

Fat Feasts, Enjoy Them

Proverbs 17:1

It was another memory savored. Usually we like the feast rather than the famine. But in Proverbs 17 it says,

*“Better is a dry morsel with quietness,
Than a house full of feasting with strife.”*

Yesterday after a full and exhausting day I came home in need of repair. I was hungry, tired, and “big-breath” sighing. You know one of those, “Ahh, I am home” type of door-opening. After taking my work baggage to my room I ventured out to the kitchen where everything happens. Maria was there, we talked a bit, and then a marvelous thing happened. Without any prediction, promise, or persuasion, one by one all the kids ventured by the island, stopped, and either leaned or sat at the counter.

There were snacks everyone was chomping on, you know those ones that have fat grams out the wahzoo. We did not care about poundage at all. Jokes, laughter, smiles, kidding, and memories started flowing. It increased until I could not hear what was being said by all the “interrupters” around. I pulled back and just noted the special unique moment. It was a “house full of feasting” as described in Proverbs, but in the opposite mode. It was a “Feast with peace-ing”.

Solomon contrasts the dry morsel with peace to the full feast with strife. I understand his truth and agree with it. BUT, the best proverb is the loud and raucous full feast in peace and laughter which does good like a medicine.

After several minutes the party dwindled slowing and everyone went back to their usual business but I was different. My heart and soul were rejuvenated and I was glad to be alive again.

I knew that I would not forget those few moments in time. I knew that in delightful future times of weddings, birth days, holidays, and reunions, I would think back on these moments in time. My home is a place of “feasting peace-ing”. When I was young my mother often said in despair to 5 ravenous, grazing kids, “Stop peacing”. I never could understand what that meant save we were to stop eating. I think she thought we were taking food, bit by bit, and then running for cover. How right she was.

Well I guess I am debauched as I love to watch the family “peace-ing” together and laughing unlimited. God gives these times to be enjoyed even if we are overweight because of them. Bring it on! I will exercise more, (ya right) but I will not give up the moments of fatness. In fact, I will seek them. I want to die fat, full on “feasts of peace-ings”. Try it and you will see what I mean. Oh yes, the recipe is also given in Proverbs. Read and you will find.

*Look for the counter of laughter. It is there.
You just have to be willing to make time for it.*