**A Good Word for Jack Cox
July 30, 2016**

 Solid reputation. Sweet. Gentle. Kind. Honest. Integrity. And everyone loved him. What more could one ever want to be said in a Eulogy? Which is literally a Good Word. So those are the Good Words that I have heard about Jack Cox from his family and from his church friends. But I already knew all of this about Jack. He was more of a quiet man. He must have gleaned a bit of that from his roots in the Quaker tradition. That way of practicing faith honors the silence, reflecting thoughtfully about God and letting the Inner Light shine. Well, Jack’s Inner Light did indeed shine.

 His Light shined on his family. They loved to travel. But it was one trip to the beach that Barry remembered best of all the travels. While swimming in the ocean, a big wave came along. Jack held on to Barry tightly, but that crashing wave threatened to separate father and son. Tethered by one finger, Barry held on. Or maybe that was Jack holding on and never letting go. A beautiful image of a good and faithful father for a son to remember. It’s funny how those little memories along the way stand out as powerful reminders of lessons of life from parent to child. I have a feeling that one of many times that Jack held on tightly to his family – never wanting to let go. A Light indeed.

 His Light shined in his service to his country. Jack is part of that group that Tom Brokaw so aptly named “The Greatest Generation.” Serving for freedom, Jack honored his country with his life – giving his time and his commitment before he even started a life for himself.

 His Light shined in his work. He was a self-made man who was detailed and precise. He believe in working hard and he practiced that with his business becoming successful in the field of accounting.

 His Light shined in his marriage. They say that opposites attract. Well, I’d say that for 65 years it worked for Jack and Lib. She’s a tell-it-like-it-is kind of lady that doesn’t hold back much, if anything. And to sit and listen to her tell-it-like-it-is about Jack, well, all she could say was that he was a fine, fine man and that she was both lucky and blessed to get to spend a life with him. My hunch is that he would have said that she made life fun and filled with laughter, and together, they built a family and a life full of quiet goodness and pure joy.

 His Light shined in his generosity. He did folks’ taxes. He paid for things for extended family that no one knew about. He was good with money – believing that you don’t spend what you don’t have, but when he had it to spend, he quietly found ways to help others.

 His Light shined in his church. He didn’t require the floor nor the microphone. To my knowledge he didn’t serve on committees or teach Sunday School. But his faithful and consistent presence speaks volumes. Every Pastor wishes for a lot of Jack Cox’s in the congregation. He sat quietly, right behind Bill Broome – another faithful and consistent presence in the life of this church for many years. As my eyes would scan the congregation back before it was too difficult for Jack to attend every Sunday, there was never a doubt that Jack would be there, right behind Bill. And his presence was a Light for me. Always quiet. Always kind. Always gentle. Always faithful to show up. You know, that’s really about all there is to life – showing up. And Jack knew how to show up. And so often his presence was enough.

 And so today, we gather to simply remember well and give thanks. We gather to do our grieving together – for this world will miss the goodness of Jack Cox. But it is our Blessed Hope that even today, Jack enjoys the Blessed Hope of the Forever Presence of God. And that his Light continues to shine and shine and shine forever – in us and with God. May it be so. Amen.