

"The Prodigal Son"

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By Rebecca Enney

Barabas was definitely not in the mood to do his Saturday morning chore: cleaning up all the dog poop in the back yard. It was windy and rainy yesterday and when he came back into the kitchen he accidentally bumped into the dog and since he was feeling angry Barabas pushed a little harder than an accidental bump. (hurt dog sound) Arod gave a pitiful yip and Uncle Floyd shot a 'look' at Barabas on his way to the garage.

"I reckon I'll be working on the truck awhile," said Uncle Floyd.

"I'm bored," thought Barabas. "And I'm hungry."



Even though it was only 8AM, Barabas went to the freezer to look for something to snack on. "Rats," he thought to himself. "Now that Uncle Floyd is on a diet, there's never any ice cream in the house."

Barabas sat at the table and felt like the inside of a washing machine . . . very agitated! The phone rang. Barabas dragged himself over and picked it up and said, very unenthusiastically, "yeah?"

"Barabas, is that you?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh yeah, whadoyawant?" answered Barabas.

"What's wrong?" Elizabeth paused, and then hearing no response, she continued. "I just called to let you know we can't go to the high school play tonight after all. Something came up for my parents."

"Fine," answered Barabas with sarcasm. "See you at church tomorrow."

"Actually, we are going to visit my family in . . ."

"Then I'll see you at school on Monday. Bye." And Barabas ended the conversation by hanging up the phone!

He knew when he did it that it was rude. He sat and stared at the table as if he was a statue, unmoving. His forehead felt hot and his stomach grumbled.

"Some ice cream would taste nice and cool." He thought. His eyes eventually focused on the wallet that Uncle Floyd left there and he stood up . . . and walked over . . . and looked around . . . and took a \$5.00 bill out.

He slipped out the front door and walked down to the gas station and bought a container of Ben & Jerry's Rocky Road Ice Cream for \$4.97. He carried it back home, sat at the table and ate the whole . . . container. And then he laid his head on the table and fell asleep, right there in the kitchen.



Later, after he had thrown up his breakfast AND the ice cream into the toilet, Uncle Floyd took his temperature. "I reckon you're sick as a dog," said Uncle Floyd.

And Barabas DID indeed feel sick. Not just to his stomach though. He felt sick to his heart! He was totally ashamed that he had stolen money from Uncle Floyd's wallet and that he had been so rude to the dog and to Elizabeth, his best friend in the whole wide world! And he knew he needed to confess what he had done to Uncle Floyd.

(groan) Barabas groaned. He felt weak and miserable.

In today's psalm we read: I tried to hide my sin but felt weak and miserable. I groaned all day long.

Let the godly confess their rebellion while there is time.

How much better I feel when the Lord has forgiven my sin.

And so, in a rush of words that was almost like throwing up all over again, Barabas confessed to Uncle Floyd all that he had done.



Uncle Floyd put his arm around Barabas and said "Well, son, I reckon you owe Elizabeth an apology and you owe me \$5.00. Let's get you up to your bedroom for now. We'll need to talk about this some more tomorrow." And Uncle Floyd tenderly and lovingly tucked Barabas into bed. THE END