

MY SISTER GINNY

VIRGINIA IDELL ZULKER - January 16, 1933 - December 12, 2008

GINNY'S MEMORIAL SERVICE 12/20/2008 - Cornwall Manor

It's been a long time since my sister Ginny was twelve years old, but that is when her story began.

Like so many, many others, at that time, she became the victim of the horrible disease Polio, which was sweeping across America, taking many lives and paralyzing many, particularly children. Polio has been called "the 20th Century most feared disease in America.

Paralysis struck Ginny too, not in the legs or the arms, but in her throat, making it very difficult for her to swallow and eat and even breathe. As a teenager myself at that time, I saw many joyous family meals and gatherings suddenly disrupted when she began to choke and we all wondered if that was going to be her last breath. But it wasn't, though her struggles continued. With determination, perseverance and the help of the Lord she went back to school, graduated and began studies in a Christian college. She then entered the business world as a secretary but wanted to do more with her life in the service of others.

When she heard of the Melmark Home, a Christian facility caring for children with special needs, she joined their staff. Sometime thereafter the founder of the home wanted her to assume more responsibility so she went back to college and became a Licensed Practical Nurse. Then at the age of 38, this unmarried woman, without any children of her own, wanted to share her life with someone else. She took a 5 year-old boy into her home, then adopted him, loved and cared for him, sang to him her favorite songs, took him with her to church and Sunday School and sent him to a private Christian school - even as her nursing career continued. That career, however, came to an end when she was no longer physically strong enough to lift her patients.

She then joined the staff of Eastern College, another Christian institution, as a secretary, volunteered many hours at the Wayne Methodist Church as well as many volunteer hours here.

In the Bible, the Gospel of St. Mark, chapter 14 (vs.8), we read of a woman who went to Jesus with her alabaster jar of precious ointment. She proceeded to pour the oil over his head to anoint Him. Some, standing about, criticized her until Jesus said of her. "She has done what she could." That story reminds me of Ginny who did what she could to anoint her Savior and Lord.

Ginny's name won't be found on granite memorials in city squares, not in books about her life, not her story in magazines, but her name will be etched - deeply engraved - upon the hearts and lives of all those whose path crossed hers.

When Robert Browning wrote his well-known poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and said, "Come Grow Old Along With Me", some thought he was speaking only of this present earthly life, but he meant much more, far beyond the present and into Eternity.. He said, "Come grow old along with me, the best is yet to be,

The last for which the first was made.

Our times are in His hand Who saith, 'A Whole I planned'.

Youth shows but half, Trust God,

See all and never be afraid."

And one final word. On behalf of Ginny's son Chuck, his wife Michelle and their four children,

On behalf of my two brothers, Chuck and Walt, and our older sister Betty,

Our spouses, children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews - our entire family - I want to say thanks to each of you here at Cornwall Manor for the care and the joy that you gave to Ginny. If you are glad for the joy that she, just one person brought to you, think of how large an amount of joy that she received from so many of you. Thank you!

THE LORD IS GREAT AND THE LORD IS GOOD!

(At the service, I inadvertently skipped over this, but include it here:)

"Her son Chuck reminded me of her love of hymns. One of them was titled, "Because Christ Lives, I can face tomorrow." Tomorrows never came for Ginny; it was always today. She had to get through today - and she did - by her faith in Christ. But its hard to sing, "Because Christ Lives, I can face Today". It doesn't make good poetry. But that was her story."

William Allen Zulker