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### **Looking Like Angels ... Acting Like Devils**

Taking care of children is something I've been doing most of my life. As soon as I turned thirteen I was the girl to call if you needed someone to watch your kid. In my early teens this was a job that I loved. I hung out with the kids all night, fed them, put them to bed, and then watched a movie for the rest of the night. What wasn't to love about that? Soon I grew older and realized a babysitter's paycheck left much to be desired. So I went out and got myself a job, a real job. After that babysitting jobs got few and far between. Then, this Easter, I was able to reconnect with my original working roots. During Easter weekend I was able to volunteer my time, working the nursery for my church.

The Woodward United Methodist Church is my hometown church. Like many lowan towns Woodward is quite small, as is my church. When I was younger, the congregation mainly consisted of the sixty-plus crowd. Now, as I return after my first year of college, I see our church is changing. Many young families have recently joined, bringing with them many children. Our nursery is always full, and finding people who are willing to work it is always difficult. The older generation of the church can't handle that many screaming children for an hour and one-half and, unfortunately, there are virtually no teenage members

who will volunteer to work it either. This leaves the church in a bit of a bind. Many parents are forced to keep their children with them during the service, which, as you can imagine, can get very distracting. When I came back home, during the first week of April, I saw that no one had volunteered to work the nursery for Easter Sunday service, so I decided to sign myself up for the job.

When I showed up for work, the following Sunday, I began to re-think my seemingly smart idea. I completely forgot that Easter Sunday usually brought twice as many people to the service, doubling the number of children I had to watch. I settled into my room and waited as parents hurriedly dropped off their children while they rattled off “special” instructions. Shortly after Easter service started I counted twenty-five children. They were all dressed in their Easter best, looking like angels, but acting like devils. I set up centers for them to color, play dress-up, and watch a movie. When the older children seemed settled I turned my attention to the eight infants that had all simultaneously started screaming. The following forty-five minutes were a blur of diapers, bottles, screaming fights, time-outs, and mysterious scratches. Eventually, everything got under control. By the time service ended, the kids were calmed down and ready to go home with their parents and I was ready for the world’s largest aspirin.

When the adults came and picked up their kids, it was obvious they really appreciated having an hour and one-half of peace and quiet. Which, after my hour and one-half of torture, I understood completely. After my last child had been taken home, I ventured from my child-friendly prison and joined my parents upstairs. There I ran into my pastor. Pastor Ben told me how much he really

appreciated my time. He explained to me that most of the congregation just can't handle the children down there. I told him that he could use me anytime I was home. I also signed-up, in advance, to work every other weekend this summer.

I know that my volunteering to work the nursery, not only during Easter but anytime, really helped out the church. I already convinced my mom to help out at least a couple times a year. I like knowing that what I do really does make a difference to the church. It also makes me feel good inside, knowing that the parents are leaving their children with someone who can handle them.

Volunteering for my church is a great outlet for me. I hope that I can convince some other young adults to come and volunteer, especially while I'm away at school.