

## POP'S LEGACY

Remembering Don always - as a man of great grace, quiet strength and honest humility in all that he did from his years in the pulpit at JHCC to his everyday interactions with each of us whenever we met up with him - in town, in our homes or at the ranch.

I remember watching him deal with adversity in his own church with a gracious forgiveness and miraculous strength choosing to love those who were difficult and challenging with the strength and humility that no one could match! I think he must've had the confidence in knowing the secret of "entrusting himself to the One who judges justly". His example was & is, certainly one to aspire to! What a forever impression it made on me.

Decades ago, I remember sitting in their living room with him, and with Muzzy, hesitantly fleshing out some personal struggles and he treated me no different - always approachable - never judgmental - not a lot of words - yet with a reassuring fatherly love that always made you want to straighten up and fly right!

He always told us he "could cry at grand openings" - and I believed him! It didn't take much to witness that tenderness of heart in his tears when he was moved by God's love for him or whatever captured his heart that day at church, that he then desperately wanted to pass on to us as our pastor. They say "tears are liquid words" and Don spoke volumes to all of us in his sermons throughout his years of faithful service.

Some of my favorite and most priceless memories were (and still are!) getting the chance to sit and eat with him at the infamous Bunnery, on cold snowy Sundays after church. He commanded a presence there, with the quintessential Wyoming rancher ruggedness that everybody loved and you just hoped you could grab a seat close enough to hear what he had to say - or the times when he would randomly break out in his "Mainer" accent with classic jokes about "ya know ya can't get teh from heh" or the well-known "pahking ya ca in the garaj" imitations. Back then, I pretended I knew what he was talking about when I really didn't, but I loved hearing his accent nonetheless with that stealthy humor of his! To this day, when I'm privileged to run back down memory lane & into the Bunnery, I always look over to a red-upholstered booth & "see" Don & Jo sitting there, near a front window - laughing with & loving on people ... & the memories flood back in.

And the Middle Cabin!! Who didn't LOVE being there for whatever the reason?! Whether it was just-for-fun family gatherings, a Brunksgiving or Home Group, Don always made you feel so welcome and at home on the ranch. I loved listening to his words of wisdom, but even more so, the way in which he delivered them! I'm forever grateful and all the richer for having known him. Proverbs 10:7 sums it up for me where it says "The reputation of the righteous becomes a sweet memorial to him." I couldn't say it any better. We love you Don!!