

This story known as the PRODIGAL SON, would be better entitled the FORGIVING FATHER and if sung, should be pitched in the key of "F"

Feeling footloose and frisky, a feather-brained fellow forced his fond father to fork over the farthings and flew to foreign fields and frittered his fortune, feasting fabulously with faithless friends.

Fleeced by his fellows in folly and facing famine, he found himself feed-flinging in a filthy farmyard. Fairly famishing, he fain would have filled his frame with food from foraged fodder fragments.

"Foey! My father's flunkies fare finer," the frazzled fugitive forlornly fumbled, frankly facing facts. Frustrated by failure and filled with foreboding, he fled forthwith to his family. Falling at his father's feet, he forlornly fumbled, "Father, I've flunked and fruitlessly forfeited family favor."

The farsighted father, forestalling further flinching, frantically flagged the flunkies to fetch a fattling from the flock and fix a feast.

The fugitive's fault-finding brother frowned on fickle forgiveness of former folderol. But the faithful father figured, "filial fidelity is fine, but the frail fugitive is found! What forbids fervent festivity? Let folded flags be unfurled. Let fanfares flare forthwith."

So the father's forgiveness formed the foundation for the fugitive's future faith and fortitude from that moment forward!

Yours for Truth and Freedom . . . Horace Hooper