A TRIBUTE NOVEL

# Stronger than His Absence: An Eldest Daughter's Tribute Through Grief

BY CARMEN L. BAYLIES
CLBNOVELS.INK





# About the Author

Carmen L. Baylies, a writer from Durham, North Carolina, wrote this tribute to honor her father. She earned her Associate's degree in Business Administration from Durham Technical Community College. Carmen is Herman E. Bullock's eldest daughter, married to Peter Baylies, and sister to Johnea Bullock and Brandon Hill. She worked many different jobs until she focused on her entrepreneurial dreams and started her own novel-writing business. This tribute is the first novel for public consumption.

Carmen spends time writing in journals, listening to and attending concerts of different artistic forms, and dining with friends and family. Her curiosity about humour, technology, history, and art motivates her to create works that nurture and inspire, including blogs, novels, and custom diamond paintings.





# WELCOME

Welcome to the novel that helped my heart mend after my father's passing in August of 2022. He celebrated his 71st year, then graduated to a higher plane of ancestry. Our family still grieves and misses him dearly. My grief process brought many emotional upheavals that I am navigating to this day; however, journaling, creating this tribute, and entering grief counseling lent me the courage to process and live my best life moving forward in time.

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Celebrating the Life of

# Herman Edward Bullock

SUNRISE:
August 14, 1951

SUNSET:
August 23, 2022



Home Going Service

Monday, August 29, 2022
1:00 P. M.

Ridgeway Missionary Baptist Church
156 Wycoff Road
Norlina, North Carolina 27563

Reverend Dr. Willie T. Ramey, III., Pastor - Officiant

# HERMAN EDWARD BULLOCK

SUNRISE: AUGUST 14TH, 1951
SUNSET: AUGUST 23RD, 2022

Herman Edward Bullock, 71, of Ridgeway, North Carolina, passed away at Rex Hospital in Raleigh, North Carolina. He was preceded into the next life by his father, Harold Bullock, and his mother, Evelyn White Bullock Alexander. Herman is survived by his wife, Valerie Hill Bullock; his children: Carmen L. Bullock Baylies (Peter), Johnea Bullock, and Brandon Hill (Tiffany); his grandchildren: Knight Hill, Dream Hill, and Xavier Hill; his siblings: Harold Bullock, Melvin Bullock (Sharon), Mable Yvonne Bullock Alston; his step brothers and sisters, his nieces, nephews, and cousins; and his colleagues and friends.

# HERMAN EDWARD BULLOCK

SUNRISE: AUGUST 14TH, 1951
SUNSET: AUGUST 23RD, 2022

Herman graduated from John R. Hawkins High School in 1969. He attended many additional training opportunities, from North Carolina Central University to seminars and workshops with car dealerships, to hone his skills in the profession of sales. He enjoyed retirement after more than 38 years in automotive sales and as a finance manager, helping secure transportation for the community. From car salesman to finance manager to business manager, Herman assured the people he advised understood their purchases and options. As he settled into retirement, he returned to part-time driving to keep himself active and connected to his passion. His gift for conversation and rapport-building allowed many to glean from his expertise and feel seen, understood, and included. He loved to travel and meet interesting people.



# HERMAN EDWARD BULLOCK

SUNRISE: AUGUST 14TH, 1951
SUNSET: AUGUST 23RD, 2022

He was a Trustee at St. Matthews Baptist Church, Raleigh, North Carolina. He often visited his hometown for Ridgeway Baptist Church's annual homecoming services. Nothing brought him greater joy than his friends and family. As a man of faith, Herman instilled Christian values into his children. Understanding the power of prayer, believing in God, practicing faith, and extending kindness remain the principles Herman left to those who mourn.



*TO MY MOM, DOLORES BLUE,*

I am writing to express my heartfelt thanks to you and to convey my gratitude for the numerous lessons and examples you have shown me in my life, which would fill many libraries. Yet I would fail to capture the immense appreciation I have for your grace, love, forgiveness, and nurture, as well as for helping me move forward with purpose and a sense of community.

