

By Maryssa Dennis
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(Based on a true story)

"I have a family here on earth. . . . I want to share my life with them through all eternity" (Hymns, no. 300).

Zamu sped across the yard on his blue bicycle. His two-year-old brother, Zinathi, was right behind him on his red scooter.

"Come on, let's go again!" Zamu said when they reached the edge of the yard. He turned around and pedaled as fast as he could back to the front. The wind rushed over his face.

"Zamu and Zinathi!" Zamu shouted.

Zinathi laughed. He shouted with Zamu.

"Zamu and Zinathi! Zamu and Zinathi!"

They rode across the yard, back and forth, back and forth, until Zamu's legs were too tired to pedal anymore.

"Let's take a break," Zamu panted.

"Come over here and rest," Dad called from the trampoline.

Zamu parked his bike and took Zinathi by the hand. He helped his little brother climb onto the trampoline.

Then he climbed up and sat beside Dad.

"Were you having fun?" Dad asked.

"Yeah!" Zinathi said.

Zamu lay back on the trampoline with a sigh. The sky above him was bright blue, and the sun felt warm on his skin.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" Dad said.

Zamu nodded. He closed his eyes and listened to the birds sing while Dad talked to Zinathi. He was getting sleepy.

"Zamu."

He opened his eyes. Zinathi was leaning over his face.

"What?" Zamu asked.

"Let's go!" Zinathi pointed to his scooter.

"Not now. I'm resting."

Zinathi's mouth slipped into a frown.

"Sorry," Zamu said. "I'm too tired."

Zinathi tugged at Zamu's arm. "Come on!"

"No! I already played with you!"

"Zamu," Dad said.

Zamu looked over at him.

"One day, when he's older, Zinathi will remember how you used to play together. The memories you make now will live in his heart."

Zamu looked back into his little brother's big brown eyes.

"Please?" Zinathi asked.

Zamu still didn't feel like playing. But he did want to make memories with Zinathi.

He smiled. "OK."

Zinathi's face lit up. "Yay!"

Zamu hopped down from the trampoline and helped Zinathi get back on his scooter. Then he swung his leg over his own bike.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yeah!"

Together they rode across the yard. "Zamu and Zinathi!" they shouted again.

Zamu was still tired, but it was a good kind of tired. His legs felt strong as he pedaled behind Zinathi. *I hope Zinathi will remember this, he thought. I'll remember it forever.* ●

This story took place in Gauteng, South Africa. Thanks to Zamu S. for sharing your story!

Bicycle Brothers



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIDE ORTU

Want to make memories with someone you love? Turn to page 35 to make a plan!