

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE BONES ARE GONE?

Bowser could hardly wait! His mistress, Mrs. Hubbard, had been gone all morning shopping, and he was expecting a special treat when she got home. Finally he heard the door open and there was Mrs. Hubbard with her arms loaded. None of the bundles really interested him until she put one on the table that bulged invitingly from the bones inside. You see, Bowser's "bag" was bones!

From that day onward, he really had it made. All he had to do was

go to the kitchen
sit down
whimper slightly
drool immensely
and look longingly.

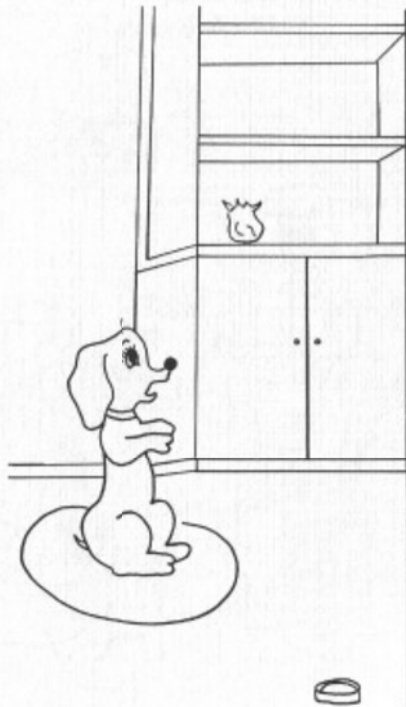


Soon Mrs. Hubbard would
come to the cupboard
reach into the bag
grab a bone
and hand it to Bowser.

But one day Bowser noticed the bag was getting smaller. He tried to warn Mrs. Hubbard about the problem in the cupboard, but she was too busy to pay attention to him. And so the inevitable finally happened. Bowser

went to the kitchen
sat down
whimpered slightly
drooled immensely
and looked longingly.

And Mrs. Hubbard
came to the cupboard
reached into the bag
found nothing
and turned to face Bowser!



Of course she was embarrassed
and sorry
and repentant.

But dog's don't understand embarrassment
and they can't eat promises.

So Bowser went somewhere else to live when the bones were all
gone.

Which may help us understand why so many people seem to be
"turned off" by the church and Christians. Hungry people, like hungry
dogs, aren't satisfied by apologies for spiritual barrenness and they
are not encouraged by promises redeemable only in the future. I guess
when the bones are gone you have to go somewhere else to get fed.

(Matthew 14:16)

