

Wings



FIRST UNITY CHURCH – Serving the spiritual needs of the St. Louis community for over ninety years.

The Newsletter of
First Unity Church
Of Saint Louis

March 2015

- ❖ *Inspiration*
- ❖ *Information*
- ❖ *Illumination*

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Letting Go of the Old

By J. Douglas Bottorff

“No one puts a piece of unshrunk cloth on an old garment, for the patch tears away from the garment, and a worse tear is made.

Neither is new wine put into old wineskins; if it is, the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins are destroyed; but new wine is put into fresh wineskins, and so both are preserved” (Matthew 9:16-17).

In these two parables, Jesus furnishes us with a graphic illustration of a very important, freeing dynamic: the action of letting go. It is one thing to retain information for present and future use. It would be cumbersome if we had to relearn to drive our car every time we sat down in it. However, if we dredged up the memory of a past auto accident every time we sat in our car, our paranoia may hinder our present driving performance.

If you carry old wounds into a new day, you will prevent yourself from seeing and experiencing the potential for new avenues of creative opportunity. Jesus said to let the dead bury the dead and let the challenges of this day be the ones we give our full attention. How much of our creative energy is drained away replaying

old hurts and dredging up old things we should or should not have done?

The full action of God is present in each new moment. Created in the image and after the likeness of God, each one of us is intended to bring the full force of our creative energy to bear on the things we have to do each day. We say we do not have enough time or energy to do what we would really like to do? How does God attend the minutest detail of this vast universe? By being fully present in each new moment.

Fortunately, you and I do not have the responsibility of running the universe. All we are expected to do is live our lives successfully. We can learn from God by being fully present in this now moment, by giving our attention to the tasks at hand, and to let go of the problems of the past we can do nothing about. New wine, new wineskins is a thought worth holding each time we are tempted to pick up the old.



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This month the **Ladies' Night Out Group** will meet at 5:30 on March 16th at Red Lobster, 9838 Watson Road, Crestwood. For more information call Mary Tumminello - Home: 314-843-1807 Cell: 314-814-4530.



March 10: The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry by Rachel Joyce
April 10: The Red Tent by Anita Diamant

Laughter Yoga with Jodi

Simple stretching, breathing and guided meditation! Join in for a positive spiritual experience on Thursdays, 4:00 - 5:00 PM, in Fellowship Hall.



Easter Lilies will once again be available this year. The price is \$8.00 and orders must be in by March 29th.

Feed My People

Every year Feed My People gives out produce seeds and encourages their clients to grow some of their own food. All types of produce seeds are appropriate, although tomato seeds are especially popular. Because everyone can use a little beauty in their lives, flower seeds are also welcome. Food is, of course, always useful and this month protein items will be much appreciated.



www.feed-my-people.org

Our Youth Education

department is growing. We sure could use extra hands and hugs. If you could help just one Sunday a month, it would make a big difference for our church and our children.



Our Lending Library has been given a new makeover and is now open for business at its new location near the elevator. Stop by and check out an inspirational title from among a wide selection of books written by some of Unity's greatest authors and teachers.



There are also many other favorites for

you to enjoy, written by other New Thought and spiritual thinkers.

March Birthdays and Pot Luck Lunch: Join us after the service on the 15th to enjoy a pot luck lunch and celebrate all those who have a birthday this month.



Remember!
It's time to spring ahead. Daylight-saving Time begins on March 8th.



Join us for our Palm Sunday worship service on March 29th and plan to stay for a pancake brunch afterwards. What a perfect Sunday to introduce a friend to Unity!

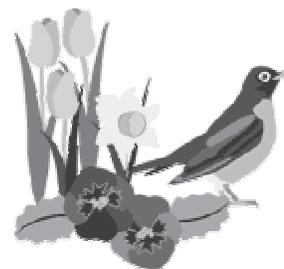
Special Dates

- Second Sunday in Lent, *March 1*
- Third Sunday in Lent, *March*
- Daylight-Saving Time Begins, *March 8*
- Girl Scout Sunday, *March 8*
- Fourth Sunday in Lent, *March 15*
- First Day of Spring, *March 20*
- Fifth Sunday in Lent, *March 22*
- Palm Sunday, *March 29*
- Holy Week, *March 29-April 4, 2015*



ations

Inner Peace: As I enter the Silence, I experience peace.
Guidance: One with God, I gain insight and understanding.
Healing: Healing love flows in and through me.
Prosperity: Grounded in faith, my prosperity grows.
World Peace: I hold a vision of peace for the world.



