Funeral Sermon
Mr. Dale Wayman
Entered Life: 11/26/67
Burial: 11/29/67
Rolling Meadows, Illinois

Rev. Carl F. Thrun

IN NOMINE JESU

1 Peter 5: 7 Cast all your anxieties on Him, for He cares about you.

From the moment the telephone rang early last Sunday morning and you asked me to conduct this Service, I have been searching - desperately - almost frantically - for a Word of God that might bring you comfort and hope in this hour. Your words, Mrs. Wayman, at the hospital kept coming back to haunt me - I could not put them out of my mind: I feel so sorry for Dale, you said, I really feel sorry for him. Pastor, do you think he heard your prayers? And you said it with such warmth, and depth, and genuine concern that I could not dismiss it lightly. Underneath I had the feeling that you were really asking me: Pastor, where shall I look for Dale in eternity? Where shall I look for the father of my children? Can such genuine love that is so concerned and committed be left without an answer?

It will do us absolutely no good to try to cover up and pretend that Dale's life was different than it really was. I don't have to spell that out for you - you knew him much better than I. Let's just say that at least from our human point of view his life appeared to be characterized by a state of restless ferment, unstable, and insecure. The few times that he did come into contact with the questions of eternity and his relationship to God and Christ church seem to have been but fleeting and momentary. So we are left wondering where the Redeemer fit into his life - what place Jesus really had in his heart.

Now when we have said this and faced the issue frankly and honestly, we must also be very, very careful that we do not fall into the trap of trying to play God - or presume that we have the right to pass judgment. That is a prerogative that belongs solely and only to God Himself. We human beings see only a part of the lives of our loved ones. We see, perhaps, only the storm and stress . But GOD SEES THE WHOLE. God sees what is in the heart And God is always looking out for our best interest. He never allows to happen but what we ourselves would do, if we could see the end of all things as clearly as He does. He never makes a mistake. We need to remember that, even though we don't have any ready or pat answers - and even though we

do not want to become guilty of handing out any type of a human-all-too-human consolation.

whose lives are on a never-ending merry-go-round that goes nowhere

So it is that Dale's eternal destiny is an anziety that troubles your heart This I can understand, for I too loved him and sought him. And it grieves me th I cannot simply say to you today that God loves those whose lives are unfinished those who are going through the restless ferment of storm and stress - and that therefore He has most certainly received him into His paradise. For the sake of the truth and your love I dare not lie to you.

Nevertheless, I can commend you to that love of God, but in a way that is different from any kind of false assurance. Last night - in the midst of all my prayers and desperate searching - I came upon this text. Here at last was a sure Word of comfort and consolation for you in this hour - that passage of St. Peter which says: CAST ALL YOUR ANXIETIES ON HIM, FOR HE CARES ABOUT YOU. The question of Dale's eternal destiny IS anxiety for you. So cast it on Him! We have the promise that we never cast our cares upon Him amiss, but that our anxiety always hits home to Him. He feels the impact of it - He catches it - and He takes it seriously. We do not know how He will deal with it or what He will make of it. But we can be utterly sure that it will not fall back to us unchanged so that we will have to go on holding it hopelessly. So let your ANXIETY rest safely with Him. The greater our cares, the more surely we can entrust them to Him.

He is our Lord and Savior - and there is no end to His mercy. He is the GOOD SHEPHERD who lays down His life for the sheep - Who leaves the ninety and nine to go in search of one lost one somewhere in the wilderness - Who has promise that He will not quench the smoking flax or break off the bruised reed. He did not permit the shining promise of Peter's life to be broken by denial. He did not permit Matthew, the publican, to drop by the wayside. He did not cast out the woman taken in adultery whom the Pharisees hurled at His feet. And He has promised never to leave us or forsake us.

our prayers

While we cannot be sure that we got through to your loved one during the last days of his life, we can be sure that Christ was there in a way which it is

impossible for us to understand. And He will be there for us when we pass throu the valley of the shadow. MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM, AND THEY FOLLOW ME; AND I GIVE THEM ETERNAL LIFE, AND THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH, AND NO ONE SHALL SNATCH THEM OUT OF MY HAND!

Take that sure Word of promise and hold on to it. The victory, and the power, and the glory are in the Hands of Christ. In only a little while all power will finally be delivered to Him. The ultimate and last triumph cannot be held back.

Into that lively hope and the strength of this surety - into the SHEPHERD'S EVERLASTING ARMS - I can only commit and commend you. Let Him be the Source of your comfort and peace in this hour — sure of this one thing: that we can cast our anxieties across the border of time and eternity and they will reach the heart of God. Amen.