

Chapter 2

Sunday Morning Disaster

The next thing I knew it was morning, and Mom was shaking me awake. “Hurry up! We overslept! Get dressed and get breakfast. Church is in half an hour!” I heard her walk briskly down the hall and repeat the same words to my brother.

Ugh! I was soooooo tired. I loved family night! But I didn’t love rushing to get to church. I hurried as fast as I could anyway and put on the first thing I saw in my closet. “You are NOT wearing that to church!” Mom pointed her finger back down the hall. “March back to your room. You know what is acceptable to wear.”

Dad added, “And be quick about it, too!”
Thirty seconds later, I heard a similar speech given to my brother. We were paying the price for a late night!

Dad was yelling out marching orders,
“Let’s go, let’s go, let’s go!!!!!!”

Now I was feeling frustrated. I would have been ready if Mom wasn’t so picky about what I wore. “What’s the big deal?” I wondered.

I quickly squeezed my feet into shoes that looked nice but were a bit too small. I then ran to the car as Mom handed me a toaster tart

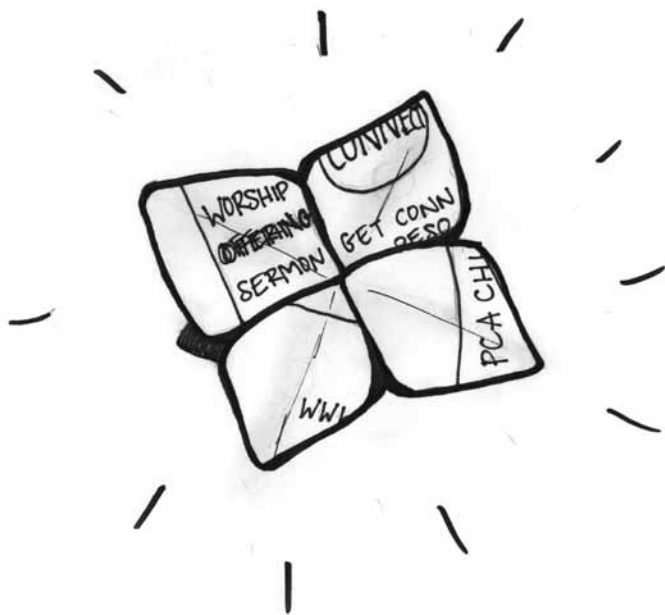


and Dad slid into the driver's seat. As I wiped the last of the crumbs from my chin, Mom passed me a mint. I hadn't brushed my teeth since last night and had terrible morning breath. In the church parking lot, my mother noticed my little brother's hair. She rolled her eyes, licked her hand and tried to smooth it down, but it was still sticking up wildly. I pushed down a snicker as we walked into the church.

By the time we got to church, we had missed both the call to worship and the first song. Now the congregation was singing "Standing on the Promises of God," and we tried to slip quietly into our seats. Then my foot caught on a lady's purse sitting on the floor by her seat, and down I went! I certainly wasn't standing then! I could no longer keep it in; the laughter I had been holding in since the parking lot popped right out! Dad let out a sigh, and everyone around us smiled politely. We weren't off to a great start. I watched with envy as moms carried their toddlers

to the nursery and the little preschool kids were excused for children's church. They were going to have a good time. Playing, coloring, snacking . . . I remembered my days in children's church. I liked church so much better back then! But those days were long over. Now I was stuck with having to go with the grown-ups.

After a few announcements and prayers, we stood up to read the Bible passage and then settled in for the longest, most boring part of the morning: the sermon. On and on the pastor talked. I pulled a pen out of Mom's purse and got to work on the bulletin. First, I colored in all the O's as neatly as I could. Next, I colored in the holes in the lower case a's and e's. When I made a "cootie catcher" out of the bulletin insert, Dad snatched it away and gave me his "behave or else" look. I asked to go to the bathroom. I didn't really have to go, but it helped break up the long boring morning. Slowly I strolled back into the sanctuary. Dad looked at me with one raised eyebrow. I'm



pretty sure he knew I had just been killing time. I glanced over at my brother. He was drawing cartoons in the margins of his bulletin, his hair still sticking up. I quickly looked away before I was tempted to laugh again.

Finally! The closing song and benediction. I ran out of the sanctuary to my Sunday School classroom. There I could talk to my friends! Sunday School wasn't the problem. I mean, there might be times when it was a little boring, but at least we were allowed to

talk and be with our friends. While waiting for the teachers to start, I kicked off my shoes under the table. A blister was forming on my pinky toe. One girl noticed my bare feet, so I explained our rushed morning. She totally understood! She told me that once she was rushing around so much that she came to church with two different shoes on! Then I told the kids at my table about my brother's hair, and we all had a good laugh—not a mean laugh, because every one of us understood running late on a Sunday morning and how that could be a problem. It seemed everyone had a Sunday morning story to tell. We all laughed some more before the teacher called us to order.