

From the Vicar's Desk



A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honor" thy Father and thy Mother, she asked, **"Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?"**

Without missing a beat, one little boy (*the oldest of a family*) answered, **"Thou shall not kill."**

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One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out, in contrast, on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, **"Why are some of your hairs white, Mom?"**

Her mother replied, **"Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white."**

The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, **"Momma, how come ALL of grandma's hairs are white?"**

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The children had all been photographed and the teacher was trying to persuade each of them to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, 'There's Jennifer, she's a lawyer,' or, 'That's Michael, He's a doctor.'

A small voice from the back of the classroom rang out, **"& there's the teacher, she's dead."**

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A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood system. Trying to make the matter clearer, she said, **"Now, class, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I would turn red in the face."**

"Yes," the class said.

**"Then why is it that, while I am standing upright in the ordinary position, the blood doesn't run into my feet?"**

A little fellow shouted, **"Cause your feet ain't empty."**

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Smiling with ya'!---fr.t.