

An act of kindness

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A time when someone chose kindness was when my family and I were on vacation in Belize during mid-winter break. We had just come back from an island off the coast of mainland Belize called San Pedro, and we were going to another hotel in the city of San Ignacio. We had to travel by plane from San Pedro to Belize City, and then, a driver took us in a van for a 2-hour drive to San Ignacio.

When we arrived at the hotel, I saw that they had a tennis court! I was super excited, as I had really wanted to play tennis, which is hard because it rains a lot in Seattle where I live. The problem was no one else had wanted to go and play with me. I think it is because they were exhausted and tired from the long day of traveling. My dad was about to take a long nap, and my mom wanted to “freshen up” before dinner with friends (I didn’t really understand why that meant she couldn’t play).

I was trying to be understanding, but I must admit I was a little disappointed and let down. Then, an amazing thing happened: my older brother said, “I’ll go with you to play some tennis,” and I was super excited, happy, and grateful that he was giving me his time. I believe that my dad was also very thankful, probably because he was about to fall asleep right at that moment.

We played for a while, getting used to the much bigger rackets. Suddenly, my serve had us rallying for seven whole minutes! We were starting to get better with these massive, oversized rackets when it was getting dark, so we headed back to the hotel restaurant and had some Belizean dinner with my parents and friends.

It was a small act of kindness from my brother. While sometimes I feel that he takes pleasure in annoying me, he has these moments where he shows me kindness through actions by putting my wants and needs first. This was a good reminder for me about how simple acts can mean so much, and it made me feel so good to receive that love.

Thank you for reading my story.