



Eulogies for
J. P. Blase Cooke

October 5, 2007

Phil Cooke
Bill Franey
Jason Cooke
Brian Cooke
Kevin Cooke

Eulogy for J.P. Blase Cooke
Phil Cooke

Dawn, Jason, Brian and Kevin, thanks for giving me the honor of offering this eulogy to celebrate Blase's life. And, on behalf of our entire family, thanks to everyone here for your kind words, your support, and especially your prayers for Blase and the family over the past six and a half years.

We thought we would honor Blase today by describing five of his best qualities: his positive attitude, his work ethic, his competitive nature, his gratefulness, and his passion for living. My biggest challenge of course, was limiting this to just five qualities.

Let's start with Blase's positive attitude. Please raise your hand if you have ever had a discussion or received a comment, email, book, audio tape or lecture from Blase on having a positive attitude. I'm not really sure when it all started but sometime in his late twenties Blase got hooked on the power of positive thinking and it became a focal point throughout his life. He read and listened to the experts in the field like Earl Nightingale, Dennis Whately, Zig Ziglar, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, and Og Mandino to name a few. He truly believed in the power of positive thinking, and he believed much of his success in life was a direct result of maintaining a positive attitude. And, more importantly, rather than protecting his secret for success, he willingly shared it with anyone who would listen. He also learned that no matter how tough things might get he should always maintain a positive attitude. So whenever someone asked him how he was doing, no matter how he felt or what challenges he was facing on any given day he always responded with the word TERRIFIC!

His positive attitude led to developing annual written goals and objectives to include personal, family, and business goals. These goals were both tactical and strategic, short-term and long-term, and he would read them constantly to make sure he was on track. He would strongly encourage Jason, Brian, and Kevin to write down their goals and build a positive game plan as well. And we know they listened because it's hard to find three finer young men than Jason, Brian and Kevin. Blase's proudest accomplishment in life is his family, and he and Dawn have so much to be proud of.

The next quality is his work ethic. Simply put, Blase worked hard at everything. Our dad died of a massive heart attack in 1959 at age 43. Blase was 12 years old. We didn't really know a lot about our dad for two reasons: we were all very young, and he worked a lot. Like many dads in our generation, our dad fought in World War II, and when he finally returned from the war in his early 30s he had a lot of catching up to do. Mom and Dad were married in 1946, had five children in ten years, and, like many families in those days, Dad worked two jobs to support his family. So after Dad died the one thing we inherently knew then, and were able to better appreciate as we got older, was that our dad probably worked himself to death in raising his family. That's how important family was to him. After Dad died, Mom's income was basically from the government, but she, too, showed her work ethic by taking jobs at the High's Milk Store, the Post Office during the Christmas rush, and the Mt. St. Joe cafeteria in order to help make ends meet. So our mom was also very instrumental in helping Blase understand the importance of discipline and hard work.

In his teenage years Blase had a newspaper route, worked in a sub shop, caddied on weekends at Turf Valley, and worked construction. Most of the money he earned went to help with family living expenses. When Blase was drafted into the Army in 1966 he further demonstrated his ethic

of hard work and discipline by doing well in Basic and Advanced Training and earned the right to be selected to train in the Military Police. He graduated from MP school near the top of his class. After his discharge he joined Harkins Builders, where he became a true American success story – rising from a laborer to the CEO, through discipline, hard work, and perseverance. And he also found time to earn a degree from the University of Baltimore, coach his kids in sports, and play softball and volleyball for the Sundancers, and he also loved to dance, but we will get to that later. Discipline and hard work was Blase’s mantra. He may not have been the smartest guy, or the most athletic guy, and, although Dawn would disagree, perhaps not the most handsome guy. But there was no one who was more disciplined, better prepared, or more determined than Blase, whether it was a putt to win a match on the 18th hole or a multimillion dollar contract negotiation.

