

Chapter 6

BUSY! BUSY! BUSY!

Soon, all thoughts of Canada left us as I settled into my new work as Head of the Physics dept. I also printed the school newspaper, ran the Christian Union and conducted school assembly. We started a teenagers' Fellowship group at our home and watched as God blossomed it into a large work covering seven churches and a wide area around our town. I produced a youth 'newspaper' linking local youth works and formed a fifty-voice choir performing Easter and Christmas cantatas in local halls, chapels and prison. We ran summer camps and weekend youth nights. On Sunday evenings I had free access to the local YMCA, its snack bar and recreation hall, where young people from many churches came for 8 o'clock Fellowship.

I was busy ! busy ! busy ! In fact, too busy!
I was beginning to run ahead of the Light!

Eventually, my frenetic pace caught up with me and I began a long spell of sleeplessness. I would walk for hours trying to tire myself enough to sleep but would then lie awake all night reliving all the events of that day. On one occasion, I seemed to recall every move of the ball in an International Rugby game I had watched that day on television. My doctor had prescribed medicine and one of my friends would come around often, in the evenings, to chuckle at me as I staggered across the room on my way to bed. Who wants friends like that?! In school, my students were told not to disturb me if I did not come out of the dark room, attached to my Physics lab, at the end of a break. They knew I was lying down to rest and were to call the headmaster who would fill in for me! After six months my sleeping returned to normal but I had discontinued all of my activities except overseeing the youth work.

After five years in Ogmores Grammar school I was enjoying my work and the friendship of my colleagues. I was not, however, prepared for the next turn of events. New Government policy decreed that our school had to join with Nantymoel Secondary School to form a new Comprehensive School, which would have a custom built facility at the foot of the valley, near our new home in Bridgend. As the youth work had grown we had sold our little bungalow and moved into this country town, in the centre of the beautiful Vale of Glamorgan. Combining schools meant forming a new Staff Association and then electing a representative to serve them on the Board of Governors.

Up to that time, no teacher was allowed to serve as a governor of a school, so the choosing of a representative was to be done with care. I attended the combined staff meeting with some idea of whom I would support. I certainly had no thought that I might be considered. I was not one who socialised frequently with other staff, nor was I as long-standing in those valley schools as many of my colleagues. Two hours later, I left that meeting shaking my head in some amazement. I had been unanimously elected both as first President of the new Staff Association and also as its representative on the Board of Governors!

I turned to Alan, our Geography teacher, who was walking at my side. "I don't believe this" I said. "Why not?" he replied, "we all know you're the only one who would always speak the truth." I whispered a quiet prayer. "Thank You, Lord, to You be all the Glory!" Then turning back to Alan, I added, "Wait till I get home to tell Anne ! She wont believe it either!"