

## PIZZA COOKIES

A story based on Luke 12:13-21

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Once upon a time, there was a newly married couple. They were like Jack Sprat and his wife. The husband was tall and lean, the wife was short and pleasantly round. They got along like 2 peas in a pod. The husband went off to work every day while the wife cleaned and cooked and made a nice nest for him to come home to.

The husband's favorite cookie was oatmeal raisin, so the wife practiced and practiced until she made a fantastic oatmeal raisin cookie. Every day, when the husband came home from work, he ate one of those wonderful cookies.

One day, the wife found she did not have any raisins to put into her cookies. Instead, she found in her cupboard a small bag of chocolate chips. Not being able to make her usual recipe, she made one big cookie using the chocolate chips.

Her husband came home from work just as the big cookie was coming out of the oven. "Hmmm," he said, sniffing the wonderful aroma. "I'm just in time for my cookie!"

"We'll have to share," she said as she cut the cookie in half. "I only made one big one."

"Is this half mine?" the husband asked.

"It is the half that is closest to you," replied the wife.

"But the other half looks like it has more chocolate chips," he said, sadly.

It was the first time that they faced such a big challenge, but instead of fighting over the chocolate chips, they spent the whole evening cutting the cookie apart, bit by bit, so that they were both able to eat the same number of chocolate chips.

The cookie was so delicious that the husband now wanted chocolate chips in his daily cookie instead of raisins. He went to the store before bedtime to buy some more chocolate chips for his wife to use in the next day's batch of cookies. He had intended to get one big bag, but as there were only 4 big bags left on the shelf, he bought all 4. After all, the more chocolate chips in the cookie, the better the cookie!

The next day the wife made two large pizza sized cookies. She carefully counted the chocolate chips to make sure that there were the same # in each cookie. Dinner was forgotten as they enjoyed their cookies in front of the TV, each washing them down with a big, cold glass of milk.

When the husband woke up the next morning, he related to his wife his dream of having his own store that sold only her pizza sized chocolate chip cookies. That way, he could have a cookie for breakfast, lunch, and dinner while providing others with the same joyful experience.

That dream became a reality only a month later when they opened their first storefront. The demand for those wonderful cookies was so high that in 6 months' time, they were able to franchise "mama's pizza cookie" stores through agents all over

the country. The husband no longer needed to work and the wife no longer needed to bake. They bought an RV and traveled the country visiting their franchise stores and enjoying eating free chocolate chip pizza cookies, which was part of the franchise agreement.

But, as much as they enjoyed eating their cookies, it was getting harder and harder to climb out of the RV and to go inside the storefronts to pick them up. So, all the franchises were mandated to put in drive through windows that would accommodate their large RV. Life could not have been sweeter!

Until one day, the husband didn't feel very well. The wife called 911, but before the paramedics could figure out a way to get the husband through the door of the RV, he died of a heart attack.

What happened to the wife? Well, she went back to live in their first little house and spent the rest of her life making oatmeal raisin cookies for her friends and neighbors.

The end.

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