



By Juliann Tenney Doman

(Based on a true story)

“Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy” (Exodus 20:8).

“Way to go, everyone! Great job on our presentation!” Nathan smiled as he held up their first-place ribbon. The other members of the farming club high-fived each other. “We’d better head out so we won’t get home too late,” Nathan said. He was the club president. The group had a two-hour drive ahead of them, and after leading his team to victory, Nathan was looking forward to getting home in time for Sunday.

“We talked to Mr. Wimple, and he said we could stay another night and go back tomorrow,” Rand said.

Nathan looked at Mr. Wimple, one of the group advisers. “But we’re supposed to be back before Sunday.”

Mr. Wimple shrugged. “Well, everyone seemed to want to stay, so I thought it would be OK this time. I’ll call parents for permission.”

“What’s the big deal, Nathan?” Rand asked. “We can stay and have fun tonight and go home later tomorrow.”

The other club members had gathered around to listen. They looked at Nathan to see what he would say.

“But . . . we were supposed to go home tonight,” Nathan said. “And I need to be back for church tomorrow.” Nathan liked going to church with his family. Plus, tomorrow he was going to pass the sacrament for the first time! He couldn’t do that if he was stuck here with the club.

“Come on, Nathan, you’re going to ruin it for all of us,” Abby complained. “There’s stuff we wanted to do tonight.”

“Well, maybe not this time,” Mr. Wimple said. “I guess we’d better head home.”

The kids all groaned as Mr. Wimple and his wife led them outside.

On the bus ride home, Nathan sat alone. The others had pushed past him and said some rude things as they headed to the back of the bus. Nathan felt hurt

and sad. But he was still glad they were going home.

As Nathan walked into the chapel the next morning, he thought about what had happened yesterday. It felt good to be at church. The Holy Ghost was telling him that he was in the right place on the Sabbath. And he was excited to pass the sacrament!

On Monday, Nathan felt a little nervous going to school. The farming club was meeting early to talk about their next competition. Would they still be mad about what happened on Saturday?

“You’re late, Nathan,” Rand called out from the front of the room.

Nathan looked at the clock. Actually, he was five minutes early.

“We changed the meeting time,” Rand said. “And we changed the president. I’m the president now, and I’ll actually listen to what the rest of the club wants.”

Nathan almost dropped his bag. He couldn’t believe it! He knew the others had been angry, but he hadn’t

thought they would find a new president. At least they hadn’t tried to kick him out of the club.

“I wish you’d waited for me so I could at least be part of the vote,” Nathan said as he found a chair and sat down.

“Too late,” Rand said as he turned to the other kids.

Maybe too late to make a choice on the vote, Nathan thought. But he could always choose how to act. Even though he felt sad, he felt peaceful inside too. When it came to choosing where to be on the Sabbath, Nathan knew he’d made the right choice. ●

The author lives in Colorado, USA.



“Righteous choices bring greater confidence in God, and your faith grows.”

Elder Neil L. Andersen of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

“Faith Is Not by Chance, but by Choice,” Ensign, Nov. 2015, 67.