

# Breakfast Is Ready

By Mariah Welch  
(Based on a true story)



This story took place in the USA. The smell of spaghetti sauce made David's stomach rumble. "When will dinner be ready?" "Just a few more minutes," Papá said, stirring the sauce. He looked over at David. "What are you working on?" David held up his *Children's Guidebook*. "I'm trying to pick a new goal. But I'm not sure which one to do. They're all good." "What are some of the options?" David flipped through the guidebook. "Sing a Primary song, serve your neighbors, welcome others. . . ." Then he saw another one. "Oh! Papá, will you help me learn how to cook?" "Of course," Papá said. "I'm going to make my special Sunday breakfast tomorrow. Will you wake up early and help me?"

*The more David practiced cooking, the more confident he felt.*

"OK!" David said.

The next morning, David woke up early and met Papá in the kitchen. While Papá got out the ingredients, David washed his hands.

Papá showed David how to hold a knife and cut fruit safely. He had David mix all the pancake ingredients. Then it was time for the best part. Bacon!

David used tongs to carefully turn the bacon over in the pan. The bacon sizzled, and some grease splattered onto his fingers. "Ouch!" David said.

"Careful," Papá said. He turned on the faucet and had David hold his hand under the cold water for a minute. Then he gave David an oven mitt to wear to protect his hands from the hot grease.

"Cooking is tricky," David said.

"Yep," Papá said. "Learning new things is hard work. That's why you need to learn the right methods."

"And practice a lot," David said. "I learned in Primary that not even Jesus Christ knew everything at first."

Dad nodded. "Even He had to learn things a little at a time."

They finished cooking the bacon and put all the food on the table. The whole family loved it.

Their cat, Nacho, meowed under the table.

"I think Nacho wants some too!" David's sister Sarah said.

David helped Papá in the kitchen a lot after that. Papá showed him lots of recipes in their recipe book. David learned how to measure ingredients for cookies, how to scramble eggs,

and how to make his favorite drink, horchata.

The more he practiced cooking, the more confident he felt.

Then one Sunday morning, David finally felt ready. "Papá, can I make breakfast on my own today?" David asked as he joined Papá in the kitchen.

"All right," Papá said. "I'll be right here if you need any help."

David got out the things he needed and started working. He sliced the strawberries and bananas the way Papá had shown him. He flipped the pancakes carefully without burning any.

And when he cooked the bacon, he knew just what to do. He wore an oven mitt and an apron to keep the grease from splattering on him.

When he was done, David put all the food on the table. The rest of the family sat down. His younger sister Emily said a prayer, and they started eating.

"This is really good," said his brother, Jeremie. "Thanks, Papá."

"Actually," Papá said, "David made it all on his own."

"Really?" Jeremie said. He looked at David. "You've gotten really good!"

David smiled. It had taken a lot of practice, but it felt good to make breakfast for his family. He couldn't wait to try more recipes. ●