

“Life in the Potato Bag”

Romans 12:9-21

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By Rebecca Enney

The whole Potato family got together last night for a Labor Day Weekend picnic. It might be a little tricky to tell Mrs. Potato Head (who lives at the Retirement Home and is the Gramma) from Mrs. Potato Head who is the mommy of Haman and Polly. But if you look closely, you’ll see that the one with the hearing aid is the one who is the Gramma.

After the meal was finished and the dishes were done and it started to get dark, Mr. Potato Head lighted all the torches around the edge of the patio. And Mrs. Potato Head, the Gramma told stories from long ago. She always has good stories from the time that she and Grampa Potato Head lived in a bag of potatoes on the basement steps.



“It was really crowded there. But we had such wonderful friends! Not that there wasn’t some difficult moments! I remember the time there was a potato family next to us and they each had a bad potato virus. They looked so ugly and splotchy! Here is a picture of them.



Both your Grampa and I always washed our hands so we would have good hygiene and stay healthy. But we always remained their friends. We rejoiced with them when they felt better and when their sores were so painful that they cried, we cried with them. When their father died we wept. Here is a picture of him in his coffin!



“And then there was the really big bad potato. He just always was a bully! Here is his photo.



I need to tell you, he made me cry more than once. He would get out a potato masher and chase all the other potatoes around the basement steps and even the grown-ups would cry! He was really mean!

“But then one day, a terrible calamity befell that big bad potato. He started to get a particularly deadly potato blight, one that surely would have been his death. Grampa and I knew that if we carefully washed him all over, he had a good chance of recovery.

But should we be so kind to someone who had been cruel to all of the potato community?

Grampa and I talked it over, we prayed about it and finally your Grampa, bless his soul, said that we must live peaceably with all others and not be overcome by evil, but to overcome evil with good.

Now, because this potato was so much a bully, and so very big and so very hated, it was really difficult to gain the support of the other potatoes to help wash the bully. But wash we did! We got out 15 vegetable brushes and scrubbed and scrubbed until all of the potato blight was removed from that big mean potato, and then we made sure he stayed cool and dry. It was tough and long for awhile but sure enough, within a few days he began to make a sure recovery and soon was healthy again.

“Was he still such a mean potato?” asked Haman. “Did he still bully everyone?”

“You know, he never teased another one of us again! In fact he was voted the mayor of the bag that fall. We had all grown to love and trust him.” said Mrs. Potato Head.

Now, the Bible lessons for today say do not repay evil with evil, but love even your enemy. Often in life you will be called upon to do the difficult task, and Jesus calls us to use love, not hate, to bring about a good ending.

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