Mom, you always created spaces for me to find my destined path and to stand tall as I grow, handling the weight and the joys of the journey. The love I have for you guides, sustains, and covers me. I realize I can be a challenge as I find my footing in womanhood. Your example shines, helping me never waver in my faith or purpose.

Thank you for being with me as I work through this level of grief - your strength is invaluable. Your grace enlightens and proves that God is still in the business of blessing; therefore, I can continue to stand on the promises of God. My most significant destiny is to be your and Dad's eldest daughter. I love you. Thank you so much, Mommy.





*TO MY SISTER, JOHNEA BULLOCK,*

I thank my sister for always having my back, even when she saw me going down paths of uncertainty. I pray, Johnea, you understand that your immense compassion and spirit of kindness are only a small portion of your power of grace, beauty, and strength. I am honored to be your eldest sister. I know our relationship is not like that of other siblings; however, I cherish what I understand about us. You are a stunning creation of God's love and a jeweled treasure to our parents. As your faith grows through life's circumstances, as Dad taught us, may your light also encourage you to continue pursuing your truth and prepare the way for God's Mercy and Grace to light your steps.



*TO MY BROTHER, BRANDON HILL,*

I want to thank my brother for being the wonderful man my dad considered as a son. I stood up at the funeral, praying my voice would not crumble. I saw you with your family; my dad was so proud of you, stepping up to be the man of God you knew you were meant to be. I understood my assignment. You are a great reflection of him and the pillar God intended.

*TO MY SISTER-IN-LAW, TIFFANY HILL,*

Thank you for being the helpmate to Brandon and my stepmom, Val, and for aiding in the healing process after losing Dad. You are a gift. Thank you for standing tall for the family as we found our new footing.

*TO MY STEPMOM, VALERIE BULLOCK,*

On June 6, 1992, you partnered with my father after the divorce and stabilized Dad. Dad knew that access and permission were critical tenets. Blending our families must have been a challenge; we thank you for being by him throughout the years.





*TO MY COUSINS SANDRA WHITE, CASSANDRA BULLOCK, AND KEISHA ALSTON TERRY,*

Ladies, thank you for supplying photos to help us see Dad in different settings.

*TO ARIEL PERRY PHOTOGRAPH, VIRUTE EVENTS AND STAFF,*

Our wedding photographers and wedding coordinators capture wonderful memories that have proven to be timeless and, without question, priceless.

*TO MY HUSBAND, PETER BAYLIES,*

My father knew the hands he left me with to support and be my covering. He told me point blank that he knew you loved me. He raised a fiercely independent daughter, and he proudly walked down the aisle and stood by my maid of Honor, Johnea, to witness firsthand the sincerity of blending our families together. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your strength and care. The space you provided me to grieve and create is invaluable and a true blessing.



CHAPTER ONE

# INTRODUCTION - WHEN MY WORLD SPLIT



I penned this novel in honor of my father, Mr. Herman Edward Bullock. His legacy of kindness, strength, style, and conversation remains an essential beacon I strive toward as I navigate my life's journey. He taught me about faith, and I am genuinely indebted to him, as I nurture my spiritual walk and navigate my present experiences. His voice, laugh, and presence encase my memories and comfort me when the void of his absence lingers. One of my cousins reached out at the time of his passing and advised me to take the time to grieve earnestly and honestly, and for as long as I require, with no apologies.

I took her message to heart and began to adjust to life without him. I am learning more and more that his physical presence may not house his spirit, but by faith, the lessons he lived and taught, and his compassion for family and friends, are still very much alive.











Why I'm writing: I couldn't find many books that spoke to eldest daughters who suddenly felt responsible for everyone else's grief while trying to manage my own. As the grief flowed, I wanted to write a novel that could help others see the ebbs as a natural state of the process. What this book is (and isn't): it is not a clinical manual, but a personal companion and a front-row look at a daughter maturing in life as life shifted and unfolded.

This book is a mix of story, reflections, and practical tools. For individuals who find the grief process frustrating, please know you are not crazy. You are grieving and healing. You are not weak; you are human. Take the time to honor your present state, your feelings, and the person you miss.





# The Day Everything Changed

The last days/weeks with my father crystallized most of my thoughts in the years since his graduation to the ancestry level.

