



Surprise!
It's the end of
the Dogs who
know the Lord...
...and **life** as
we know it.



“ Amy Grant in my powder heaven ”

Dear Diary: Great news! Was down at House of Christianity today. Couldn't believe what I saw amongst tapes and CDs: five foot high picture of Amy Grant's face! What a babe! Lips were, like, right there—and so big and luscious. Could swear her eyes were looking straight at me. What a witness she is.

Have always loved her music.

Praise the Lord daily for her. ¶

Entry forms to win a ski trip with Amy.

Really! Some kind of promotional deal.

New album. Just like her. So giving of self.

To go with a total stranger on ski trip. What

humility and faith she must have!

What does husband think? Who cares!

Will fill out numerous entry forms. Must win. ¶

Wife not impressed. Complains. Amy Grant

pictures all over store. Notices Amy's excess

make-up. “What's that all about?”

she says. “Doing the Lord's work.”

I say, “gotta look good.” ¶

“Yes, somehow her face does point me directly

towards Christ,” says wife. Look at her

suspiciously. Raise eyebrow. Wife shrugs.

Enters Critters for Christ, stuffed animal

section of store. Continue fantasizing. ¶

Log cabin. Cozy. Alone with Amy.

Drifts of snow outside. Skis stashed away after

strenuous day on slopes. Muscles sore. Amy

massages neck, humming “El Shaddai” in front

of roaring fire. Can feel Holy Spirit filling room,

working within me. Ask Amy can

she feel it too. Nods. Gets hot cocoa. ¶

Returns. Sweater hugs body. What a witness!

Talk. Look into each other's eyes. Drink hot

cocoa. Get hot. Peel off shirt. Lay back on sofa.

Amy sits on cushion next to sofa. Sings “Baby

Baby” in ear. Runs fingers through chest hair.

Think great thoughts. Christian thoughts. Many

deep and Christian thoughts. ¶

Wife asks why shirt is off. Snap back to reality.

Look down. Skin glowing under fluorescent

store lights. Matted chest hair not attractive to

teen-age girl in nearby Christian romance

section. Put shirt on. Look at five foot high face

of Amy. Confirmed once again in my faith. ¶

Must win contest!

by Darrel Spenst