

“Ohmygoshweforgot!”

Luke 2:41-52

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By Rebecca Enney

This is Haman. He is six years old. He and his family were at the Garden of Eatin' this morning, when his mother, Mrs. Potato Head said to her husband “Now, I'll take Polly with me when I drop off your mother at the Retirement Home and then I'll run to the store to pick up the sauerkraut for dinner tomorrow. After you have your finance committee meeting, would you take Haman to his friend's house for the cub scout party and then you'll be able to get home for lunch. You don't have to pick him up until 4:00pm. When you get home could you please start getting all the boxes out of the attic so that we can start to undecorate the tree after dinner tomorrow?” Mr. Potato Head said “Yes, dear.”



So as soon as they had finished their cups of coffee, off went Mrs. Potato Head and Mrs. Potato Head and Polly. Mr. Potato Head went up to his meeting. And Haman went into Fellowship Hall and helped collect the red Worship Witness pads. He liked going to the end of each row of chairs and finding the little red book and seeing how many he could carry in one big stack to the table in the back of the room. Then he carefully helped rip out the page in each book with everyone's name on it and gave them to Uncle Floyd. Then he helped move the chairs in Fellowship Hall. There are about 345 chairs in this room, so that was a lot of work. But Haman was feeling especially helpful. He liked that feeling. And Uncle Floyd said “I reckon you are the best little helper I've ever had in here!” Haman beamed.

Then Haman helped Uncle Floyd move the bell tables from the Nave. He pushed the button on the elevator for the doors to open so Uncle Floyd could wheel the big cart of bells cases just so, into the elevator. And he rode to the basement and sat on the very noisy cart as Uncle Floyd rolled it down the dark, empty hallways! It was a little scary down there!

Now, in the meantime, Mrs. Potato Head and Mr. Potato Head had both separately arrived home. Mrs. Potato Head started to prepare lunch and Mr. Potato Head thought he would read a bit of the Sunday Paper before getting the boxes out of the attic when he suddenly remembered . . . (clap hands to sides of face!)

“OhmygoshweforgotHaman!” he said in a panic.

“You forgot our son!” said Mrs. Potato Head, in a rather loud voice! “How could you forget Haman?!”

They grabbed Polly, jumped in the car and headed back to the church. The parking lot was empty and the doors to the Gathering Space were locked! Mr. Potato Head, working hard to be calm, thought of checking at the

kitchen door around the back of the building. And there was Haman sitting with Uncle Floyd having a great conversation about the big dumpster and how the garbage truck comes every week and lifts and shakes the dumpster until it is emptied.



“Haman!” Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head both exclaimed in relief! And they rushed over and hugged him! They were VERY glad to find him. This will be a story about their beloved son Haman that Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head will tell over and over again for years to come!

You know, Haman is not the only boy who has been accidentally left behind. Did you know that one time Mary and Joseph accidentally left Jesus behind? It happened when Jesus was 12 years old and they had gone to Jerusalem for the Passover celebration. After the celebration was over, Mary and Joseph prepared to go back home to Nazareth. Now, in the excitement and crowd of friends and relatives, they headed back home, (and because they were walking, that took several days!) and after one whole day of walking suddenly Joseph probably said something like (clap hands to sides of face!) “OhmygoshweforgotJesus!” They rushed back to Jerusalem and there they searched for Jesus for THREE WHOLE DAYS before they found him! Where did they find him? He was in the temple talking with the teachers there. And the teachers were astonished at the wisdom of this young man, only 12 years of age. Mary and Joseph always remembered the time Jesus got left behind and all the stories about Jesus as a child and how he grew up to be a strong young man.

So, just in case YOU are ever forgotten and left behind at church, just remember Haman and Jesus. I’m sure your mother or father will suddenly remember (clap hands to side of face!) . . . and come and bring you back home. And they will treasure the stories about your childhood long after you have grown up into strong young men and women! THE END