

First, I would again like to thank all of you for coming today to honor my dad and for your caring love and support for my mom and dad and our entire family during these very difficult months, it's meant the world to us and has uplifted us when we've had no wind in our sail. I realize I'm supposed to keep this short, but I so want to honor my dear dad, so this may very well go into the evening....

This is for my dear, dear dad, Rusty:

Have you ever before.... met a prophet? Well..... I'm here to tell you... that I believe you have. I believe my father Rustin Ray Kimsey, was a prophet. Webster says a prophet is 'a person who speaks for God' and/or 'an inspired teacher or leader'. I believe prophets are born with a very unique soul....a soul that is full of peace and grace. I believe it's someone with such a sense of goodness, that just a small little nudge in life, opens the door to a devoted life serving others. Someone who is forever and always kind and respectful, someone who is quick to affirm the others and stand up for the underdog. You are probably wondering where I'm going with this, but I'll tell you where I'm going with this. I'm talking about my dad. My dad, Rusty, was a kind and gentle soul through and through. He was the essence of decency and he breathed civility. My dad was a steadfast son, brother, friend, priest, husband, brother-in-law, Uncle, father, bishop, father-in-law and grandfather extraordinaire. I believe that my dad was simply a prophet amongst us.

My dear dad was truly, one of a kind. He was blessed with this sweet, kind, and gentle nature. I don't think he had a mean bone in his body, and unless you were messing with his beloved eastern Oregon, his friends or family, Red Socks or Ducks, you would seldom see an unruly side. My dad had such a strong conviction for what is right and wrong. I often wondered what it was exactly that led to my dad's life in the church, and I believe that my dad's biggest influence of all, was my dad himself. I believe he had an innate persona; that kind and peaceful soul; that faithful, affirming, patient, attentive, gentle, and did I say kind.... persona, that led him to this life of serving others. My dad would give his shirt off his back to strangers on the street. I asked him this question recently, what inspired him to attend seminary and to become a priest and then later a bishop. He credited his family, his wonderful parents, Lauren and Lois and

brother Lloyd, and their strong faith, (maybe even his grandfather, George Rustin Moorehead, who was a Methodist Circuit Rider at the turn of the century in eastern Oregon and Washington), to a wonderful youth group at St. John's in Hermiston, to Ascension School in Cove and to wonderful mentors in the church at the time such as Bishop Lane Barton, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Bishop of Eastern Oregon, and the Right Reverend Jackson Gillam.

My dad was truly 'salt of the earth', and he had an amazing way of fostering human relations. He was a man of the people. One thing he was known to do, and as a kid I remember being so embarrassed, but he would pull out his infamous purple handkerchief and blow his nose from the pulpit, mid-sermon. It would mortify me, but over the years I found humor in it and almost appreciated my dad's gesture, and how in a strange way he was connecting with the people. My dad had a wonderful way of putting people at ease. He was quick to affirm and make people feel good.

On my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1978, my dad gave me a very special gift and keepsake. It was a book called *The Snow Goose*, by Paul Gallico. My dad loved this book, and I won't tell you too much about it as I'm pretty sure I'm going over my time limit as it is, but I believe this book is a symbol of my dad and how he lived his life; with lots of love and compassion. The setting of this short story is in the marshlands of Essex, England, with World War II as the backdrop. It's about a disabled artist living a solitary life in an abandoned lighthouse, a young girl and a beautiful snow goose. It's about friendship and love and the importance of being kind and non-judgmental, of being affirming and faithful, and most importantly it's about loving, even in the darkest of times.

The vast open country of eastern Oregon was holy land to my dad. His roots of being a 6<sup>th</sup> generation eastern Oregonian ran very deep, and he cherished his family history from the Antelope Valley. He was formed by his upbringing in the amazing high desert of eastern Oregon. He loved eastern Oregon, and eastern Oregon was my dad. He resonated with all people, and I honestly don't believe he ever met a stranger, but my dad was a small town potato, and really loved the small-town and rancher folk. My dad loved his time as 5<sup>th</sup> Bishop of Eastern Oregon, from 1980-2000, when he and my mom traveled by car over however many square miles on a weekly basis; they were truly amazing. He only missed

two Sunday church visitations during this twenty year period, and it was due to inclement weather. He was a steadfast Bishop, and his love and adoration for this barren land kept him grounded.

My life as the daughter of this amazingly wonderful person began in August of 1964, in Redmond Oregon, where I was born. I've always been so grateful for the life I was given by my dear mom and dad. My childhood memories are full of wonderful times in Eastern Oregon, a few from Redmond but mostly beginning in Baker City (which then was just simply Baker), and then here in The Dalles where my parents settled 45 years ago. Having Rusty as a dad was so much fun! Can you even imagine? Most every-day outings seemed like an adventure. My dad had a wonderful sense of humor and a great imagination and this made for many wonderful times and memories.

