Prayer – Children’s Funnies

**The child prays and finally ends her prayer with the statement: “. . . And if you find a purple balloon up there, it’s mine.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**As Billy kneels on his bed he says to God: “Daddy says you’ve been ‘stremely busy since September 11th, but . . . “ *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**The child kneels on the floor and looks up and says to God: “Lord, if you are truly a loving God, a compassionate God, a caring God, you’ll let this pack of Pokemon cards contain a holo-foil Charizard card, so I can laugh in Eileen Jacobson’s face.” *(Bill Amend, in Foxtrot comic strip)***

**As Dennis the Menace kneels beside his bed he says to God: “You know who stepped in the wet cement, and I know, but do we hafta talk about it.” *(Hank Ketcham, in Dennis the Menace comic strip)***

**A boy was praying as loud as he could for a Christmas present. His sister said -- “You don’t have to pray so loud, God isn’t deaf.” Said he -- “I know God isn’t deaf, but Grandma is.” *(Rev. Leon Hill, in O’ for the Life of a Preacher, p. 25)***

**The child kneels on her bed and prays: “Can we ‘God bless’ dogs, too, or just people?” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**A young girl was quite fond of her little doll. One day, not watching where she was going, she tripped and fell. When she got up she found that her doll was badly damaged. Her brother, who saw all this, laughed when he saw the broken doll. “Laugh all you want,” she told him, “but I am going to pray to God to fix my doll.” “Oh, yeah? He won’t even answer you,” jeered the brother. “I’ll bet he will,” the girl replied with complete conviction. The girl began to pray and her brother went away to play. When he returned a few hours later there was the doll, still in pieces. “Looks like you lost the bet,” he taunted. “God didn’t answer you at all.” “Oh, yes he did,” the girl replied. “God said, ‘No’.” *(Paul J. Wharton, in Stories and Parables, p. 28)***

**Dennis the Menace’s mother says, as she puts him to bed. “Time to say your prayers, dear.” Dennis: “I can’t, Mom.” Mom: “Why not?” Dennis: “Cause I can’t think of the exact words.” Mom: “Oh, honey, you don’t have to worry about that. There are no right words when talking to God. He understands everything.” Dennis: “Good! Then I’ll just say my ABCs. God knows what I’m thinking. He’ll put them together for me.” *(King Duncan and Angela Akers, in Amusing Grace, p, 80)***

**One morning at Mass, our youngest son became quite troublesome. At first I gave him a stern fatherly stare, and motioned for him to calm down. When he refused, I took hold of his arm and suggested that he sit still -- but again to no avail. Then, I thought I’d relate the purpose of our Sunday morning visit. “Please stop and do me a favor,” I said, “and say a prayer for your father.” My son looked at me with innocence, “Dad,” he replied, “I have already prayed for you twice. *(Larry J. Weimer, in Catholic Digest)***

**I wrote down a prayer. Does God have a fax machine? *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**The child kneeling by his bed looks up to God and says: “After you’ve forgiven me, will you explain this to Santa Claus?” *(Bunny Hoest & John Reiner, in Parade magazine)***

**One child says to another: “Say a prayer for grandmother’s friend. He has Old-Timer’s disease.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**With less than a minute to go in a tied basketball game, our team was on the free throw line. “Quick!” a child seated behind me directed a friend. “You pray in Mormon . . . and I’ll pray in Catholic.” *(Gayle Garrett)***

**When my daughter Kelli was 3, she and my son Cody would say their nightly prayers together. As most children do, they would bless every family member, every friend, and every animal, current and past. For several weeks after we had finished the nightly prayers, Kelli would say “And all girls.” My curiosity finally got the best of me. “Kelli,” I asked, “why do you always add the part about all girls?” “Because,” she replied, “we always finish our prayers by saying All men!” *(JokeBank)***

**Our 12-year-old daughter, Gayle, was teaching her younger sister, Mary, the Hail Mary. Gayle began and asked Mary to repeat after her, “Hail Mary,” Gayle said. Mary looked up at Gayle. “Hail, Gayle,” she obediently intoned. *(Clara E. Exner)***

**One day I picked up my seven-year-old daughter, Emily, from CCD, dashed home, and made a simple meal. With dinner on the table, I reached out my hands to hers to say grace, but she would only take one. I began the prayer anyway, though feeling slighted by her unwillingness to take my other hand. After the prayer, I questioned her about it. “Mama,” she explained, “at CCD today we learned that when two or more people are gathered together for God, Jesus is here. I was holding Jesus’ hand.” From then on, we always left a spot for Him. *(Christiana Mavroudis, in Catholic Digest)***

**My four-year-old granddaughter, Caitlin, was impatient for a sibling. One morning she told her mother, “Maybe if we both prayed out loud, God would hear us.” So they prayed together. As soon as they finished, Caitlin asked, “What did he say?” Her mother explained that it doesn’t work that way; sometimes it takes a long time to get an answer. Caitlin was indignant” “Do you mean we were praying to an answering machine?” *(Virginia Bette, in Reader’s Digest)***

**I thought my four-year-old grandson showed amazing insight when his evening prayer recently was: “How do you do it, God? How do you do it?” *(David W. Eggebrecht, in The Lutheran Witness)***

**After our son began working as an insurance-company representative, he explained to his little girl what he’d be doing in his new job. Soon thereafter, on an overnight visit with us, she was saying her bedtime prayers and asking God to watch over the people who had been hit by Hurricane Hugo. Then she added, “. . . and please let them have paid their insurance.” *(Dee Lidvall, in Reader’s Digest)***

