

It's an Acquired Taste

When I was a child, my mom made bologna and ketchup sandwiches for me on wheat bread. Boy, did I hate them!

Maybe she thought that if hot dogs were good with ketchup, then surely bologna would be. After all, bologna is just a flat hot dog, right?

All I knew was that I had to stop the madness somehow. Otherwise, I would be doomed to eat bologna and ketchup sandwiches for the rest of my life!

I devised a plan to get rid of this dreadful sandwich. I stuffed it in my pocket and ran out to play. Then I buried it in the yard!

Well, wouldn't you know that not long after this, my dad came outside to water the lawn in exactly the same spot. My mind was racing: I'm doomed! A bologna sandwich tree is going to grow there, and then everyone will know what I did!

Heidi Rhonehouse

My friends and neighbors were coming to my home for a women's Christmas coffee and to hear my friend Rosie speak on keeping Christ in Christmas. Before they arrived, I stood quietly thanking God for this evening to celebrate the birth of Jesus.

Suddenly, the back door opened, smashing loudly against the wall. My two young sons raced through the house throwing dirty, grass-stained, balled up socks at each other.

"Stop it right now," I said. "I'm expecting company any minute." They scooted up the stairs, and that ended the sock problem—or so I thought.

The women arrived, and after welcoming them, I filled the coffee server from the large coffee maker and began filling

their cups.

When I'd emptied the server, I went back into the kitchen to refill it. Removing the lid, I looked inside to find a dirty sock on the bottom.

Horrified, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry! Should I tell the ladies or simply throw the sock in the garbage? I looked over my shoulder and whispered, "This one is between us, Lord."

I disposed of the sock, refilled the server and joined the women. But all the time I wondered where the other sock might turn up.

Judy E. Byrne