

A SHIFT IN THE LIFE OF A HALL MONITOR

Recently, our church instituted a plan to create a safer environment for the children who attend our Sunday morning program. As a result, many new roles have been created.

I am now Hall Monitor Timmy, but you can call me Sir.

I take my job *very* seriously. The safety of our children is at stake.

With the eyes of a hawk and the reflexes of a cat, I monitor a hall like no other. I give you fair warning. Do not cross the man in orange!

10:10 a.m. Starting my warm-up. A few stretches and one lap of the hall. People are watching and they look impressed. I'm not sure if it's because of my level of commitment or my pink leg warmers.

10:15 a.m. Heading to gymnasium to sign in. Will practice my "tough guy" walk on the way.

10:17 a.m. Was "bumped" three times in the hall. Thank goodness for self-control.

10:19 a.m. Just picked up my shirt and name tag. The name tag is fine, but the shirt is orange. That would not have been my number one choice. When I mentioned this to the woman behind

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- the table she called me a diva, tossed me the shirt (with some oomph), and told me to get to work. Thanks, Mom.
- 10:22 a.m. Setting up my Control Centre.
- 10:24 a.m. Just had four people tell me that calling a chair a “Control Centre” is a little over the top. Hey, Pastor, thanks so much for that sermon last week on speaking truth.
- 10:29 a.m. One minute ‘til lockdown. Washrooms? Clear! Classrooms? Clear! Air Ducts? Clear!
- 10:30 a.m. This hallway is now the safest place in the world. The President of the United States could wander freely . . . if he had three pieces of ID.
- 10:35 a.m. I have to go to the bathroom, but no worries. Depends[®].
- 10:44 a.m. Just had my first situation. The person entered my hallway and proceeded to reach into their pocket. In that type of situation, it’s kill or be killed. I had no choice but to respond with a quick arm-bar takedown.
- 10:45 a.m. False alarm.
Turns out she was getting a mint.
I helped her up, told her to keep both hands visible next time, and returned her cane.
- 10:51 a.m. Some guy keeps knocking at the door, and it’s getting *very* annoying.
- 10:58 a.m. He’s gone . . . finally! The man was persistent, but I just stared ahead and pretended I couldn’t hear him. Next week he’ll come on time.

INSIDE TIMMY'S MIND



- 11:00 a.m. It's almost time for the sermon, and a deacon just asked if I'd seen the pastor. Apparently he stepped out for a second . . . some time ago. Maybe he's counselling the latecomer.
- 11:05 a.m. Children's program is about to split-up into their separate class rooms. Have to go monitor the changeover.
- 11:10 a.m. Didn't like the way one of the kids looked at me. I've removed him from the group until I can cross-reference his name tag with the attendance list.
- 11:12 a.m. All clear, but I will certainly be addressing that disrespectful look . . . once we get home.
- 11:15 a.m. Have to go to the bathroom. No worries.
- 11:18 a.m. Ushers are coming through with the offering plates. My adrenaline is pumping faster than Santa's sleigh on Christmas Eve.

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- 11:22 a.m. I kept them safe. No tip.
- 11:25 a.m. Little girl pinched her finger in a chair. Looks pretty bad. I have to get ice.
- 11:32 a.m. Stop crying already! I'll get ice once I've finished double-checking all the doors and blind spots.
- 11:35 a.m. When I gave her the ice the little girl started laughing. I thought it was because her finger was feeling better, but it was actually because she thought my outfit was funny looking. Apparently, my orange shirt doesn't go very well with the pink leg warmers.
No kidding, Sherlock! Orange wasn't my first pick, either.
- 12:00 p.m. Service is running late, but I will not abandon my post.
- 12:10 p.m. C'mon! *Seriously.*
- 12:14 p.m. That fifteenth repeat of the chorus has just cost you overtime pay.
- 12:17 p.m. *Finally!* I was getting nervous. My Depends® are not holding up well.
- 12:25 p.m. Returned my name tag and shirt. I gently placed the tag on the table and tossed the shirt back to Mom . . . with some oomph.
Not a good plan.
- 12:29 p.m. Have to pack up my Control Centre and then head off to a meeting. I'm told the pastor wants to see me. Probably wants to extend his personal congratulations.
Just doing my job, Pastor. Just doing my job.