

Elizabeth S. Bosson Funeral ~ Dec ember 17, 2009 ~ A homily preached by
The Rev'd Erl G. Purnell at Seabury Retirement Community, Bloomfield, CT

Psalm 139.1-6; John 14.1-6

When I drove to Seabury on Monday to meet with Betty's family, a curious question popped into my head. I wondered if Betty had always worn her hair the same way. You know, that lovely head of curls, just slightly gray in my memory, but I was sure, once very dark, even a shade of black. I bet myself a nickel that she had always had those curls and so, when I asked her children, they laughed and said, "Yes, exactly the same way."

Isn't it interesting how we go through life, navigating changes and moves, children and all those suppers, holidays, vacation, travel, loss? Betty, of course, lived it all. Dick, Steve and Betsy grew up, married, and moved away. Her beloved Albert died seven years ago. Then, Betty moved here, to Seabury. And yet, in so many ways her life was punctuated by constants—West Hartford, St. James's, her loving children, that curled hair.

When I first visited Betty in her apartment here at Seabury, I found a lovely, faithful woman who welcomed me and said, "I'm a Kent School person, too." I quickly did the math and was certain she was not in the first graduating class of girls in 1963. "Really," I replied. "Yes, my Albert and you both went to Kent and I like Kent School very much. I still send a little money every year." We became instant friends.

A most notable quality of Betty was her faithfulness. As the Psalmist says,

*Lord, you have searched me out and known me; *
you know my sitting down and my rising up;
you discern my thoughts from afar.*

Indeed, the Lord did know her and she knew the Lord. Betty's relationship with the Divine was fixed in soulful daily prayer and weekly worship. In my knowing Betty, there was no separation between her and the Lord. Nearly every visit touched on something to do with God. And, we always said a prayer together before parting. At the end, there was a pause, a squeeze of my hand, and her smiling straight into my eyes. "Thank you," she said, meaning it so sincerely.

Now as we say goodbye to Betty, my confident hope is that she's already found the Ruby Tuesdays that must be near her new dwelling place. There she can catch-up with old friends, her Albert, and the rest of us when we join her.

And so Betty, now the day is over. Now you rise, pure and fresh and sinless, in God's holy eyes. Godspeed Betty. Blessings and peace.

Amen.

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