

# Eggs and Pennies

By Kate Anderson  
(Based on a true story)

*This story happened in the USA.*

Eight . . . nine . . . ten!

Izzy carefully put the 10th egg in her basket. Grandpa paid her one penny per egg. Since there were 10 eggs, Izzy would get 10 cents today.

The chickens fluttered and clucked as Izzy tossed them their food. She was careful to keep her Sunday skirt clean. The chickens had to be fed every day, even on Sunday. And the eggs had to be gathered.

"Thanks for the eggs, hens!" Izzy said. "And thanks for the 10 cents!"

Izzy looked at the beautiful eggs in her basket. Grandpa wouldn't need all 10. He would give most of them to Izzy's family. But he liked to have an egg for

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She couldn't!*



his breakfast. She skipped across the yard and into Grandpa's kitchen.

"Special delivery!" Izzy called.

"Thanks!" Grandpa smiled. "I feel so happy when you bring me an egg."

Izzy handed him the biggest egg from the basket. "I love you, Grandpa," she said.

Grandpa tapped the egg on the edge of a hot frying pan and cracked it open. The golden egg yolk sizzled in the pan.

"Now get your 10 pennies from my jar." Grandpa gave Izzy a hug. "Then I'll see you at church!"

Izzy ran home with the other nine eggs in her basket and 10 shiny pennies jingling in her pocket.

When she went to Primary, Izzy still had her pennies with her. She put her hand in her pocket to hold them while she listened to the lesson.

"Tithing is when we give one-tenth of what we earn back to Heavenly Father," Sister Ayala said. "So if you have 10 cents, you give one cent as tithing."

Izzy's face felt hot. Give one of her pennies? She couldn't! She held her money tighter.

"Why does God need our money?" asked Izzy's friend Jaime. "He doesn't even use money."

Sister Ayala smiled. "But God knows it takes money to pay for things like this beautiful church building," she said. "He asks us to pay tithing so we can meet the Church's needs. But more importantly, He wants

to bless us. If we pay our tithing, God promises us blessings from heaven."

Izzy felt the pennies in her pocket and thought about Grandpa's egg.

The eggs were from his chickens, but he kept only one for himself. It made Grandpa so happy to get an egg every morning that Izzy wanted to give him the very best one. Besides, she loved Grandpa more than eggs. That was the most important thing.

"So," Izzy said slowly, "we give Heavenly Father back a little of what He gives us. Because we want to show Him we love Him."

"Exactly." Sister Ayala handed each child a tithing envelope.

Izzy took out her 10 shiny pennies and counted them in her lap.

Eight . . . nine . . . ten.

Feeling warm all over, Izzy took the shiniest penny and slipped it into her envelope to give to Heavenly Father. "Thanks for the pennies," she whispered. "And thanks for the blessings from heaven." ●

