One spring Saturday afternoon, an old man named Teese and his young friend Scotty were walking down the gravel road near Teese’s house. As they crossed the wooden bridge which rested across a stream, they met three small boys about Scotty’s age walking toward them with a bucket of crawfish.

Teese said, “Hey, kids. Where y’all going, boil some crawfish?”

One boy responded, “No, we’re going kill them. When we get to the highway, we’re going to put them in the road and let cars run over them.”

The gentle smile which greeted the children moments earlier faded from Teese’s face. “Why do y’all want to do that?” he asked.

“Because it's fun.”

“Combien vous-autres veux me vendre ces ecrevisses pour?”

“Ti veu pas acheter ces ecrevisses, Monsieur. Ti peu aller t’en attraper pour rien y ou nous-autres on l’a fait.”

“Non, je veux ceux-la. Combinous-autres prendrait pour?”

“Cinque pias.”

Teese dug into his overall pocket and said, “I just have $1.59. Le seau d’ecrevisses ete vitement donne a Teese et les trois petits a attrape l’echange et s’est haler. Scotty a demande, “Quoi faire t’a achete ces ecrevisses avec tout l’argent t’avais, Teese?”

“Par rapport au Jour de Pacques.”

“Qui t’ave dire?”

“Ces garcons avait pas espoir de manger ces ecrevisses. Ca voulait justes les tuer. Si quelqu’un pas les manger, je veux les ecrevisses vie.”

“Mais c’était juste des ecrevisses. Qui ti va faire si ta besoin de l’argent? Et qui ca ca pour faire avec Jour de Pacques?”

“Mais, c’est comme le Bon Dieu, Scotty. Il voulait qu’on vie, ca fait il nous a donne son seul fils qu’est revenu sur Jour de Pacques. Ces ecrevisses est pas plus grosse a cote de nous-autres que nous-autres on est a cote du Bon Dieu. Moi, j’ai donne mon argent pour un bonne chose, et si je je l’ai besoin, ca me viendra aussi, pareil comme le Jesus.

“Those boys weren’t going to eat those crawfish. They just wanted to kill them. If somebody doesn’t want to eat them, I want the crawfish to live.

“But it’s just crawfish. What will you do if you need that money? And what does that have to do with Easter?”

“Well, it’s like God, Scotty. He wanted us to live so he gave his only son, who returned on Easter Sunday. Those crawfish aren’t any bigger next to us than we are next to God. I gave my money for something good, and if I need it, it will come back to me, just like Jesus.”

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