

I am sure that Larry and Sonja Coffelt would tell you that I am still fulfilling my apprenticeship as a member of Red Mountain Methodist Church since I have only been a member for a little over a year; but when Larry and Sonja were marketing the attributes of Red Mountain, they couldn't say enough about a young lady they referred to as "Dot". She has the vitality of a teenager with the wisdom of an elder they would say. She is deeply involved in the youth and their missions; she is a big reason the youth participation of Red Mountain Methodist is a huge success. Wow, I thought, can't wait to meet this lady they call "Dot".

Well, as we all know, "Dot" is the Associate Pastor of the Red Mountain Methodist Church. Again this month, I have the privilege of trying to put into words, how "Dot" *makes a difference*. In my interview with "Dot" she told me of her childhood years in New York and her love of the area. She told me that she had taken guitar lessons as a kid but reminded me to be kind if I wrote about it because today, she couldn't play a lick. Now how was I going to make that work in an article; I think every parent told us we needed to learn piano or some instrument and the most of us paid little attention. Piano lessons would take away from playing tag, hop scotch, kick the can, or just being a goofy kid. And how would we ever stand the teasing from those who thought playing a musical instrument was for sissies. Oh my, did we miss out but that is for another article.

"Dot" did tell me that in school she was always one with a joke. She liked to laugh and laugh with those around her. She said she even got in trouble a couple of times for telling her jokes and disrupting the class but she seemed to be good with that. It was part of her brand. As "Dot" preaches and even as she carries herself, you can see the smile on her face and know that behind the smile is someone who honestly has something to smile about. In her sermons she typically includes a joke to assure that she has the attention of everyone in the audience. I am sure God has even got a laugh out of a few of them. *You know, he already knew the joke, he is just laughing with the joke teller and how "Dot" articulated the joke's humor.* As I sit in the audience listening to "Dot" preach I can't keep from looking at "Dot's" eyes; and through her eyes I see one who is a living witness for God. There is a George Strait song called *I Saw God Today*. The chorus goes:

*I've been to church,
I've read the book,
I know He's there,
But I don't look,
near as often as I should,*

*His fingers are everywhere,
I just look down and stop and stare,
Open my eyes and then I swear,
I Saw God Today,*

Submitted by Ken Hershner, Stewardship Committee