

S.I.L.L.Y.

S I S T E R S I N T H E L O R D W I T H L O T S O F
Y O U N G ' U N S

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Have I forgotten What it's like...

....to be a child?

As I was tucking the kids in the other night, this little jewel occurred, as part of a longer conversation about the differences between boys and girls. "...that's because God made you a girl, Bella, and He made Bodey a boy." I said. "And He made me a girl, too!" Bronte piped up, "And He made *you* a Mommy!" she continued. I laughed as a mental picture of myself, springing forth into the world fully-grown, holding a broom and a clothes basket, popped into my head. No doubt Bronte must have a similar idea of my origins.



Our four older children during our stay in Lititz, PA

Although it was cute and funny, it was a sobering thought when I analyzed it a bit. What things about me make it seem impossible to my children that I have ever experienced life as they do right now? I listened to myself at the table when we were having lunch. "If you blow bubbles with the straws, I'm taking them away....Don't slurp your spaghetti....Bodey, no whistling." Wow. I ruin *all* the fun. I'm not suggesting we abandon table manners, but perhaps there is a happy medium.

When I was a young person, I didn't spend much time contemplating my future offspring. However, I *do* recall vowing to myself (rather sullenly) that when I had children of my own, I would not forget what it was like to be a kid. Remembering my long-ago resolution, I started thinking about the things that made me feel misunderstood when I was small. Now, if one of those situations crops up with my own children, I'm trying to do a better job of explaining why things have to be this way. I'm also trying to stop automatically saying "No". Some requests seem silly or inconvenient to me, but are quite valid to my children. Maybe today we'll go out on the porch and blow bubbles in our drinks and have a spaghetti slurping contest!

Of Prisons and Gardens

The doors have recently opened for Caring Hearts Ministry to get into a couple different prisons. The doors have also opened in my heart to a people I'd previously given little thought to—women behind bars. These women have grown up in a world so different from mine. As I look into the eyes of hundreds of women who are now in prison because of some wrong choice they've made, I can't help but wonder what is behind those eyes I see. What is in their hearts? What is their background? Did they have a mother who loved them and a father who prayed for them? Would I be in the cell next to them if my home had been like the one they came from? My heart is enlarged towards them and I ask God to use my hands and my life to reach out and touch them with the love of Jesus.



What does that have to do with a garden? Last summer I was thinning out the perennials and I had to get rid of lots of iris rhizomes. After giving some away, I threw the rest out by my herb garden, leaving them to rot down into compost, more fertilizer for the garden. This Spring, an unexpected sight met my eyes! I saw that some of those abandoned irises had taken root. They were growing quite well, and actually had some beautiful blossoms on them, giving off a sweet fragrance! The old adage “Bloom where you are planted” was revised in my mind to “Bloom where you are discarded.” What was left out for garbage had become a beautiful flowering plant, very pleasing to the senses.

My mind went back to those women in prison. No doubt, many of them have felt used and abused, “thrown out” as trash by everyone they know— maybe their dad, mom, boyfriend, or husband. They may feel worthless and unwanted. Oh, that they would go on from there, put their roots down, take in nourishment for their never-dying souls, bloom right where they are, and their lives be fragrant for the Lord, even in prison. What a privilege it would be to be able to be used of God to help them flourish... for Jesus.

Sister Sally Meyers, Dallas Center, IA

ABOUT *Caring Hearts Ministry*

About a year ago a little boy was born in Missouri who had a profound impact on my life. He was born to a mother in a Missouri prison. Joe and Laura Cover had the privilege of caring for him, through a prison baby ministry called *Tender Touch*. He is a sweet little guy and quickly won the hearts of people in our congregation. Soon after that, Ben and Deb Funk from the River Brethren church in Dallas Center, got a little boy. He came to them through the *Tender Touch* program, also. Josh and Melanie Sensenig from Lititz, PA, are also caregivers to a prison baby. They have found it to be a fulfilling mission as they keep contact with the mother, take her baby to see her on a 4-6 week schedule, pour love into the innocent little baby, and have a role in touching lives with the love of Jesus.

Our hearts were touched as we learned to know these precious children, born to mothers who were not able to care for them because of their incarceration. The contact person for *Tender Touch* said someone from Iowa needs to start a similar ministry with the women's prisons here. The *Tender Touch* program has more families on the waiting list to be caregivers than the number of babies they receive. As I heard of that need, I felt a tug. That was when the idea for *Caring Hearts* was conceived.

