

Thankfulness

On one gloomy evening when I was spread out relaxing on my bean bag, a sudden swing from my door troubled me. My mom hurried into my bedroom with a bright grin creasing her skin.

"Honey, you've finished your homework, right?" She asked out of context.

I exhaustedly arched an eyebrow at her, "yes?"

My mom nodded as she pulled out her cell phone from her pocket. She unlocked it, and I watched her tap to open an app. I was confused.

"Your relative's daughter is having a communion, and she would like for you to do a special favor for her."

I blinked. What kind of favor is even possible to be done for a *communion*? I leaned in back to melt into the beanbag even more. Shifting my gaze to the ceiling, I hoped it wouldn't be too big of a favor.

"What is it?" I mumbled reluctantly.

"She wants to hang up a big poster that welcomes the guests. And if you haven't already guessed, you know you are a creative girl. Your relative wants you to make a special big poster that reads *Welcome To Natalia's Communion*."

I opened my mouth to protest, but my mom hadn't finished talking.

"Her communion is next weekend, can you please make this by then?" My mom looked at me with a weak smile.

I sighed, but the corners of my lips rose a bit.

"Okay, I can make it." I pulled myself up from my bean bag and pulled out color pencils.

I knew I could rely on my hardworkingness, it was one of my personality traits that I was grateful for.

It was a Saturday that day, and I immediately got to *hard* work. I spent the rest of the evening scribbling color pencils, blending them together, and blasting music in the process. I knew I had to put my best effort in, so I did. I fixed the sloppy lines instead of just leaving them like a normal person would. Colored in the smallest details instead of leaving them white.

By Sunday night, there were colorful bold letters that read *Welcome To Natalia's Communion!* with flowers peeking from the corners of the poster board.

"That looks amazing!" My mom had walked in when I closed the last cap of the marker I just used. She hovered her fingers over the flowers, mesmerized.

I couldn't help but smile. Without my hardworkingness, I wouldn't have been able to finish that. I wouldn't have received grins from the girl who had her communion. I wouldn't receive gasps from the girl's mother. Wouldn't have received compliments from the guests when they were aware who made that little poster.

This moment in my life helped me realize that being hardworking is something to be thankful for. Putting effort mattered in that poster.