



The Long-Handled Spoons Story

A parable, source unknown
This version by Ann McGill - Potentialist

The most recent batch of newcomers at the Pearly Gates wanted to know the difference between Heaven and Hell, so opted for a free tour. First stop was the cafeteria Down Under. As the sightseers got off the bus, delicious aromas stirred hungry bellies. Once the dining room doors opened, however, a horrendous din of grumbling and shouting blasted the visitors into shocked silence. “What’s going on here?” each wondered.

Several dozen people jostled around a huge caldron of savory stew, dipping big-bowled spoons into the scrumptiousness, spilling hot food over each other as they tried to move bowl to mouth. The reason was immediately obvious. The handles on their spoons were nearly a yard long, firmly attached to the eater’s arm, making it impossible for people to feed themselves.

When the bus stopped at Heaven’s Cafeteria, the same delicious scents wafted through the air, yet once inside all was calm and peaceful. Through the hum of contentment could be heard frequent murmurings of “muchos gracias - merci – many thanks, do appreciate.” While hands were firmly attached to the same long-handled spoons, each person was feeding another and all were fed.

***“It is by our service to others
that we ourselves our nourished.”***

Ann McGill – Potentialist

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