

The Bake Sale

Value: Forgiveness



Mary and her mother Joan were busy in the kitchen. They had been baking all day for the school's bake goods fund raiser. Mary enjoyed when her mother and her would do things together. Baking always made things seem better.

Jack, Mary's little brother, had been hanging around the back kitchen door all day with his friends. The cookies and the cakes smelled so good. You could almost smell them from a block away.

"Can we have some? Can we have some?" Jack repeated with his face smooched up against the screen door. He had a group of friends from the neighborhood crowded around him.

"Not right now," Joan said.

"Awe," groaned all of Jack's friends.

It was funny how all of Jack's friends from the neighborhood wanted to go to his house especially on the days when his mother was baking.



"Oh mother," Mary said, "everything is turning out so perfect. My school is sure to raise a lot of money selling all of these. They all look terrific."

"Well," said her mother, "it is surely because you have learned so much in school and not from your mother".

They both laughed because they knew that Mary's mother was a very good baker ... probably one of the best bakers on the block. Mary had learned a great amount about baking from helping her mother as she grew up. Mary was a pretty good baker herself.

As Mary and her mother were taking a break in the late afternoon, Joan made up a plate of fresh homemade oatmeal cookies for Jack and his friends and poured a pitcher of milk to go with them.



"YEA! OH BOY!" came a loud cheer as Jack and his friends ran to the picnic table in their backyard.

"You're the greatest," they said.

"These are terrific," they said to each other as they enjoyed the cookies and milk. And they were extremely good today, because they were still warm from the oven.

"These oatmeal raisin cookies are my favorite," said Jack.

Mary and her mother finally finished baking. Mary went upstairs and her mom decided to take a well deserved break in the living room. "Your father will be home in about thirty minutes and he's bringing pizza with him since we've been baking," Joan said to Mary as she was hurrying up to her room to listen to her music.



All seemed to be the perfect day, until their father got home.

Mary was coming down the stairs when she heard, “Oh no”. It was Joan, Mary’s mother as she went into the kitchen. Mary ran to the kitchen and there sat her little brother Jack sitting at the kitchen table eating one of the hot apple pies.

Jack had chocolate all around his mouth and on his hands from the cake that he had been into before.

“I will never forgive you,” she said to her little brother as she ran back upstairs crying.

Mary stayed up in her room and wouldn’t even come down for the pizza that her father had brought home. Later that night, Mary heard Jack upstairs crying because him had a stomachache.

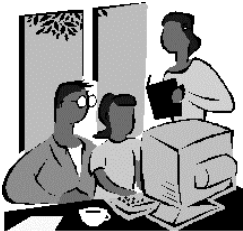


“Good, I’m glad,” she said in a whisper to herself. Just then, Mary’s mother and father came in. “Can we come in?” they politely asked as they entered. “I guess,” Mary said in a sad voice.

“We just wanted to have a small talk with you,” they said as they sat down on the bed. “Sometimes it seems like it is pretty hard to forgive someone for something that they have done,” they started to say.

“Like Jack ruining the bake sale,” she said.

“Well...like your brother getting into some of the bake goods,” they said, “he’s paying a pretty good price for all that he ate earlier. What’s important Mary, more important than anything, is forgiveness. Not everyone treated Jesus well, but do you know that he still prayed to God and asked his Father to forgive them for what they had done.”



“Yes, I know,” she said.

“Well Mary,” her mother said, “if Jesus could forgive those who had treated him badly, don’t you think that you could forgive your brother for eating some bake goods?”

“Yes, I believe that I can,” she said, “I believe that this is what Jesus and God would want me to do”.

“And besides,” her mother went on to explain, “when you ran to the store for me earlier, I baked a few things that you didn’t even know about, so everything is going to be just fine”.

Mary was happy that she forgave her brother that day, and they were forever as close as could be.