

“Whoever Has Two Coats”

[Luke 3:11](#)

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By Rebecca Enney

John the Baptist went about the country side preaching and saying “Whoever has two coats must share with anyone who has none.”

Mr. Potato Head went to the pantry to get a snack before going out on an errand to the hardware store.

“Well, well, well! This is ridiculous!” he muttered to himself. “Look at all the food in this pantry! We have enough food here to feed an army!” So he got out a paper bag and began to put some of the items in the bag to take to church for the Food Pantry. Then he grabbed a pretzel, put the bag of extra groceries by the front door and headed for the coat closet. When he opened the door, he found the closet so full that some of the coats had fallen on the floor.

“Well, well, well! This is ridiculous!” he said out loud to himself. “Look at all these coats! There are four people in my family and there must be 25 coats in this closet!” And he started to organize the coat closet in a noisy sort of way, grumbling and growling like daddies sometimes do!

The family gathered to watch . . .



“But, Daddy,” said Polly, “That’s my good coat for church and that’s my everyday coat for school and there’s my snowsuit for when we go sledding and I might need my raincoat sometime!”

“And who belongs to THIS coat! I don’t even recognize it!” he growled.

“That is your mother’s coat dear! She is visiting us today,” said Mrs. Potato Head, his wife.

“What about this one! It is a baby coat! Did we have a baby that I don’t know about!” No one answered.

"That's it! We have way too many coats! We need to sort through these coats and give away all the extras! One coat is enough!" So the family got more bags and filled them with coats and put the bags of coats by the door beside the bag of food.

Then Mr. Potato Head turned and said "What!?! We have TWO Tater Tots! One is enough!"

The family stood silent. Haman and Polly looked nervously at each other. . .

"I'm teasing you all! Two Tater Tots is just the right number. And two Mrs. Potato Heads is fine too! No need to worry." And they all gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, I'm off to the hardware store for an 11/16th inch wrench."

"Well, well, well," said Mrs. Potato Head, his mother. "I thought you had an adjustable wrench at your work bench that will accommodate that size. Perhaps one wrench will be enough?"



Mr. Potato Head looked at the floor and mumbled to himself. Then he gathered his dignity, looked at his family and said "Well . . . well . . . well . . . I guess you are right . . . one wrench IS enough."

THE END