

Sunday school teachers--even the superintendent!

Mr. Rockwell, dressed as a little lad of five or six, came late to "school." He wore long striped stockings, a calico apron and a little straw hat. His appearance, as he ran down the aisle, took the house by storm. School was literally suspended until explanation for tardiness had been offered and accepted and he was allowed to take his seat. Later, when this elderly dignified man stood up to recite "a piece" and describe what was in his apron pocket--a penny, a nail, a piece of string, a dead frog, and--well you know what might be in any six year old's pocket--laughter rocked the church.

After many years of faithful service, Mr. Rockwell resigned as superintendent of the Sunday School. The teachers and pupils bought a book to give him as a testimonial of esteem. I was selected to make the presentation. I worked hard, (with no doubt some adult supervision) to prepare a really good speech for the occasion!!

The last Sunday of Mr. Rockwell's tenure of office arrived. The bell rang for classes to end. Teachers gathered up supplies and materials. Mr. Rockwell stood up at the foot of the pulpit platform to give the final benediction.

That was my cue. I hastily arose and marched down the center aisle, the book balanced in front of me in my outstretched hands.

Mr. Rockwell, his hand still lifted, paused in surprise.

I stood before him, looked up at his kindly benevolent countenance, and began:

"Mr. Rockwell" -----