

The CrossRoads Connection



A Youth and Young Adult Ministry of
St. Andrew United Methodist Church

The Whys and Wherefores of being a Grandparent

chipping in

I don't know if I've told you this, but I love being Sophia and Claire's Papa. Now, don't get me wrong, I love being a dad as well, but if you twisted my arm just a bit, I might say that I think being a grandfather is more fun. Not better; just more fun.

In fact, I think I was born to be a grandfather.

Heather, my daughter, was and is a nearly perfect daughter. Did she get me a tie or a barbeque apron that says, "I love Grand-dad!" for Father's Day? No, she did not. She got me a new fishing shirt – the kind with all the pockets and the vents for when I get overheated - like when I break off a big fish? Did I say she was nearly perfect or what?

And, I have to confess that I enjoy being father, dad, old man, pops, popster, and any of the other things she has affectionately called me down through the years. She claimed me the first time I saw those blue eyes, and that was that.

I don't want to brag, but I think I have some small skills at Dadhood, and I place our both surviving her growing up years pretty well, which speaks to both our endurance and our willingness to compromise. I really love being Heather's dad.

But, I REALLY love being a grandfa-ther.

It's not that I like Sophia and Claire MORE than Heather; that'd be like comparing 3 beautiful sunrises (uh, let's go with beautiful sunsets; I know more about them) and decid-ing which one is the most beautiful – you just can't do it. Or, at least I can't.

They each have their own great personalities, though they are each a little on the stubborn side, which I suspect they get from Cathy. They are each gifted, though Sophia and Claire have some room to grow and stretch their gifts in the years to come. They are independent, love music and will walk a

mile and swim a river for a good laugh. ALL my girl's are keepers, so it's not that I care for one any more than the other.

It's just that being a dad is a LOT like work. I mean the best, most exciting job you could ever have, true, but there is a "lift that bale, tote that barge" aspect to it. There is all that discipline stuff which I was never really very good at, never really had it, didn't want to enforce it. I mean, you have all these rules and regulations that parents are just supposed to know.

Then, of course, there's the gender communication confusion stuff. HOW in the name of Aunt Clara's pet cow (Bessie) is an adult male sup-posed to communicate with a teenage daughter? I mean, how am I supposed to know that my daughter's "no" meant no to me and "yes" to her mother? And, when a teenager girl slams her door and screams, "You've just ruined my life!" how am I, a



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Our MISSION? We seek to encourage youth and young adults to develop a genuine faith in Jesus Christ, encourage them to grow as lifelong disciples, and to equip them to minister to

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mere male, supposed to know that her life was only ruined until the next time she needs access to my wallet and not for the rest of eternity? How is a father supposed to know that “Dad, don’t you think the lawn’s looking a bit long” really means, “Dad, I’m inviting everyone under 17 in Tippecanoe County over in 2 hours for a cookout/swim party?? How am I supposed to know that; and, how did Cathy hear the same thing I heard, and she immediately jumped in the car and ran to Pay-Less for 10,000 hotdogs, 75 bags of chips and 42 cases of soda while I’m stilling wondering if there’s enough gas to mow the lawn for my daughter who’s suddenly interested in the landscaping (NOT!)?

And, then there’s the phenomenon of dating that has caused more tension between fathers and daughters down through the years than anything I can think of. I mean, there were young men that I liked a lot who changed completely when they asked my daughter out. I really liked these guys until they asked Heather out – then I stopped just short of lifting their fingerprints off their Coke glasses to send to the FBI for fingerprinting. Who knows what kind of criminal behavior these young brigands were into nowadays?

No, thank you. Being a granddad is much more relaxing. Sophia and Claire have to take naps, so what is more natural than Papa napping right along with them? If I didn’t have grandchildren, I’d probably be thought of as lazy or worse (in WVA-speak): triflin’? And, while I find it a bit strange that sweets were bad for Heather, I find that

they are actually good for Sophia and Claire – within moderation. And, by within moderation I mean the evidence cleaned up before certain parents (and grandmothers) show up.

