

Scott Hudson. Aug. 1, 2020

Monday evening Clayton called me to say that his Dad was coming home later and would like to have me drop in if I could. About 10PM I was sitting with Scott and Denise said something like, "I don't know why you two are such good friends – you are about as different as two men could be!". I thought about it, and had to agree. "You're right," I said. I'm a damn Yankee from New York, and Scott just might be a redneck." "Might be?" Denise shot back. "There's no 'might be' about it!" And she's right. I was just trying to be polite. But, as different as our backgrounds were, we loved each other. We were friends from before I could use y'all properly in a sentence. We worked together on our farms, owned cattle together, built fences together, appreciated old farm equipment together, and enjoyed many long truck rides together. More than once he rode with me down to Wilmington to visit Mr. George, my dad. Similarly, I got to know the way to Little Washington when Scott went to visit Milton. But that really doesn't explain why I loved Scott, and why he loved me.

I think I found the explanation Thursday afternoon, in Roxboro, spending time with Scott as we often did, researching some question in Scripture. I was recalling another set of friends we read about in 1 Samuel. David had just killed Goliath and saved Israel, and was commanded to report to King Saul to give an account, which he does. In chapter 18 vs 1 we read, "*And it came to pass, when he [David] had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.*" That's the long and short of it – the unlikely friendship between the King's son and the son of a shepherder was God's gift to them both, and it changed both their lives. That's the way it was with Scott and me, I think. God knit our souls together.

One of our favorite activities has always been to study and research Scripture. Scott has had more time these past few years to come up with interesting questions about the Bible. He would spring these on me during our visits, and we would use our different backgrounds and experiences to inform our understanding. Here's an example just from the last few weeks. Scott was studying Ecclesiasticus – not Ecclesiastes, but *Ecclesiasticus*, in what we call the Apocrypha. I know nothing about that – I was thinking I will have to do some catching up. We didn't always see eye-to-eye, either. Sometimes we would just have to agree that Scripture is Truth, however God chooses to reveal it. I know that his Sunday School class knew this side of him as well.

We have all watched Scott's courage these last 6 years as he struggled with his enemy. He handled it with more grace than I would. Than I do. We watched as he went three rounds with the big C, and left the ring standing. This last week, if he ever was afraid, I didn't see it. He met it all with courage, and steadfast faith, knowing that His Lord was waiting for him across the river. I hope we can all remember and learn from Scott's courage and willingness to be a fool for Christ. Scott understood that Jesus is Lord, and when Jesus called, Scott answered, "Here I am, Lord". I know that is what happened Wednesday morning. Scott had the courage to answer the final call on his life, and he did it with grace and joy. I hope to do likewise when Jesus calls me home.

Scott and I would often spend our visits sharing songs we had found. I'm going to play one that we loved to listen to. [[Sweet Beulah Land](#)]

Scott, Goodbye for now old friend. I'll see you again soon.

Allan