

*Thirty-first Sunday after Pentecost  
Luke 18, 35-43*





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# LES om the Fridge

Anderson was hungry. So he decided to make himself a sandwich. He pulled two slices of fresh whole wheat out of the bread bag and set them on the kitchen table.

"No!" screeched Arturo, the plush pterodactyl. "Not whole wheat!"

"Why not?" asked Anderson.

Arturo perched on the edge of the table, turned his head sideways, and eyed the bread suspiciously. "Because whole wheat has 'bits' in it. They'll get stuck in your throat and make you choke."

"Don't be silly," said Anderson. "Those 'bits' are just pieces of grain. That's what makes whole wheat so good for you."

"But there's a whole loaf of white bread in here," squawked Arturo from inside the bread bin. "It's soft and chewy and there are no 'bits.'"

Anderson rolled his eyes. "I'm *attempting* to make something *healthy* here, Arturo. Whole wheat is better for you, so that's what I'm having."

Anderson went to the fridge, fished around in the meat tray, and pulled out a slice of turkey.

"What you need is some red meat, boy." It was Tea Towel Elvis, hanging from his usual spot on the refrigerator handle.

"But I like turkey," said Anderson.

"You'd like a juicy beef frankfurter even better!" drooled Elvis. "All hot and greasy and smothered in onions."

"On a chewy white roll," added Arturo. "With no bits!"

"But white meat is better for you," explained Anderson.

Tea Towel Elvis wasn't even listening. He was swaying back and forth, on the refrigerator handle, singing a little song:

*"Love frankfurters,  
Yes I do.  
They're such yummy fun.  
Smear'd with mustard,  
Ketchup, too  
On a soft white bun!"*

Arturo chimed in on the last line, and by that time, Anderson had heard enough.

"Hey, cut it out, would you?" he shouted.

"No need to holler," muttered Tea Towel Elvis.

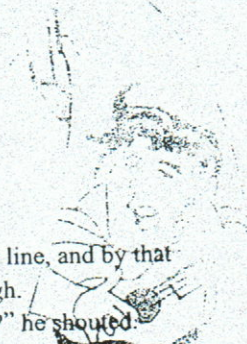
"But you see," said Anderson, biting his tongue, "God made our bodies and he wants us to take care of them. Since white meat is better for you than red meat, turkey is what I'm having—not frankfurters!"

Anderson opened the fridge again and pulled out a slice of Swiss cheese.

Poodles, the Refrigerator Magnet, shook her white fluffy paw at him.

"No, no, no!" she chided. "Anderson eez a very naughty boy!"

"What's the matter, now?" asked Anderson. "I have something from the grain group, something





from the meat group, and this cheese is from the milk group."

"I do not care about zee groups," said Poodles. "I care about zee color! Look how pale your poor sandwich eez: brown bread, white meat. And now you want to add a piece of cheese zat eez not even yellow enough to be yellow. What zat sandwich needs is zee reds and ze greens...."

"And the blues," suggested Tea Towel Elvis. "I always liked the blues."

Anderson thought for a minute. "How about a slice of tomato? It's red *and* it's from the vegetable group!"

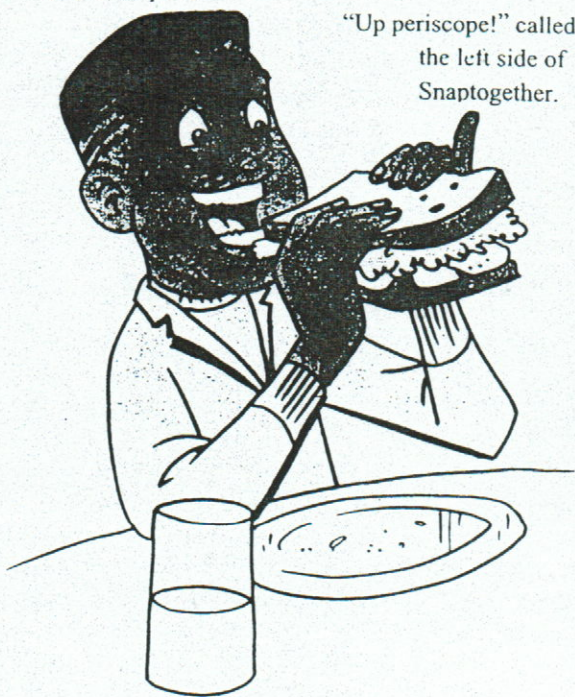
"C'est magnifique!" exclaimed Poodles.

"Sounds all right," mumbled Elvis.

"Aren't there 'bits' in tomatoes?" asked Arturo.

Then there came a rumbling sound from the kitchen counter. A full box of Sweetie Chocko Lumps, left by Anderson's grandmother during her last visit, began to tremble and to shake. Finally, the top flew open, and out from an ocean of Sweetie Chocko Lumps burst Snaptogether Submarine, the Cereal Surprise.

"Up periscope!" called the left side of Snaptogether.



"Ahoy, mates!" called the right side.

"What that sandwich needs," called both sides together, "is SUGAR!"

"No, no, no!" cried Poodles. "Not more whites. We need zee colors!"

"Then how about a big lump of strawberry jam!" suggested the left side of Snaptogether.

"There are 'bits' in jam," warned Arturo.

"Or some caramel popcorn?" suggested the right side.

"A *corn dog* would be better," hummed Elvis.

"Well, then, how about the most sugary thing of all?" suggested both sides together. "A heaping handful of Sweetie Chocko Lumps!"

Anderson said nothing at first. He laid the slice of tomato on top of the turkey, so it sat right in the middle. Then he took the second piece of whole wheat bread and laid it on top of the tomato. And, finally, in that firm voice his father sometimes used when he didn't want to discuss things anymore, Anderson said, "My sandwich is finished."

"No sugar," sighed Snaptogether Submarine, and he dove back down into the box of cereal.

"No red meat," moaned Tea Towel Elvis, and he plucked a sad song on his Tea Towel Guitar.

"Not enough of zee color," complained Poodles, and she trotted off to her grocery list on the other side of the fridge.

Arturo opened his beak...

"Stop right there, Arturo," warned Anderson. "I know just what you're going to say, but it's too late now. My sandwich is made, and as soon as you're all quiet enough for me to say a short prayer, I'm going to eat this wonderfully healthy concoction. Hey, and since you're handy, would you please pass the skim milk?"

"Oh, all right," agreed Arturo reluctantly, folding his wings and looking down at the table. "As long as you also ask God to keep you from choking on the 'bits' in that sandwich."

Anderson just shook his head and smiled, and then, *finally*, Anderson ate his lunch. □