

“The Tiny Mustard Seed”

June 18, 2006

By Rebecca Enney

This is Mr. Gym Teacher’s apartment. He is sleeping on the floor so that his father, who is visiting from Ohio, may sleep in the bedroom. “Happy Father’s Day,” said Mr. Gym as his dad came into the room. Mr. Gym looks a lot like his father, except Mr. Gym is a soccer trophy and his father is a baseball trophy. His father’s name is Patrick, but everyone just calls him Pat, even Mr. Gym Teacher calls his dad Pat. Pat arrived on the train last night to spend Father’s Day with his son.



Mr. Gym made some coffee and some bacon and eggs for a manly breakfast. He sliced a big onion and fried it with the potatoes. YUM!

“What do you have planned for us today son?” asked Pat as he poured ketchup on his home fries.

This was a question that Mr. Gym was not sure how to answer. It IS Sunday morning and Mr. Gym kind of wants to take his father to church with him, but his father never goes to church out in Ohio. Mr. Gym Teacher ALWAYS goes to church on Sunday mornings.

This was not always true though. For many years Mr. Gym never went to church. He was in the bad habit of ignoring his faith. His faith was tiny and hard and dry. It was at that time that Mrs. Potato Head befriended Gym. They had many long talks and soon Gym became interested in learning more about church and his own faith. Now he even goes to SCS for grown ups and he serves on Congregation Council. He has become one of the leaders at church.

But here, in his own apartment, he is not feeling like a leader. He is embarrassed to invite his father to church with him. He knows that Pat never goes to church back in Ohio.

Pat, thinking that Mr. Gym did not hear him, asked again “So what’s up today son?”

Gym avoided answering the question by offering his father mustard for his eggs. And he thought to himself, “No one else I know puts **MUSTARD** on their eggs but my father.”

Mr. Gym thought about the idea of mustard on eggs and mustard in general, and he thought about the lesson for today about the mustard seed being really, really tiny and how it grows into a big plant and how his own faith has grown from something tiny and hard and dry into a big healthy living faith. Mr. Gym wondered if his faith was strong enough to invite his father, Pat, to church this morning. “I know!” Gym thought. “I will introduce him to Mrs. Potato Head! Pat will like Mrs. Potato Head!”

“Good potatoes!” said Pat.

“If you come with me this morning you’ll meet a **REALLY GOOD POTATO!**” blurted out Gym nervously. “I mean, she’s not a hot potato, if you know what I mean, cause she is a old lady from church. It starts at 10:30 and you don’t need to wear a suit.”

Now, that was a really strange invitation to church. And Pat never goes to church in Ohio, but because it is Father’s Day, and nothing else was planned for this morning, Pat came to church with his son, Gym.

Perhaps, some day, Pat’s faith, tiny and hard and dry as a mustard seed, will grow like his son’s faith has grown.

THE END