

Lamb Cake

"Angie, you've signed only sixteen invitations. I thought there were twenty-six in your class. What about the other ten?"

"Well, Mom . . . five of the boys won't sit still in class. They're always in trouble, and none of my friends like them."

"What about the other five, Angie?"

"Uh, well, two of them, lots of times come to school with dirty faces and hands, and their clothes are old and torn. Nobody wants to play with them, Mom."

"And the last three, Angie, what about them?"

"One boy, Sean, he talks funny. I can't understand him, and the other kids can't either. . . . And then there's Gena. She has thick glasses and looks funny."

"You have one left to tell me about, Angie."

"No, that's all. . . . Oh, yah . . . Katrine. She takes forever to do her work! The teacher put a sign on her desk. It says, 'Hurry'. A lot of kids gave her Valentines with slow-poke turtles on them."

"Did *you* give her one like that, Angie?"

"No, I couldn't find one."

"Good! I'm glad you couldn't and didn't give her one. So why don't you want any of those children to come to our Easter party, Angie?"

"Oh Mom, don't you know?"

"Angie, many children find it hard to sit still for very long. That's how God made children -to be active and to want to be up and around, exploring the world He put them in. It's natural. You yourself were like that up until last year. Did you forget?"

"Yes, I remember now."

"Also Angie, some parents don't have enough money to buy new clothes, or to mend clothes, or they're sick or so busy they don't even notice, or maybe the kids make mud pies on the way to school."

Angie giggled. "I never thought of that, Mom."



"Do you know if Sean goes to speech therapy classes?"

"Maybe. He leaves our room for a while a couple times a week."

"Then *he* is probably trying to speak more clearly for people to understand. Why don't *you* try to be his friend? And even if he isn't taking speech classes, he still needs friends, like you and everyone else does."

"Okay Mom, I'll be his friend."

"And about the girl with thick glasses . . . Do you remember two Summers ago when your leg was broken, and some of the neighbor kids made fun of the way you looked when you walked with your crutches? How did that make you feel?"

"Awful Mom, just awful! But what about Katrine, Mom? She's supposed to hurry and do her work like the rest of us. Why is she such a slow-poke?"

"Angie, you don't always clean your room or set the table or do your homework as fast as *you* could. *Everyone* needs extra time, sometimes, to learn new things or to solve problems, or time to be creative and inventive, to imagine and dream. Also, it can be hard to concentrate if a person is having personal or family problems.

"Do you think *you* could think straight if a sign was put on *your* desk that caused the other kids to make fun of you and not play with you? Would you like getting slow-poke Valentines?"

"I *know* I wouldn't, Mom!"

"I don't think your teacher made the wisest decision about Katrine. I'm going to call and tell her how I feel about this matter."

"And I was wrong about not wanting to invite everyone in my class to the party! But if we *do* invite all the kids, I don't think we can make a cake big enough for all of them *and* my whole Sunday School class, too."

"Of course we can, Angie. The lamb cake we're going to make will be large. Let's get the ingredients out." So Angie and her mother got out the flour, baking powder, honey, eggs, milk, butter, and almond flavoring. They measured the correct amount into a bowl, mixed them together, and poured the batter into a huge cake pan shaped like a lamb.

"Why do we always make a lamb cake for Easter, instead of a bunny cake, Mom?"

"Because Jesus is the perfect Lamb of God, who loves us so much that He died for us on Good Friday and rose again on Easter morning. Just like we can cut this cake into enough pieces for all the children, Jesus, has enough love to divide among all the people of the world.

When the oven bell rang, they took the risen Lamb cake out of the oven. Angie and her Mom frosted it and sprinkled it with shredded coconut, to make it look like wool. Then they put a winner's ring of flowers around His neck, because the Lamb of God is our champion who won the most difficult victory of all time. Finally, to complete the Lamb cake, they put another ring of flowers on His head. It looked like a crown, since the victorious Lamb of God is the greatest King of Heaven and earth. Angie could hardly wait to share the Lamb's cake and His love, with *all* her guests!

"Christ was like a pure and perfect lamb." 1 Peter 1:19 ICB; "He died for all." 2 **Corinthians** 5:15 NIV; "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world." John 1:29 NIV; "Now you can have true love. So love each other deeply with all your heart." 1 Peter 1:22. ICB

