

Football & Dreamcoats

Last weekend had some more involvement with kids than the usual weekend. In addition to the two services where I serve with 4th and 5th grades, there was an earlier event for single moms, a Christmas party. No, I am not a single mom, but I (along with another from my Monday small group) helped out by leading games in the gym for some of the boys who came with their moms. The age range was about 3rd grade through 7th grade, with a couple data outliers (I think that's the statistical term) in the form of one about six years old and another in 9th grade. What does football have to do with this? Well, Mike, the other one from my small group, brought along a football. We started with just one 7th grade boy, one I knew very well by the way since he was in my cabin at summer camp a couple years ago, while the younger ones were listening to a Christmas story in the other room. The three of us tossed around the ball for a bit before the rest came in, including more older ones (5th-9th grade) who joined us in a game of touch football played in half the gym- the volleyball ministry had the other half. While Mike led his team as QB, as a non-sports guy I let the 9th-grader take that position considering he plays at his high school. While we played, the younger ones played with various other balls, tricycles, and whatnot as Mike and I kept order. Eventually some left for awhile to do crafts or something in another room, but the football game kept going. It was a pretty fun afternoon.

The lesson for the weekend was part two of Joseph. Of course, most knew the story, but with these intermediate grades the focus is on application. In this case, obedience and perseverance in our relationship with God even when things in our lives aren't going so well. On Saturday there are three leaders who rotate teaching from week to week so I never teach this service, but there are only two of us for Sunday, though

somehow I still only teach every other month- huh. The other one does two Sundays a month while one of the staff rotates in the months I am not on. Well anyway this was my week so naturally I wore my bright yellow overalls I wore when I was in Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat several years ago. I also sang from some of the songs from the show as we talked about Joseph before Pharaoh (where we left off last time), Joseph finally getting his reward after 13 years of obedience during hardship, and later Joseph before his brothers who were trying to get food during the seven years of famine. It was a fun lesson though I think I went a little long.

So that was my weekend in a nutshell. I'll have to think about if there is anything to write about my two days of subbing this week- one in early childhood, one in 7th grade science. Until then.

Boys Are Gross!

It's becoming clear to me why little girls think little boys are gross. They have a point – little boys ARE gross. Case in point: my almost 15-month-old **boy** was playing on the stairs today. When I went to retrieve him, he had taken half of his diaper off, and... well, I really don't want to get too technical or disgustingly detailed, so let's just say that he had gone #2 in his diaper and that it was a precarious situation and made for a difficult maneuver to get him off the stairs and cleaned up without spreading the mess. Leave it to the boy...

Not going to comment on my now 5-year-old daughter's 'painting

with poop phase' she had when she was a toddler – that was far worse, but just a phase. Our boy seems to live to get into things he's not supposed to, whether it be splashing in the dog's water bowl, dumping the dog's food (he does each of these activities 2-3 times a day!), wanting to play with wires, throwing food, smearing food, squeezing food in his fist, dumping drinks, playing in the toilet, the list goes on... BOYS!

Baby Christopher's Warm Fuzzies

When I was in high school, I was in a peer group called Snowball and one of our activities was to write "warm fuzzies" about each other. Warm fuzzies are kind thoughts. When we told family and friends we are now expecting a boy instead of a girl, we got lots of warm fuzzies, so I decided to collect them in one place so baby Christopher can read them someday.

Lisa,

How exciting to find out about your new son, we are so excited for you.

Love, Linda

YES!!!!!!!

I knew you guys could do it! Congratulations!!

Mary Beth

Hooray!!!

That is sooooo great. I can't wait for HIS arrival. I sure Dad is as excited.

Jamy

Wow! No wonder you are in shock! I'm excited for you. I had 3 boys and the last was a girl, and I didn't know till she was born – no ultrasounds in those days. All I can tell you from my experience is the girl was nothing like her brothers, from day one. For me, 3 boys were easier than one girl! I'll be interested to see how your experience is. Can't wait to meet little Christopher. I have one of those as well. (He is and was the "toughest", most bull-headed of my boys.)

Shirley

You are going to love having a son. I know I was very nervous about having a son because I wasn't sure if I could feel the same way about a boy as I did about Abby. Because she was a girl, I thought we had this unusual bond that couldn't possibly exist between a mother and a son, but it turns out that gender has nothing to do with it. I knew I'd love him, but I wasn't sure that there'd be that "click" I had with Abby. I'm glad to reports I was very wrong. I'm positively in love with my son and couldn't imagine life without a boy to raise. I've often said that I'd have a whole ball team of boys before I'd have another girl, so if that tells you anything, you'll LOVE having a son. H00RAY for you!

Tracy