Next we will talk about competition. Yes, in case you didn’t know it, Blase was a fierce competitor. He just loved to win. But more importantly he loved to compete. In his younger years it was neighborhood baseball and football on Monastery Avenue. As a teenager in Uplands he played a lot of cards, and basketball, and hung out at Knocko’s pool hall on Liberty Heights Avenue. Almost anything and everything became a competition. Let me share a few other competitive events that Blase loved:

Who could get the closest parking spot?

Who could get out of a parking lot faster?

The annual SuperStars Competition which included: pool, tennis, racquetball, darts, ping-pong, horse, and Ms. PacMan. Coincidentally, Blase just happened to be pretty good in all of these events, or he thought he was. At our inaugural event many years ago, when Blase realized he wasn’t very good in darts, the dart board somehow disappeared from his basement the following year.

Then there were horseshoes and diving contests at the Bowinkelman family reunions at Bill and Bernice’s home in Arbutus.

The Family Olympics – Blase was at his best during the jump rope and orange pass events. And all the events with family and friends during vacations at the beach and the farm, like Home Run Derby, paddle ball, and the cherry pit spitting contest.

Yes, Blase loved to compete. He even competed on the dance floor. For a guy who was tone deaf and had no rhythm whatsoever, he was quite a dancer. He was the only guy we ever saw do a triple spin in a cha cha. And his electric slide and macarena moves were, let’s say, unique. Blase also loved to sing and loved karaoke. By the way, all of our friends and family were so happy that karaoke was invented because now he finally knew some of the words he was singing. One of his favorite songs, where he did know most of the words, was I Hope You Dance, by Lee Ann Womack. I want to share with you his favorite verse from that song.

I hope you never lose your sense of wonder
You get your fill to eat, But always keep that hunger
May you never take one single breath for granted
God forbid love ever leave you empty handed
I hope you still feel small when you stand by the ocean
Whenever one door closes, I hope one more opens
Promise me you'll give fate a fighting chance
And when you get the choice, to sit it out or dance
I hope you dance.

Whether it was a gin game, World Series of Poker, golf, or a cha cha with Dawn, it was always a competition, always fun and always fair. Everyone loved to compete with Blase.

Perhaps Blase's strongest quality was gratefulness. Blase was incredibly grateful for all the wonderful blessings he received throughout his life. Earlier I talked about the sudden death of our dad. Over the years, Blase and I talked often about our Dad and all the things he never got to see during his short lifetime:

He never saw his children graduate from grade school
Or play sports in high school
Or get married
And he never got to see his grandchildren

I know Blase was so grateful and so appreciative to experience all the things our dad was unable to, that he never ever took anything for granted, especially when it came to family.

When he got the initial news about his cancer, he did what he had been doing all of his adult life – he developed a plan on how he was going to win. Although this vicious disease took a major toll on him in the ultimate physical way, cancer did not win. And of course, like Blase has done for many of us over most of his life – he taught us how to handle this particular adversity in a very special way – with courage and conviction. And he couldn't have accomplished his plan without the love, kindness, and prayers from all of you – his family and friends. And believe me, he was both humbled by and grateful for every thought, every call, every note, and every prayer.

And he was most grateful for the amazing support he received from both the people that have been the closest to him throughout his life, and those special people he met as a result of his illness. People like Cindy, who provided full-time in-home care and love for the past 18 months, and all the other nurses and doctors both in Maryland and Florida who cared for Blase. Dawn, you truly exemplified your vows from 39 years of marriage by accepting Blase, in sickness and in health. Joelynn, you became Blase's guardian angel with your unyielding care and love. Somehow you were able to respond to his needs before he even asked. You were truly a gift from God when Blase and Dawn needed it the most. Jason and Alexis, Brian and Carrie, Kevin and Kate, and your beautiful children, you helped Blase through this ordeal in ways you don't even know. He is forever grateful to all of you for your love and support. I know his happiest times were when you guys were around him.

And finally I want to talk about Blase and his passion for living. Throughout his life he consistently gave his time, his talent and his treasure. He gave it freely, with no strings attached, and not looking for, or expecting anything in return. He gave to his God, his family, his friends, Harkins employees and strangers. This beautiful church we are sitting in here today is a wonderful example of his giving. The generous donations that will be received in his honor will be given to My Brother's Keeper, to help sustain those less fortunate people living in the Irvington area.