My dad loved to go camping and spend time in the great outdoors, and we did a lot of that. Countless hours of driving through the wonderful countryside of eastern Oregon, visiting family and friends. My dad loved to sing in the car, play games in the car, look for wildlife from the car, (including spotlighting which I think now is illegal), tell make believe stories in the car, and when we were real young he even pretended for years to be an imaginary elf that worked the windshield wash controls. I was fooled for years about this imaginary friend. One early childhood memory I have is from our home in Baker, a darling little stucco Tudor. I was probably 4 or 5 yrs. old; my dad and I were sitting in our kitchen nook and I looked at him and said, "I'm going to marry you some day" ...he looked at me surprised and said with a chuckle ..."you can't marry me" ....and I said it again, 'I'm going to marry you some day' ...he laughed. But I realized very early on in life that my dad meant the world to me and he was setting the bar high for any future prospects.

During my grade school years we moved to The Dalles. It was during these years that I became very aware of my dad's hands-on out-reach to others. I remember on occasion, several times a year, my parent's phone would ring and a person or family in need would be asking for help with food, gas, and/or lodging. My dad would never hesitate to help and would always have them meet him at Milt's gas station downtown. I loved to go with him and watch from the car; the inner-play between my dad and these strangers was fascinating and heartwarming to me.

Sometimes it was a family, other times it would be a single individual. My dad would engage the strangers and ask them questions about their life, where they were from, where they were heading. He would put gas in their car and give them a little \$\$ before saying good-bye. One time I remember him getting back in the car and kind of chuckling, he said "that guy needs to come up with a new story as he's told me the same one for the last few years". But my dad never wavered with his faithful generosity and kind ways. He'd make even total strangers feel better after they'd met him.

One fond memory I have as a youngster, was driving into the city with my dad. It didn't matter what city, but my dad would tell us "if you are going to drive in the city, you need to drive like you are from the city". He'd speed up instead of slowing down and no matter what car he was driving, most of them were truly gut-less wonders (and that's what he called them), he would act as though he had the biggest hot-rod on the road, racing people as they tried to pass. When Interstate 84 was refurbished in the late 70's and 80's my dad loved to weave from lane to lane trying to miss the reflector bumps on the center line. He was a kid at heart, and my dad was fun and he made life an adventure.

I feel blessed to have lived my adult years in fairly close proximity to my dad and mom. First in Hood River and then in Seattle. So many wonderful memories we've shared. He gave my hand in marriage to my dear husband of 20 years and was able to baptize both of our wonderful children. I'll be forever grateful that my dad has been an instrumental part of raising our children. From the early times of reading hundreds of books, to the imaginary stories, to the many wonderful trips with the grandparents, to California, to Hawaii, to Discovery Bay, to Cove, to endless games of croquet, go-fish, Pictionary, and 99. Steadfast love from the father, father-in-law and grandfather.

A highlight for our family, especially our kids, in recent years, was turning my dad's Smoker-Craft fishing boat into a pleasure boat. We bought some old used water-skis and an inner-tube and rope and said granddad, let's go! And with a smile on his face he was game and we made it happen. He even invested in a larger engine with the hopes of getting me up on my old slalom, or maybe out of fear that we would break the smaller engine. Anyway...he was up for this adventure!

We were all shell-shocked that Monday morning, December 15<sup>th</sup>, in Portland, when we heard the devastating news that my dad had terminal cancer. It was indeed earth-shattering. I came home with my parents that night and we held each other tight and sobbed. How do you go on when you receive such a notice? My dad was so so brave; and kept a stiff upper lip, but I must say, my dad was heartbroken. My mom called him her 'brave cowboy' through his illness, and that he was. He hardly complained and was ever the gentlemen. Always asking about the other guy. But my dad was heartbroken, he was heartbroken because he loved you all so very much and because he loved our creation so much and because he loved his family so much, especially his beautiful bride. My dad simply loved life and he didn't want to leave it, he didn't want to leave us. My dad however, as sad as he was, he died as he lived, full of peace and grace.

So how can we best honor my dear dad? I believe we can honor him by living our lives more like Rusty lived his. By being faithful, by being affirming, by being patient, by being attentive, by being gentle and most importantly by being kind. I will be forever grateful to my dear dad for all he's taught me and all of the love he's showered on me and all of us over the years! I miss him sorely but he will forever be my beacon! I love you so much, dad! Be Well!

I'd like to end with a prayer that has been hanging in my dad's offices over the past few decades.

O lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and all the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen