

“Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh.”

Luke 6:21

February 11, 2007

By Rebecca Enney

This is Mrs. Potato Head in her bed at the Retirement Home. This is one of her sad days. This happens to old people, you know. Some days Mrs. Potato Head just gets so sad that she closes the window shades and closes the door to the hallway and climbs into bed in an uneasy alliance with sadness and loneliness and she weeps. This sadness and loneliness can happen to anyone. Today it is happening to Mrs. Potato Head.

And so she weeps. She remembers the days of long ago when she and her husband, Mr. Potato Head had a home full of children and love and activity. Now things are so quiet all the time here at the Retirement Home. And today is the anniversary of the date that her husband, Mr. Potato Head, died years ago. Feb. 11. He died at 4:45pm.

Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh? Mrs. Potato Head is not laughing! She is weeping.



Mrs. Mawakasunga knows today is February 11. And she knows that today will be a difficult day for her good friend Mrs. Potato Head. And so it is that Mrs. Mawakasunga and her seven year old daughter Elizabeth have planned a special visit to Mrs. Potato Head.

There came a knock on the door, but Mrs. Potato Head did not stir. She stopped weeping and pretended to be asleep. Mrs. Mawakasunga looked at Elizabeth and then knocked again and gently walked into the room.

They saw that Mrs. Potato Head was asleep, so they quietly opened up the picnic basket they brought. They placed the tea and the pastries on the table. Then they sat quietly for just a moment.

Because they were so quiet, Mrs. Potato Head forgot that they were in the room. So she commenced with her weeping. (weep . . . weep) “I am so sad and so lonely.” Elizabeth was not sure what to do. She gave her mother a look that said “Should we leave?”

But Mrs. Mawakasunga walked over and ever so gently, because she did not want to startle her, put her hand on Mrs. Potato Head’s shoulder. “Let me help you get yourself together.” she said as she went to the dresser and retrieved the eyes and ears and nose and mouth. And all the while, Mrs. Potato Head was weeping. “Oh, I am so sad and so lonely.”

“Yes, I know.” murmured Mrs. Mawakasunga. Then she helped Mrs. Potato Head put on her shoes and helped her stand up out of bed.

Mrs. Potato Head looked up and saw the tea and pastries on the table. And Elizabeth standing there in her room.

“Well, isn’t it nice to see you here!” she said with a hesitant happiness. They drank the tea and ate the pastires and they talked about Mr. Potato Head and they talked about Polly and Haman Potato, her wonderful Tater Tots.

“I have a little surprise for you.” said Elizabeth, handing Mrs. Potato Head a bag.

Mrs. Potato Head’s eyes grew narrow with anticipation and as she opened the gift, her eyes grew wide with wonder! “Oh wow! It’s a little potato head! How fun!”



“I got it at MacDonald’s a long time ago.” said Elizabeth. Then she wound up the little Mr. Potato Head by his ear and they had a good laugh watching it bump about the room.

Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh. God HAS blessed Mrs. Potato Head, hasn’t he? THE
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