

Honey, Are You Listening?

Carol's husband, Otto, was one of the pastors of a prosperous church of about 400 members. On one occasion, when she had something special she wanted to discuss with him, he was so busy counseling parishioners and doing other church work that he was unable to lay aside any time in his schedule for the much-needed chat with his wife.

After several unsuccessful attempts to engage her busy husband in conversation, Carol took matters into her own hands. Firmly but lovingly, Carol (who was on the "hefty" side) wrestled her better half to the floor of their living room one evening and sat on his chest triumphantly.

Thoroughly subdued and somewhat chagrined that his wife had to resort to such desperate tactics to secure his attention, Otto grinned shamefacedly as he quietly surrendered, "All right, dear, what's on your mind?"

Lois Sink

Our 3-year-old granddaughter, Madison, was spending the weekend with us while her parents were out of town.

Sunday morning before we left for church, I strapped "Madi" into her car seat. Then I slid into the backseat to ride next to her while my husband drove.

When we were almost there, I pulled my compact from my purse and began powdering the shine from my nose. Observing me from her car seat perch, Madi piped up, "Nana, can I have some dust on my face, too?"

Nancy Hyle

Telling my first- and second-grade Sunday school class that King Saul's army "shrunk in size" while waiting for Samuel to arrive and offer the sacrifice (see 1 Sam. 13) created a

mental image in their minds that I didn't anticipate.

It wasn't until one of the students asked me how the men accomplished that feat, that I realized they pictured the soldiers growing physically smaller and smaller, rather than smaller in number! I guess they thought it was God's version of Honey, I Shrunk the Kids!

Elaine Bridge