



LINKS PLAYERS DAILY DEVOTIONAL

Links Players

The King Is Coming!

A sign was fastened over Him with these words: 'This is the King of the Jews'. (Luke 23:38 NLT).

The rumor was all over Brora, the wee (as the Scots would say) village where we summer for seven weeks each year in the north of Scotland. Word was buzzing around Brora Golf Club that King Charles was coming to Brora "next Tuesday".

Tuesday came and went. False alarm. No King Charles in Brora, unless you count the King Charles dog who lives around the corner.

Oh well, I thought. Reminds me of my friends who insist that Jesus is coming back any day. So far, they have all been wrong.

And then at 9 am on August 6, a text came in from Thelma, a local friend. "The King is coming to Brora. Ten a.m. at the new Heritage Center." She seemed sure of herself.

This seemed too real to ignore, especially when another friend texted the news- "The King is Coming."

We decided to quickly dress and walk less than two miles to the site, still not sure of the King's arrival.

Sure enough, a few others were walking that way. It became obvious that the King was coming. The crowd was smaller than we thought. We wondered why there were not more people. "This is King Charles, not Princess Diana", I whispered to my wife.

Right on time, the helicopter landed in a field adjacent to the venue where ribbons would be cut and meaningless speeches would be delivered.

Here came the King, dressed in a royal uniform of some sort. Shorter than I thought. He now looks all of his 75 years. Obviously accustomed to being the center of attention- a somewhat sad life of being stared at, snapshotted, and talked about ad nauseam.

He walked slowly down the line, shaking hands along the way. My wife Sue was in the front row, ready to shake his hand, but she was too polite to stick her hand out for the regal handshake.

Oh well, we got a good picture. And as we departed the scene, in one of Sue's classic honesty moments, she said, "I smelled whisky on his breath." What? At 11 am? Alcohol on the royal breath?

But what can we learn, if anything?

One, his life is surely a symbol of how some people are forced to live. Put on a good front. Have meaningless conversations with people you do not know.

If I were King, I would have preferred to come to Brora for a golf game, guided by a local caddie who would share the awesome history of the Links, formed in 1891. A healthy six-mile walk with a putter in hand after bouncing a ball onto a green. Now that would have made sense.

But sadly, the King came and went. He cut some ribbons. He shook some hands. He pretended to enjoy the day.

He did his duty.

But second, some spiritual insight, "The rumor is true. The King is Coming."

So far, every person who has predicted the soon physical return of King Jesus has been wrong. Zero people have gotten it right, so far. But that does not mean we will not see Him.

I am 74. He is coming to get me. "Soon and Very Soon", as Andrae Crouch said in his gospel song.

My face-to-face encounter with the King of Kings will be on the other side of eternity in a setting that no eye has seen, and no ear has heard.

I believe that. I need to be ready.

Prayer: Jesus, I will see you face-to-face soon and very soon. Make me ready! Amen.

—

Tim Philpot

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