

Gretchen Finch

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT DON BRUNK

Don Brunk was my husband Pete Finch's closest Christian brother in Jackson Hole. That in itself qualifies him to be considered really wonderful in my opinion. After Pete had gone to be with the Lord and I was planning a memorial service, many thoughts came to mind of the years Don and Pete knew each other. Don was a true pastor, a very rare thing. Pete always said of Don that he somehow brought three different and diverse fellowships together in what seemed to be perfect harmony. That very thing was amazing and honorable. Of course I asked Don to conduct the memorial service, but I said to him that in no way did I want him to glorify Pete, but to simply glorify the Lord Jesus. I will always remember Don standing in my kitchen at Fir Creek Ranch saying, "Okay, don't puff Pete; we won't puff Pete." Don was providing the humor that was definitely needed at that moment.

Years later my friend Mary Whyte, outstanding watercolor portrait artist, was seeking a military veteran from each of our fifty states. She took seven years to build an amazing collection of veterans' portraits which are now on tour around the country. She had asked me to find a veteran in Wyoming who turned out to be Don. Mary came to the Brunk home, met Don and Jo, and took many photos of Don to use as references for his portrait. Don knew there would eventually be made a book of all fifty veterans' portraits, but several times he would say, "I don't think I'll live to see my portrait in that book."

As God would have it, Don did see his portrait in that book which is titled "We The People." Jo had died that summer and of course Don was really devastated to lose her. His will to live seemed to be fast fading. As soon as the book was available Doug and Linda Eggers bought a copy. One Sunday after the fellowship meeting at Don's, Linda showed him the book and his wonderful portrait in it. She told me that he displayed genuine joy and happiness for the first time since Jo had gone. Finally, he actually got to see himself as painted by that marvelous artist and printed in that book! Another thing that really pleased him was that when she had asked his present occupation, he had answered simply "grounds-keeper" and that's what she had written in the book as his occupation.

That whole incident brings tears to my eyes even now. That very night Don died in his sleep. The overwhelming power of God's perfect timing has impressed itself on me time and again and especially through this story of Don's passing from this life into a heavenly one. There is fulfillment in God's timing.....always. Don was one of the kindest and most humble men I have ever known.

Lovingly submitted,
Gretchen Finch