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"He delights in mercy" (Micah 7:18)

Forty Years of Being A Preacher's Kid

by Steve Higginbotham

Just a couple weeks ago marked fifty years of preaching for my dad. Family and friends of my Mom and Dad had an open house celebration in honor of this accomplishment. In fact, "West Virginia Christian" recently asked Dad to write an article, sharing several of his observations from fifty years of preaching.

Well, I'm not fifty years old yet (though my sister isn't too far from the mark), here are some of my memories from forty years of being a preacher's kid...

- Folding church bulletins on TV trays every Saturday night (and fighting with my sister over who had to fold the most).
- Staying up late at night, anxiously anticipating my Dad's return after being away in a two-week or ten-day gospel meeting.
- Going with my Dad as he conducted Bible studies with Jule Miller film strips and sometimes simply sitting around a table with open Bibles.
- Waking up to Dad's "get psyched up" music (as I called it) every Sunday morning.
- The evolution of sermon preparation (from chalkboards, to "sheet sermons," to overhead projectors, and now to PowerPoint presentations).
- Visiting scores of funeral homes and from a distance staring at bodies in caskets and imagining I could see them breathing.
- And I was the only four-year-old that I knew of who knew how to tie a double windsor knot (okay, maybe an exaggeration).

Today I hear several angry and resentful young adults who said they were neglected because their father's were preachers. The fact that my sister and I have no such resentment must be an indication of the kind of parents we had. They successfully balanced their responsibilities to their family as well as to the church.

I'm proud of my Mom and Dad and what they've accomplished together. I've never been ashamed of being a "preacher's kid." Regrets growing up a "preacher's kid?" Maybe a handful, but they had nothing to do with being a "preacher's kid." Mostly they involved my misbehavior and the little paddle my parents kept handy in the hall closet.

Mom, Dad, Thanks!

