

An order



A family settled down for dinner at a restaurant. The waitress first took the order of the adults, then turned to the seven-year-old boy.

“What will you have?” she asked.

The boy looked around the table timidly and said, *“I would like to have a hot dog.”*

Before the waitress could write down the order, the mother interrupted. *“No hot dogs”,* she said. *“Get him a steak with mashed potatoes and carrots.”*

The waitress did as if nothing had been said and continued: *“Do you want ketchup or mustard on your hot dog?”*

“Ketchup.”

“Coming up in a minute”, said the waitress as she started for the kitchen.

There was a stunned silence when she left. Finally the boy looked at everyone present and said,

“Know what? She thinks I’m real.”

From Anthony Mello’s *“The Heart of the Enlightened”*