

THE JOURNEY of a SANDWICH

There once was a sandwich (made from two slices of good wheat bread) for a little girl's lunch...

What a delicious meal for my hungry babies!

It was true...

It cried so hard, it didn't notice the sunshine peaking over the rooftops.

Toward morning, an icy wind began to blow.

Rain is our only hope. When I rot, I will become soil where flowers can grow.

Lying in the ditch, the sandwich wondered what would happen to it now. That night rain began to fall.

One slice was spread with crunchy peanut butter.

Strawberry Jam was the girl's favorite

I'm the BEST sandwich ever!

Eat the bread, dear. It will make you strong.

I'll give the bread to the birds.

It's time to go to town. Bring your sandwich along.

But the girl just scraped off some peanut butter with her sticky finger!

In the back seat of the van the last of the jelly was licked off, and then the sandwich mysteriously disappeared.

For whosoever
exalteth himself
shall be abased;
and he that
humbleth himself
shall be exalted.

Luke 14:11

She's thrown me away! How cruel!

The sandwich lay between a crumbled bag and a smelly sock. Night came...

The worst day of all was when the mother came hunting for something, and lifted the smelly sock.

You are only good for the ants, now.

I'm not food for ants. I'm a peanut butter and jelly sandwich!

And ever so quietly it began to change...

...until it had become a couple of dried bread crusts.

It would have cried, but all its tears had dried up long ago.

Ick! Some dried crusts!

Even the ants ignore me.

I'm ruined!

Rot? Not me!