A New Spring

Botanists say that trees need the powerful March winds to flex their trunks and main branches, so that the sap is drawn up to nourish the budding leaves. Perhaps we need the gales of life in the same way, though we dislike enduring them. A blustery period in our fortunes is often the prelude to a new spring of life and health, success and happiness, when we keep steadfast in faith and look to the good in spite of appearances.

—Jane Truax

A Potluck of People

Many congregations enjoy gathering for potluck dinners — meals largely unplanned, when people bring food to share. Usually, the main dishes, salads and desserts balance out. The fun is the variety mixing together on a plate and the surprise factor of what's contributed.

Churches and communities — even families — are potlucks of a sort, too. When groups assemble, each person contributes something unique and sometimes unexpected. When all is mixed together, the whole is truly greater than the sum of the parts. A beautiful balance often results: One is a good singer, the other writes well; some are strong leaders, others dependable team members; some are traditional, others innovative. Together, it's delicious!

Potlucks are sometimes called covered-dish dinners. But don't keep your gifts "covered"! Share them because you're a valued part of the whole.



St. Patrick's Day Trivia

You may know that St. Patrick used shamrocks to teach about the Trinity, but did you know these other facts about him?

- St. Patrick wasn't Irish. (His parents were Roman citizens living in either Scotland or Wales.)
- He was kidnapped and sold as a



slave at age 16. After escaping six years later, he joined a monastery in England.

- March 17 is the date of St. Patrick's death, not his birth. He died in 461 A.D.
- The color originally associated with St. Patrick is blue, not green.
- The harp, not the shamrock, is the national symbol of Ireland.

Comforting Those Who Mourn

Words aren't always necessary — or even beneficial — when people are hurting. In *Killing Giants, Pulling Thorns* (Zondervan), Charles Swindoll tells of a girl who went to comfort the mother of a deceased playmate.

"What did you say?" the girl's parents later asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "I just climbed up on her lap and cried with her."

Joseph Bayly, who experienced the deaths of three children, shares a similar experience in *The View from a Hearse* (David C. Cook): "I was sitting, torn by grief. Someone came and talked to me of God's dealings, of why it happened, of hope beyond the grave. He talked constantly. He said things I knew were true. I was unmoved, except to wish he'd go away. He finally did.

"Another came and sat beside me. He didn't talk. He didn't ask me leading questions. He just sat beside me for an hour or more, listened when I said something, answered briefly, prayed simply, left. I was moved. I was comforted. I hated to see him go."

Refining Fire

Religion is not a nagging parent, nor is it a report card keeping track of our achievements and failures and grading our performance.

Religion is a refining fire, helping us get rid of everything that is not us, everything that distorts, dilutes or compromises the persons we really want to be, until only our authentic selves remain.

—Harold Kushner

"Quotable Quotes"

Faith is not believing that God can, but that God will.

—Abraham Lincoln

The average pencil is seven inches long, with just a half-inch eraser. Remember that, in case you thought optimism was dead.

—Robert Brault

Practical prayer is harder on the soles of your shoes than on the knees of your trousers.

—Austin O'Malley

The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and a lightning bug.

—Mark Twain

What the caterpillar calls the end of the world, the Master calls a butterfly.

—Richard Bach

Man cannot live by bread alone, yet still many try to satisfy the inner life with outer accoutrements. That is impossible.

—Anonymous

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around.

—Leo Buscaglia

The unselfish effort to bring cheer to others will be the beginning of a happier life for ourselves.

—Helen Keller

Sins of omission are NOT those we should have committed but haven't gotten around to yet!

—Unknown

Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined.

