

Outwitted by a Toddler

After unsuccessfully coaxing my 3-year-old to eat more of his meal, I gave up and excused him from the table. Minutes later he was back, asking for a cookie.

"But you didn't eat your dinner, Honey," I told him.

He pondered this for a moment, then asked politely, "Could you eat it for me?"

Amy K. Rognlie

As associate pastor of our small church, one of my husband's duties was to take prayer requests during the service. One Sunday evening he was earnestly exhorting the congregation, reminding them of how much God cared for each person individually.

At that point he intended to say, "God knows all your needs," but instead, he gazed compassionately around the room and assured the congregation, "God knows all you nerds."

Amy K. Rognlie

Before my son turned 2, it became necessary for me to work outside the home. At the perfect time, a part-time job opening appeared in the local paper that was tailor-made for me.

Our minister's wife, a stay-at-home mom, agreed to take care of my son. This seemed to be a green light from God. I applied and thankfully got the job.

A few weeks later, while the congregation was waiting quietly for the service to begin, my son grabbed the pen from my hand, turned around and began pointing it at the minister on his way to the rostrum with the elders.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" he shouted. I was so shocked, I could have died. I thought, I never taught my son to play with guns.

I was ready to take him out, caught an unmistakable twinkle in the minister's eye.

Consuelo Roda Jackson