

The Warm Fuzzies of Swabbydabbydoo

6BEaster - May 17, 2009

Once upon a time, in a place not so far away,
there very happy village of Swabbydabbydoo.
The people who lived in Swabbydabbydoo
were about the happiest people you'd find anywhere.

They were happy because, on the day of their baptism
they were given a colorful sack filled with warm fuzzies.
Warm fuzzies were full of joy
so when you received one, you felt good all over.

Whenever a person from Swabbydabbydoo met someone
No matter whether it was for the first time or the hundreth
they would reach into their bag and give the other person,
the biggest and best warm fuzzie they could give.

And, even though they didn't necessarily expect to get
a warm fuzzie in return, they always did.
And that's why Swabbydabbydoo was such a happy place.

Too happy a place thought the mean old troll who lived in a
cave on the outskirts of town.

So one day, he spread a rumor that there was a nationwide
shortage of warm fuzzies.

He even sang a song to warn the people to be careful that
someone might even steal their warm fuzzies.

Don't Trust Your Neighbor

Don't trust your neighbor. Don't be a friend.
If you give away your fuzzies you'll be sorry in the end.
Don't trust your neighbor. Hold tight your pack.
If you give away your fuzzies, you'll never get them back.

We'll it seems that - even in very happy places like Swabbydabbydoo . . . bad news spreads faster than good news. People, even good people - love to gossip, and the awful news created by the mean old troll spread like wildfire.

So, in a very short time, people started to be very careful with their warm fuzzies.

- Some, only shared warm fuzzies with a few friends.
- Some only shared warm fuzzies with people who thought and believed just like them.
- Hardly anyone shared warm fuzzies with strangers or new people in town.

Even in Church – a place that had been the most joyous place of all, people began to spread the gossip and hoard their warm fuzzies.

Well, soon, the very happy village of Swabbydabbydoo was not a very happy place at all.

But, people still needed to greet others.
What would they do or say when they'd run into someone who was new to town, or thought differently than they?

Eventually, someone came up with an idea.

Instead of warm fuzzies, they gave out cold pricklies.
The crabby old troll had a song about them too.

The Cold Prickly Song

Have a Pricklie, Mr. Bickly
When you take one – take it quickly.
Cause there icy – not to nicey.
Bet there’s none in paradicey.

Well, as you can imagine,
civility quickly took a nosedive in Swabbydabbydoo.
- which gave the villagers plenty of time alone.

Nobody wanted to be with someone
who gave them cold pricklies,
and that’s about all anybody dared to give.

Soon, there really was a shortage of warm fuzzies.

Not even enough for people to give themselves.

How sad. The joy was gone from Swabbydabbydoo.

One day, a young boy began paging through an old
book

that he found on a very dusty shelf.

The book was called the “Holly Bibble” or “Hilly Bauble”
or something like that. The cover was too dusty to read.

But inside the book, the boy came across these words:

“As the Father loves me, so I also love you.
Remain in my love. If you keep my commandments,
you will remain in my love, just as I have kept
my Father’s commandments and remain in his love.

I have told you this so that my joy may be in you
and your joy might be complete.”

“Joy,” the boy thought. “I remember joy. Its that wonderful feeling that we used to have in Swabbydabbydoo.

Boy, those were the days. I wonder how we might make things joyful again?”

He read on.

“This is my commandment . . .”

“Oh, oh,” the boy thought. “I don’t much like commandments. They get in the way of my freedom. I wonder what this guy’s going to command me to do before Swabbydabbydoo get’s back its joy.”

The next verse explained . . .

“This is my commandment: love one another as I love you. No one has greater love than this than to lay down one’s life for one’s friends. I call you friends. I have chosen you and appointed you to go and bear fruit – fruit that will last. So that whatever you ask the Father in my name – he may give you.”

And so, on that very day, the boy decided to take a risk. He was going to love – a love that he hoped would bear fruit and return joy to Swabbydabbydoo.

He began by untying the string that kept his bag of warm fuzzies safe and secure.

Then, beginning with his family, and extending from there to the kids at school and church and then to everyone he met,

The boy gave away his warm fuzzies.

Even if they were going to run out, he was going to give them away until they were gone.

He was going to risk everything.

He was not going to be afraid anymore.

He was going to love.

I guess you know the rest of the story.

Just as the wise man in the “Holly Bible” had said.

The boy’s love began to bear fruit.

Soon other villagers, seeing his joy and generosity in giving away warm fuzzies, decided to follow his lead.

They untied their sacks and began giving away warm fuzzies,

- not just to family and close friends,
- but to strangers and even to people who did not think the same as them
- or were like them on the outside.

Very soon, the joy returned to Swabbydabbydoo.

But it didn’t stop there. It continued to spread

Person to person, village to village,

until warm fuzzies became the “official currency”

of the entire world.

At last, people learned to love one another.

At last people learned to give away what they valued most – themselves.

And, in doing so - just as the wise man had promised

their joy became complete.

The Beginning.