

KITCHEN COUNTER MUSING

From Pastor Mark for Friday, August 22, 2025

KEEPING A PROMISE

Tuesday, August 12th, and I'm on my way to Bluff Point looking forward to a mountain bike ride. The phone rings. I look down and it's the daughter of Jacky Glass, my second mother, and my last living connection to my birthplace in Palos Verdes, California. Jacky's husband was my father's best friend. Jacky's husband was the financial counselor who guided my mother's finances after my father's tragic death. Jacky is 94.

Her daughter has never called me before. I know without knowing. I'm turning the car around as I answer the phone.

"Hi Mark. Jacky is in Little Company of Mary Hospital. She's going home with Hospice. Her spirits are good. She wanted me to let you know."

On Wednesday afternoon I'm at Hartford Airport, heading to Los Angeles through Charlotte. I made a promise to myself, long ago, that no matter what I would honor six people from my childhood. Jacky is the last one living. Here's why those six people were so important to me.

On my mom's 60th birthday, I came out to California for a surprise dinner with the three families who had supported my mom for the fourteen years since my father's death on February 25th, 1980. Jacky and Jerry Glass. Anne and Jim Payton. Evelyn and Dexter Allen. Jerry, as I said, shepherded my mother's financial holdings. Jim was there to help my mother navigate plumbers, new car purchases, refinancing the house and any other contractor she needed help with. Dexter and Evelyn had mother over every year for Easter. Thanksgiving and Christmas. They made sure my mother never had a holiday alone.

At that 60th birthday party I vowed to myself that no matter the circumstances I would be there for each one of those six, either the funeral or the last days of their life. Jerry, Anne, Jim, Dexter and Evelyn I had the privilege of presiding over their Memorial services. Fortunately, only one time did honoring these people cause some bad feelings. There is a couple whose wedding I had to pass to another minister that isn't too happy with me. I understand their feelings. And I'm at peace with my choice.

I always knew Jacky would be a little different than the other five. For starters, she outlived the others by more than 15 years. I have been out to see her every year since her husband's death. As I said previously, she is like a second mother to me. She also has a wonderful pastor, so I won't be needed in any liturgical capacity. I'm not sure I could perform the service if I had to do so. I am closer to Jacky than I was to any of the other five. Her generosity to my ministries has been enormous in helping me when I needed help. My wife, Lucretia, came to know and love her as well.

I'm writing this on Saturday, the 16th. I was able to spend all day Thursday the 14th with Jacky. I told her all the ways she had influenced my life since the Glass family entered our lives when I was seven years old. She smiled and took my hand. By the end of the day, she was sleeping peacefully but no longer alert. I left in the afternoon to spend some time at my father's grave. I don't know when, or even if, I'll be back.

I'm proud of many things in my life, and probably ashamed of just as many, if not more. But 31 years later I praise God that I had the privilege to honor all those who honored my dad by loving my mother. I do not have another vow like this one out there in my world.

Do I need a new one? Do you?

Thanks for listening!

Grace and Peace,

Mark

(NOTE: Jacky Glass passed from this life to more life on Sunday, August 17th at approximately 6:05 pm our time.)