

PS's Ponderings



On Monday I had another food craving — Steak and Shake — and since Monday is my day off Lauri and I drove to Sandusky to do some errands and have lunch. I do love those Frisco Melts and fries. Steak and Shake was surprisingly busy for a Monday, bustling with many families who were allowing their children to play hooky from school to, I assume, visit one of the indoor water parks in the area. Yeah... pretty cool parents...

The table beside ours held a family of 6 that contained 2 younger teens, a 4 year old girl and 2 year old boy. You could tell they were on vacation, and that they were a family that enjoyed being together. The older children were helping the younger ones eat their food, the parents were joking and teasing their kids... they just looked like a healthy, happy family.

After the meal, mom ordered them all a treat... milkshakes. She pointed to each child and named the flavor that they wanted, but when it came to the 2 little ones she said, "They will share a strawberry one". Of course the thought of those delicious shakes made me crave one too, so I promptly ordered a chocolate one... hey, it's my day off!

Soon the shakes arrived... mine actually came a bit before theirs. As I was drinking my shake, I watched the waitress hand out the milkshakes to the family, banana, chocolate, vanilla, peanut butter... and then the Strawberry, which she sat in front of the little girl. The little two year old boy looked around the table, saw his siblings and parents all with fancy milkshakes in front of them, and sharp enough to notice... ah... he didn't have one.

"WHERE IS MINE!" He shrieked at the top of his lungs. People in the restaurant actually startled in their seats he was so loud... and dare I say... desperate. I chuckled out-loud at his outrage. Mom, who had been a bit distracted initially with her peanut butter shake, quickly grabbed the strawberry and began spooning some of it into an empty glass as she told him, "You two are going to share".

Was he content with her explanation? Nope. "I WANT MY OWN!" And there it was... that inherent, sinful, selfish nature that we are all guilty of at times in our life... on display... in a two year old child. As mom tried to convince him that her decision to have him share with his sister was best, because they were so little and the shake so big, it only added to his outrage. An outrage that I assumed carried over to the car in the parking lot, because it caused them to leave the restaurant.

I found myself at Stake and Shake on Monday pondering how often I can act like that in my relationship with Jesus. It is all too easy for me sometimes to act selfishly in my faith. To make my relationship all about me, and what I feel I need or desire. "I want my own" can even creep into my prayer time. I am grateful for that little guy with the used milkshake because he reminded me that if I am not careful, I can easily slip into a "where is mine" attitude in life too. I really do