I find that Heather and I have now switched roles, and it’s fun to watch (as long as she doesn’t know I’m watching) her being a parent. I think it’s hilarious that the very same daughter who always used to say, quite dramatically, “All you EVER say is NO!” finds that very same word quite handy nowadays, while I’d probably give Sophia the keys to my truck if she wanted them – I mean, as long as she had a good reason!

And, speaking of radical changes in thinking, I remember when noise meant an uncomfortable and unnecessary volume in an inappropriate place – like yelling indoors. Now, noise is anything roughly 100 decibels above whatever Sophia, Claire (and I) can generate? With Heather I had to be responsible, which I was never really good at, so I didn’t permanently mess up my daughter. Now, I look at that as Heather and Trent’s role. If they don’t want their daughter’s to be loud and messy they shouldn’t let them play with me. I mean, discipline is NOT my job – ask any grandparent.

And, as for the spoiling, I have to admit that I spoiled my daughter a LOT but nothing compared to what I spoil my granddaughters now and what I plan to spoil them with in

**Remember,
you can always
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the future. It is a grandparent’s inalienable RIGHT to spoil their grandchildren. I didn’t write the rules, but every grandparent worth a good piggy-back ride knows them.

Today is Father’s Day, and I confess I love being a parent and a grandparent and I thank God daily for the gift of being both. How lucky am I? And, I have to admit that as I watched the VBS and BreakAway presentations this morning in church that I am very blessed as a pastor to be part of a church with the joy and energy and enthusiasm we saw generated by our children and youth. How amazing are our kids?

There are a lot of naysayers who predict gloom and doom for the church and for America and the world, and all I can say to that is, well, they didn’t see our kids this morning. Speaking as a parent AND a grandparent who also happens to be a pastor, I think we are in pretty good hands.

God’s hands, well, of course, they are the biggest. They have to be. They’ll continue to beckon us forward and to push us a bit when we lag – with love - just like a grandparent. But, then, right there in the middle of God’s big, strong, gentle hands are a BUNCH of little hands who help us remember that God’s work should be fun – and so it is, or we’re not doing it right.

No, after watching our kids this morning, I think we’re going to be just fine, don’t you?

Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to bone up on my fingerprinting techniques – Trent will need to know how to do it – his daughters will be dating before he knows it!

Pastor Pat

See YOU at the CrossRoads

Young Adult Sunday Study

The Young Adult Sunday Study continues to be held on Sunday mornings at 10 am. This class is for anyone who considers themselves a young adult (most are in their 20's and 30's), whether single, engaged, married and/or parenting. We usually start with some community time and breakfast munchies then dig into our lesson of the week.

Over the past several weeks, we completed our I AM series, took a couple of weeks off to celebrate graduations and Memorial Day, and have enjoyed a number of lessons covering a variety of topics.

By way of example, on Easter Sunday, we studied and thought through Jesus saying "**I Am the Light of the World.**" One way we looked at this was to think of light, actual sources of light, their properties and our reaction to them. Of interest to us was thinking of our attraction, our behaviors, toward light. Common responses to light demonstrate this? We stare at the moon, lift our faces to the sun, are mesmerized by the campfire, oooh and ahhh over fireworks, chase fireflies, etc. Although we recognized that one common denominator here is light, and knowing the living and indwelling Jesus certainly elicits such behaviors in us toward Him, another common denominator here is the exceptional, the extraordinary. For it is to the exceptional that we are drawn. And a human, Jesus, who walked away from the tomb straight into our hearts, IS, without question, our most exceptional and extraordinary God! Our prayer was / is - may you be drawn to Him this Easter and always!

Lessons since our I AM series concluded have included:

Garbage In, Garbage Out – where we studied the meaning of, and how we can, "be holy" as Peter reminds us in 1 Peter 1:13-16?

