

In Loving Memory of
My Brother David
“Bugs”



1942 – 2021

FOR DAVE

For those of you who don't know me.....

I'm Dave's sister (& Kelly's aunt) Kathee. And I just want to say that – I serve a loving God and He talks to me!

On Monday evening, after Kelly called and told me we lost Dave, that he had passed into eternity, I sat down with my bible and asked the Lord to speak to my heart and comfort me. Quite often, when I'm just so overwhelmed that I don't even know what questions to ask or what answers I'm seeking, I open my bible to somewhere in the middle of the Old Testament (usually around Kings, Chronicles or the prophets) and start reading at the beginning of the first chapter I see. This is where He led me in that moment.....

I Kings 2:1-3

1 Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying,

2 I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man;

3 And keep the charge of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself:

I went looking for a word from God and He gave me a message for Kelly. Isn't our God wonderful?

Now this is going to be part memorial and part sermon. So please bear with me, I'll go as quickly as I can. But I do think that Dave would want everyone he cared about to hear what I have to say.

Ecclesiastes 7:1

A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

Because that's when we pass into eternity.

And I think most would agree that my brother had a pretty good name. After all, King David was a man after God's own heart. My brother David was a good natured man, that was always willing to help anyone in need. And he could always cheer you up – even if you maybe didn't want to be.

He really was a special kind of person.

Dave's life story, as with many of us, is one of loss and restoration: kind of like the life of Job.

He was born in Milwaukee County in September of 1942; just prior to our dad being drafted into WWII. Dad shipped out over seas when he was only 3 months old. Dave didn't see him for three years; he thought the postman was daddy because he wore a uniform.

Dave was an 'only' child until the age of 13 – that's when our brother, Pat, was born.

He was 16 when I came along and he loved me from the moment I was born; it was Dave that bought me my 1st big baby doll. He always seemed to do things in a big way. Like the Ford Torino he had when I was a kid; that car was a real screamer. One day, when he took me for ride, he told me to hang on as we slid sideways off Highway 00 onto North Cape Road – which went off on the left at an angle going toward his house – it was quite the maneuver.

At 18 Dave enlisted in the service.

On November 22nd, 1963, while stationed in Texas, they loaded him onto a plane to take him to Dallas. They yelled “Moran, c’mon we’re goin’ for a ride.” On the way, when he asked where they were going, they said.... “The president’s been shot.” – halfway there they turned around; a message came through that the president had already died.

Dave had a rare blood type that they needed, so you see, even Dave’s blood was special.

He returned home after 4 years in the service; when I was about 5 or 6 years old.

On March 25th, 1967 he married Janey; and they were blessed with the birth of little Darren in November of that year.

Then on Christmas Eve 1968 Dave & Jane were heading home just after dark and came up on a bad car accident. And Jane had commented on what a crummy Christmas somebody was going to have. But as they got closer, Dave said to her “That’s mom’s car.” Dave knew that my brother Pat and I had been with her that evening and he asked one of the officers “Where’s the kids?” He said they didn’t see any kids, so he and Dave were combing the ditches in a panic looking for us. We had been at my aunt’s house for a Christmas party that day and my mom decided to let us spend the night, so she was heading back alone to be with my dad; who was sick at home. I think they finally got a hold of my dad before they found out where we were.

My mom was in the hospital for two months and during that time I stayed with he and Janey. That was when I first started to get to know my brother; I was already almost 10 years old. But it wasn’t until I was a teenager that the three of us started hanging out together.

On October 21st, 1969 Dave & Jane lost little Darren, their firstborn son; it was 11 days before his 2nd birthday. But through the grace of God he and Jane were able to weather that storm together. In fact Dave, our brother Pat and I all lost our firstborn sons.

God said in....

Exodus 13:2

Sanctify unto me all the firstborn, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and of beast: it is mine.

And again in....

Numbers 3:13

Because all the firstborn are mine; for on the day that I smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt I hallowed unto me all the firstborn in Israel, both man and beast: mine shall they be: I am the LORD.

And in our family, He redeemed all the firstborn home to Himself when they were still what the bible refers to as “Little Ones”; which are all those under 20 years of age.

In January 1971 Dave and Jane were blessed once again with the birth of their second son, Kelly. Kelly was quite the handful, but we loved him anyway. (*Kelly smiles at that one.*)

Dave was always willing to help anyone who needed it: I believe that put purpose in Dave's life. Now some years back when Janey got sick and was bedridden, it was Dave that took care of her. And exactly 8 years ago today, on March 28th, 2013 – only three days after their 46th Wedding Anniversary – Janey was called home; leaving Dave alone without his best friend and runnin' partner (now that's not to say they went running together, but rather that they were like "partners in crime"). It also left him with no one to take care of and a great loss of purpose. In fact, he struggled after that to even find purpose in life.

In November of that same year, Dave's precious little granddaughter, Delaney Jane, went to be with the Lord at only 10 days old. As my husband and I stood at the window in the ICU with Dave that night, watching them work on her, he said to us "I've lived too long, I've seen too much in my life." – and then he left. I think after that point he had pretty much lost all interest in living. But he was still willing to help others, and that he did.

