

February 2021

# Lappe Lutheran Church

My response to every situation is "it's all good", because even if it's not, ima' make sure it will be.

Sometimes  
the grass is greener  
on the other side  
because it's fake.

Live your life.  
Take chances.  
Be crazy.  
Don't wait.  
Because right now  
is the oldest  
you've ever been  
and the youngest  
you'll be ever again.

I'm not addicted to  
READING  
  
I can quit as soon as  
I finish one more chapter.

I JUST RUN INTO BEST BUY  
TO GET SOME BATTERIES...  
THE KID AT THE COUNTER ASKED  
ME FOR MY PHONE NUMBER  
AND ZIP CODE...

I TOLD HIM 867-5309  
AND 90210.  
HE NEVER QUESTIONED ME ONCE.

*Married in February's sleety weather,  
Life you'll tread in tune together.*

*If February give much snow, A fine summer it  
doth foreshow.*

*Fogs in February mean frosts in May.*

*If Candlemas Day [February 2] be mild and gay  
Go saddle your horses, and buy them hay  
But if Candlemas Day be stormy and black,  
It carries the winter away on its back.*

*It is better to see a troop of wolves than a  
fine February.*



If you're not  
helping to make  
it right, then  
stop  
complaining  
about it being  
wrong...



## Why Are There Only 28 Days in February?

WRITTEN BY [Jonathan Hogeback](#) Editorial intern, Encyclopaedia Britannica. © [Tanusha/Fotolia](#)

Each month in the modern [Gregorian calendar](#) consists of at least 28 days. That number would be a nicely rounded 30 were it not for [February](#). While every month besides the second in the calendar contains at least 30 days, February falls short with 28 (and 29 on a leap year). So why is the most widely used calendar in the world so inconsistent in the lengths of its months? And why is February stuck with the fewest number of days? Blame it on Roman superstition.

The Gregorian calendar's oldest ancestor, the first Roman calendar, had a glaring difference in structure from its later variants: it consisted of 10 months rather than 12. In order to fully sync the calendar with the lunar year, the Roman king [Numa Pompilius](#) added January and February to the original 10 months. The previous calendar had had 6 months of 30 days and 4 months of 31, for a total of 304 days. However, Numa wanted to avoid having even numbers in his calendar, as Roman superstition at the time held that even numbers were unlucky. He subtracted a day from each of the 30-day months to make them 29. The lunar year consists of 355 days (354.367 to be exact, but calling it 354 would have made the whole year unlucky!), which meant that he now had 56 days left to work with. In the end, at least 1 month out of the 12 needed to contain an even number of days. This is because of simple mathematical fact: the sum of any even amount (12 months) of odd numbers will always equal an even number—and he wanted the total to be odd. **So Numa chose February, a month that would be host to Roman rituals honoring the dead, as the unlucky month to consist of 28 days.**

Despite changes in the calendar as it was altered after Numa's additions—alterations that include the shortening of February at certain intervals, the addition of a leap month, and eventually the modern leap day—February's 28-day length has stuck.

A few years after I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey. But the stranger... he was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies.

If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.

Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet. (I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.) Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends or any visitors. Our long time visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush.

My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing..

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked... And NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?....  
We just call him 'TV.'  
He has a wife now....we call her 'Computer.'  
Their first child is "Cell Phone".  
Second child "I Pod "

And JUST BORN A FEW YEARS AGO WAS a Grandchild:

IPAD

*OH MY----HOW TRUE THIS IS!!!*

