



The Little Bread Wagon

By Gayle Kinney-Cornelius
(Based on a true story)

Sammy opened his eyes. It was a new day! He yawned. There was a yummy smell in the air.

Mmmm, Papa is making bread! Sammy thought.

Papa baked bread for the family every Saturday. Sammy liked to watch him take the crispy brown loaves out of the oven. Papa always gave Sammy the first slice.

But today isn't Saturday, Sammy thought. Why is Papa baking?

Sammy decided to find out. He walked to the kitchen and asked Papa what was going on.

"Do you remember what the bishop asked us to do?" Papa asked.

Sammy nodded. "He asked us help other people. And I helped Sister Martin take her bag upstairs, remember?"

"You did a good job," Papa said. "I decided to pray about how I could help someone. I had the idea that I could bake bread to share."

Sammy looked in the oven window. He counted the loaves of bread.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four. Who will you give the bread to?"

"That's something I need your help with," Papa said. "I thought one loaf could go to Sister Martin. And two loaves could go to the Miller family. Who do you think we could give the fourth loaf to?"

Sammy thought about it.

"What about Mr. Lee?" Sammy asked. Mr. Lee lived in their apartment building. He didn't go outside very much. Mostly he just watched people from his window.

"That's a great idea," Papa said.

After the bread was done baking, Sammy helped Papa wrap the bread. Then Sammy got his wagon. They put the loaves inside.

"The bread wagon is ready to roll!" Sammy said.

Sammy helped Papa pull the wagon. Sammy's heart felt nice and warm, just like the bread they were about to share! ●

The author lives in Vermont, USA.

See *Come, Follow Me* for Mosiah 18–24.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSH KEELE

