

Everybody Sing!

My three sons predicted a worse end to those who oppose God than the one David prayed for in Psalm 68:1. One Sunday they changed the wording in the chorus of “Let God Arise” to “Let His enemies be splattered” instead of “scattered.”

Our congregation heartily approved the change. In fact, we’ve sung it that way ever since.

–Elaine Bridge

My husband’s friend Chris has a traveling music ministry. One day, while leading music at a small church, he noticed one of the children in the congregation singing “Let Us Have a Little Talk With Jesus” with gusto.

He marveled at her enthusiasm until he listened more closely to what she was singing. When he heard her creative interpretation of the song, he had to laugh. She was proclaiming loudly, “Oh, let us have a little taco, Jesus.”

–Dena J. Dyer

For 16 years we lived a few doors down from a classy, three-star French restaurant. The chef’s daughter, a refined child who once refused to eat at McDonald’s because they didn’t have tablecloths, spent a lot of time at our house.

Her dad could tell just by sniffing whether cookies had been made with butter or margarine. My family often had to be told whether it was animal, vegetable or mineral.

Not only was the father a great chef, he and his wife were wonderful people. But I never once invited them over for dinner.

The closest I ever came was the time they invited us over for a picnic. I offered the obligatory, “Can I bring anything?” I

never dreamed he would say yes.

He was fixing all the usual picnic stuff: hot dogs, beans and salad. I was to bring dessert—fresh blueberry sorbet.

I warned him, “Actually, not only have I never made sorbet before, I’ve never even eaten sorbet.”

“That’s OK,” he said, “I’ve never made hot dogs, either.”

—Mary Chambers