

God *has* to laugh

Chatter around our Sunday dinner table:

“Mom, Sandy got up three times during church and left the building.”

“I had to. Between needing to go to the bathroom and getting a drink of water I thought I would die. Besides, I came back. That’s more than Tim can say when he left.”

“Hey, I had to go to the store and get some cough drops. You wouldn’t want me coughing while the fat lady sang, would you?”

“Don’t make fun of fat ladies. You may be fat yourself someday ”

“I wasn’t making fun. I just don’t understand why someone that fat makes things worse by trying to sing.”

“If the fat lady was bad, you should have been sitting

BUCKSHOT

JAMIE

BUCKINGHAM



in front of the baby that kept burping during the prayer.”

“Hey, I heard that burp. That was the loudest burp I’ve ever heard.”

“Just be glad you weren’t sitting next to the kid with the frog.”

“Did somebody have a frog in church?”

“Well, he did until Mr. Sweetbarn stepped on him during the offering.”

“Is that why old Sweety dropped the offering plate? I thought he’d been moved by the Spirit.”

“Hey, did you hear all that laughing at the back? A bunch of us kids were watching old man Tightly during the offering. He pulled out a \$50 bill so we could all see it, then palmed it like a card shark and dropped in a dollar instead.”

“What’s so funny about that? I feel sorry for a man who has to play games in front of little kids.”

“In front of his wife, too.”

“Do you think God sees everything that goes on in church?”

“Sure. He even saw Mr. Sweetbarn step on the frog.”

“Do you think He laughed?”

“He probably had to laugh to keep from crying. Especially when he heard what old Sweety called that little kid.”

“I like a God who laughs.”

“Me, too!”