

## Laurel Brunk

Though I've loved every bit of time spent with Pops during my 13 years married to Tim, I was privileged to spend considerable time with him during his last year of life, both before and after Muzzy passed. During this time, I saw the depth of his character revealed in what must have been the most difficult year of his life. In every way, Pops exemplified love in its truest form—at cost to himself—and unconditional grace to everyone around him. This spirit he carried was sensed and beloved by all. Wherever we went, people knew Pops and people respected Pops. While there that last year, Tim and I also got to introduce our little Asher, the 4th generation of Brunks, to the patriarch of the family. This time spent with Pops and our firstborn was truly special. Our second son, born just months after Pops' passing, won't know him personally but will bear his name.

When I think of Pops, the first thing that comes to mind is breakfast. I've eaten the best and biggest breakfasts of my life with Pops. Every night I spent in Jackson in the last 13 years, we planned breakfast for the next day. Whether it was at the Wort, Signal Mountain, or cozied up around the fire at the place, it was an event. Many of those memories were sweet, especially before Muzzy passed. The later ones were painful, tears over coffee. But Pops knew how important a morning is, and that mercy is new every day. In every way, he was a wise and humble man who knew God personally and left an incredible legacy I see in Tim every day—one that will carry on throughout further generations.

