

Everything in Moderation

At the tender age of 6, I was greatly influenced by television ads. After seeing a Brill Cream commercial numerous times that claimed one could have beautiful hair with just “a little dab,” I decided a whole tube would be even better!

Delighted to find the miraculous salve in our bathroom, I anointed my head with all of it. After I had finished, I revealed the new me to my surprised parents.

After multiple shampoos, it became obvious that the cleansing process would take time. For weeks whenever I ventured out in public, I wore my Easter hat, a scarf or other head wear to conceal my finely greased hair.

No matter how often my hair was washed, the ointment remained.

I learned an important lesson at that age: With some things it's really true, “a little dab will do ya’.” **—Lynette Kittle**

After Sunday school class, little ones invariably need to have their hands and pockets checked for toys that just couldn't be left behind at church, where they belong.

One Sunday I forgot to search little 20-month-old Ryan. When we got to the house after church, I noticed that he was keeping his fist clenched.

Uh-oh, that looks suspicious, I thought. I should have checked him out before we left his class.

“Ryan, come here,” I called. When he got close I asked, “What do you have in your hand?”

He opened his fist and replied innocently, “Fingers!” **—Kayla Kirkland**