

# Now That's Taking Authority!

One day my 7-year-old grandson, Michael, came into the house looking angry and determined. He said: "Mom-ma, those fire ants have attacked us kids and bitten us too many times.

"It was time for us to stand up; we had to defend ourselves and go to battle. This was war! So we caught some and threw them up in the air to come down on the driveway.

"Then we put some of them in gum with their heads sticking out and [placed] them behind Mommy's car so she would run over them. And if that doesn't make them be nicer to us, we're gonna pour a cup of water on them!"

**Kayla Kirkland**

Soon after my son was born, my husband and I felt the need to find a new church. My friend Barb and her husband invited us, so we accompanied them to their Sunday morning service.

I was pleasantly surprised when we were dropping off our babies at the nursery, to run into an old college acquaintance. As we exchanged greetings, I asked her how long she'd been attending the church.

"Oh, it's been several years," she replied.

Then I asked, "What do you think of the pastor? Is his teaching any good?"

She reflected a moment, then said, "Well, I think he's pretty good!"

As we left the nursery, Barb asked, "Did you know who that was?"

I responded enthusiastically that it was someone I knew from Bible college. To my chagrin she replied, "Pat, that was the

pastor's wife!"

**Pat Baker**