

CREATIVITY

IMAGINING WHAT YOU
COULD DO BECAUSE YOU'RE
MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE

SALT & LIGHT

MATTHEW 5:13-16

MEMORY VERSE | Psalm 145:3

Keisha Jones tied the strings of a large, white apron carefully behind her back. She glanced in awe at the gleaming silver countertops and appliances in the kitchen of the Cupcakery, where her brother Robert worked.

"This is amazing!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah," agreed Robert. "Pretty great Mia's letting us use the mixer and stove."

"Pretty great you're helping me," added Keisha.

Keisha had offered to bake cookies to raise funds for new marching band uniforms. Even better, she'd convinced Robert to help her. He clipped a smudged recipe page over the counter.

"Brown butter and toffee chocolate chip cookies?" read Keisha. "Sounds . . . weird."

"Trust me. They're the *bomb*," declared Robert.

Robert had been working evenings in a bakery for three years, so Keisha had to admit he probably did know.

She looked over the recipe. "Two cups of flour, one teaspoon baking soda . . . one teaspoon of salt?!"

"Actually, we're quadrupling the recipe," noted Robert. "So that's *four* teaspoons of salt."

Robert tossed Keisha a set of measuring spoons. "Cookies are supposed to be sweet," she protested. "Won't the salt ruin them?"

"Nope," said Robert. "Salt actually brings out the flavors."

Keisha shook her head. “What does that even mean?” she wondered.

“You want to test it out? Fine. I’ll make a batch with salt and you make one without,” challenged Robert.

“You’re on!” said Keisha.

The siblings worked quickly as Robert showed Keisha how to mix the dry ingredients and the wet ingredients separately. “Now add the dry ingredients into the wet mix,” Robert instructed. “On low speed, or you’ll make a flour storm all over the kitchen!”

“I know that,” huffed Keisha as she turned on the mixer and began adding in the flour mixture. As she worked, though, she began to hear another sound over the mixer.

“Wow! Rain’s really coming down!” she noted.

“Yeah, and this is such an old building that every time it storms—” began Robert. He was interrupted by a crack of thunder. There was a loud boom—lights fizzled and the mixer stopped suddenly, leaving them in darkness.

***“Two cups of flour,
one teaspoon baking soda
... one teaspoon of SALT?!”***

“Every time it storms, the power goes out,” Robert finished. He fumbled with his phone until the flashlight came on. “It always comes back on pretty fast. We can wait it out.”

Robert settled down on the floor, back to the cabinets.

Keisha sighed and sat down too. She checked her phone. “My battery’s dying. Entertain me.”

“What, you can’t live without your phone?” teased Robert.

“I don’t know, tell me a story,” said Keisha.

"I was just thinking of one. About salt."

"Really?"

"One that Jesus told."

Keisha nodded. "Oooh. That one. Sermon on the Mount."

"Well, it fits," Robert pointed out. "You know—the cookies."

"Fine. Read it to me, preacher man," said Keisha.

"It's in Matthew." Robert settled in with his Bible app. "*Jesus saw the crowds. So he went up on a mountainside and sat down. . . . Then he began to teach. . . .*" And pretty quickly He gets to this part: "*You are the salt of the earth.*"

After a moment, Keisha asked, "That's it?"

"Well, no. I mean, then Jesus talks about throwing out the salt if it loses its saltiness," said Robert.

Keisha laughed. "How do you even know if you're salty?"

"I think it's like the cookies," said Robert, considering. "Salt makes things taste better. And people who follow Jesus can make *life* taste better."

"Mmm. Like chocolate chip cookies," teased Keisha.

Robert punched her lightly in the shoulder. "You know what I mean. When we share God's story, we bring hope to others. We help to fill their lives with kindness and joy and peace . . . all that good stuff."

"Okay, okay I get it," agreed Keisha. "Salt equals good. There's something about light too, right?"

"Yup," said Robert. "Jesus says: *'You are the light of the world. . . . People do not light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead, they put it on its stand. Then it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine so others can see it. Then they will see the good things you do. And they will bring glory to your Father who is in heaven.'*"

Keisha shifted, trying to get comfortable on the hard floor. "So when we follow Jesus—"

"By showing God's love to others," added Robert.

“Right, when we do that, others can see God better. And what to do.”

“Like a bright light,” agreed Robert.

Just then, the lights blazed back on and the mixer began cranking.

“Yikes!” Robert leapt up to stop the mixer. Keisha stood and stretched, blinking.
“Like a bright light. You planned that, huh?”

“Of course,” said Robert.

“Well played,” congratulated Keisha. “Hey. I’m gonna put salt in my batch of cookies, after all.”

“Well played,” said Robert.

As Keisha measured out the salt, she smiled. The cookies would be great, but she had some thinking to do—about ways she could be salt and light herself.



**Let's
Talk!**

Sometimes showing God's love and sharing His story requires a little imagination—a little creativity!

Talk about what you think being a light means. Then, think of people in your lives or in your community who may need a little light right now. What are some creative ways you could do good and show them God's love? Together, ask God to show you the places where He wants you to shine His light. Thank Him for first loving us so we're able to show others that love too!