Blase was also passionate about giving advice on almost any topic. Some examples included: politics, religion, Tiger Woods, and occasionally he would have a word or two to say about Bill and Hillary. Although Blase was not an e-mail kind of a guy, through the help of Joani he was able to share things he thought passionately about with so many of his family, friends and colleagues, including his inspirational Thought for the Day e-mails. I know we will all miss those e-mails.

As busy as Blase was with his business, family, charitable, and other activities, he always somehow found the time to have that one-on-one conversation with anyone, to give whatever help or assistance they needed. He was a giver in every sense of the word.

Some time around 7:45 on Tuesday morning, October 2nd, Blase gave his final breath on this earth. Thankfully his passing was both quiet and peaceful. And there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that he had some help from above. You should know that October 2nd was a very special day for Blase in that it was our mom's birthday, and it also happens to be the Feast of the Guardian Angel. The Angel of God was Blase's favorite prayer. Our mom passed away ten years ago, and I truly believe she had had enough of all of Blase's physical suffering. In Blase's case, he fought as hard as he possibly could to beat this terrible disease. He made a decision years ago that he would take quantity over quality in order to extend his time as long as possible in the hope of finding either a cure or a miracle. Three weeks ago he went back to the hospital for the first of two invasive procedures that would occur over a 4-week period to reduce the tumors in his liver, in order to perhaps extend his a life a few more months. This first procedure, I think, took so much out of him, that he realized he would not be doing the second procedure. I believe that Blase finally decided that he had exhausted every option he had, and he put himself in God's hands. And I know he felt Mom's desire to bring him to his eternal home. And I'm sure he knew, as he did in every phase of his life, that he did everything in his power to win. And his suffering showed us all how to deal with adversity. Yes, Blase definitely had a passion for living.

Over the past couple of days so many people have told us that, if there was anyone who deserved a fast track to heaven it was Blase. So let me tell you how I believe Blase spent his first day in heaven. The first thing he did was take a long walk...then he had his favorite breakfast with his mom and dad, creamed chipped beef - and perhaps a bran muffin. Since he had not been able to play golf for a while I'm sure he was anxious to get out and play - with Mike and Billy and Pete, and many other friends and family who would like to get some of their money back. After golf, I'm guessing he checked in with whoever was in charge of fund raising to see what he could do to help. Then an after-dinner pitch game with our dad and Blase's aunts and uncles, who taught him how to play cards when he was six years old. And finally, before turning in for a restful night, I'm sure he is returning all the prayers he received from us, to show his gratitude.

And here is the best news of all for those he left behind. Although we have lost a true hero, a role model, and an all around great guy, we didn't lose his spirit, his inspiration, all of our wonderful memories of him, and best of all, we now have access to our own guardian angel, who will continue to guide us and inspire us, because we will never forget Blase's spirit.

Eulogy for J.P. Blase Cooke
Bill Franey

I'm grateful for the opportunity to speak today in celebration of the life of Blase Cooke. I will attempt to convey to you my personal relationship and feelings with this wonderful human being.

Like all of you present today, we have been graced and touched by one extraordinary individual. Many of us here today, including me, would consider Blase our best friend. He was truly a special person in my life.

I first met Blase in the early 80s in conjunction with a business relationship I had with Harkins Builders. It wasn't until several years later that I got to really know Blase, and the event that was the catalyst was a lacrosse game at Mt. St. Joe High School where Jason and my son Ryan were competing against each other. It was at this game that Blase and I first connected on a personal level and I learned some of the essence of the man. During the game I learned how important his family was to him, especially his bride Dawn and their three sons Jason, Kevin, and Brian, and how proud he was of his family.

Over the ensuing months and years a portrait of Blase developed in my mind. This portrait showed a man that put family first, was deeply religious, intelligent, passionate, competitive, optimistic, compassionate, focused, humble, and goal oriented. He also was the strongest willed person that I have ever encountered. Blase was also stubborn, a trait we shared that I have always claimed was a genetic defect of the Irish.

