

Yoo Hoo, I Have A Question

Years ago, toward the end of the hippie movement, my husband and I used to arrive with our toddler, Gail, at her prekindergarten class about the same time each Sunday morning. Almost simultaneously, a bearded young man with very long, flowing hair would deposit his young daughter, Tammy.

My husband, Tom, and I were taken aback more than once by how much Tammy's dad resembled the artist's rendition of Jesus that hung on the Sunday school wall. We sometimes couldn't help remarking to each other about it.

After our couples' Sunday school class concluded one Sunday, I went to pick up Gail as usual. Hurrying to the door, her teacher apologized, "I'm sorry, but during playtime just now, your little Gail and Tammy got into a scrap."

Spying me, Gail came running with her arms out. Tears still streaked her chubby pink cheeks as she wailed with a note of indignant surprise, "Mommy, Jesus' little girl bit me!"

—Nancy O. Hyle

Does anyone have a question, prayer request or concern before we pray?" I asked as our Bible study concluded one Wednesday.

Waving her hand, a little lady sitting toward the back of the group called softly, "Yoo hoo, I have a question. Can someone stay and trim my hair in back?"

We laughed, but I was glad Patti felt comfortable asking her practical question in that setting. I thought, What an apt way to end a session on the family of God—helping a sister with her hairdo!

—Nancy O. Hyle

"Mom, can I take back my Charismatic Barbie and get one that can put her arms down?"

“Laughter is like changing a baby’s diaper—it doesn’t permanently solve any problems, but it makes things more acceptable for awhile.”

—E.C. McKenzie