—Henry David Thoreau

God Is the Answer

By Dana Gatlin

Chapter V -- Continued

Make Room for God

Suppose you are worried and anxious about something. This is a good time to say to yourself, "Here is a good place to make room for God." Probably other human thoughts will jump up to remind you that the matter is pressing, that time is short, and that you must do something about it quickly. "What to do-what to do?" It is a persistent thorn in the mind of mortal man. It is a lash stinging and goading him to the necessity of acting. "What to do?" Well, try forgetting the matter as much as possible, leaving it for a while in the hands of God. This may sound foolish, illogical, and inadequate to the mortal mind; it may even sound slothful. But if you are uncertain, harassed, and driven, just try it.

Once I was writing a story that wouldn't go right.

Nothing about it was going right. I wanted to write the story quickly, for I needed the check I would get for it if it sold. I needed money for many things. I set myself the task of finishing this story, for "task" it was—I wasn't getting much enjoyment out of doing it. I labored for hours each day, fighting against becoming cranky and fearful. But it seemed I couldn't marshal my ideas. The right idea wouldn't come, nor the flow of stimulation and enthusiasm that all writers of fiction know.

This element of stimulation is hard to define, but without it creative writers can do little. Some writers call it the "feel of the story." It is something inner, less tangible, yet more intimate than mere thought. It guides and propels them along a kind of track and is so alive and vital that the story always seems complete even before the job is done; so alive and vital that it compels the writer's

own interest, through trial and error, until the job is done. Perhaps this element might be called "inspiration"—perhaps better it might be called God.

I drove myself. Time was pressing. My work was bad, and was steadily getting worse. I felt despair creeping over me, doubt of my abilities, but I gritted my teeth and drove ahead. I worked myself into a state of raw tension, and the story was terrible. Finally I gave up. I gave up all of a sudden. I turned to God. "You take care of this, Father," I prayed, "take care of everything. You tell me what to do."

I tried to relax and just remember God. Quite suddenly it came to me—illogically, one might think, under the circumstances—that I should like to try writing something of my Truth experiences. I had never tried anything of this nature before. Truth was comparatively new to me, and I felt timid and humble toward such a bold undertaking. But I had been wonderfully benefited in health through the prayers of Silent Unity and through reading Truth literature.

So I began marshaling the ideas, the new lines of thought that had helped me so greatly. If I could set them down, they might possibly be of benefit to some other seeker. I became engrossed in this new work. Before I knew it I had more than twenty subjects set down and had written five brief articles. I enjoyed the work of setting down what I had learned, the mental procedures that had benefited me, and with every page that I wrote I felt physically better, my ideas seemed to come more freely and my mind seemed to feel refreshed, to be clearing up.

I still felt very humble about the enterprise, but to my amazement all five articles were accepted for publication. And here is the strangest part of it. While I was engaged in writing the articles the idea for a story suddenly came to me, a brand-new story, and I wrote it out easily, spontaneously, marveling at the quick, sure way it was coming on. I

enjoyed every moment I worked on it, and wrote it complete in four sittings. I have the word of others that it is one of the best stories I ever wrote.

Make room for God. Clear a space for Him in your consciousness, and He will never fail. When I first started to tithe, I hesitated, disturbed by thoughts of many material needs and obligations. Then the thought came to me "God knows no lack, no limitation." God's storehouse is illimitable, and from it God gives freely, gladly, without stint. This is the way He intended us to give. He would have us give, knowing that all is from Him and that He is inexhaustible. In that glad instant I felt unbound and freed. I was glad to give up my human thoughts of hesitancy and calculation to make room for this revelation of God's thoughts and ways—to make room for God.

When you are harassed or uncertain, just surrender. Clear a space in the buzzing turmoil of your mortal thoughts. Make room for God. Do not even worry about what you ought to think. God will take care of that if you turn to Him in faith, trusting. He will tell you what to think. The right thoughts will of themselves flow into your mind if you will clear a space for them—God's thoughts, and you will think His thoughts after Him. Try Him, prove Him.

When I first tried to receive healing from Spirit I strained my mind and kept it fidgety, trying, to hop from the seat of one ailment to another, trying to hold specific good thoughts over each of them, trying to call God's attention to each of them. I did begin to feel better, for I honestly trusted God's power and willingness to help, but I was too much concerned and too anxious about narrating to Him the details. Finally this dawned on me and I relinquished my personal hold. I surrendered. God knew—I didn't have to tell Him of all my ailments that needed healing. They didn't have to be healed; in

God's sight, where God was, they were already healed-in God's sight everything is perennially and eternally perfect. So I gave up the anxious strain of attention, the use of so many formal words. Sometimes I found that I was even scarcely using words; just "God-God-God." Just aware of His presence, His willingness to help, His infallibility and illimitability, His transcendent power, I let go of my anxiously hopping thoughts, gave over my personal responsibility, and just left it to God. I cleared out the other thoughts, and thought of God. And God came in and healed me.

