

"How Important Is Our Stuff?"

Luke 12:13-21

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By Rebecca Enney

How important is our stuff? I mean, we all have stuff. I'll bet you have so much stuff that you need to keep some of it on the floor under your bed. I know I do!

That is how it is for Elizabeth. She has a lot of toys, and a beautiful bedroom, and a beautiful canopy bed! Her family must have spent a lot of money for all that stuff.



Actually, they did NOT spend a lot of money. Aunt Gertrude bought this beautiful canopy bed at a yard sale from a girl named Barbie for only \$1.00! One of the reasons Elizabeth loves her bed is because it came from Aunt Gertrude and Elizabeth LOVES Aunt Gertrude! And Elizabeth's parents make sure that Elizabeth sorts through her toys regularly and gives some of them away to others. Elizabeth's family has taught her to be responsible about all her stuff.

Then there is Toquoia and Latisha, the two potato sisters who live with their father near the Food Pantry over in Harrisburg. They do not have a lot of stuff. In fact, they have very little. They share a little basket for a bed. It sure is not as fancy as what Elizabeth has. Their daddy got that basket at the Salvation Army Store and it is just right!



And they love their daddy. And they love Mrs. Rutabaga, the lady in the apartment upstairs who watches them while their daddy is at work.

Toquoia and Latisha love to play with their toys. They do not have a lot of toys. Their favorite toys are ones that a nice little girl and her father delivered last Christmas.

"Let's play giraffe again today! It's my turn to rock her to sleep," said Toquoia.

"I'll go ask daddy if we can take our giraffe doll upstairs and visit Mrs. Rutabaga," said Latisha.

Their daddy has taught them to be responsible for the few toys they have. They have even given some away to Mrs. Rutabaga's little baby upstairs.

We should not measure ourselves by all the stuff we have.

It is not our stuff that makes us special.

God sees how special we are when we share our stuff with those who have less than us.

THE END