Although Blase was competitive in business and very successful in that endeavor, he was *really* competitive when it came to golf and other games. We played in many golf tournaments together, and on the first tee he would take control. He was our captain and coach. He would set a goal for the team as to how many under par we needed to WIN. He would also say this is the best team he had ever played on. He was usually right about the number and on more occasions than not we would win. Blase was a very focused individual, and he used to say if you were going to play you may as well win.

On the passionate and stubborn side, I can remember a trip to Bermuda. The group was sitting at a table at the hotel, and Blase was having a passionate discussion when all of a sudden he stopped and apologized to the group. My wife then told Blase that it was okay to be passionate, and that gave him the license to continue. He asked for forgiveness and instead got permission, and he took advantage of it.

I have Blase to thank for many things, but two that stand out are my involvement with Catholic Charities and the Archdiocese of Baltimore over the last 20 years. This involvement has broadened my horizons with respect to those in need, and I think it has made me a better person. Blase also invited me to participate in the building of My Brother's Keeper in his boyhood neighborhood in Irvington. Through his dedication working with Father Mike Murphy, Dave Carney, and others, with Joani as the organizer, the Blase Cooke Center is now a reality, and will continue to serve the poor of that area for many years to come. Blase, I can never thank you enough for these great experiences.

Blase was also a humanitarian and philanthropist who gave his time and money to many projects in the area too numerous to mention all of them.

We also shared a great love for the Emerald Isle and went there many times over the years to play golf. The players were somewhat different each time, but the theme was the same. He kept the daily scoring tabs on a special sheet which no one could decipher, and he would tell us on the bus after golf where we stood. All the players had to do was send in a check, show up on time for the plane, and on arrival get in the bus to play golf. He had, through Joani, taken care of all of the arrangements, and the players could just have fun. I remember one night in Tralee after we finished dinner a card game ensued. Blase was in the game, but he set a limit that he would stop playing at 11 P.M. so that he could call Dawn and then get some sleep. His timing was impeccable because at 5 minutes to 11 he had everyone's money and left to call his bride. This was vintage Blase. If you say you're going to do something then just do it.

Blase was truly a man with the right priorities in life, with family first and his strong religious commitment that gave him comfort through his life. Through the many years of friendship, whenever we talked or met privately he would always end the conversation with the words "I will keep you in my prayers." That made him a special person to me.

Blase's work is done, but I'm sure he is already involved with something in heaven. That was his nature. He will be missed by all of us, but not forgotten. I love you Blase and I will miss you.

Eulogy for J.P. Blase Cooke
Jason Cooke

It is a sad occurrence of life that brings us here today, but it is also a great man that brings us all here together. A man that does not want us to mourn the passing of his time here on earth, but rather a man that wants us to celebrate the times we have shared with him and carry on the lessons he has taught us.

Blase's long battle with cancer has allowed us to prepare for this moment, but nothing can fully prepare you for the void that is left with him no longer here. I ask that we all try to fill this void by honoring Blase by living each day with the same passion, faith and enthusiasm that he did, staying together as one large family, helping others in need, volunteering our time and money, raising our children with lots of love and attention and remembering the good times...THERE WERE SO MANY:

So many thoughts and memories come rushing into my head...

Playing stick ball with him in Medwick Garth, going to construction sites on Saturdays, building our house in Woodmark, seeing him on the sidelines at our sporting events, watching him compete in softball, racquetball, cards and golf, having dinner together every evening at 7, going to church with him on Sundays, learning to play golf from him, playing in his FAVORITE FOURSOME...Dad and his three boys...I also know how much he enjoyed playing with so many of you.

Our times at the beach with the best of friends, the parties, all the Christmases and holidays, so many trips... skiing at Wisp and out west (where he broke his leg on a run called Snitch, but told anyone who asked he did it doing a helicopter off of Belly Grabbers Ditch, our Male Bonding Trip to Alaska, seeing him dance in a ring of fire in Greece, and seeing him dance again when he placed a live octopus in his bathing suit.