I have heard the marvelous story of a little boy who was classed in school as "subnormal." The teachers talked to the mother, and wished him withdrawn from the school. But the little boy had a Christian mother, and she prayed for him and she told him of God's power to help him. The little boy believed in God's power. He did better in school, as the years passed he stood higher and higher in his classes, and graduated with honors. His formula was very simple. "When anything seemed hard," he said, "or when I didn't seem to know how, I said to myself, 'God will tell me what to do.'" And God did.

Nothing is too much for God if human beings but give Him a chance. In so many ways, in every way, in every conceivable circumstance, it is the one sure way to help. When you have a worried thought, a harassed or driven thought, a fearful thought, a sorrowful or painful thought, a resentful thought, an unloving, unlovely thought-whatever it is, if it is of a nature to disturb you or to bring you the opposite of satisfaction and peace, let go of it. Clear it out. Remind yourself, "Here is a good place to make room for God." If you will only do this, He will certainly enter in and guide and bless you. God can. God will.

"He makes darkness light before me, and crooked places straight." Jesus promised: "My peace I give

unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." "Lo, I am with you always."

Chapter VI Nothing but Good

At a time when I needed it badly I received much help from the *statement "Nothing but good can come into my life, for God is in charge."*

The thought gave me comfort, assurance, a sense of security. It gave me rest and peace. It gave me strength and courage. It was wonderful to feel that God was in charge of my life and affairs, and that I could give over worrying. It was good to feel. It was wonderful to feel that God was pouring forth His good for me. I did feel that He was, and He did pour forth His good.

At that time I was endeavoring to demonstrate both health and supply, and I had made marvelous headway. In those days I thought a great deal about demonstrations. In fact I centered upon them principally – I thought that they were the main thing to center upon. But later I found out that they were not the main thing.

For later I had setbacks, and had to go back and do the work all over again. I had to go back to the beginning. At times I grew discouraged, but eventually I found that the setbacks made me delve deeper into the principles of Truth. They made me seek God more earnestly, and led me to a closer acquaintance with Him. They led me to a better understanding of the nature of God. They led me to a different interpretation of the term "good." I still wanted nothing but good to enter my life, and wanted to feel that the setbacks were good because God was in charge, but I changed the nature of my seeking. I hope that I succeeded, at least to a degree, in changing my own nature.

The most important phase of good—the very foundation and essence of all the good that can possibly come into my life—is not

some manifestation that is poured out upon me. It does not come to me through any external channel; it lies within myself, and whether or not I utilize this good and definitely exercise control over it is a matter absolutely within my own jurisdiction, a matter of my own volition and action.

Do I give way to a surge of annoyance or petulance? Do I feel cross today? Am I unkind to somebody or am I constrained and niggardly in my show of good will toward someone? Do I feel moody and discouraged over my current state of health or affairs? Then no matter how zealously I pray, how can good enter my life until I do something—do my best or whatever I perceive may be done—to clear away the unlovely mental debris over which I myself have control? God Himself cannot shower blessings on me until I perceive the nature of His truest, His fundamental and most efficacious good, and until I do my own part toward attaining it.

"Nothing but good can come into my life, for God is in charge."

Nothing but good! How marvelous the promise seemed to me at first! I thought about, visualized, prayed for trustingly, and accepted spiritually in faith all the blessings that God had created and finished in His kingdom and held eternally in store for me. I believed and I glorified in my belief. I believed in His power and willingness, in His divine perfection that is innate in us all, in His supreme life, His health, and His illimitable substance, the unbounded and inexhaustible abundance of God. I liked to think of its being transmuted in various ways in the manifest world. I liked to think about successful enterprises and liberal bank accounts, about a comfortable home free from worrisome cares, about automobiles, travel, and pretty clothes.

