

More Than A Medal

Mandy was in a rush to get home from school. It wasn't her regular Tuesday afternoon. It was different today, she had her gymnastics competition. She couldn't be late, or worse, miss it. This was the competition she had trained three years for. Mandy, worrying about her competition, doesn't notice her elderly neighbor, Mrs. Cooper, standing with both of her grocery bags there on the sidewalk.

As Mrs. Cooper reached out her hand to grab the thin plastic bags, a small tear appeared on one of the bags. The tear only grew bigger, and in the blink of an eye ... *Rip!* The bag split into two, letting out a carton of milk, a bag of oranges, and a watermelon. Mrs. Cooper was embarrassed as ever. Mandy heard the *rip* behind her. Curiously, she turned to look.

Mandy saw the embarrassed look on Mrs. Cooper's face. Without thinking twice, Mandy ran back toward her., "A wild bunch you got there, huh?", Mandy said as she reached out for a bag she had in her backpack. "Take this, much stronger than the one that tore," , she said with a smile on her face as she began to pick the fallen groceries up. "Thank you dear, we need more people like you in this world," Ms. Cooper said in a shaky laugh. "No problem", Mandy blushed.

After helping Mrs. Cooper, she checked the time, and her stomach dropped. She was cutting close. But as she rushed home, she wasn't stressed. She arrived at the competition on time and executed her routine with confidence. But she realized, winning would be amazing – but even little acts of love can feel better than any medal.