

DEAR OLD JK

By Bill Pugh

I write this with great respect. He was our minister when we were kids, four brothers and our sister. JK's children's talks were OK. Some of those Old Testament stories were a bit scary at times. Jonah swallowed by a whale. Not sure about our next trip to the beach. We were glad David beat up Goliath. We had to sit in our specially numbered seat in the Church and listen. Or else? In he came ushered by the elder on duty. Black gown, white collar, silver grey hair. We heard a lot about Scotland where JK came from.

He seemed so distant and removed up there in the pulpit. One Sunday, on the way out, he said to Mum, "I would like to pay your family a visit next Wednesday afternoon". OH NO, we thought. Lucky Dad at work! So it was arranged. There we sat that afternoon, all nice and clean listening to JK. Dark suit, clerical

collar, polished shoes. Mum made freshly baked scones. Tea for two and water for us.. Grace was said and we politely ate a scone and jam. Then, dismissed by Mum, we retreated to freedom in the back yard. 'Thank goodness!'

Then it came to Sunday School picnic, all of us loaded into a furniture van, sitting on Sunday School seats, tied together. Highly illegal now! In came JK still in his collar, but a sports coat took the place of his suit coat. On arrival there were games and cricket. JK took off his jacket and bowled. Not bad, in fact, pretty good! He joined in the fun of the day, eating buttered bread coated with hundreds and thousands and drinking cordial. We were wrong about him. He was human after all. JK was a good bloke.

Reflection:

Read 1st Samuel 16:1-13. Have we been too quick to judge people by outward presentation? Verse 7 is a wakeup call.