

My kitchen rules!

Me: "Father, your cakes are scrumptious. Tell me, what ingredients do you use?"

God: "Well, there's flour, of course. Made from the finest wheat. Then there's honey, and a little milk. And salt - mustn't forget the salt. Also I like to mix in some fruit - provided by my Spirit, of course. I choose according to the one for whom the cake is baked, and for their journey ahead."

Me: "There has to be more. I mean, your cakes are so moist and delicious."

God: "Ah. That would be my secret ingredient."

Me: "And what is your 'secret ingredient?'"

God: "A cup of tears."

Me: "Whose?"

God: "Mine."

Me: "Tears of.....?"

God: "Oh, grief, pain, joy, compassion - all that gives life its texture."

Me: "Oh.Do you think I'll ever be able to bake as well as you?"

God: "I can teach you how, and provide all that you need - except the secret ingredient. That's for you to add. It will give the cake your signature. But I promise you, with your tears, those who eat it will taste mine.

Just think - you and me in the kitchen, together. Cooking up a storm."

Me: "I'd like that."

God: "So would I."

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