The phone call from my stepmother, Valerie, came while my husband was with his father. Sitting alone in my room, I recited the Lord's prayer. My connection to my faith helped me to remain calm and steady for the next steps were tough. However, as Billy Ocean sang, 'When the Going gets Tough, the Tough Get Going.'. (One of Dad's favorite songs he sang on road trips.)




I phoned my sister to break the news and advised her to come back as soon as possible from the other side of the country. I offered a prayer of gratitude for the advances in technology that allow us to be together, even though we are apart. The parallel escape provided the needed solace as I prepared for my husband, Peter, to take me to the hospital.

Numbness, shock, disbelief, tears, and questions compelled me to move through the logistics as if on autopilot; a strange quiet filled the car after the initial chaos. My husband, Peter, supported me like a rock and re-anchored me; he is with me, and so was he. To express how much I adore him for the reassurance I can never repay.



As we parked and walked to the receptionist's desk, the urge for a mango smoothie hit me, and I smiled. Dad and I would go to the food courts in various malls or meet for a meal at a restaurant to catch up on life's activities. What I understood most in those first few hours was that life continues even as people change, or shall I say, evolve.

My dad's passing reminded me of the circle of life and how everything that has breath returns that breath to its source and advances in their journey. The acceptance of this fact in my mind took moments; however, my heart had other plans with this profound sentiment.

Dad, the universe, and God sent subtle and not so subtle messages that I can handle this next season in my life. I just need the momentum to move forward in faith. So, I continued.

I used to think there would be a sign. Something in the sky, a tremor in the ground, a crack in the air that would warn me. After this moment of stillness, I understood my new role and that nothing would ever be the same. Instead, it was an ordinary day. That's what I still can't get over. How the day my father died looked so much like every other day astonished me.

Peter and I walked into the hospital room, and my father looked like he was taking his afternoon nap. I let out a long exhaled breath, knowing he was in a place I could not reach, but his soul was at rest.

Even now, years later, I am so grateful he taught me about faith and hope. A hymn floated in my mind as I watched activity swirl around me. I answered the questions I could and agreed to write the obituary. My mind checked out from the details at this point.



Peter and I felt the pull to return home. The hymn, ‘Because He Lives.”, still chants in my mind to keep me grounded. I can face tomorrow because I know who holds the future. And we did and continue to work out our salvation and live an abundant life. Thanks, Daddy.



The Hymn:

BECAUSE HE LIVES (1971) Key: Ab 4/4
Words: Bill & Gloria Gaither Music:
William (Bill) Gaither

1. God sent His Son, they called him Jesus;
He came to love, heal, and forgive;
He lived and died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove my Savior lives.

Chorus:
Because he lives, I can face tomorrow,
Because he lives, all fear is gone!,
Because I know he holds the future,
Life is worth the living, just because he lives!

2. How sweet to hold a new born baby,
And feel the pride and joy he (she) gives;
But greater still, the calm assurance.
This child can face uncertain days, because He lives.

3. And then one day, I'll cross that river.
And fight life's final war with pain.
And then as death gives way to vict'ry.
I'll see the lights of glory, and I'll know He reigns.











# The Last Days

In the weeks before he left, there was a softness about him I didn't recognize until it was too late. Not a weakness, but a kind of quiet that made me uneasy. My father was not a quiet man. Even when he wasn't talking, he filled a room: his footsteps, his humming, his laugh, the sound of drawers opening and closing, or the clink of his mug on the kitchen table. Our conversation turned into veiled instructions on how to deal with my new reality. Those treasured moments sturdied my walk and guided my voice.





# CHAPTER 2 –
# WHEN GRIEF MEETS RESPONSIBILITY













# Moving with Grief

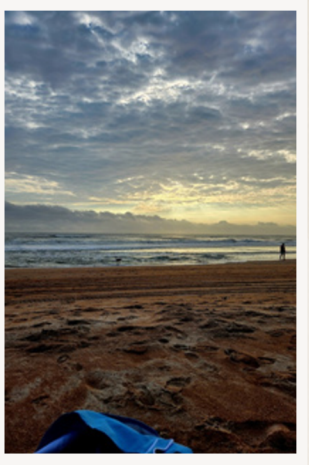
Feeling like I needed to “hold it together” for everyone and become the unofficial organizer taxed me, yet I stood firm.



