

## *The Parable of the Popcorn Ball*

The Young Women in our ward were planning an activity, and I was asked to bring a dessert.<sup>1</sup> I chose popcorn balls. After popping the corn and separating the popped from the unpopped kernels, I placed the popcorn in a dish that would make it convenient for stirring in the syrup. Then I proceeded to make that mixture and added a color to make them more attractive.

During the day, I had been thinking and praying about a particular blessing that I was seeking from the Lord. I was pleading earnestly for His help in obtaining this favor and was actually feeling that I had somehow been left behind. It was almost as if I needed to be given what I wanted now or the Lord would run out of blessings and I would miss out completely.

As I poured the syrup over the popcorn and began to stir the ingredients together, my youngest daughter, Karen, came into the room. She saw that I was making popcorn balls and was disappointed when she learned that they were not for our family, but for someone else.

“Can I have one?” she asked.

“I’ll have to see if I have enough” was my immediate response to her question.

She waited somewhat impatiently and was encouraging me to make the popcorn balls smaller so the likelihood that she would get one would increase. She was in and out of the kitchen several times to check on my progress and the probability of getting a popcorn ball.

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<sup>1</sup> See original publication: Gail H. Johnsen, “Popcorn Ball Forms Parable for Mother,” *Deseret News*, February 14, 2009.

After about her third entrance into the kitchen, and additional amounts of concern about whether there would be enough for her, I suddenly realized that she had nothing to worry about.

“I am the popcorn ball maker,” I told her. “There is no shortage here, and I can make another batch, if I need to do so. Don’t worry; you will get a popcorn ball.”

Suddenly, I understood that the Lord was trying to teach me an important lesson. I remembered that in the scriptures, the Lord had been called our “Maker.” In Enos, we read: “And my soul hungered; and I kneeled down before my Maker, and I cried unto him in mighty prayer and supplication for mine own soul; and all the day long I did cry unto him; yea, and when the night came I did still raise my voice high that it reached the heavens” (Enos 1:4).

My Heavenly Father had not only heard my prayer that day but had found a way to teach me through everyday events that He truly is the “Maker” and that He has no shortage of ingredients to supply me with the blessing for which I was pleading as my voice reached high into the heavens. He knows what we need and when we need it—and will provide for us according to His will and His perfect timing.

