

Burial Homily for Kay Hullings  
St. John 14:1-6  
June 19, 2008

I so enjoyed looking at the photo album Lezlee gave Kay for her 60th birthday. It gave me a glimpse of Kay as a little girl, as a young wife and mother. I could see in the pictures her delight in Lezlee and Trae, and later her delight in their children. I saw some of her professional accomplishments and something of her life with her husband Don.

When I think of the time Kay spent in hospice, I remember a bubbling water fountain at the entrance to the walkway there, and a sparrow bathing in the water and preening himself. I stopped and just watched him for a while; it softened my heart. That sparrow, in his fountain bath, in his trust and delight in God, is to me an expression of how God was caring for Kay even while she lay in that hospice bed. That sparrow helped me to believe that God was 'bathing' Kay in his love and presence and comfort in ways that I couldn't see and probably couldn't understand.

I think of the times, too, when Kay would ask me to pick her feet up and move them back to the center of the pillow on which they were resting. Another of the ways God cared for Kay was through all of you who loved her, came to see her, brought her cookies or chocolate milk, flowers, all of you who sat with her, laughed and cried with her.

I remember Kay here for Bishop Gray's visit in February (the picture of Kay in your service leaflet is from that day), coming to have episcopal, apostolic hands laid on her at Confirmation and to hear the Bishop pray as he laid his hands on her "Defend, O Lord, your servant Kay

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with your heavenly grace, that she may continue yours for ever, and daily increase in your Holy Spirit more and more, until she comes to your everlasting kingdom.”

Another image of Kay I hope I never forget is the courage I saw her show at her home on a Saturday in early March. It was the courage to face those she loved, to face her cancer, her surgery, and her ongoing treatment with honesty and integrity. I believe that what she said and did that day helped to shape things so that God could come more directly in, both for her and for others. I believe that her courage that day, and the truth she spoke in love to us all there that day, was a gift of the Holy Spirit to her.

So this morning, with Kay and the sparrow, and all of us gathered here, I say to you, Lord Jesus, we trust you, in our living and in our dying. In both, we belong to you. Amen.