



THE PINK PIG

A Lesson in Stewardship

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Show Illustration #1

Pinky was a pig.

Pinky was pink in color, not at all like other pigs. Pinky had little, little eyes which looked a great deal like dark, shiny beads. Pinky had a funny, short, curly tail and a funny snoot nose. He wore a ribbon around his neck. He was very fat. He never got any fatter, although he did grow heavier and heavier each time he was fed.

No, Pinky was not like most pigs.

Pinky belonged to a girl named Susie.

Susie said Pinky winked one beady eye at her—sometimes. Susie said Pinky twitched his short, curly tail when he was very happy—just *sometimes*.

Susie said Pinky grunted “Thank you” through his funny snoot nose when she fed him.

If Pinky did all these things, he did them for Susie only. No one else ever saw or heard him. But then, Pinky was not like other pigs. He was not at all like pigs who live in pigpens.

Pinky’s home was right on top of Susie’s desk in her bedroom. When Susie fed Pinky, she fed him coins instead of corn. The coins were mostly pennies and nickels.

Susie fed Pinky through his back—never, never through his mouth.

No, Pinky was certainly not like other pigs. He did not eat through his mouth. He never twitched his tail—not really. He never winked his funny little eye—not really. And he never grunted “Thank you” through his snoot nose—not really.

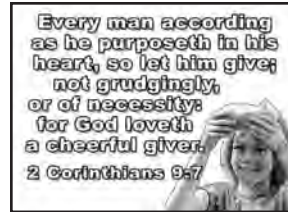


Show Illustration #2

Pinky was not a real true pig at all. Pinky was a piggy bank. But he was a *special* piggy bank. Pinky had something special to do. And Susie, his owner, was a rather special girl.

Susie had been taught that she, and all Christians, should give to the Lord Jesus a part of whatever money they received each week. Susie knew whenever she gave money to missionaries, or anyone who spent their lives preaching and teaching God’s Word, she was really giving to God.

So she decided that she was going to give God one penny and keep nine out of every ten cents she received. Susie earned 75¢ each week. To give one cent out of ten from her 75¢ meant giving seven and one-half cents. *And no one can do that*, Susie thought. So she asked her big brother what to do.



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He said, “Why not give a little bit more than one out of ten? You don’t *have* to, of course. But do you remember that verse, 2 Corinthians 9:7? It says, ‘Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.’ Susie, God has given you a whole lot. He gave His own Son to die for you. You can show your love for Him by giving to Him. If you give Him eight cents, you will still have 67¢ for yourself. But remember: *How* you give may be even more important than *what* you give. So whatever you decide to give, make sure you give it regularly and cheerfully!”

“All right,” Susie determined, “I’m going to give Him eight cents a week.”

“Do you mean that?”

“Yes, I do. That’s a promise to God and I’m going to keep that promise.”

And so, when Susie received her 75¢, she went straight to Pinky, singing:

Show Illustrations #3, 4, 5



She listened to the “clink” when the money hit the bottom of Pinky’s fat tummy. Then she gave him a pat.

It must have been at such times Pinky winked his bright, beady eye at her, twitched his funny little tail and grunted—that is if he ever did these things at all. Susie *thought* he did!



Show Illustration #6

One day a missionary from India came to Susie’s Sunday school. She told them about boys and girls who always went to sleep hungry because their parents did not have enough money to buy the food they really should have. “It isn’t easy to tell