

Morgan's Moment...

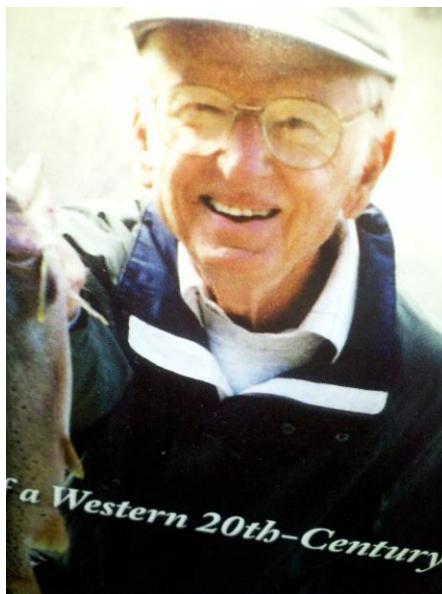
The repairman looked at my clock...
 admiring it I thought
 as the classic wind-up it is.
I was just ready to tell its history...
 from a pioneer schoolhouse
 to my church office then home.
"I can't stand a clicking tock!"
 he grumbled and I replied...
"I just don't hear it anymore."
"Can't you hear the clock ticking?"
 he insisted...
 Yes I do hear that clock ticking.
Ticking clock metaphors and clichés
 filled my mind...
 as honest people also confess.
We're all on the clock
 a clock that ticks more loudly
 every day.
The planet is on a clock
 as even the Shell Oil ex-CEO
 added his reminder.
Certain clergy are starting
 an Easter clock called Lent...
 designed to click for 40 days.
The Psalm text framed on my wall
 has been a clock in my life
 since I was a little boy.
***"Teach us to number our days...
that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom."***
"Can't you hear the clock ticking?"
 Yes...
 I'm afraid I do.
 — Art Morgan

AS I WAS SAYING

A call just came to report on one of our friends for whom the clock has been ticking. He was in Hospice care which you enter only when time is winding down. I'll put together a few words in the next column about George Tolman.

BOOK CORNER

George Tolman — "Tales, Trails, Trials and Triumphs" If you have one of his books, treasure it. I quote from the last page:
"When my earthly life is over I trust friends will not say, 'George passed away...please just say, He died. That's been good enough for both saints and sinners, and that's good enough for me.'"



THE REV DR GEORGE TOLMAN

This photo of George comes from the cover of his book called "Tales, Trails, Trials and Triumphs – Memoirs of a Western 20th Century Preacher."

I know the first thing he would say is that I left out the best part of the picture — a 24 inch trout from one of his fly-fishing trips.

George and wife, Janet, have lived in Tucson where he was pastor for many years. He died at home on Sunday morning, age 93.

He was, as we say in the trade, one of the great ones. There will be more memories from more people than any of us can imagine. He was a Yale Divinity grad. Chapman before that, Military before that, and Stanford before that! A great preacher, he spoke with authority, humor, interest, pastoral sensitivity and fearlessly. He survived right wing Orange County where he was often a lonely voice. He liked to be in the middle of things like the night in Tucson he dragged me to church where people from all sides of the immigration fence were gathered to talk about how to handle border crossers dying in the nearby deserts. He was never afraid of hard issues.

He didn't sit still very happily. His book spins your head with all his travels. His mind was as far-reaching as his travels. Even in retirement I believe he did interim ministries in over a dozen churches. People heard him gladly and often wished he would stay.

I was once the youth minister in his home church in Watsonville, CA. His mother was still a member there. A very alert and gracious lady. I first met George when he came to preach one Sunday. "Small Potatoes" was the name of his sermon.

George and Janet, along with Jean and me, were invited to Orange for the pre-memorial party of mutual friend, June Williams. She's now in Hospice care as was George. That was mid-October. We had chances for talk on two of those days. He was sharp, remembered people, times and places, laughing a lot. Many other old friends of Janet and George will remember that special time.

Janet cared for George as his strength and abilities declined. She reported that he was patient and kind and appreciative to the end.

His memorial event will probably
take place Saturday, March 15.