Caring Hearts is a ministry that will care for the babies of women who give birth while in prison for the remainder of their incarceration, if they so choose. Their babies will be placed in the homes of conservative Brethren or Mennonites who volunteer to be caregivers. I will simply be the contact person. (continued on page 4)



A glimpse of one of Sister Sally's lovely gardens

Readers of WORLD magazine will remember this April cover story, telling of New Horizons, a ministry in Canon City, CO. The conservative Mennonite family who founded New Horizons also places the babies of incarcerated mothers with loving, Christian families. If you're interested in seeing the whole article, check out worldmag.com, the April 24th issue.



ABOUT *Caring Hearts* Ministry (CONTINUED FROM PG. 3)

I will relay the mother's desire to waiting families who will open their homes to the newborn until the mother is free and interested in caring for her child again. Of the similar ministries in other states, between 15-45% of the women never do decide to take their babies back. Caregivers get the option of adopting them.

Caring Hearts is an independent, nonprofit organization. All the operating expenses are donated by the care giving family or church. It is an excellent way to show that we believe every child is a special gift from God and deserves tender love from people with caring hearts.

We have yet to receive our first baby at *Caring Hearts* because it has taken us months just to get inside a prison to share our idea. Finally, after many disappointments and setbacks, I am scheduled to visit Oakdale prison, where I can personally meet with all the women and pass out brochures telling about our ministry. Praise the Lord!! We've also recently been allowed inside the women's prison at Mitchellville, and we're enjoying our contact with them.

The reason most women choose this type of ministry is because they are avoiding the social services, which require a court hearing to get their child back when they're released from prison. This gives women another option to choose from, since mothers (yes, even imprisoned mothers) do have the right to choose who cares for their child. Many of these women came through the social system. It didn't work for them and they don't want it for their children. We see it as a tremendous way to reach out to women in our communities and show them a love that many of them have never known.



Please pray that God will bring the babies to us. He has already provided loving homes who are willing to open their arms to these dear little people.

~Sister Sally Meyers

UPDATE ON

Caring Hearts:

SALLY CALLED ME A FEW DAYS AGO TO SAY THAT THEY HAD VISITED THE OAKDALE PRISON, AND FOUR WOMEN HAVE SIGNED UP TO PLACE THEIR BABIES IN THE CARING HEARTS PROGRAM. THEIR FIRST BABY IS DUE IN 6 WEEKS. PRAISE THE LORD!



Another book review: *The Mom Walk* by Sally Clarkson

If you've not read any books by this author, I highly recommend all of them. She writes with grace and sensitivity about the calling and blessing and hard work of motherhood. In this book she focuses on the PATH of motherhood. Walking with PURPOSE as a mother, walking with ASSURANCE as a mother, walking with TRUST as a mother, and walking with HEART as a mother. She talks about finding joy, beauty, motivation, wisdom and grace in our daily work and gives many examples from her own life. She also includes a lot of scripture and some questions to ask yourself at the end of each chapter. One of the nuggets of truth I earmarked in this book reads, "Reaching our children's hearts requires us to be students of their souls; to learn what appeals to them and understand the things that motivate them in their hearts, so that we can be effective in reaching their hearts in our desire to train them to love God." ~Sister Kirsten Wertz

Advice Needed!

I want to ask some advice. We have been implementing the cold wash-downs after Rianna poops in her pants since we saw you and see no improvement. I am also setting a timer for 2 min after each time she goes potty. She must stay on the toilet and try to poop. And she gets a nickel for every day she does not have an accident. I'm really at a loss. I read in a book about having her teach a doll how to poop but she was quite resistant to that, because her dolls were babies like Avery and use diapers. Hmmm. Any other ideas?



THE “FAMILY MAMA” BY SISTER LAURA HAWBAKER

*This article first appeared in the Bible Monitor about 15 years ago. It’s definitely worth a reprint!

A few years ago my son paid me what I consider to be one of the highest of compliments. I was walking with my five year old, when he tenderly called me the “family mama.”

“The family mama?” I laughed. At first it sounded comical, akin to the family cow or the family dog. The more I reflected on the title, the more I liked it. It had been spoken with such tender endearment it was like a crown or an award.

