

Surely, I'm Not That Old!

My friend's 4-year-old grandson, James, sat very attentively during a Sunday morning service. Seated next to his grandmother, he watched as the congregation partook of the bread and wine for communion.

Later, he looked on carefully as his grandmother placed her offering in the basket. And with the revelation that only a 4-year-old could get, he leaned over and whispered to her, "I know why God needs the money, Grandmother."

"Why?" she asked curiously.

"To buy food," he said.

"Why does God need to buy food?" she asked him with a smile.

"Because" he said with great confidence, "He's tired of the bread and wine!"

Janet Williams

While waiting in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name. Suddenly, I remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school class almost 50 years ago.

Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply lined face and stooped posture was too old to have been my classmate I decided.

After he had examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school.

"Yes," he replied.

"When did you graduate?" I asked.

He answered, "In 1955."

"Why, you were in my class!" I exclaimed happily.

He looked at me closely and then asked, "What subject did you teach?"

Charles and Frances Hunter