

"We Are All In This Together!"

[1 Corinthians 12: 12-31a](#)

January 24, 2010

By Rebecca Enney

Have you ever been a part of a group that seems to argue a lot and not get along very well? This can even happen in churches you know. Sometime the people who make the coffee think they are more important than the people who drink the coffee and sometimes the people who teach the Sunday School Classes think that they are more important than the people who attend the classes. The truth is that there would be no reason to MAKE coffee if no one drank it. There would be no reason to TEACH Sunday School if no one came to the class. The truth is that ALL the people are important to make the church work it's best.

ALL the parts are important. This is true for a body too. For instance:

This morning, when Mrs. Potato Head woke up, she knew it was going to be a rough day. She could hear all her body parts arguing with each other in her dresser drawers!

"I am the mouth!" said the mouth. "You must all listen to me!" But only the ears could hear of course. And the ears, not having a mouth, could not answer!

"I can see all of you, but you can't see me so I am the most important!" thought the eyes.

"You would never get anywhere without me," said the feet. "You would have to stay in the drawer all day if I wasn't here!"

"Oh for crying out loud!" thought Mrs. Potato Head. "It's going to be one of THOSE days!"



She rolled out of bed and rolled over to the drawer.

First she put in her EYES. Then she put on her LIPS. Then she put on her NOSE, her LIPS and then her FEET.

"This only works if we ALL do it together. If the whole body were an eye, where would the hearing be? That goes for ALL of you! So shape up. We are all in this together!"

Then Mrs. Potato Head calmed herself down.



She looked at the cross on her dresser and said aloud, for all her body parts to hear, (use sign language for each underlined word) "May the words of my mouth, the work of my hands, the love in my heart and the path of my feet by pleasing to you O LORD, my rock and my redeemer!

Then she used her potato brush to knock off any eyes that might be growing on her head, picked up her fancy pocketbook and along with all her body, she headed off to breakfast with the other residents at the Retirement Home.

THE END