The pressure to be strong versus the need to fall apart rocked my senses. I implemented the tools I advised others to try when they opened up about their mourning. Ensuring I kept focus, I journaled, enhanced my self-care, listened to music, and enjoyed, and most importantly, I prayed, for I needed my heart not to harden.

The outpouring of kindness and love filled the hollowness that I deeply felt and used to hold my head proudly through the demands, especially the demands I had for myself, like duty and focus, so I could process and truly grieve.





How family dynamics shifted without my father caused me to wrestle with my own mortality and place in the world. The struggle caused guilt, fear, loneliness, and panic, but also provided me with tools of clarity, living unafraid of surmounting feelings of woe and sorrow, and closer to my faith than ever before, when I enter a challenging season.

The discipline I nurtured in faith encircled me as I wailed in my quiet time; humbled me as I reckoned life's course as I approached my 40s and entered the twilight years of my 4th decade; and protected me as I quarreled with the universe for my dad's light more than the family. What I found to answer this new position in life was to surrender to Grace and Mercy. Father's health declined swiftly, making time an invaluable asset.

I am honored by all the time I have spent with my dad, who taught me to be my best self, to lean not to my own understanding, but to know that I am a woman of faith. Thanks, Dad.



CHAPTER THREE



# THE PERFORMANCE OF STRENGTH





# How to Handle the Storm

The gentle practices I used to steady my rocking ship included singing with everything I had, worshiping songs my dad loved, and that were precious to me. I wrote in my journal anytime the passing of time overwhelmed me or when I broke into tears that seemed to have no end. I lit candles and cried out to my God. I sat through grief counseling to equip me with better tools to combat the emptiness when people returned to their everyday lives, all the while I adjusted to a new normal.

I am grateful for the flood of love and support from friends, associates, strangers, and family. However, in the tender moments when I walked alone with my thoughts, my faith stepped in, reminding me that I am not alone. With self-care, I move through the pains and find solace, not isolation.














IN MEMORY OF
DON FORBES
BY: CAROLE FORBES
IN MEMORY OF
AUBREY ARTHUR SEO
BY: SEO FAMILY OF GSO
In memory of
Herman E. Bullock
Love, Carmen, Peter & Johnea
IN MEMORY OF
JACK COAKLEY
BY: SALLY & SAM NEWELL
In memory of
Johnny St. Clair, Sr.
Stephanie & Oscar
In memory of
James E. Hill
Marshall & Cynthia Perry
IN HONOR OF
BY: SUE & NEIL
IN MEMORY OF

I would see a double rainbow while collecting the mail, hear a stray cat meowing loudly to break me out of mindless, doubting thoughts of strife, find a box of cards Dad had sent me over the years, and my husband's gentle hugs would steady my heart when it felt heavy.

Dad was resourceful in providing for his children. His reminders to be my best echoed in his own ways of how to remain focused and present my best form to the Lord, and the fruits of the spirit will create the balance. Walking through the funeral process projected me into a realm of strength as the family and friends gathered to complete his farewell and celebrate his new ascension. If he heard his homegoing service, I hope he knows I approached it as if going to homecoming. I pray his ancestral homecoming filled his heart, for his journey here was filled with love and light.



In the time leading up to, during, and after my father's passing, I found that forming questions in a journal would distract and comfort me to work through the vast expanse of feelings and pains this season of my life presented. I listed a few prompts to guide and verbalize what I experienced during my grief. Please know I have used these over and over, and I respond differently as the years pass when I reflect on that time. I hope the guide sparks treasured thoughts to help you move through a dark moment in life with power, especially when mourning a parent or a parental figure.



- "Where did I feel forced to be strong?"
- "What did I need that I didn't know how to ask for?"
- "When does the crying wave end?"
- "How can I honor the memory best?"
- "What can I do that my future self will thank my present self for?



