

Back from Nineveh

Having missed my last weekly blog spot I am full of remorse and feel like sitting in sackcloth and ashes. I'm also remorseful for calling (in my last blog) Alexander Cruden by his father's name, William. Shame on me.

Last week I was stranded in Mallorca, that vacation (vulcation?) paradise in the Mediterranean Sea, when the Icelandic volcano erupted. The resultant ash grounded all flights over Europe and with North America and so we trekked three days by slow boat and bus across Spain, France and England home to Scotland.

You will remember that intrepid prophet Jonah also travelled three days - across Nineveh - and the result was that the King donned sackcloth and sat in ashes, seeking God's forgiveness. Despite predictions to the contrary, God acted and the city was saved.

Commentators called the recent volcano disruptions 'an act of God'. A strange expression for this natural occurrence. Folks troubled by the ash will probably not blame God for their inconvenience, but they may become aware that life cannot be taken for granted. As the final words in the Book of Jonah say: "The Kingdom shall be the Lord's".

Nicholas