

"Truth and Love"

February 3, 2019

by Rebecca Enney

So, do you think that your right hand could lie to the rest of your body? I mean, what if you just snuck a fresh cookie cooled off from the oven and your right hand said "I didn't sneak that cookie! It wasn't me!" And your eyes would say "Yes you did! I SAW you!" And your mouth said "I just tasted it! YOU put a cookie in me!"

Your hand cannot lie to the rest of your body. That is because it is all connected together. That is how God wants your family to be. Connected together with LOVE and Truth.

Uncle Floyd knows that Gator is still hiding the truth about what caused the injury on his underbelly. And Gator knows that Uncle Floyd knows. AND Gator knows it is finally time to tell Uncle Floyd the truth.



They were in the kitchen. Barabas is upstairs with the dogs, so it was time. "Uncle Floyd, you know that Sunday morning, instead of walking directly to church, it was so pretty out with the snow and all, that I just walked to Downattheriver. I didn't plan it, it just happened that way. And the snow made everything look so pretty and I threw some little rocks at the edge of the river water where there was just a little ice and then I noticed a lump of snow to my left and just for fun I picked up the largest rock I could and I threw it at that lump only the lump turned out to be Kat resting under a tree and he jumped up really angry and jumped me

and clawed at my underbelly until I screamed and then Kat saw it was me and I think he was sorry and he said he would help me home and he did."

Uncle Floyd nodded and said "I reckon you did a hard thing Son, to tell me the truth! Thank you." And Uncle Floyd looked at Gator's underbelly and saw that it was healing nicely. And he put a fresh band-aid on it. Gator felt SO MUCH better now that he told the truth! Oh my goodness, keeping a lie inside is to hard!

Uncle Floyd was at the kitchen island when his eyes happened to look at the empty hook beside the back door and he noticed for the first time that the key to the back door was missing.

"Hey Gator, do you know where the back-door key is?" Gator had an awful thought! "Oh no! Could he have let Kat have it!?" Uncle Floyd hollered upstairs to ask Barabas if he had seen it, but Barabas said "nope."

Gator knew exactly where the key is likely to be. He distinctly remembered giving the key to Kat to open that back door that morning and Gator locked the door from the outside when he left . . . meaning he probably had the key with him!

"Oh no! Should I tell another lie! Or should I tell Uncle Floyd that it is probably Kat who has that key!" Telling the truth is an important part of the LOVE in the family body.

So, when Uncle Floyd walked back into the room Gator blurted out "I think Kat might have the key!"
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