

I like making lefse, probably as much as I like eating it. I learned this art while serving my congregation out in Western Washington. Every year, the ladies had a lefse making day in November and they would invite my family and me to attend. We were great taste testers, but eventually we progressed to helping roll out some lefse. Soon, we progressed to using that long, wooden stick to pick up the lefse and then artfully place it on the griddle. And then came the art of flipping the lefse and taking it off the griddle to cool. Soon I was hooked. I got a lefse making kit for Christmas and I was off and running.

But I quickly discovered that lefse making was hard work. I made many mistakes and encountered many frustrations, like when my dough was too sticky or the lefse would break while picking it up. Sometimes things would start well and exciting, but eventually I just wanted to finish, thus hurrying and making more mistakes. There was not a lot of joy in the actual making of the lefse even though I enjoyed eating it.

This year has been different, though. I generally only make lefse once, maybe twice during the holidays. But so far this year, I have made lefse three times; making 118 ten-inch rounds as I have tweaked my recipe and process. Now, it is getting easier and more fun. I am sharing my art with others and the once laborious process has become energizing and smoother. I still make mistakes and encounter frustrations, but my joy has now been renewed because I am looking past the potato.

What is the point of all of this? Well, when I see a Russet potato now, I do not just see this dirty thing that came out of the ground, and the long laborious process to make it something good. **I now see what it can be.** I see the smiles it can put on people's faces. I can almost taste that soft lefse with butter and white sugar (Yes, white sugar is the way to go). I can see eyes light up when I hand someone lefse. **I am looking beyond what I see in front of me to the potential.**

And you are that potato; dirty, unclean, and requiring a lot of work, but **instead of focusing on the "potato", God saw the "lefse"**. And as I write that last sentence, it puts a smile on my face. A dirty potato becoming something more. Isn't that a beautiful image? But now consider this - a tiny baby born to unlikely parents in a dirty manger stall becoming the Savior of the world - Jesus Christ. *[Did you just compare Jesus to lefse? 😊]* You see, God makes dirty potatoes

(you/sinner) into beautiful lefse through Jesus Christ. YES, what a beautiful image, for you are not meant to be a potato, but rather, so much more. To God be all glory, now and forever, Amen.