

## Sizzle Trumps Steak

"Do you want fries with that?" Perhaps obstetricians should make that part of their delivery room mantra, right after, "Congratulations! It's a girl."

A recent study in the Archives of Pediatrics & Adolescent Medicine indicates that preschoolers prefer the taste of food – any food – in a McDonald's wrapper. Carrot juice pleases the palate better when branded with the Golden Arches. Kids as young as three received two doses of identical chow, first in the signature red-and-yellow vestments of the fast food icon and then in plain, unmarked wrappers. Consistently, they said the billions-served stuff had more flavor.

The research proves what we probably knew all along: we regularly meet the sucker-punch of marketing with our guard down and our jaw extended. As a result we pay much for what nourishes little. We're simultaneously fat and hungry.

In his classic saga *The Singer* Calvin Miller writes, "Hate dresses well to please a buyer." So does greed.

No doubt the snake that snookered Eve was dappled in dazzling pigment. The tempter might have talked vitamins and antioxidants to our first ancestor, but the eye-candy factor weighed heavily in her decision to unwrap that eternally indigestible unhappy meal. The serpent snickered as Eve salivated and we've been target practice for the same tactics ever since. The trans-fat of transgression convinces us that garbage nourishes when it comes with a winning wrapper.

Perhaps that is why the Son arrived via the usual messy route and landed in a feed trough instead of on a throne. Maybe that is why God's Word came as print on parchment so repeatedly handled that the originals have not survived, instead of hieroglyphics on gold tablets so sacred that no one ever actually saw them. And it might be that bearing that in mind will warn us off well-packaged poison and lead us instead to fill our souls with every word that comes from the mouth of God.

Supersize Me!  
Doug