

A Tiny Piece of Bread

By Glenda Méndez de López
(Based on a true story)

This story took place in Guatemala.

"I'm so excited to go to church at the chapel!" Anahí said at breakfast.

Because of the COVID-19 pandemic, Anahí and her family hadn't been able to go to church in person for almost two years. But today they would finally be able to! Anahí was glad she could see her friends and have the sacrament with their ward again.

Anahí and her family sat down in the chapel. Anahí waved to her friends.



Soon it was time for the sacrament. After the hymn, Anahí folded her arms and bowed her head. She listened to the sacrament prayer. Then she looked at a little picture of Jesus. It helped her remember to be reverent.

A young man brought the tray to their row. But when the tray reached Anahí, it was empty!

Then Anahí looked closer. In the corner of the tray, there was one crumb left. She picked it up and put it in her mouth.

For the rest of the day, Anahí worried. She kept thinking about the tiny piece of bread. All through dinner she worried. She didn't even eat her ice cream for dessert. She just sat at the table while Mami washed dishes.

Did the sacrament count if I only took a crumb? she thought.

Mami dried her hands on a towel. "Is something wrong, love?"

Anahí shook her head no.

"Well, your melted ice cream makes me think something is bothering you." Mami smiled and sat down next to Anahí. "What is it?"

Tears filled Anahí's eyes. "I was excited to take the sacrament today. But when the tray got to me, there was only a crumb of bread left." She took a big breath. "Did I take the sacrament wrong?"

"No," Mami said. She hugged Anahí close. "I saw you looking at the little picture of Jesus you carry in your scriptures. What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about how Jesus loves me. And about the nail prints in His hands and feet. And all He did for us."

"Don't you see?" Mami asked. "That's why we take the bread and water. To remember the sacrifice Jesus made for us."

"So the size of the bread doesn't matter?"

"No. What matters is how you felt as you remembered the Savior," Mami said. "And even though you just had a tiny piece of bread, Jesus's love for you is *not* tiny. He loves you so, so much."

Anahí smiled. She knew Mami was right. The sacrament could always be a special time to remember Jesus—even with just a tiny piece of bread. ●



Turn to page 9 to cut out a picture of Jesus you can look at during the sacrament! How can you remember Him?