There’s no shortage of pearl clutching and dogs growling. He marches down the main aisle of the church like he owns it, past pews filled with He stops at the front of the church and turns, red-faced with temper to face the interspecies congregation.

“The church is not an Ark!”

Somehow his accusation is only for Aunt Twyla, which admittedly is sort of fair. I mean, if God sent the animals to Noah, then it can certainly be argues that they’re sent to Aunt Twyla down at the rescue. I mean, by all accounts, she’s a better person. And of course by all accounts I mean the Bible I’m not sure Pastor Shelton reads.

“It’s supposed to be,” Aunt Twyla says. She’s wearing her “please argue theology with me” smile, and Pastor Shelton might be arrogant, but he’s not entirely foolish.

If we’re lucky. We’ve been trying for the last five years to get the necessary three-fourths vote we need to oust him, but there are always hold outs on account of his father. We all loved that man as much as we detest his self-righteous son. Some of the older church ladies like Mrs <> keep giving him chances.

From Princess’s handbag, Mrs. Mildred produces yet another copy of the Petition of to Dismiss and begins passing it around.

Every morning, one of the Church Elders comes by to see if we have anyone in need of a hot meal or a shower. Except for days like Homecoming, our community is too small and rural to get many unexpected visitors. Though the expected seem to be enough to give our new pastor a fit. There’s a reason he wasn’t invited here today. Okay, so about thirty of them. Thirty-one if you count my Aunt Twyla.