Going to work for him at Harkins Builders...how proud I was of him as he motivated everyone towards a common goal that the company was going to achieve in the upcoming year and how he would ask anyone to ask any questions that they had...and he would stand there in silence until somebody asked at least one question.

His best man speech at my wedding, that look in his eye when I told him we were pregnant, the look on his face when he held his grand children or one of them called him Poppy, and the way he would look at Mom.

There are so many of you that could be up here paying tribute to my dad...Joseph Peter Blase Cooke. This fact is a tribute to him, and shows how many people he has touched, how many problems he has helped solve, and how many friends he has. We want to thank you for your prayers and support.

Some things that I will never forget about my dad:

He was a great son, brother, friend, leader, husband and Dad and Poppy.

He was an incredible leader of so many things: Harkins Builders, Catholic Charities, government boards, and especially our family.

He always had time for those that needed him, or just needed some reassurance or a kind word.

Hearing others ask him how he was doing...and hearing "TERRIFIC!"

I will never forget the FIGHT he showed during this battle with cancer and the will he showed to live another day...To quote Jimmy Valvano, "Cancer can take away all of my physical abilities. It cannot touch my mind, it cannot touch my heart, and it cannot touch my soul. And these three things are going to carry on forever. ..Don't give up, don't ever give up." Dad, we all know you never gave up! Rest In Peace.

A quote from Blase's last public speech at the Catholic Charities Golf Classic:

The very best to each of you – may our good Lord continue to guide and bless all of you and your families.

Eulogy for J.P. Blase Cooke
Brian Cooke

J.P. Blase Cooke, Blase, the Blaser, Cooker, Cookie, Dad, Poppy.

We all knew my father by one of these names. Many of you had very special relationships with him and knew him ways that I never will.

What I do know about my father...My father was a simple man. He prayed, took care of his health, worked hard, and loved harder.

There are many ways Dad lived a simple life..... Today I'm going to talk about his clothes... Dad had a habit of keeping clothes around way too long.... We liked to sit around and watch TV after dinner... And for the first decade of my life dad would come home at seven-ish, put his keys in their spot, read the mail he had brought in, sit with the family for dinner, then head upstairs to get out of his suit and put his comfies on..... For that decade, his comfies of choice were an undershirt and a ratty old pair of yellow shorts that had holes in all the wrong places..... Thank you, Mom, for eventually replacing those shorts..... I remember a time in middle school, mid 80s, digging around in Mom and Dad's closet and coming across a pair of classic late 60s blue bell bottom jeans..... There were a couple of pairs, all neatly pressed and ready for a night out (a night of dancing with friends maybe).... I'd never seen these pants, but here they were ready to go....

The way that my father treated his clothes says a lot about who he was and the way he treated people... he felt blessed for the clothes he had....., he treated all of his clothes with respect....., he never got rid of 'em or replaced them (Mom did that....together they added many more to the closet)...., all of his clothes were dear to his heart.

Those of you that know Dad know how important his Catholic faith was to him..... Growing up we all attended catholic schools....., never missed Sunday church followed by family breakfast....., and on a daily basis we watched a man live his life the way Jesus would..... Right now, we're sitting in a church that Dad helped build....

He served on various boards here at St.Louis, the church next door (he helped build that one, too) is where we as a family attended mass on Sundays, and the small chapel out front is where he attended mass often before work during the week..... He was a devout Catholic and he has earned a VIP seat at the right hand of the Father.....

My father was a health nut..... A health fanatic. He took nutrition and exercise very seriously.... He always paid attention to current information on various health trends in books, newspaper, magazine, and TV..... As far back as I can remember Dad would mix yogurt, granola, and various other powders, vitamins, blue-green algae, or whatever he might find to somehow make yogurt and granola even healthier. When he read salt was bad for him, he stopped using it. Same for butter..... In my life time, he never smoked. He may have done it at one time, but when he heard it was bad for him, he was done.....

