

My name is Olivia. I'm six. My brother Grayson is four. We like to go to the park with Mom. My favorite part is the swing. When I stretch my toes, I can almost reach the trees!

I watch the other kids chase each other. It looks like fun, but I don't play with them. I just swing and watch and imagine.

The other kids are playing with

their brothers and sisters. I wish Grayson could run and play with me, but he can't walk or talk. He sits in his wheelchair next to Mom. He watches the kids playing too. And he watches me swing. He smiles when I go high.

Yesterday Mom found a new park. I ran to the swings. I saw the kids playing below, and I started to wish again. I closed my eyes.

Suddenly I was flying an airplane! I was flying the other kids to visit Grayson.

I felt the swing go up and down. It felt like a ship—a pirate ship! Now Grayson and I were sailing across the ocean, looking for treasure. He steered the ship. I read the map.

I heard Grayson laugh. I opened my eyes and looked at the bench. But Grayson wasn't there. Mom had put him next to me in a big red swing!

Mom pushed the swing. Grayson laughed and *whooshed* through the air. We were swinging and laughing together!

Finally we stopped. I looked at Mom and said, "I'm glad Heavenly Father gave me Grayson for a brother." ♦

The author lives in Texas, USA.

