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When I was 17 years old, choosing to study Divinity at the University of Aberdeen, I didn't picture it necessarily leading to a dog collar. I pursued study in an area that interested me. But God would turn interest into equipping, and curiosity into a calling.

Throughout my twenties, three things were growing. There was this internal conviction that God was telling me to enquire about Ministry of Word & Sacrament in the Church of Scotland. There was this external affirmation from people all around me - more and more of them; more often, more loudly, and more persuasively - *this* is what you should be doing. And there was an increasing prevalence of grey hair. At least two of these things were pointing me to a life of ministry.

Then I started pursuing it. Was this my call? I put myself forward for selection, opening myself up to those in the Church of Scotland with the gift and training to discern these things. They agreed with that inner voice, and with my friends and family. I went on to train, and the things involved in being a Minister of Word and Sacrament really felt like *me* - like I was doing the things that God had created me to do.

I'm 32 now, and I've been a Minister in the Church of Scotland for a little over 2 years. I love it. A lot of people don't envy this call. But one of the Ministers I was placed with in training told me, 'This is the best job in the world.' I feel just the same. I don't think everybody would feel that. But I think every Christian who *does* feel like that about it, and who is hearing from God and other people that it's something to explore, should probably do that.

By the way, I still don't have that dog collar, and I hope I never will actually. But the grey hair keeps on coming!