 2:17. 'When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God.' God is so happy when we serve others. He has asked us to be His hands and help people. So like I said, when we serve others, we are serving God. Yes, Sister Freeman could probably do the yardwork on her own, but I want to make God happy."

"Oh," Auggie felt ashamed of his comment he made a moment ago. "That's really nice of you."

"Instead of complaining, let's remember who we're serving," Dad gave Auggie a side hug and walked back to the weeds he had been pulling.

Auggie stood and looked around the lawn. He and Dad had done a lot of work. He imagined how hard it would have been for Sister Freeman to do all by herself. She is probably very happy to have help. With determination Auggie began to rake again. As he raked, he thought about what Dad had said. We need to be God's hands by serving others. And when we do, we will be happy, the people we serve will be happy, and God will be happy.