JOHN R. HAWKINS ALUMNI AND FRIENDS, INCORPORATED
POST OFFICE BOX 318
WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA 27589

# "RESOLUTION"

## MR. HERMAN EDWARD BULLOCK

We are thankful for our dear and faithful friend, whose truth and integrity are enshrined in our hearts. Many members of John R. Hawkins Alumni and Friends, Incorporated were grateful to have had Mr. Herman Edward Bullock as a classmate, schoolmate, and friend. His membership in this organization epitomized the sanctity of manhood.

Whereas: He has been removed from our midst, we have lost a true and dedicated friend. Herman was a hard worker who was dedicated to his wife, Valerie and his children, Carmen, Johnea, and Brandon.

Whereas: We are thankful for his diligence and service rendered on behalf of the John R. Hawkins High School Class of 1969. He shall always be remembered for his beautiful smile and contagious laugh. Herman was a kind and gentle soul who loved his schoolmates, members of the community, and especially his family.

Therefore, be it resolved: That in the home-going of this our departed friend, John R. Hawkins Alumni and Friends, Incorporated has lost a dedicated associate.

Resolved: That we express our deepest sympathy to his wife, children, and other family members. We ask that they *rely on their source of comfort.*

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife and children, and a copy kept in our minutes.

Therefore, be it further resolved that we will ever cherish the memory of Mr. Herman Edward Bullock and emulate his admirable traits.

Sorrowfully submitted,

*John R. Hawkins Alumni and Friends, Incorporated*

Barbara R. Rowlett, President

# John R. Hawkins High School Class of 1963

Warrenton, NC

Letter of Condolence In Memory Of
Your Beloved Brother

## Mr. Herman Edward Bullock

**B**e it resolved that the 1963 Graduating Class of John R. Hawkins High School have learned and are saddened by the death of your Beloved Brother Herman and hereby express sincere condolences to you and your family.

**W**hile losing a loved one can be a sad occasion, it is through God's ever-abiding Love that we find strength through His healing power.

**O**ur prayer is that God continues to bless you and your family and keep you in His care as you hold onto the cherished and loving memories that were shared with your Loved One during your times together here on earth.

**P**lease remember that God will always be there to comfort you as you journey together remembering the best of the past and the hope that you have in tomorrow until you and your Loved One meet again.

Prayerfully Submitted This 29th Day of August, 2022

*1963 Graduating Class of John R. Hawkins High School*

John Fitts, Class Coordinator
Viola Watson Bullock, Assistant Class Coordinator
Carolyn Seward Andrews, Recording Secretary

PSALM 91
NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION

1 WHOEVER DWELLS IN THE SHELTER OF THE MOST HIGH
WILL REST IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.
2 I WILL SAY OF THE LORD, “HE IS MY REFUGE AND MY FORTRESS,
MY GOD, IN WHOM I TRUST.”

3 SURELY HE WILL SAVE YOU
FROM THE FOWLER’S SNARE
AND FROM THE DEADLY PESTILENCE.
4 HE WILL COVER YOU WITH HIS FEATHERS,
AND UNDER HIS WINGS YOU WILL FIND REFUGE;
HIS FAITHFULNESS WILL BE YOUR SHIELD AND RAMPART.
5 YOU WILL NOT FEAR THE TERROR OF NIGHT,
NOR THE ARROW THAT FLIES BY DAY,
6 NOR THE PESTILENCE THAT STALKS IN THE DARKNESS,
NOR THE PLAGUE THAT DESTROYS AT MIDDAY.
7 A THOUSAND MAY FALL AT YOUR SIDE,
TEN THOUSAND AT YOUR RIGHT HAND,
BUT IT WILL NOT COME NEAR YOU.
8 YOU WILL ONLY OBSERVE WITH YOUR EYES
AND SEE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

9 IF YOU SAY, “THE LORD IS MY REFUGE,”
AND YOU MAKE THE MOST HIGH YOUR DWELLING,
10 NO HARM WILL OVERTAKE YOU,
NO DISASTER WILL COME NEAR YOUR TENT.
11 FOR HE WILL COMMAND HIS ANGELS CONCERNING YOU
TO GUARD YOU IN ALL YOUR WAYS;
12 THEY WILL LIFT YOU UP IN THEIR HANDS,
SO THAT YOU WILL NOT STRIKE YOUR FOOT AGAINST A STONE.
13 YOU WILL TREAD ON THE LION AND THE COBRA;
YOU WILL TRAMPLE THE GREAT LION AND THE SERPENT.

