

As a hobby I play the bagpipes and I have the full Scottish regalia, kilt, sporran - everything. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play the pipes at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, and he was to be buried in a pauper's grave in a remote country churchyard.

Of course, I got up late and forgot my sat nav in the hurry to get off, so I got hopelessly lost and being a man, I didn't ask anyone for directions. Well, we don't do we. Admitting to being lost is so humiliating for a man.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw that the Priest had gone, and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the grave diggers left and they were already filling in the grave. I felt very bad about this and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave and not knowing what else to do I started to play.

The grave diggers put down their shovels and gathered round. I played with all my heart and soul for this sad man with no family or friends. I played like I've never played before for this poor homeless man.

As I played "Amazing Grace", the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head was hung low, my heart was glowing, and I felt that I had given him a good send off. As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say,

"Well, I never seen nothing like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for nigh on thirty years."