Seen and Not Heard – where we studied the meaning of the agape love that Jesus lived and how to apply it to our lives by doing as John suggests "let us not love with words or tongue but with actions and in truth." (1 John 3:18); and

I Think I Can, I Think I Can – where we have begun unpacking the meaning of, and the barriers to believing that, "I can do all things through Him who gives me strength." (Phil. 4:13).

We are having a great time at our Sunday Study and love spending the time with God and with each other. Each lesson stands on its own, and there is always room for more – so please join us on any Sunday morning.

The Top 7 Things You (or Your Parents) DON'T Want to Hear from Your Youth Group Leader...

7...This year's spring break mission trip will be to Cancun, Mexico!

6...If you struggle, the knots will just get tighter.

5...Okay, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...and two in the police car. That's everybody!

4...I thought I had a firm hold on his ankles when I dangled him from the roof.

3...There has to be some cleaner to get paint ball stains off the sanctuary walls.

2...(To a girl's parents after a mission trip) "Say hello to your new son-in-law"!

1...Ummm, well, "Flaming Marshmallows of Death" sounded like a fun game at the time.

Junior High Sunday School Update...July's B.I.G. Idea

We believe that stories of faithful friends help us know how to be a faithful friend.

07/05/2009 – Ruth and Naomi (Ruth 1-4)

07/12/2009 – David and Jonathan (1 Samuel 18:1-5; 1 Samuel 20)

07/19/2009 – The Five Friends (Mark 2:1-12)

07/26/2009 – Priscilla and Aquila (Acts 18:1-4, 18-21)

Senior High Update

High Schoolers...Blessings...High Schoolers...Blessings...High Schoolers...Blessings...High Schoolers...Blessings...

If you walked by the High School Sunday School class last Sunday you may have gotten an eyeful...there sat Obama, Popeye, Batman and other famous folks. You doubt me? Then you haven't played a game of "Celebrity" with us. Creativity and these youth walk hand in hand. They surprise us, humble us, excite us, disappoint us, and teach us...while trying to walk in the footsteps of Christ? So what does it mean to be a teacher? It means we're seeing life up close, lived in the eyes of a teenager struggling with their identity. Finding where their puzzle piece fits. Exploring things better left alone. Putting their faith on the line. Going to inside places where they are tested.

So lately we've let some of you...the ordinary, the transparent...share from deep within. The plain folks from the congregation. Coming to share your story. Going to places that weren't even comfortable in the eyes of an adult. Yet, you went there...for the kids. And this Sunday Roland Winger's own brother will give you a glimpse of what it's like to walk the walk. Well, not exactly like us. He was paralyzed at 16 years old, at the height of a high schooler's sporting career... to be told "you'll never walk again." But they didn't know about faith, prayers of a multitude, cries of a parent, and a Healer we all know. We have a "theme" with these kids..? Let it be said of us...

The Blessing

Let it be said of us
while we walked among the living
let it be said of us
by the ones we leave behind
let it be said of us
that we lived to be a blessing for life
let it be said of us
that we gave to reach the dying
let it be said of us
by the fruit we leave behind
let it be said of us that our legacy is blessing for life
this day
you set life, you set death right before us, this day
every blessing and curse is a choice now
and we will
choose to be a blessing for life
let it be said of us
that our hearts belonged to Jesus
let it be said of us
that we spoke the words of life
let it be said of us
that our heritage is blessing for life
(chorus)
for your Kingdom
for our Children
for the sake of every natio? ? ? John Waller

We hope this is also your prayer. What will be said of you?
If you change your mind 10 times in the morning before you leave on what you'll wear...
If you drive faster than you should...
If you see the future as an awesome possibility...
this class is for you. See you Sunday at 10:00 in the long hallway... Becky Winger

Be sure to check out the next issue of the
CrossRoads Connection
for stories and pictures from Vacation Bible School!