

THE MASTER KEY

By Ian Menzies



Secondary schools are big places. Lots of doors. Lots of keys. Where I taught, movement between classes meant that staff members had to be issued with a key for each room they used, each carefully recorded in a large key register tome.

Everyone had a huge bunch. Everyone that is, except the Principal, a few other leaders and those lofty beings, the cleaners. Theirs was a Master Key.

How I came to be entrusted with one I have long forgotten, but it was a huge privilege, greatly treasured,

carefully guarded.

On retiring, the most stressful event for me wasn't my last class, or the speeches, or the long walk to the carpark at the end of that final day. It was handing over my Master Key. My access to all areas.

It is reassuring to know that God has a Master Key to our lives. Sure, we can lock away various sections from others, who know us only in part, but God knows all. What a privilege it is to be so greatly treasured, so carefully guarded, and so greatly loved.

Reflection:

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I will know fully just as I also have been fully known. (1 Corinthians 13:12)

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