

MY BROTHER WALT

Walter Leathem Zulker - January 19, 1924 - March 11, 2009

WALT'S FUNERAL SERVICE - March 16, 2009

Comments by Bill at the funeral

Sunset Hill Funeral Home, Glen Carbon, IL

Buried at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery, St. Louis, MO

What more can be said about a man whose life, deeds, actions and attitude have all spoken louder and clearer than any words we might find. Such was the life of my brother Walt.

Words are inadequate for something as significant as this.
How do you describe his vigor for life - his enthusiasm - his excitement about everything that happened.

He loved life and everything about it - even people!
I don't think that he ever met a person he didn't like.
He liked everybody.
He even liked his brothers - and of course, his sisters, too.

Everybody liked him as well.
You knew it when he walked into a room full of people, or when he sat on a committee.
His presence became very apparent - and he had a way to make everybody smile and laugh.
But he was also serious, too. Life, to him was too important to take lightly.

He was a Christian without apology. Everyone knew that. And he wanted his life to be ordered by the Lord and the words of Scripture.

He loved his country. Just days after his graduation from high school he enlisted in the U.S Navy. He and his buddy thought they would be safer in the Navy than in the Army, but his ship was torpedoed and he ended up swimming in the Ocean until he was rescued. He went on to serve another two years in the South Pacific before the Second World War ended.

Upon returning home, he began a life-long career as a salesman - one of the best, everyone knew that.

He could sell you the Brooklyn Bridge, but only if he knew he could sell it honestly. For Honesty, Truthfulness and Integrity were the foundation of his success. People bought from him whether or not they had confidence in the product he was selling - because they had confidence in him.

In the church, he always found a way to serve Christ. I don't think there has ever been another Christian layman who served as tirelessly and in so many ways. If the pastor

didn't ask him to perform a given task, Walt would create one and do it well.

The word "sacrifice" was not in his vocabulary. But "service" was, though it often meant giving up this or that to fulfill his commitment. Commitment was so important to him. It was so in his employment, his family, and particularly so to his wife, as we all know. The dedication he showed to his wife Miriam for so long during the years of her illness and confinement is an example none of us will ever forget.

Walt's life ended too soon. His life was far too short, for where can we turn to find another such a man as he was?

I think of Walt when I remember the words of that famous poet, William Cullen Bryant who said,

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of the couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

That is the way Walt lived and died - and so may we - "IN CHRIST."

It was the blind song-writer Fanny Crosby who best describes the transition that the Christian makes from this earthly life to life in heaven. She said,
"Someday the silver cord will break,
And I, no more, as now shall sing,
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King."

What a joyous and glorious hope we have - in Christ.

Bill Zulker