

"The Lost Potato"
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By Rebecca Enney

I don't know about your house, but in the Potato House, things got really busy over the Christmas holidays. Besides Gramma Potato, they had Mrs. Potato Head's brother, Harry Potato and his little girl, Susie Q. who were visiting from Idaho. They had potato sacks on the floor for the Tater Tots to sleep on so that Gramma Potato could sleep in Polly's bed and Harry Potato could sleep in Haman's bed.



Harry is a little odd because he dresses like a pirate all the time and every morning when his little girl Susie Q gets up she puts on her wings instead of her arms. But all that is neither here nor there, because they are family and they are loved and they are welcomed into the Potato home. I expect every family has some odd relatives!

And so it was that on Christmas Eve, there was so much coming and going between this Worship Service and that one and who was in which car, that, you guessed it, one of the Tater Tots was left behind!

It came time for the little ones to go to bed when Gramma Potato asked "Where is Haman." "Mr. Potato Head! Do you know where Haman is?" asked his wife, her voice sounding a bit anxious.

"Well, I thought you had the boy! Maybe he is with Harry," said Mr. Potato Head.

"ARRRRRRR! I thought you had the lad," said Harry Potato.

Did you know that something like this happened to Jesus when he was just twelve years old? His whole family was in Jerusalem for the festival of Passover and when it was time to leave, everyone thought that the young Jesus was with the others. His family and friends had traveled a whole day's journey before they discovered he was missing! Mary and Joseph rushed the whole way back to Jerusalem and searched all around that city for their son. When they found him he was talking with the teachers at the temple. His mother said "Your father and I have been filled with great anxiety over you!"

Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head got in the car and drove back to the church. They looked in the Fellowship Hall and in the Gathering Space but there was no one around any more! Mr. Potato Head even checked the men's room. When he saw Pastor Ed she asked if he had seen her son Haman. "I have not," he answered.



Mrs. Potato Head saw Uncle Floyd and rushed to him asking "Have you seen my son?"

"I reckon he is still in the big church putting away the folding chairs," said Uncle Floyd. "He's been great! Thanks for letting him stay to help!"



Mrs. Potato Head rushed to her son and embraced him and said "We have been filled with great anxiety over you!"

When Haman arrived home, the whole family ran to hug him! Gramma Potato cried and when Polly saw her Gramma cry, she cried. And Susie Q. flapped her wings and Harry said "ARRRRRRRR! Welcome back matie!"

Mothers and fathers have a way of holding memories in their hearts and Mrs. Potato Head will always hold this memory of Haman helping Uncle Floyd to put away the folding chairs on Christmas Eve. Wesley Cullen's mommy and daddy will treasure the memory of this day that their little boy was baptized. Mary, the mother of Jesus held the memory of the young Jesus who sat and talked with the teachers in the Temple when they thought he was lost!

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