

The Policeman's Lot

Tony had recently retired from the force. If the truth be told, he was nudged off, as it became apparent that he was losing his edge. But after several days watching soap operas, Tony had had enough. He needed somehow to make himself useful. He went to his friend Father Callahan and asked (just short of begged) for a job in the church as a security guard. Father Callahan understood well what he was getting into, but he could not refuse Tony. He was to start this coming Sunday. Tony desperately wanted to prove his worth, but what could he do to show his friend how useful he could be? Saturday night, an idea came to him. He went to the local pharmacy and from there to the church. He unlocked the front door and looked around. There must be a collection plate somewhere, but his flashlight scanned all the tables and found nothing. He tried a nearby closet, and... success! He shook some sneezing powder into the plate. Now, if anyone tomorrow had sticky fingers, they would give the perpetrator a sneezing fit, and Tony would nab him!



“Tony?”

Tony turned around to find Father Callahan standing over him. “What are you doing here? ...Never mind. I found your keys on the table. Tony, look...” He brought Tony to the door of the sanctuary. “What do you see?”

“Just a lot of empty pews.”

“Tony, you’re here to protect the people who sit in those pews. And that’s all. Nothing more. Well, also keeping track of your keys.”

Tony had a moment of clarity. If he was going to keep his job, he knew he would have to mind his keys and pews.