

Making God's Cookies

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The following story was contributed by the mother of Thomas Selover, Unification Church director in Mississippi.

Sunlight streamed through the kitchen window, and the air was filled with the delicious odor of baking cookies, of raisins, brown sugar and cinnamon.

Jenny set on a high stool, watching her mother cut out cookies, then line them up carefully on the shiny baking sheet.

"Are those for us?" asked Jenny hopefully.

"We will keep those that don't turn out well, but the best ones are for the Church Social", her mother explained.

"Rats!" said Jenny. Why were the best always for somebody else?

She watched her mother shape the dough precisely. Her mother was creating something. "Creating" was a funny word. At Sunday School, Jenny had been taught that God "created" souls. Had He been careful with all of them, as her mother was being with the cookies, or had He made some smaller, less filled with

goodies?

"Maybe He made me smaller in the beginning" she mused.

"Maybe He doesn't expect much of me."

She noticed the care her mother took, how gently she formed each cake, tucking in the raisins so that they wouldn't burn, then placing each one so that it had enough room for expansion in the hot oven.

Jenny examined the finished baking sheet. Were there any cookies that her mother had made to stay home? It didn't seem so.

"Do you make some to turn out well and some not so well?"

"Of course not". Her mother smiled at the foolish notion,

"I hope that they all will turn out well."

Jenny slowly got down from the stool.

"I guess He hopes that all His people will turn out well, too", she murmured.

"What did you say?" Her mother glanced up.

"I was just talking to myself." Jenny went out into the sunshine. Her mother might not understand about being one of God's cookies!