



## Kenan's Compassionate Visit

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On a quiet morning, bright like a blank page, Kenan woke up early, his thoughts filled with his friend Omar, who hadn't been to school for days because he was sick. Kenan's heart was small, but it was brimming with big feelings of love.



He quietly approached his mother, his voice soft. "Mom, I want to visit Omar... I want to make him happy," he whispered, looking up with earnest eyes.



His mother smiled warmly and gently patted his head. "A visit, Kenan, isn't just entering a house; it's compassion carried in the heart. We'll go quietly, speak gently, and sit only a little while so we don't tire him."



Kenan carefully held his small gift, a cheerful drawing he had made. He walked with a feeling of indescribable happiness bubbling within him, eager to share his joy.



Hand in hand with his mother, Kenan strolled along the sunlit path to Omar's house. Each step felt light and purposeful, filled with the warmth of his loving mission.



When he stepped into Omar's room, he found his friend resting quietly. But Omar's eyes, though a little tired, instantly lit up with a bright sparkle when he saw Kenan.



Kenan sat down gently near Omar, lowering his voice out of respect. "We've missed you so much at school, Omar," he said kindly, "everyone is waiting for you to come back."



Omar smiled, feeling lighter, as if Kenan's kind words were a secret medicine. Kenan didn't talk too much or ask bothersome questions; instead, he shared cheerful stories about a little bird he saw and how their teacher had asked about Omar.



Before it was time to leave, Kenan offered a heartfelt prayer for his friend. "I ask God to grant you a complete recovery, leaving no trace of illness," he said sincerely.



On the way home, Kenan felt a wonderful, glowing happiness in his chest. He realized that visiting the sick doesn't just help the patient; it also heals the visitor's heart and teaches us how to be a truly compassionate friend.