**A little boy said: “Grandma take me to the circus.” Said she: “I can’t, I’ve got to go to Prayer Meeting.” Said he: “Grandma, if you’d go to the circus just once, you’d never want to go to prayer meeting again.” *(Rev. Leon Hill, in O’ for the Life of a Preacher)***

**One day little Billy and Johnny were climbing around in an old apple tree. Finally they walked out on a limb, and were holding to the boughs above them. But the limb on which they were standing proved to be rotten and gave way, and the boys came tumbling down to the ground. Johnny was hurt and began to cry. But Billy got up with a smile on his face and began brushing the dirt off his clothes. “Why ain’t you hurt?” moaned Johnny. “You was out further on the limb than me.” “I prayed,” was the happy reply. “You didn’t have no time to pray,” retorted Johnny. “But it didn’t catch me, because I was already prayed up ahead,” explained Billy. “So I wasn’t scated. I know’d I’d be all right.” *(Charles Fillmore, in Atom-Smashing Power of Mind, p. 33)***

**A little boy saying his prayers had his mind centered on the talk of his parents concerning our troubled times. Having prayed for everything and everybody he could remember, the lad concluded: “And please, God, take care of Yourself. If anything should happen to you, we’d all be sunk.” *(A Synoptic Study of the Teachings of Unity)***

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