But in October of 2017, when Dave sustained an injury himself, things got really bad. Now, not only could he not help others, he needed help himself. He eventually ended up in the Veteran's Home here in Union Grove. Things really started to spiral downward from there and he just seemed to give up on everything.

Now Dave had known the way to salvation since he was a child, but by this point he was totally resistant to hearing about the things of God. Which is ironic because this is the time and circumstance when one needs God the most. So all I could do is get on my knees and lift him up to the Lord. I asked Him to put someone in Dave's life that would make a difference, because that wasn't me – he just wasn't listening to me; after all, what did I know? I was just his little sister.

About a year later God answered my prayer and put a little nurse in Dave's life that just wouldn't let him give up and feel sorry for himself. She wasn't havin' it! And after that the Lord put a very special person, named Val, in his life to further encourage him; and eventually he recovered enough to leave the Veteran's Home and get back to a normal life.

I'd say that's kind of a Job story of loss and restoration, wouldn't you?

I felt very blessed in that the last two years of David's life, he was willing to talk with me about his salvation and the things of God. But I'm still not sure he fully understood what salvation means or how it works. Salvation is not just saying I believe in God, or even that Christ died to save me – even Satan believed that Christ was the savior or he wouldn't have tried so hard to prevent him from fulfilling His purpose on the cross.

Christ himself said in:

Matthew 7:14

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

That means that many, *if not most*, will not find it.

Salvation doesn't just mean we have eternal life after we die. Eternal life starts its process the minute a believer accepts Christ into his heart; thereby attaining the indwelling of the holy spirit. The same power that raised Christ from the dead lives in the heart of every believer. And God promises to transform us into the image of Christ. He can't do that if we don't allow him to put his holy spirit in us and allow Christ to be the Lord of our life. So someone can say "I believe there's a God and that he sent his son to die on a cross" or even "I believe Christ died for me and I want Him to be my savior.", but unless you're willing to turn from your sin and accept Christ into your heart, the gift is of no effect.

You cannot claim Christ as savior, yet deny Him as Lord. It just doesn't work that way!

The bible says in:

Romans 6:23

For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

It also says in:

Ephesians 2:8

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: *it is* the gift of God:

The first verse teaches us that:

1. Our sin condemns us to death; and that's speaking of the second death which is eternal separation from the God that created us – because our souls are eternal, only the body dies.
2. And it teaches us that God provided us a way to be born into new life and spend eternity with him through the shed blood of his son, Jesus Christ.

And the second verse clearly shows us that:

1. Salvation is a gift from God!
2. And that there is nothing you can do to save yourself or to earn your way into heaven.

In fact, God doesn't need us to do anything, everything He requires of us is for our benefit.

But after having said all that, I want you to know that I have been given a great gift of hope in that both of my brothers died in the same way. They both died alone without any earthly help. The blessing comes in knowing that, in that moment, they had no one left to turn to but God himself. And He was right there with them so, if they hadn't gotten it right before then, they had one last merciful opportunity to cry out to the Lord for redemption.

Now I know the character of the God I serve, and that he is faithful to answer the prayers of his children; in accordance with his will. I also know that my dear mother, who was a devout follower of Christ, prayed that all of her children would have a saving knowledge of Christ before they leave this life. So there is my hope and my comfort – that God answers prayer!

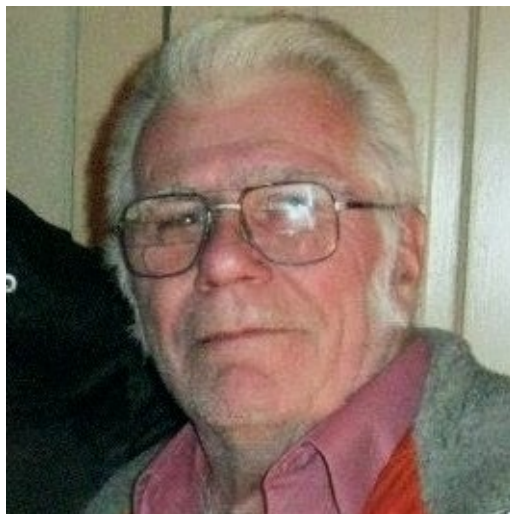
I'm wondering how many here contemplated their own eternity since they learned they'd be going to Dave's funeral?

It seems far too many people put considerable effort toward planning for their death, yet never stop to consider what comes afterward. And, you know, ETERNITY is a very long time to suffer a mistake.

Dear heavenly Father, I pray that you would call to the hearts of everyone in this room. And if they have you in their heart, I pray that they would continually seek a closer walk with you and diligently watch for your return. Lord, you tell us in your Word to seek the 'Lord while he may be found' and to 'call upon him while he is near'. No one knows the day of their death and none of us are promised tomorrow. Your Word also says if we will confess our sins, that you are faithful and just to forgive. So if there's anyone here that doesn't know you, Lord, I pray that they would seek to have an intimate knowledge of, and relationship with, you – their loving creator.

***We thank you, Lord, for your precious gift of salvation.
In Jesus name, Amen!***

My Beloved Brother David



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