14 “BECAUSE HE[B] LOVES ME,” SAYS THE LORD, “I WILL RESCUE
HIM;
I WILL PROTECT HIM, FOR HE ACKNOWLEDGES MY NAME.
15 HE WILL CALL ON ME, AND I WILL ANSWER HIM;
I WILL BE WITH HIM IN TROUBLE,
I WILL DELIVER HIM AND HONOR HIM.
16 WITH LONG LIFE I WILL SATISFY HIM
AND SHOW HIM MY SALVATION.”

# St. Matthew Baptist Church

*Rev. Dr. Ronald E. Avery, Pastor, M. Div., D. Min.*
**5410 Louisburg Road**
**Raleigh, NC 27616**

*Jeffery Brown, Chair*
*Deacon Board*
*Norma White*
*Church Clerk*

*Bernard King, Chair*
*Trustee Board*
*Alice Lambright*
*Administrative Assistant*

*August 29, 2022*

## *A Resolution to Honor the Memory of: Brother Herman Bullock*
## *To: Valerie Bullock & Family*

*In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14:2-3*

**WHEREAS,** according to His tender mercy, God who is infinite in wisdom, has brought to a close the life of ***Brother Herman Bullock*** to a better home eternal in the Heavens. ***Brother Bullock*** will be remembered as a faithful member of the St. Matthew Baptist Church and a member of the Trustee Board.

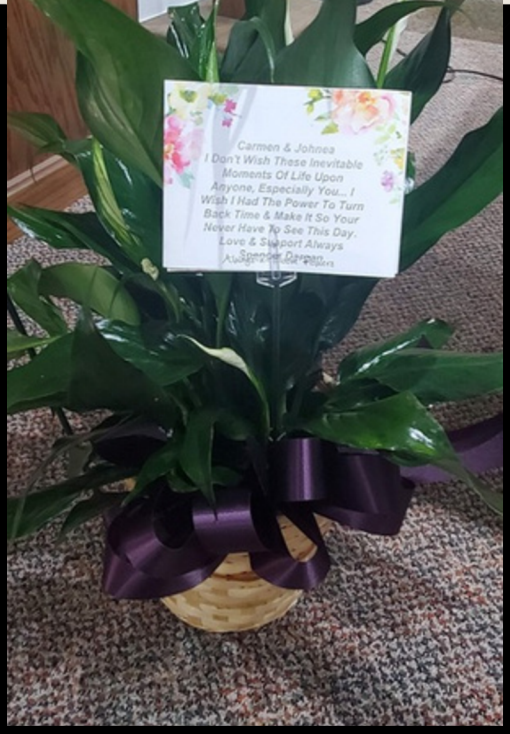
**WHEREAS,** his life's journey has been completed and he now rests in the bosom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. We give thanks to God for his life and for the many ways he touched the lives of others. Be assured that ***Brother Bullock*** has awakened to a newness that none of us can imagine, a place of peace, joy, and comfort in the presence of God. We encourage the family to hold fast to your faith in God and to the knowledge that you will see him again.

