

**From:** [JIM TASKER](#)  
**To:** [Carolyn Lanpher Waterman](#); [The Reverend George & Betty Porter](#); [The Reverend Merle & Barbara Fetter](#); [Jay Bergers](#); [Dr. Bill & Judy Porter](#); [McGee, Corlis A](#); [Hall, Lowell H](#); [McCoy, Erin J](#); [DR. TED & MRS. ESSELSTYN](#); [THE REVEREND RUSSELL METCALFE](#); [Wenger, Fred](#); [REDACTED]; [The Reverend Ray Stark](#); [Ruby Fretz](#); [Donald Green](#); [GAILEYS](#); [gerryperry2](#); [Hazel Goodwin](#); [REDACTED]; [The Reverend Steve & Irene Rieder](#); [JIM TASKER](#); [Dr. Jossie Owens](#); [REDACTED]; [LARRY WEBB](#); [TOM & VERNA CAHILL](#); [w irons](#)  
**Cc:** [archives](#); [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** Standing in judgment before the judge on Tuesday morning  
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He looked kind of silly with that 4x4 gauze bandage on the top of his head. Slightly to the side and back of his head, the 14 year old boy's surgical head dressing resembled a square white tam that a little girl might wear. As he came through the Chapel door to Sunday School with his mother and brother and sisters, I asked the young teen, "What happened to your head?" "I had to get some stitches," he said. His mother whispered to me that she would tell me what happened.

Taking me aside before the Sunday morning service, she asked if I could go with them for a Court appearance on Tuesday morning. Since most of my classes were 7:30a-1:00p Monday, Wednesday & Friday, I was happy I could offer her an immediate "I will be with you by your side in court".

She then told me the rest of the story: Her son had broken into an apartment in their tenement building while the elderly couple who lived in the apartment were out. Surprised by their soon return, the teen quickly hid in the closet. Alarmed by the broken door lock, the 75 year old man grabbed a cast iron poker from in front of the fireplace, and began cautiously and angrily searching throughout the small apartment for an intruder. Discovering the teen in the closet, with the fire place poker he hit the young boy in the head as he fled. Having recognized the fleeing intruder as a teen who lived in the building, the elderly wife telephoned Police Station #9, just a few blocks away.

Tuesday morning came, and here we were in Court before the judge, who appeared in a bad mood. The elderly couple told their story. "Is that what happened?", the white-haired Judge asked our Boston Chapel teen. "He hit me on the head with a poker!", the teen responded in a complaining tone.

"Young man, you are lucky. If I found you in my closet, you would be dead!"

In the 4 years I served as pastor of Boston Chapel leading up to its organization as a church, there were very few problems with the law involving our Boston Chapel young people. An 8-year old in one of our Boston Chapel families was arrested for attempted bank robbery. Two teen boys had helped him enter the closed bank through an air duct. The alarm was set off, and the 8 year old discovered inside.

Thankfully, he did not have to appear before a judge, and never had a problem after that while I was there, as far as I know. You may remember an earlier missive that I sent you relating the story of the teen girl who failed to report back to the detention center on Monday after a week-end release in her mother's care. You may want to read it and some of the many other first-person stories in the archives when you visit our ENC Alma Mater. If time and energy permit, I may distribute that story again via your email.

*You early Boston Chapel-ers, ministering to many with your 2 buses and your carry-all and your personal cars and your Bible studies and your cold calling and your passionate prayers and your compassionate caring and your determined dedication, built the Chapel's Sunday School attendance up to well over 200, creating a viable church that District Superintendent Fletcher Spruce could dub "Boston Chapel Church of the Nazarene". Their lives could have -- would have -- been much, much*

*different without you.*