



By Jane McBride
(Based on a true story)

Miguel liked to help Mama in the garden. He covered the tiny seeds with dirt. He gave them some water. But not too much.

"You are doing a good job," Mama said. "Soon we will have lots of good things to eat."

Miguel smiled. He was happy to help.

In a few days, small sprouts poked through the dirt. Miguel watered the plants. He pulled weeds that grew next to them.

Each day the plants grew a little taller.

One day, he saw a worm. He didn't know what to do. He didn't want to hurt it. But would it hurt the plants? His family got most of their food from the garden.

"Mama, look!" He pointed to the worm. It wiggled in the dirt. "Will it hurt the plants?"

She shook her head no and smiled. "Worms are good for the garden."

Miguel watched the worm dig into the ground. "It's making holes in

the dirt!" he said.

"That's what it's supposed to do. It's breaking up the dirt so the roots can grow strong. It's one of Heavenly Father's creatures. It has its own special purpose." Mama kissed Miguel on the top of his head. "Just like you do."

Miguel dug around the plants. He was careful not to hurt the worm. He saw other worms. He smiled as they dug their tunnels.

Miguel liked the worms. He wanted to treat all of Heavenly Father's creatures with respect. ●

Miguel and the Worm