

Your Wish Is My Command

By: Katelyn Haynes

“Geez!” screamed Shelby as she slammed the door. “Why can’t siblings get along?”

Shelby was very annoyed. Her older brother, Paul, had just fed one of her mice to his snake. “I wish everybody was perfect! I wish nobody would hurt anybody’s feelings! I wish I had my mouse! I wish I…”

“Shelby, it’s time for dinner.” called Paul.

“I’m not hungry,” Shelby yelled.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re hungry or not! Mom and dad have something to tell us.” hollered Paul.

“Fine!” yelled Shelby. Then she added. “But I’m not going to eat anything.”

Shelby didn’t enjoy the conversation they had at dinner that night. She found that her Grandmother Weeks had died. Her mom gave her a lamp that had belonged to her grandmother.

“What’s this for?” asked Shelby.

“Well,” said her mom, “I had to figure that out the hard way, and I’m sure you will, too.” That night as Shelby was doing her devotion, she prayed for Paul to be kind to her. Shelby couldn’t go to sleep that night. She was so bothered about Paul. She cried in her pillow, “I wish the world was perfect. I wish nobody died. I wish everything was free!”

Suddenly a light turned on in her room. It was the lamp! It was glowing and changing colors and floating!

A genie swirled out of the lamp and said, “Your wish is my command.”

Common sense rushed into Shelby and she cried, “No! I didn’t mean what I said!” Overwhelmed by the confusion, Shelby fainted.

The next morning Shelby woke up and went downstairs.

“Good morning, Shelby,” greeted Paul, “what would you like for breakfast?”

Paul was acting more cheerful than usual but Shelby ignored that and ordered eggs.

“Would you like to go shopping after this?” asked Paul.

“I don’t have any money, but I would,” Shelby answered.

“Who needs money? Everything’s free!” explained Paul.

“Really?” asked Shelby, but didn’t hear Mariah’s response.

Just then the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it,” said Paul. Shelby heard the door open.

“Hi, Grandma Weeks”, said Paul cheerfully.

“What?” screamed Shelby, “Grandma’s dead! We had her memorial service!”

“Oh, be quiet,” said her grandmother. “No one has died in all of history! I’m going to meet Elvis tomorrow.”

“Elvis is DEAD!”

“Shelby, are you feeling all right?” asked Paul.

“Am I feeling all right?” bellowed Shelby. “I’m the only human in the WORLD who hasn’t lost common sense! Grandma is dead! Elvis is...”

Before she could finish, the doorbell rang again.

“I’ll get it,” said Paul. “Oh, hi, Moses!” he said when he opened the door. “And look, you brought the Israelites!”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!” screamed Shelby.

“Oh Shelby,” said Moses, “the Lord says...”

“I don’t care what the Lord...” And then it hit her. “The genie,” she said under her breath. “Sorry, Moses, Grandma, Paul, I’ve got to go.”

She held the lamp and stated, “I wish I could see the genie again.”

The genie swirled out of the lamp again and asked, “What shall I do for you?”

“I wish the world was back to normal!” cried Shelby.

“I’m sorry. I cannot help you. The answer is in your Bible.”

“What?” asked Shelby.

“You know what I mean,” whispered the genie. Shelby looked over her shoulder. Her Bible was opened to Psalms 34:6. She read, “the poor man called, and the LORD heard him: He saved him out of all his troubles.” “Wow,” whispered Shelby. She placed her hand on her Bible and prayed, “Lord, I give my anxiety into your hands. Restore peace in my heart. Please make the world back to normal...”

“Say no more sweet child. Your Father has heard your request.” It was the last voice Shelby heard before she fell asleep.

The next morning as Shelby was praying, she realized that she had solved her problem. The Lord would help her show grace, love, and compassion toward Paul. She knew that Paul was not perfect and neither was she.