

“Oh, Brother!”

One Sunday I overheard a friend's 5-year-old son talking with another little boy about the upcoming birth of my friend's new baby.

The other boy asked, “What do you want, a brother or a sister?”

“Oh, I want a brother,” the 5-year-old replied.

“I don't see why it matters,” said the other boy, “babies all look alike at that age, anyway.”

—Lynette Kittle

One morning before she went to school, my 5-year-old daughter, Caitlin, asked me to put her heart locket on her—a small gold one her father and I had given her for Christmas a few years before. In the car she told me, referring to the locket, “Mommy, do you know what I keep in here? All the love from you and Daddy and Sean and Brian [her brothers].”

She paused a moment, then continued, “Whenever I need strength or joy, I just reach into it and take a little out.”

“Hmm,” I said. “Whenever I need strength or joy, I reach inside myself, where Jesus lives, and get what I need.”

“I don't keep all mine in there,” she replied. “It's easier to get it from the locket!”

—Maureen D. Eha

My son thought he had found a biblical reason to abandon his math homework when he incorrectly read the admonition in

Galatians 5:20 (NIV) to say that he should avoid “factions.”

I laughed as I told him the word was “factions,” not “factions.” But when I defined “faction” as a division in a large group of people, his eyes lit up. “See? I rest my case!” he said.

—*Elaine L. Bridge*

“Hey Annette! Put this on! He should be coming to any minute!”

“He who forgets the language of gratitude can never be on speaking terms with happiness.”

—E. C. McKenzie

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