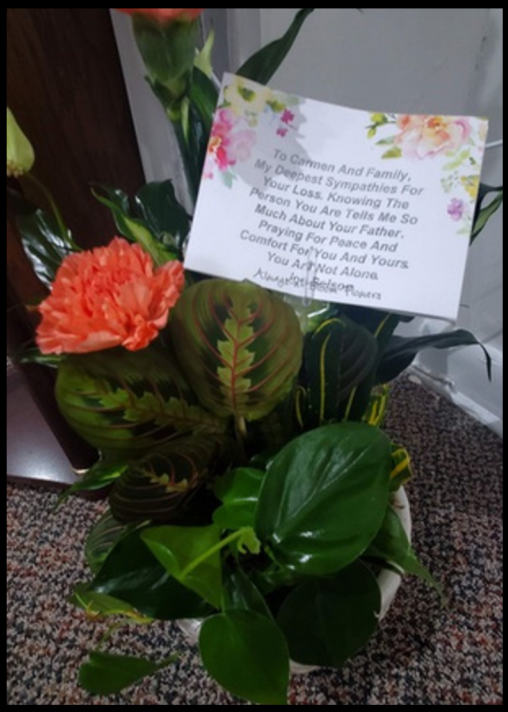
**BE IT RESOLVED,** that Rev. Dr. Ronald E. Avery, Mrs. Addie M. Avery, the Official Boards, and the members of St. Matthew Missionary Baptist Church share in your grief. We submit this resolution in honor of the memory of ***Brother Herman Bullock*** on this 29th day of ***August 2022***. May God be close to you now, comfort you, and enfold you with His love.

Prayerfully Submitted,
Rev. Dr. Ronald E. Avery, Pastor
First Lady Addie M. Avery &
St. Matthew Missionary Baptist Church






Carmen & Johnea
I Don't Wish These Inevitable
Moments Of Life Upon
Anyone, Especially You... I
Wish I Had The Power To Turn
Back Time & Make It So Your
Never Have To See This Day.
Love & Support Always
Spencer Dawson


To Carmen And Family,
My Deepest Sympathies For
Your Loss. Knowing The
Person You Are Tells Me So
Much About Your Father.
Praying For Peace And
Comfort For You And Yours.
You Are Not Alone.










Only Loving Brother



# Dedication

To my father,
I thank you for being the guiding light that helps me understand; the Word is true. Eyes have not seen nor ears heard...as it is written:
"What no eye has seen,
what no ear has heard,
and what no human mind has conceived"
the things God has prepared for those who love him—
These are the things God has revealed to us by his Spirit. Thank you for being the perfect dad for me.
Always, Carmen L. (Bullock) Baylies



# Thank You

Whether you kept us in your thoughts, sent a lovely arrangement, made a memorial donation, or helped us in any way, please know that your love and kindness has brought us great comfort and will always be remembered.

~ Deepest gratitude on behalf of ~

*The Family of Herman E. Bullock*

# How to use this journal

Included in this ebook are blank journal pages. The pages help organize thoughts, feelings, and/or expressions. Journaling and outlining gave me perspective; some of my thoughts wouldn't overwhelm me as I drifted from feelings to activity. As time passed and the intensity lessened, the journal aided my reflections and propelled me into a world with a new ancestor.

## Questions?

CARMENBAYLIES@CLBNOVELS.INK

CLBNOVELS.INK



DATE

MOOD

# Daily Journal

YOUR THOUGHTS

GOALS

- ○
- ○
- ○

TO DO

- ○
- ○
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DATE

MOOD

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TO DO

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- ○

# Conclusion

Some of my earliest memories include spending time with my family, whether at holidays, church functions, or reunions. Staying connected to who we are remained a stabilizing force as I grew through childhood to adulthood. As we prepared to say goodbye to my father's physical form and celebrate his soul's graduation and elevation, many people sent us pictures to include in his homegoing celebration obituary. While thumbing through the images, I felt a warmth of pride. My father was a charismatic figure. He taught me to be my best self even when faced with difficulties. He reminded me to be strong and never forget where I came from, nor my beliefs. In the stillness of his absence, I am grateful for those lessons because they held me together, especially when the sorrow was deafening and cold.