Demonstrations occupied perhaps about eighty per cent of my thoughts in my dealings with God. I did make demonstrations—and then came the

setbacks! Something was wrong somewhere, and finally it began to dawn on me what the trouble was. I found that a great deal was wrong, and that it was all within my own jurisdiction. In fact I found that perhaps about eighty per cent of what went on in my mind was wrong, that is, not in accord with what goes on in the Mind of God.

Physical or material demonstration is not the main thing, the most important thing. We may desire to demonstrate some good, and it is right that we should desire the good, expect it, and work toward it. But demonstration of any good is always Physical or material demonstration is not the main thing, the most important thing. We may desire to demonstrate some good, and it is right that we should desire the good, expect it, and work toward it. But demonstration of any good is always a result of something else. Something else is always the cause. Something else is the beginning. Something else is more important. When I began to perceive this, to study the principles of Truth more deeply and earnestly, new avenues of light and understanding gradually opened before me, and I saw that I must change the nature of my seeking, that really I must change myself. For there was a great deal that must engage my interest and attention—yes, and my most earnest endeavor—before demonstration.

New thoughts, ideas, and conceptions began coming to me, all relating to good—God's good. I began to see that God's good—the illimitable love and harmony and perfection of Spirit—had been here all the while, was still here, always would be here. It did not change, it never had changed, and never would, but I had been too blinded by my very human notions of good to perceive it. I learned to be thankful that I had been compelled to change my concepts, compelled to think and realize in different terms what good might be.

I was shocked by the way in

which I had blandly ignored these more vital phases of good, by the way in which I had daily ignored my own responsibility. For I did have a responsibility, a very definite one, that pertained to me solely and absolutely, which could be neither overlooked nor passed on. I could not simply put the whole matter blandly up to God, and then just sit back and rest or act as I pleased and wait expectantly for Him to open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing. At any rate I could not do this while I secretly cherished some grudge against a fellow human being; while I passed some Judgment against another or took offense or let my feelings be hurt; while I gave way to fits of annoyance or temper or indulged in moody spells or got upset over this or that; while I gave voice to my own unfavorable physical symptoms; while I took note of misfortune—often being able to see only of misfortune—when trying to help other people in time of trouble. For while doing these things I was not being true to God. I was not perceiving, accepting, and utilizing good and nothing but good.

Was my tone to another always genuinely cheerful and friendly? Did I share wholeheartedly, generously, and without stint of my best? And my best, did it necessarily consist in money and material possessions? Something within me answered, "No." My very best pertained to me inherently, to my deepest self—to that self in me, cheerful, loving, patient, strong, courageous, and kind, which is established in God.

I had been so engrossed in visualizing the material blessings He was to shower upon me that I had failed to appreciate His more vital gifts or even to open my hand to receive them. I had willfully choked up the avenues for His free expression in me, without even taking cognizance of what I was doing or noting that it was my own doing.

God's good has no connection with nor anything in common with

such things as ill temper, moodiness, hurt feelings, resentment, arguing, nagging, criticizing or condemnation of another, or even with the imposing of your personal will in the slightest degree on another. Even as it includes physical health and an abundance of material supply, God's good includes such elements as tolerance, patience, trust, poise, generosity, kindness, serenity, love, and good cheer.

"Nothing but good can come into my life, for God is in charge." When we pray aright we become increasingly aware of God's richer blessings. It is when we become sufficiently aware of them that we enter the kingdom of heaven—the kingdom of all good. It is after we are established in the kingdom, knowing its nature, that the "things" are added.

When one is established in good, one is not afraid to be generous. We wish God to give to us lavishly, but how lavish are we willing to be in our giving? How wholehearted in our kindness? Whether it be a spiritual gift of love, tolerance, and trust, or a material one, can we be sure that it is given with the full meed of generosity? Until we arrive at the point where we can be sure, our gift has not much value. God is no niggard, and He does not wish us to be niggardly. He wants us to give "good measure, pressed down, shaken together; running over." When nothing but good really enters my life, this is the way I must feel about every phase of my being, my thoughts and deeds and actions, my foundation in God and every angle of my human existence.

