

Was That a Compliment.

Just before the holiday season our family traveled out of state to attend an interdenominational charismatic conference. My 3-year-old grandson, Christian, accompanied us, and when he saw me the first morning dressed in a new winter outfit, he was wide-eyed with delight and especially impressed with my red shoes.

Looking down at them and then at me, Christian exclaimed the words that blessed this grandmother's heart, "Oh Grammy, you look soooo pretty! You look just like a clown!"

High praise indeed from a 3-year-old!

—*Cynthia Duerfeldt*

The day of my sixth-grade graduation had finally come. As I sat, awaiting my turn to receive my diploma, I worried because the slip I was wearing was too big. In fact, all morning I'd been pulling on it to keep it from falling down.

Hearing my name called, I began walking across the stage and sure enough, my slip fell to my feet. Very politely, I stepped out of it, left it right where it was and made my way across the platform to receive my diploma.

My science teacher called out, "Hey, Ware, aren't you forgetting something?" But I didn't care. I was just thrilled to be going to junior high!

—*Tabitha Ware*

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