

Whose French Fries?



One day James bought his five year old son some McDonald's French fries. Jimmy's little teeth were ready to sink into those hot golden fries, before they made it to the table.

When they sat down, grace consisted of "God bless this food, Amen," but it seemed like way too many words to Jimmy who was eager to eat this huge blessing of French fries.

James decided to join in the fun. He reached over to get a couple of Jimmy's fries for himself. To his surprise, his son quickly put his arms around his fries as though building a fort and pulled them toward himself and said, "No, these are mine."

James pulled back his hand and began to reflect about his son's attitude toward the fries. Jimmy failed to realize that:

1. His dad was the source of those French fries.
2. His dad had the power to take all the fries despite his little arms surrounding them as a fort.
3. His dad could go back to the counter and bring Jimmy so many fries that he could never eat them all.
4. His dad didn't need Jimmy's French fries. James could go back to the counter and get as many fries as *he* wanted.

As James thought about it, one or two fries really would not have made much of a difference for him that day. What he wanted was for his son to invite him into the wonderful little world he had made possible for his son. He wanted his son to be willing to share the very blessing that he had provided.

Condensed from a story by Rick Gillespie-Mobley
Submitted By: Ken Thames – Asheboro Friends Meeting

NCYM Stewardship & Finance Committee

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