-continued in April

March 2015

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
<p>1 <i>Sunday Services</i> 10:30 AM <i>Youth Ed</i> 10:30 AM <i>Bell Choir</i> 12PM</p>	<p>2</p>	<p>3</p>	<p>4 <i>AA Men's</i> <i>Group 10AM</i> <i>CA 7PM</i></p>	<p>5 <i>Yoga Class</i> 4-5PM <i>Ukulele</i> <i>Practice</i> 7PM</p>	<p>6</p>	<p>7 <i>Choir Rehearsal</i> 9AM</p>
<p>8 <i>DST Begins</i> <i>Girl Scout Sunday</i> <i>Sunday Services</i> 10:30 AM <i>Youth Ed</i> 10:30 AM <i>Bell Choir</i> 12PM</p>	<p>9</p>	<p>10 <i>Book Club</i> <i>The Unlikely</i> <i>Pilgrimage of</i> <i>Harold Fry</i> by <i>Rachel Joyce</i> at <i>Bread Company</i> 2- 4PM</p>	<p>11 <i>AA Men's</i> <i>Group 10AM</i> <i>CA 7PM</i></p>	<p>12 <i>Yoga Class</i> 4-5PM</p>	<p>13</p>	<p>14 <i>Choir Rehearsal</i> 9AM</p>
<p>15 <i>Sunday Services</i> 10:30 AM <i>Youth Ed</i> 10:30 AM <i>Bell Choir</i> 12PM <i>Birthday/Potluck</i></p>	<p>16 <i>Ladies' Night Out,</i> 5:30PM at <i>Red</i> <i>Lobster, 9838</i> <i>Watson Rd</i></p>	<p>17</p>	<p>18 <i>AA Men's</i> <i>Group 10AM</i> <i>CA 7PM</i></p>	<p>19 <i>Yoga Class</i> 4-5PM <i>Ukulele</i> <i>Practice</i> 7PM</p>	<p>20 <i>First Day</i> <i>of Spring</i></p>	<p>21 <i>Choir Rehearsal</i> 9AM</p>
<p>22 <i>Sunday Services</i> 10:30 AM <i>Youth Ed</i> 10:30 AM <i>Bell Choir</i> 12PM</p>	<p>23</p>	<p>24</p>	<p>25 <i>AA Men's</i> <i>Group 10AM</i> <i>CA 7PM</i></p>	<p>26 <i>Yoga Class</i> 4-5PM</p>	<p>27</p>	<p>28 <i>Choir Rehearsal</i> 9AM</p>
<p>29 <i>Palm Sunday</i> <i>Sunday Services</i> 10:30 AM <i>Youth Ed</i> 10:30 AM <i>Bell Choir</i> 12PM</p>	<p>30</p>	<p>31</p>				

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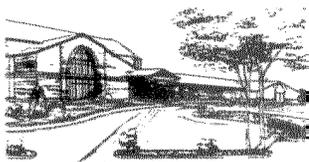
THE MARCH, 2015 NEWSLETTER OF
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The light side -- A little holy humor

Sunday school teacher: "How many of you children want to go to heaven?"

Everyone raised a hand except one little boy.

Teacher to the boy: "Johnny, don't you want to go to heaven?"

Johnny: "I can't. Mother told me to come home right after Sunday school."

When an elderly woman asked a church usher to seat her close to the pulpit, he tried to talk her out of it. "If you sit up front, you won't be able to sleep," he said.

The woman looked the usher square in the face and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't," he responded.

"Well," she said firmly, "I'm the preacher's mother."

Fully embarrassed, the usher asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," she answered.

"Good!" whispered the fellow.

"Sit anywhere you want."

A boy was asked by his Sunday school teacher if he thought Noah did much fishing off the ark?

"How could he?" replied the lad.

"He only had two worms and there were only two fish."

The little boy had not been to many worship services. He thought the offering plate was where one put money for admission to the church. When the collection plate was being passed along their pew, he whispered to his father, "Don't pay for me, Daddy. I'm only five."

A Sunday school teacher asked her class why a bear could not take off its warm overcoat in the summer. Silence. And then a boy said,

"Maybe only God knows where the zipper is."

When a boat started sinking, the skipper shouted, "Does anybody know how to pray?"

One man confidently answered, "Yes, I do."

The captain nodded. "That's good then," he said. "You go ahead and pray. The rest of us will put on life jackets. We're one short."