

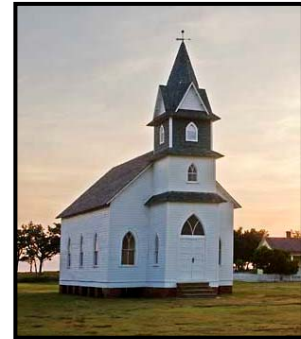
The Squirrels in Church



There were three country churches in a small Tennessee town – a Presbyterian church, a Methodist church and a Baptist church. Each church was overrun by pesky squirrels.

One day, the Presbyterian church called the elders together to decide what to do about the squirrels. After much prayer and consideration, they determined that the squirrels were predestined to be there, and the church shouldn't interfere with God's divine will.

Members of the Methodist church concluded that they were not in a position to harm any of God's creation. So they humanely trapped the squirrels and set them free a few miles outside of town. Three days later, the squirrels were back.



In the Baptist church, the squirrels had taken up habitation in the baptistery. The deacons agreed on a plan. They



rounded up the squirrels, filled the baptistery with water, baptized the squirrels and recorded them as members. Now, they only see them on Christmas and Easter.

While we may laugh about this little story, the truth is that too many people show up at church only on these two occasions during the year. They don't seem to understand the importance of regular worship with God's people.

Several years ago, *The British Weekly* published this letter:

Dear Sir:

It seems ministers feel their sermons are very important and spend a great deal of time preparing them. I have been attending church quite regularly for 30 years, and I have probably heard 3,000 of them. To my consternation, I discovered I cannot remember a single sermon. I wonder if a minister's time might be more profitably spent on something else?

For weeks, a storm of editorial responses ensued, finally ended by this letter:

Dear Sir:

I have been married for 30 years. During that time, I have eaten 32,850 meals – mostly my wife's cooking. Suddenly I have discovered I cannot remember the menu of a single meal. And yet, I have the distinct impression that without them, I would have starved to death long ago.

Clearly, we need regular nourishment for our souls, just as we do for our bodies.

– Beecher Hunter