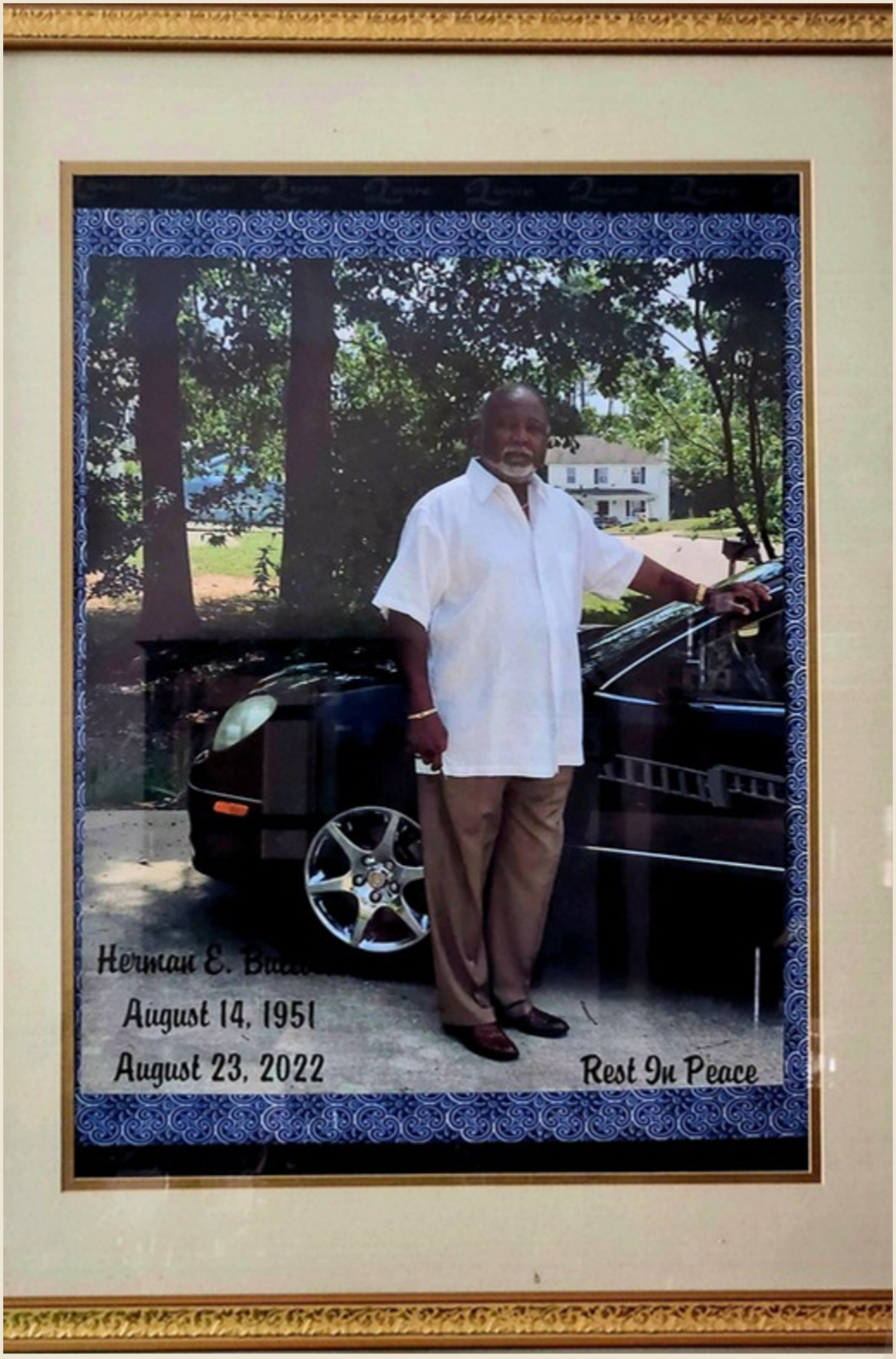


# Conclusion

I pray that he knows his legacy was not left in shambles, nor one filled with regret, but rather a beautiful reflection of life's complexities and his choices. I know he mastered his walk of faith because the echoes remain and sustain me to this day. The void of his physical presence hits me hard, almost shattering my spirit. I am reminded of a teaching of Jesus in Matthew 12:33 (King James Version): "Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit." The evidence of a tree's nature lies in its fruit.

Dad's fruit grows and is pruned by God's word and by Jesus' teachings of active kindness to serve those around us, making life better for all. The Holy Spirit remains a comfort and constant help we are grateful and humbled to receive.




Herman E. Bu
August 14, 1951
August 23, 2022
Rest In Peace

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PLUS, CARMEN BAYLIES' FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND PERSONAL LIBRARY ADDED DEPTH TO THIS TRIBUTE NOVEL.