

**By Lucy Stevenson Ewell**  
(Based on a true story)

*This story happened in the Netherlands.*

Marie opened her jewelry box to look at her pretty stones. One by one, she held them in her hand. The red one, then the green one, then the clear white one.

Grandmother knocked on the bedroom door. "Ready to go?"

"Yes!" Marie carefully put the stones back in her box.

Grandmother was taking Marie to the library. But not just to look at books. There was a special stone display there! Marie was excited.

When their bus got to the library, Marie and Grandmother walked inside. They saw tables and tables of beautiful stones. Some were shiny and smooth. Others were interesting shapes.

"Look at this one!" Grandmother pointed to a large

crystal. It had little blue spikes sticking out all over it.

Another table had lots of tiny, round stones. Marie looked at all the colors. At the very end was a purple stone, small and shiny and smooth.

*I don't have a purple stone yet,* Marie thought. It would be perfect for her collection.

Marie glanced around. Grandmother was at another table. No one else was nearby. And no one would miss this tiny stone, right?

Marie picked up the stone and put it in her pocket.

That night, with the purple stone safely in her jewelry box, Marie got into bed.

"Ready for story time?" Dad sat on the bed and opened the *Friend* magazine.

Marie snuggled into her blankets and listened. The story was about a boy who repented after he made a wrong choice.

As Dad read, Marie felt like her stomach was twisting into knots. She rolled onto her side, then flipped over her pillow. But she did not feel right. And she couldn't stop thinking about the purple stone.

Dad finished the story. "Are you OK?"

Marie didn't know what to do. If she told Dad, he might get mad.

But maybe he would know how to help.

Slowly, Marie crawled out of bed and took the purple stone out of her box. "I took this from the library today." Tears spilled out of Marie's eyes. "I'm really sorry."

Dad gave her a hug. "It's always OK to tell me the truth. I'm proud of you for having the courage to be honest."

Marie's stomach began to feel better. Dad wasn't mad!



"And because of Jesus, we can repent. Just like in the story," he said. "Why don't we take the stone back to the library?"

Marie squeezed her eyes shut. "No! They'll be angry."

Dad put a hand on her shoulder. "They might be a little angry. But I think they'll be glad that you gave it back. And it will make you feel a lot better too."

Marie took a deep breath and nodded. "OK."

Marie got out a piece of paper and started to write a letter. "I'm sorry for taking this," she wrote. "I wish I hadn't done it. I want to make it right."

She slid the letter into an envelope. Then she put the tiny purple stone inside too.

"We'll take this back tomorrow," Dad said. "How do you feel now?"

"Better," said Marie. "There's just one more thing I need to do."

Marie knelt by her bed and prayed. "I'm sorry I took the stone," she said. "I'll never steal again. Thank Thee for helping me to be brave and honest."

As she got back in bed, Marie felt peace. Tomorrow she would make things right. And she knew Heavenly Father and Jesus would help her. Because of Them, everything would be OK. ●

# The Shiny Purple Stone

*If she told the truth,  
would he get mad at her?*

