A Good Word for Preston Crawford Clarke, Jr.

January 6, 2009

They’ve been called the greatest generation. And for good reason. They are the men and women who were raised during the great depression, and who saw the growth of this country – in fact, they were the reason this country became the land of promise and prosperity that we have come to know, and maybe even take for granted. Preston Clarke takes his rightful place in that hall of fame, even as we gather to speak a good word over him, and to offer our prayers for his final peace.

Preston was part of the heart of America. A strong worker. Giving his sweat to the land. A loyal company man. “#1” they came to call him in the shop. A free wheeling spirit – as his love of motorcycles and the open road made evident. A mind that understood mechanics… and an ear for a smooth running engine. “A warm and wonderful friend,” in the words of his former pastor, and his neighbor Ernest. Always supportive of his church. And a lover of cats… I think it says something of the heart within a trucker and biker and mechanic, who loves animals!

So, inside of Preston, there was the heart of a child, whose kind way shone through with his care for his pets and his friends. Though I did not know Preston beyond the monthly Senior Adult luncheon to which he was so faithful, I will miss his warm smile and the friendly conversation we always had.

God comes to us in many ways. I am grateful to have known a bit more of God by having known the life of Preston Clarke.

Product of the land. Hard worker. Faithful servant. Free spirit. Gentle soul. Child of God.

For Preston Crawford Clarke, Jr. Thanks be to God!

From Paul’s first letter to the Corinthians, we hear these good words:

*So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. 43It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. 44It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a physical body, there is also a spiritual body…*

*What I am saying, brothers and sisters,*[*\**](javascript:void(0);) *is this: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. 51Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die,*[*\**](javascript:void(0);) *but we will all be changed, 52in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. 53For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. 54When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled: ‘Death has been swallowed up in victory.’ 55‘Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?’ 56The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. 57But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

*58Therefore, my beloved,*[*\**](javascript:void(0);) *be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.*

Let us pray.