

**A Good Word for Bill Broome**  
**October 26, 2004**

A eulogy is literally a “good word.” Well, that means that this will be a very easy task for me today. For “good words” are all I have for Bill Broome. You have heard about Bill the family man from three of his grandsons. The only words I can add to that is from an outsider’s view: pride – Oh how proud he was of his family – it’s mostly all we ever talked about – his children and my children – those were our favorite topics of conversation. He loved you all each and every one and the best part about Bill is that I don’t have to tell you that - for you already know it. You could see the spark in his eye, the pride in his smile, the love in his words and actions. Sixty years with you, Zona – that’s a long time of faithful living – for better for worse, in sickness and in health – until death parts you – Well done good and faithful servant. Death may have parted you on this earth – but the memories you treasure will keep you together always.

Bill’s faithful work record kept him at Westinghouse for 34 years. And after retirement, he still couldn’t stay at home – he had to be working – so after retirement as District Manager at Westinghouse, he began his part-time work – which Zona said was play for him. A faithful employee. A faithful provider.

But I want to speak mainly about church. Only 84 names are listed of the persons who originally organized Park Road Baptist Church, and who were members as of December 10, 1950. Bill and Zona Broome’s names are on that elite list. Bill’s parents, Jim and Irene, are also on that list, and Bill’s father served on the search committee that called Charlie Milford as the first pastor. Bill and Zona have been faithful to this church since its birth. They’ve been faithful to PRBC for 2 reasons, I think. One, their strong commitment to God calls them to be faithful to the church. And two, this church has been

faithful to them over these many years. Bill loved to tell the story about the church that when they brought Tommy home, the doorbell rang and PRBC was lined down the sidewalk to the street with food and gifts. Bill has been a deacon and a Sunday School teacher. But mainly, he's just plain been faithful – faithful to God and faithful to the church – faithful with his time, faithful with his money, faithful with his presence. Many of you have heard me say that I've been telling Bill over the last months of his illness that the sanctuary doesn't sit level any more. I guess it never will for me. For Bill was the kind of anchor in a church that every pastor needs: always here, always encouraging, always saying how much he loved us and how much he loved the people of this church.

Today, a seat is empty in this place. It's the seat about 11 rows back on the far right end of the piano side pews. But we gather here today celebrate Bill's life – to give thanks to God that we have been graced to know him at all. And we gather here with a Blessed Hope that a seat has been filled in the sanctuary of the forever presence of God. Another anchor holds down that kingdom even now, and I know that Bill remains faithful in the life that is to come. And I can only imagine the reunion of a faithful father and his faithful daughter. There is still joy even in pain – it is one of the great ironies of life.

We often say in worship here “May we be found faithful.” Bill Broome lived out that kind of faithfulness with joy and a fullness of life – never really believing he would die – at least not soon. I'd like to be like Bill when I grow up, and as his pastor, I am grateful for his example that shows me the Way. So in memory of Bill, may we all be found faithful in the journey known as the Way of Jesus. I can think of no better way to celebrate Bill's life. May it be so.