

**By Liz Charles**

(Based on a true story)

*“For there are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God” (D&C 46:11).*

**S**ister Meacham stood up in Primary and said, “Boys and girls, we want you to share your wonderful talents at our Primary Celebrations Show!”

Allison slid down in her chair. What could *she* possibly perform at a talent show? She didn’t sing, play an instrument, dance, or do anything else like that.

Her best friend, Sarah, leaned over. “I know what song I want to sing!”

“You’ll be awesome,” Allison said. And she would, too. Sarah had such a pretty singing voice. And, of course, Courtney was incredible on the piano. Allison glanced around the room. Everybody else had a special talent. Everybody but her.

Later that day Allison helped Mom deliver some surprise cookies to Sister Moody. Allison rang the doorbell.

“Who’s there?” asked a soft voice.

“Sister Andrews,” answered Mom. “And my daughter. We wanted to drop off some of Allison’s homemade cookies.”

Sister Moody opened the door, and her face lit up in a big smile. “My favorite!” Sister Moody took the plate gratefully. “What a talent. Thank you so much for sharing it with me.”

Allison’s heart skipped a beat. Baking cookies was a *talent*?

During the car ride home, Allison glanced up at Mom. “Mom, Sister Moody said baking cookies is a talent. Is she right?”

“You bet she is.”

“But . . . well, you can’t bake cookies on a stage. Nobody claps when you mix dough in a bowl or pull cookies out of the oven.”

Allison always figured making cookies was no big deal. She’d made that chocolate chip recipe so many times she had it memorized.

“Not all talents belong on a stage, sweetheart,” Mom said. “Some people are thoughtful friends or wonderful gardeners. Being able to cook well is definitely a talent not everyone has.”

Allison thought about what Mom had said. Was





Not every talent  
needs a stage.

it really that simple? A moment later she asked, almost in a whisper, “Do you think I could bake cookies for the Primary talent show?”

Mom reached over and squeezed Allison’s hand. “I think that’s a great idea.”

On the day of the talent show, Allison rushed home from school and started baking. She made five batches of her favorite chocolate chip cookies. The house filled with the smell of chocolaty goodness.

At the talent show, Allison sat next to Sarah and Courtney.

“Your name’s not on the program,” Sarah said. “Aren’t you doing anything?”

“Yes. But it’s a surprise.”

One by one her friends performed. Allison clapped loudly each time. They really were impressive. When everyone finished, Sister Meacham stood and thanked everyone for participating.

“Often we only think of talents as being good at music, art, and singing,” Sister Meacham said. “However, talents come in many different forms. Tonight Allison wanted to share her own special talent. After the closing prayer, you’re all invited into the next room to enjoy her homemade chocolate chip cookies.”

*Ooh’s* and *Mmm’s* filled the room. After the prayer everybody hurried into the next room.

“These are so good,” Sarah said, taking a bite of her second cookie.

“I wish I could make cookies this yummy!” Courtney said.

Within minutes, only crumbs remained. Everyone complimented Allison on the delicious cookies. She felt so happy inside. Sister Moody was right. She had a talent to share after all. ♦



“You need never feel inferior. You need never feel that you were born without talents.”<sup>2</sup>

President Gordon B. Hinckley (1910–2008)

I’m really good at making people laugh.



That’s a great talent!