

Preach on, Little Sister

Most Sunday afternoons, our family gets together for dinner after church. One of our traditions is to repeat the Lord's Prayer together before someone blesses the meal.

One Sunday, when my granddaughter was around 3 years old, she noticed that her father wasn't repeating the Lord's Prayer with the others. After I'd asked God to bless our food, she looked at her dad and asked him why he had not prayed with everyone else.

He explained to her, "I did pray; I just prayed to myself."

Then she said proudly, "We prayed to God."

Gladys Adams

Coming home from church one Sunday, I was eager to get out to the basketball court for some fun with friends. In my haste to get changed, I decided to keep my nylons on in order to save time.

At one point during the game, I was center court, standing at the free throw line and preparing to toss the ball through the hoop. Suddenly, I heard a sister screaming, "Danielle, your pants!"

When I looked down, my legs were covered to only mid-thigh by my big sweatshirt. I never felt my sweatpants sliding off my body.

Thank God I had on that big shirt. But I learned my lesson that day: Never play basketball in hose!

Danielle Laurantilla