

There were so many trips it must be hard to remember them all: South Dakota, Africa, China, Russia, England; hunting, touring. Once Scotty's family asked him, "Where are you going this time?" And he responded, "Oh, I think we'll go West." Who knows where they would be? Scotty loved to travel. He loved his trailer. And he loved his wife, Marie. How our prayers are with her today.

We stand today before a real human tragedy. We have lost so suddenly a man who was free, but in his freedom, chose devotion to his work, to his play, to his family, and to his faith.

St. Paul says we are all servants, servants of Christ. Jesus died and rose so that he might become our master, our Lord. So whether we live or we die, we are not our own lords. While we live we are responsible to the Lord Jesus, and when we die we die as his servants. Both in life and in death we are the Lord's. And no matter the circumstances of death, we know that Christ will love us each of us at every instant.

We don't know the day or the hour when he will come, but we know he will come in love to console those who mourn.

It seems like Scotty's whole life was destined for travel. In recent years he spent half his time on the road. Travel is unpredictable, but it appealed to this man who was so organized, cautious, and careful. Certainly Scotty knew from his days in air traffic control that flights are like Jesus: No one knows the exact day or hour when they will come either.

As hard as it is to let this man go, we thank God that Scotty could die doing what he loved, where he loved it, and with whom he loved it. Today we escort him on his final journey. We pray for him--we pray he'll have adventure, a joyful reunion with Adele, peace in Christ, and jump suits everlasting. But we also pray for ourselves, that we may go forward in faith. May Scotty's life give us the courage to boldly seek every new horizon.