The family mama. I guess of all the titles I could be pegged with or remembered by, the family mama isn’t too bad. I certainly couldn’t be called super-mom. Handling full time career and motherhood would be too much for me! I won’t be remembered for my clean windows, organized shelves or tidy garden. My hodge-podge, garage sale style of decorating won’t win me any awards. I won’t be in any “Who’s-Who” or on any top ten lists of most admired women.

But I can cheerfully be the family mama. I can make sure everyone gets enough to eat, simple though the meals may be. I can wash the dirty faces, change the diapers, wipe the noses. I can listen to the three year old chatter and encourage a teen through algebra. I can teach, I can delegate, I can lead. I can cuddle anyone who still fits in my lap and hug those who don’t. Though I don’t enjoy it, I can and must discipline. I can worry, I can pray. I can and do love their father.

Of course, I can do all these things grudgingly and without love. Then I become as a “sounding brass.” Sometimes I get grouchy and grumpy, concerned about my rights and upset about unimportant things. I forget to enjoy my position which for right now, is being the family mama.

Although I felt my son paid me a compliment, I don’t always deserve it. He did stir up a desire to joyfully fulfill my role in life. If I am remembered for nothing else, being the family mama is honor enough for me.

She Bringeth Her Food From Afar

Sourdough Bread and Starter Recipe

3 packages yeast

½ cup warm water

3 Tablespoons instant potato flakes

1 cup warm water

¾ cup sugar

On day 1 dissolve together the 1 cup warm water, sugar and potato flakes. Dissolve yeast in ½ cup warm water and add to potato flake mixture. Let set out all day. Put in quart jar with lid (with holes poked in it) in the refrigerator.

In 3-5 days, get jar out of refrigerator and feed with :

3 Tablespoons potato flakes

1 cup warm water

½ cup sugar

Let set out all day. Put in refrigerator that night. Repeat every 3-5 days. To use, mix dough up that night after feeding and setting all day.

Bread:

1 cup starter

1/3 cup sugar

½ cup oil

1 ½ teaspoon salt

1 ½ cup warm water

6 cup bread flour

Mix all ingredients, adding flour 3 cups at a time and mixing in with dough hook or by hand. Put in greased bowl and let set overnight. Punch down in morning and make into whatever you want; bread, cinnamon rolls, hamburger buns, dinner rolls, breadsticks, etc. Add flour as needed to work with. Makes 2 loaves of bread or 1 big sheet of rolls. Bake bread for approximately 35 minutes at 350 degrees.

Contributed by Sister Kirsten Wertz



“I HAVE HEARD THE MURMURINGS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL: SPEAK UNTO THEM, SAYING, AT EVEN YE SHALL EAT FLESH, AND IN THE MORNING YE SHALL BE FILLED WITH BREAD; AND YE SHALL KNOW THAT I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD.” ~Ex 16:12

End of the Spear by Nate Saint

is “Worth Reading”

I've always been fascinated by the story of the five missionaries speared to death by Auca Indians in Ecuador in the 1950's, so I purchased this book a while back and just got around to reading it this month. I was hooked from the first page. Steve writes eloquently, humorously and thoughtfully about the challenges of missionary work, family life, walking with the Lord through tough times, and attempting to bring an “uncivilized” tribe of people into the age of information without making them into a dependent people group. I was especially touched by his accounts of how the Lord has used the deaths of his father and daughter to change so many lives and has indeed made something beautiful out of such tragedy. He says, “If I asked God to change things and He gave in to me, how would my change alter the rest of His plan? I did not want to ask God for what I desperately wanted in the short run, only to find it had cost us what He wanted for us in the long run. Maturity sneaks in on us while we aren't watching most of the time.” About his families decision to go live in the South American rain forest, he says, “I realized that it would have been far safer and easier for my family and me to just stay plugged in to the good life we had built in Florida and give up the idea of moving to the Amazon. But there would be danger in that too. If we let the status quo determine what we did with our lives, we would risk living lives of self indulgence and insignificance.” In short, this book challenged my thinking about missions, about God's will, and about my place in both. Plus, it made me both laugh out loud and weep several times, so it qualified as a good read for me! ~Sister Kirsten Wertz

Birth Announcements

Carter Pierce, 4 lb. 4 oz.

&

Cassandra Peace, 4 lb. 1 oz.

