

The Prodigal Son

Luke 15:11-32

by Don Falkos

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There was once a man who had two sons. The younger son took his share of the estate, and left for a distant country, where he squandered all his money in wild living. Soon he had nothing to eat. Eventually, he came to his senses, "My father's workers all have plenty to eat, and here I am, starving to death!" He left for home.

While he was still a long way off, his father saw him, ran to him, hugged him, kissed him.

The son said, "Father, I've sinned against God. I've sinned against you. I'm no longer worthy to be your son. Take me on as a hired hand."

But the father wasn't listening. He called to the servants, "Bring the best robe we have and put it on him. Put a signet ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. Let's have a feast and celebrate."

Meanwhile, the older son had been out working all day. In the evening, when he came in from the fields and learned what was happening, he was so angry he wouldn't even go into the house.

His father came out and tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't listen. The son said, "How many years have I stayed here working for you? And have you ever given a party for me and my friends? But this son of yours who threw away your money on prostitutes and God knows what else... he shows up and you go all out for him"

His father replied, "My son, you are always with me, and everything I have is yours. But your brother has come home. We must be glad and celebrate. Your brother was dead, but now he's alive. He was lost and now he's been found."