**A woman invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to her 6-year-old daughter and said, “Would you like to say the blessing?” “I wouldn’t know what to say,” the girl replied. “Just say what you hear Mommy say,” the woman answered. The daughter bowed her head and said, “Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?” *(Denver Rocky Mountain News)***

**In our parish, little Jeff had just returned home from class, rubbing his knees. His mother asked what was wrong. “They’re sore from kneeling so much,” Jeff answered. “But I think it will be all right now. The last time Father asked us to pray, I prayed that he wouldn’t ask us to pray so much.” *(Mrs. Russell Zallar, in Catholic Digest)***

**As the child looks through the picture Bible she says to her mother: “At the Last Supper, betcha I know who they asked to say grace.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**Little Benjamin sat down at the desk to write a letter to God asking for a little baby sister. He started the letter like this: “Dear God, I’ve been a very good boy.” He stopped, thinking, No, God won’t believe that. He wadded up the piece of paper, threw it away, and started again: “Dear God, most of the time I’ve been a good boy.” He stopped in the middle of the line, again thinking, God won’t be moved by this. So he wadded up the letter and into the trash can it went. Benjamin then went into the bathroom and grabbed a big terry cloth towel off the towel rack. He carried it into the living room and carefully laid it out on the couch. He smoothed out all the wrinkles. Then he went over to the fireplace mantle, reached up, and very carefully lifted down a statue of the Madonna. He had often seen his mother carefully dust the statue, and he had eyed it many times. On several occasions, his parents had told him that he could look but was not to touch the statue. Now, with all the care he could muster, he had it in his possession. Benjamin gently placed the statue in the middle of the towel, carefully folding over the edges. He then placed a rubber band around the whole thing. He brought it to the desk, took out another piece of paper, and began to write his third letter to God. It went like this: “Dear God, if you ever want to see your mother again . . .” *(Moments for Mothers)***

**When I took my daughter Jennifer to get her driver’s license, she was noticeably tense. I was afraid that her frazzled nerves were going to cause her to make mistakes on her road test, so I said a little prayer. Soon Jennifer returned with a big smile and a passing grade. Afterward I asked her if my prayer had done the trick. “I’m sure that it helped,” Jennifer replied. “Also, the examiner asked me if I was nervous. When I said, ‘Yes,’ he wanted to know if there was anything he could do. I suggested I’d be just fine if he’d scream every few minutes, so I could pretend he was my mother.” *(Pamela A. King, in Reader’s Digest)***

**Little Johnny liked church pretty well except for the long pastoral prayer. So when his dad asked the visiting minister to say grace when dinner was served, Johnny was worried. But to his surprise, the prayer was very brief and to the point. Pleased, Johnny turned to the minister and observed, “You don’t pray so long when you’re hungry, do you?” *(Mike McCall, Progressive Farmer)***

**Child: “Grandma, I can’t find Annie, my favorite doll! I”ve looked everywhere!” Grandma: “To find lost things I always pray to St. Anthony. He might find your lost doll for you.” Child: “Grandma! Look!” Grandma: “Did you thank St. Anthony for finding your doll?” Child: “No, he didn’t find her. I did.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**In our parish my sister, an expectant mother, was encouraging her daughter to pray for a new brother or sister. Each night, the little girl prayed for this intention. Finally, one evening after the new baby had been brought home, the little girl said, “Mommy, I feel sad. I prayed so hard for that baby and now you act as if it is all yours.” *(Mrs. Joseph Felice, in Catholic Digest)***

**“Do you say your prayers every night, Trudy?” asked the minister. “Oh, no; Mummy says them for me,” answered Trudy. “Indeed, and what does she say?” he queried. “Thank God you’re in bed!” was the prompt reply. *(Elberton Star)***

**Thirteen-year-old Ginny had been a bad girl, and part of her punishment was to eat dinner alone at a small table in the corner of the kitchen. No one paid any attention to her until the family became aware of the Grace that she was saying aloud: “I thank Thee, Lord, for preparing a table for me in the presence of mine enemies.” *(Charles Chich Govin, in Catholic Digest)***

**Jay’s Sunday school class met in the church after Mass. When he found a quarter under a pew, Jay’s teacher suggested he light a candle and say a prayer for his sick friend. He did so and laid his coin on the tray as he had seen others do. A few minutes later the teacher noticed Jay taking the quarter from the tray and putting it into his pocket. When she asked him why he had taken his donation back, he replied, “Oh, it’s OK, Mrs. Smith. I blew the candle out!” *(Cynthia A. Baker, in Catholic Digest)***

**As the little boy plants the seeds in the ground he looks up at the little girl who says: “If you want them to grow, you hafta say a prayer to your gardening angel.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)***

**In our parish my three-year-old son had a hard time sitting still during Mass one Sunday. Wiggling would not have been so bad, but after he pinched his brother, dumped the contents of my purse on the floor, and squirted milk from his brother’s bottle down the neck of the woman sitting in front of us, I had had enough. So I scooped him up and headed down the aisle toward the vestibule for the promised “talk.” Quickly realizing he was in big trouble, he solicited help from a higher power. Stretching out his little arms to the other worshipers as we walked, he called out, “Pray for me! Pray for me!” *(Sally Dillon, in Catholic Digest)***

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