Born February 25, 2010, in care of Jean Claude and Monica Compere, Haiti



Cassandra and Carter

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Asia has always been our dramatic, expressive child, often talking with her eyes. One night, when she was almost 4, several of our children fell asleep during family devotions, something that rarely ever happens in our house. But due to some extra activities and not getting naps that day (and of course having devotions later than we should have that night), we had some that just couldn't go any longer. Asia, however, was still going strong. So after devotions, I carried sleeping Sephia to bed, Jean Claude was holding Wilnise who had fallen asleep in his arms and then I helped walk Samuel to his bed, staggering with his eyes half shut. When I returned back down-

stairs, Asia was standing there with this perplexed look on her face and thinking something must be ailing her siblings said, in her own dramatic way, "Mommy, what they have? They need medicine? "

Isaiah is all boy at 2 1/2 years old and loves anything that can be driven. He is also in the process of being potty-trained (I think he's finally got it!). One day as he got off of the toilet and flushed it, he leaned over, watching his "accomplishment" being swirled away, and in all seriousness said, "It's drivin', Mom! It's goin' to America!"

Contributed by:

Sister Monica Compere, Haiti

"Setting an example is not the main means of influencing another, it's the only means."

~Albert Einstein



More fun from **The Mouths of Babes**, sent in by Sister Kirsten Wertz, Quinter, KS:

At breakfast on Sunday morning, our son Keegan (8) took one bite of the eggs Daddy had made and announced, "Corey (his older brother) makes better eggs than Daddy!" He then turned to Brad with a concerned look on his face and said, "I mean that only in the nicest possible way!"

I was quizzing Keegan on his math facts as we were driving down the highway last week and asked, "What's 9 + 9?" He screwed up his face and said, "Let's consult the judge!" Before that we'd been at a wrestling tournament and were sitting behind a family we knew that were having a mild argument. He tapped them on the shoulder and told them, "You need a judge and jury!" When they laughed and just went back to arguing, he clapped his hands and said, "Case dismissed!"



A WITNESSING TOOL

Walk with me through this little scenario; you are in Natural History Museum. There are about 15 people in your group. You just past a big Dinosaur exhibit and your tour guide explained that millions of years ago these great creatures roamed the earth. Being a devout Creationist this goes against every fiber in your body. You want to say something, to stand up for the truth but.....You just don't think you know enough to speak up. I mean after all, what if he backs you into a corner? What if he tries to start a debate? So out of fear of saying the wrong thing or not knowing the answer you say NOTHING. Have you ever been there? I have experienced this scenario repeatedly, always wishing for the right words to say to defend my beliefs but not having the courage to speak up.

Sometime ago, I believe it was a Wednesday evening Bible Study, I don't remember what the topic even was but a brother spoke up and shared how he had given a friend, who believed the whole evolution thing, a creation web site to look up. After looking up the web site the friend started to change his views! This started me thinking, a web site..... Grand Idea! Here is what I came up with. An attractive little business size card listing several creation web addresses.

I haven't used any of my handy little cards yet since I just came up with the idea but it seems like a simple solution to my problem. Say a prayer and as I thank my guide for the tour hand him/ her a Creation Card and ask them kindly to look up the addresses and see what they think of them.

I will attach a copy of my card. It was quite simple to make. I used word document on my computer. If any one would like I can send you a copy (mail or email) of the card I made. I also thought it might be nice to laminate the card as well.

Submitted by Sister Michele Miller



Froggie, Froggie in a Pan

Recently, Rusty and I attended two different grade-school Spring music programs. We went excitedly, expecting to enjoy both programs as only parents and grandparents can. We delight in the accomplishments of all our grandchildren and we praise the Lord for His role in their lives. Let me preface this article with the fact that we live in a small town in western Kansas in the center of the “Bible Belt”. Our community has a strong Christian heritage and a reputation built on godly principles.



Three of Beth's Granddaughters

“It was disconcerting to hear the first grade class sing of a man as handsome as the devil, who got crazy on peyote!”

With this overriding knowledge in mind, we went to the first concert, featuring the kindergarten through the fourth grade. We soon realized the program’s theme was the rock-n-roll era. It highlighted songs written and produced by performers such as Santana, Elvis Presley and the Beatles, to name a few. It was disconcerting to hear the first grade class sing of a man as handsome as the devil, who got crazy on peyote! Then the second graders sang about evil ways and running, sneaking and peeping all over town, while the third grade class sang that, “for your soul to be satisfied, all you need is to follow your heart.”

