

FRIENDSHIP BROWNIES

By Brian Johanson
(Based on a true story)

“Charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him” (Moroni 7:47).

It felt just like any other Sunday morning in Primary. Brother Barrow and Brother Jensen sat at the front of the class.

“Good morning,” said Brother Barrow. “Did everyone have a good week?”

Miles popped up in his seat next to me. “Yeah! I had fun this weekend!” he said. He told about a park he went to.

After everyone had taken a turn to talk, Brother Jensen began marking the roll. “Hmm,” he said, looking up at us. “Samantha isn’t here again. Does anyone know who she is? I’ve never met her before.”

I raised my hand. “I know who she is,” I said. “I’ve seen her at school.”

“Thank you, Grace. Could you tell us more about her?”

I thought about Samantha. It seemed like she always played by herself. “She’s pretty shy,” I said. “I don’t think she has very many friends.”

“I think we should do something special to invite her to Primary,” said Brother Jensen. “How would everyone feel about coming to my house this week to make brownies and a card for her?”

“That’s a great idea!” said Miles.

“I want to come too!” said Haylee.

“Sounds good,” said Brother Jensen. “I’ll call your parents so we can find a time to get together.”

Finally the day came. We met at Brother Jensen’s house, and we were ready to bake!

“Who wants to mix the cocoa and baking soda?” Brother Barrow asked.

“I do!” said Mason.

Soon we all had jobs to do. Before we knew it, the brownies were in the oven.

“OK, everyone, while we wait for the brownies to bake, let’s make the card,” said Brother Jensen.

Our card was actually a big poster. We got out



Later Samantha and her mom started coming to church!

Just shows the power of friendship ... and brownies!

crayons and markers and wrote things like “We miss you!” and “Come to Primary!” By the time we were done writing and drawing pictures, the brownies were done.

We put the brownies on a plate and went together to Samantha’s house. Brother Jensen knocked on the door, and Samantha’s mom answered.

“SURPRISE!” we shouted.

“We just want to invite your daughter to Primary,” said Brother Barrow.

“That is so thoughtful,” she said. “Thank you all so much.” She called to Samantha, and she came to the door. “Look, Samantha. See what they brought you!”

“Thank you,” she said shyly.

I waved to her from the back of the group. “Hi, Samantha! I’m Grace, from school.”

“We hope you can come to our Primary class this week!” said John.

At recess the next day, I was sitting with my friends and saw Samantha. “Hi!” I said. “Do you want to play with us?”

“No,” she said, looking down. “But thanks anyway.”

I smiled at her. Samantha smiled back a little bit. “OK,” I said. “Some other time.”

Samantha didn’t come to Primary that Sunday. I was kind of sad, but I was still glad we invited her. It felt like what Heavenly Father wanted us to do. Samantha wasn’t ready to come to Church, and that was OK. We could ask again another time. And we could definitely keep trying to get to know her. Who knows? Maybe we could all be friends! ♦

The author lives in Utah, USA.

Turn the page for an activity to go with this story!



“Reach out with love and understanding to all of our neighbors at all times.”

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
“Doctrine of Inclusion,” *Ensign*, Nov., 2001, 36.