

**Feeding Y'shua Tomato Soup**  
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TOMATO SOUP??? What a strange thought. Well, yes, it is, but it has a Tushiyah Thought as well which just might help our friends this time of the year. Let me explain.

Once upon a time, there was a young couple full of love for each other, taking their vows of marriage, and jetting off on a honeymoon - the perfect start to a perfect life together. When they returned home and began to settle down in their new home, all appeared well. Love was in endless bloom. Caring words were always spoken, and tears would well up in their eyes daily as he would go off to work, parting their company for a few hours.

After a long day at the shop, he would return to his bride, and to hugs and kisses as if they had been separated for months. The two would sit down and enjoy a beautiful dinner together which she had lovingly spent hours preparing. They would talk about his day, her day, their love, the weather...

Then came Wednesday.

It started much like any other day, the tears, the work, the reunion, and then the dinner - tomato soup. Nothing appeared amiss, they ate, talked, laughed, he thanked her for the meal and for her love.

Thirty years later, on a Wednesday the couple sat down together to eat. Their love for each other was still strong. Sure they had had their ups and downs like all relationships, but they had weathered the storms together. Their outward expressions of love were not the same as in those early days, tempered by age, and mellowed by time, but the love was just as strong, even stronger.

As had been the Wednesday night custom, they sat down for another delicious bowl of tomato soup.

In the middle of conversation, he gently said "honey, you know I really don't like tomato soup." She laughed at the thought, but his slight, loving smile gave away the truth behind his words. Her laughter stopped.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a sudden state of shock, "for the last thirty years, every Wednesday I've made tomato soup for dinner, and every time, you smiled and thanked me. You don't like tomato soup?"

"Honey, I love you, and I know your heart", he responded, "that first week when we came back from our honeymoon and you made tomato soup for me, I realized you had forgotten the letters I wrote you while we were courting, how I told you that I hated tomato soup. I was going to say something, but I thought that you would be re-reading my letters and remember. Then, as the weeks went on, and you kept making tomato soup, I saw the love in your heart, and my love for you kept me from saying anything. Eventually you would remember."

She sat there in stunned silence, ashamed that she had missed something so simple all these years. Her love for him came to her heart, "I'm so sorry" she said as she and he both cried on each other's shoulders.

The next Wednesday a car horn sounded at the end of the day as he drove into the driveway. The dog started barking. She was hard at work in the kitchen, when all of a sudden she looked at the stovetop and saw the nice pot of tomato soup she had been preparing! "Ahh!" It had become such a tradition, she had continued in the routine without even a second thought... quick!

As he came through the door, an empty table greeted him. The dog was a bit slow to meet him at the door, finishing a bowl of something red. "I thought we'd order out for pizza tonight" she said...

As humorous as this story is, it of course has a point. For the better part of the last 1,700 years, followers of Y'shua (Jesus) have been feeding Him tomato soup. He sent courting letters to His bride - Israel - for many years, warning that He wanted to be worshiped the way He had instructed, and that they were not to take pagan practices and re-package them to worship Him.

Yet, this is exactly what christmas is. The christmas tree is condemned in Jeremiah and Isaiah. The day, December 25th, is not even close to His real birthday, but was celebrated as the birthday of the sun-god for millennia. Yule logs, holly, presents, mistletoe, wreaths, all these traditions and more have their roots in pagan worship rites surrounding this specific day.

"I made myself available to those who did not ask for me; I appeared to those who did not look for me. I said 'here I am, here I am' to a nation that did not invoke my Name. I spread out my hands all day long to rebellious people, who lived in a way that is morally unacceptable, and who did what they desired. These people continually and blatantly offend me... When juice is discovered in a cluster of grapes, someone says 'don't destroy it, for it contains juice'. So I will do for the sake of my servants..." - Isaiah 65:1-8 (NET)

Have His letters been forgotten? Do His words of warning against these things go unheeded? Now that He has reminded you of His letters, what will you do with the pot on the stove?

Merry christmas? No thank you, I love Y'shua too much to feed Him tomato soup.