As the evening progressed, or maybe I should say *digressed*, I felt sadder and sadder. As I contemplated the songs presented, I found that I was not as upset over the content, bad though it was, as I was grieved over the acceptance and apparent enjoyment by the “Christian” community. My heart is drawn to Jeremiah weeping over his people and Jesus as He wept over Jerusalem. I left that auditorium praying for God’s mercy and thanking Him for His grace.

Froggie, Froggie in a Pan (continued)



Two of Beth's Grandsons

I'm reminded of the child's poem, "Fishy, fishy in the brook, come and get my baited hook". I fear the baited hook has already been swallowed and we are now looking, instead, at the proverbial frog sitting in a pan of water, unaware he is slowly being boiled to death.

The evening ended with the whole group harmoniously imporing God to bless the USA. As we pray together for God's blessings, let's pray diligently for discerning hearts, for hearts full of love for Jesus our Savior, and for hearts willing to make the tough choices to be obedient to His call on our lives. If not, we can never hope for Him to bless the USA.

"If you're gonna make a diff'rence, you gotta be a little diff'rent."

In the beginning of this article, I stated that we had attended two programs. Several of the same Christian adults attended both concerts, including Rusty and me. The second music program was billed as "A Means of Bringing Glory to God". What a difference! It was very small, by most standards, including only about fifteen children, ages five through thirteen. These children sang of giving their best, one hundred percent of the time and standing strong and being bold as they followed the Lord and trusted in His Word. They sang of God giving wings like eagles to rise above the trials of life. The songs were age appropriate and the words honored our Lord and Savior. We were blessed as we listened to Jesus being praised and worshiped.

I was especially touched and convicted as the children sang, "If you're gonna make a diff'rence, you gotta be a little diff'rent". My prayer for each of us is *changed heart-attitudes* as we truly seek God's will and His best for the future of our precious children and grandchildren. Let's stand strong and make a diff'rence and may His name be glorified!

Submitted with love, Beth Jamison ~ Grandmother



So Much More Than Fence-Building

I have many faults, but I didn't think pride was one of them. I've always considered myself fairly humble. Perhaps that should have been my first clue. At any rate, I discovered, or I should say *God uncovered* this hornet's nest in my heart a few weeks ago.

I have always said that the very foundation of the idea for this newsletter was to encourage other moms by honestly and openly sharing the struggles we all go through. The real deal, what you see is what you get, that's me. It didn't bother me at all to tell others about my failures...or so I thought.

You see, about a month ago, we left Bronte at church. She fell asleep during the service, and my husband laid her on the bench ahead of us. We were going to have about fifteen people for lunch, and I was very focused on that, mentally prioritizing what I needed to get done when I got home. We gathered our belongings and headed out the door, me worrying that my company would be there before we were, because we were nearly the last ones out. Two of the children asked to ride with some of the people who were coming to our place and I absent-mindedly agreed, still checking off my imaginary to-do list.

I glanced at the empty back seat in the van as we pulled out, but it didn't register because of the children who were riding with friends. About two miles from home I turned to Brant and gasped, "DID BRONTE EVER WAKE UP?!" He returned my wide-eyed stare and said, "I didn't get her!" He quickly dropped me and the babies off at home and headed back out the driveway. My mind and heart were racing as I tried to appear calm and get lunch ready. Imagine our guests' surprise as they watched Brant leave and I had to explain it *wasn't* a gallon of milk we'd forgotten to get!

As it turned out, Bronte must have woke up as soon as we left. When Brant arrived at the church, hoping she'd still be slumbering on the bench, he instead found her being entertained with teddy grahams and bottled water by two grandparently-type folks. They had driven past on their way to the camp where they were staying and had seen a little girl, alone in the parking lot, waving frantically at passers-by. They had turned around and gone back to check on her. They stayed with her...while they waited for the police. They had called them for help, as Bronte didn't know where her parents were or where she lived. Brant thanked them for keeping our daughter safe, and then gave a statement to the kindly sheriff who arrived shortly thereafter. (Unfortunately, he had unknowingly allowed his driver's license to expire the previous month, so it's a mercy he didn't go to jail!)

All the next week, I waited for Social Services to call...but they didn't. Only curious friends and relatives who heard on the police scanner that a little girl was left at the West Fulton D.B. Church...

I was devastated. How could I have been so careless, so irresponsible? I was a terrible mother, and what's more, *everyone knew it*. It is to be expected that I would be upset over the endangerment of my child, even that I would blame myself and feel guilty. But the depth of the distress I was going through seemed greater than the occasion warranted. After all, Bronte was safe. My faith in God's protection was strengthened. It might have even been called a miracle, those people who stopped to take care of her. Why, then was I feeling so oppressed? I took a closer look at my emotions. What had I lost? What was different about *this time*?

You see, it's not the first time my child's life has been saved by the kindness of strangers. Just a few weeks before Bronte's momentous event, Brie had escaped from the back door while I was scooping out the chicken coop.

So Much More Than Fence-Building (continued)

A Long John Silver's waitress was driving by and saw my baby girl walking toward the road. She stopped her car and carried Brie back up to the house. I cried all morning, but I got over it. And I didn't tell anyone.

As I wrestled with this, I was attempting to build a split rail fence around my garden. Brant was gone for four days, and I had the lofty goal of getting the whole fence done before he came home. I strained and sweated, battling the hard, clay soil to dig the fence post holes. I spent every spare moment at it, getting up early and staying up late. Somehow, putting up the fence became synonymous with the struggle going on in my mind. If I could do this, it would prove I wasn't a complete failure. I wasn't sure to *whom* it would be proved, but just the same...

As the fence progressed, I dug into an old trash pile and had to work around old bricks and broken glass. I dug into tree roots as thick as my wrist that had to be chopped off down in the hole. I got blisters and mosquito bites; but on the day before Brant got home, I had about two thirds of the fence done. I had just put the youngest children down for naps, and two golden hours of working time stretched out before me. I went to work with a will on the next post hole. That 's when it started to rain. I kept working. It rained harder. Finally, the clay became so slippery and sticky, I could no longer tamp it down around the post. I turned my face to the sky and howled. My own tears were lost in the torrent already running down my face; I sobbed in defeat. "I can't do it, Lord!" I cried. "I can't build this fence, and I can't keep my children safe. And I can't fool anyone into thinking I'm a good mother!" Ah, there's the rub. It hurt me that others would no longer think I was "super-mom". I surrendered my claim on that title right then and there, in my garden, in the middle of that thunderstorm. "I don't want to be super-anything, Lord. I only want to glorify You. If this is what it takes for me to get out of your lime-light, Lord, so others can see You instead of me, then so be it. If my children are safe, it is because You keep them so, if this fence gets built, it is only because You give me the strength to do it. Forgive me for trying to do it on my own, and for wanting everyone to think well of me for it."

God did forgive me. He so lovingly soothed my heart. Just a few minutes later, He brought the thought of how Mary and Joseph had left Jesus in Jerusalem for *three days* to my mind. I smiled through my tears. I promised Him that I would share this story. And I finished the fence about fifteen minutes before Brant got home. *Only* because He helped me.

All of us mothers compare ourselves to others. We look at our own weaknesses and compare those to the visible strengths of others. When we see someone we think "has it all together", we tend to put them on a pedestal. By the things you say to me when I meet you, I suspect that some of you have done this to me. Perhaps, after reading this, you may think less of me. And maybe....that's a good thing.

~Sister Bonny Jamison



S.I.L.L.Y.

Dear Sisters,

It has been long since you've heard from me. Most of you are busy and probably didn't even notice, but to those of you who have been waiting for this issue of SILLY, I apologize. The Lord has been leading me down some difficult paths lately, and many things have gone unfinished. This newsletter was all but complete at the end of May, with the exception of the article on the last two pages. Then came the busyness of getting ready and going to Conference, a group of new calves plagued with illness, and a two-year-old who could suddenly escape from *anywhere* (think: crib, baby-gates, doors, fences, etc.) I shared a little of this journey I've been on in the article on pages 12-13. I feel as if I've come through a long, dark tunnel. And the light at the end....is the Lord. Praise Him!

Love in Christ, Sister Bonny Jamison

SUMMER PHOTO CONTEST!

In an effort to get more photos sent in, SILLY is having a "What Says Summer to You?" Photo Contest. Next issue will feature as many of the entries as we can fit, and of course, the winner! There will be a prize, a gift certificate for Dairy Queen....so please be sure to include your name and address when you email me your photos!