Dad exercised every day..... My father was an incredibly strong man....., physically fit in every waywell...if you ever saw him bend over, you know he wasn't real flexible...but he worked on it...he followed a strict stretching routine for his back every morning for as long as he could and he started yoga classes sometime in his late 40s.... Many of you played sports with my dad..... Softball, volleyball, tennis, racquetball, skiing (he was an awesome skier, but a broken

leg while attempting a spread eagle... 360... inverted ...prevented him from pursuing his extreme skiing passion) ...there was one other sport he loved to play...uhm....which one am I missing...oh yeah , golf.... Many of you played these sports with him and he cherished that time with you..... Especially, those of you that lost money to him out on the golf course. He really loved y'all.... He'd come home, giddy after playing, talking about beating so and so again, or taking money from some young yuppie that thought he could beat dad..... I love y'all too...you see, Dad believed in sharing his winnings with us, so after coming home from a big golf outing he'd sometimes get us all together and give us our share of the winnings. He didn't ever keep a share for himself.....

Dad worked harder than anyone I've ever known..... The majority of my life dad left for work before 7 A.M. and arrived back home at 7 P.M..... He didn't complain or talk much about work. He was more interested in what we had been up to.... His work was never far away, though....No matter where we were....., at home, on the beach, in an airplane, or at our sporting events, which dad rarely missed, he would have a stack of papers in a file folder that he would peruse through.... He never missed what was going on around him and was quick to drop the papers when we came up to bat, but that folder was a constant in his life to the day he died..... When we'd go out to various places, Dad would always point out jobs Harkins had built that were on the way to where we were headed, sometimes they were slightly out of the way.... But when we'd pass the site or building you could see the pride in his eyes as he'd slow slightly down and turn his head trying to get a good look at his work in that passing moment.....

Dad loved with all his heart and soul..... Dad loved you unconditionally, Mom.... You were his motivation...., you were the foundation for his strength..., and I never saw him happier than he was when he was with you..... Kevin, Jason, and I know how much he loved us..., he told us all the time..... Dad loved his brothers, sisters, cousins and in-laws..... He was proud to be a member of this family and each of you were very important to him.... Dad loved his friends..... He considered you and treated you like family..... You were his source of escape from the daily grind..., you kept him young and rejuvenated....., and you inspired him to do great things.... Dad loved Harkins..... He dedicated most of his time on earth to this company and he wouldn't have wanted to be anywhere else or with anyone else... Dad loved to help others..... Being as blessed as he was, he felt obliged to help others whenever he could.... He did it without expecting anything in return....., but he often told us that in his experience, anything he gave he got back not just 10 fold but a 100 fold...

My father was an amazing man for many reasons. I feel truly honored to be one of the three people that got to call him DAD.

Eulogy for J.P. Blase Cooke
Kevin Cooke

No amount of public speaking classes can prepare you for a day like today. I'm honored and terrified to be speaking in front of all of you at this memorial and celebration of my father's life. The people in this room are the past, present, and future of my father. You've been with him through the hard times (losing his father, his mother, battling cancer, and losing to one of you chops on the golf course). I know you will be with us today and moving forward as we carry on the lessons we've learned from him through all these years.

As sad as today may be, the one thing that keeps me "positive," as my father would put it, is the fact that I'll be better tomorrow...and even better the next day. The fact that I have this support system in place, as do all of you, is a blessing that few share. We are grateful for that, as I am grateful for my father.

I could sit up here and recount stories of my father the business man. I could tell you about how he sacrificed himself unselfishly every day of my childhood to make sure we didn't "grow up eating mustard sandwiches." That he led through example and never asked anyone to do something that he hadn't already done...and done well.

I could also write novels on my father the philanthropist. He practiced what he learned from the bible. He always said that if you give to those in need, the Lord will repay you tenfold. He truly did treat his neighbors as he would have liked to be treated, and was indeed his brother's keeper.

But selfishly, I would rather tell you about my father the father. He was an amazing man who taught me what it meant to be a husband, father, mentor, and friend. He taught me the game of golf. A game that not only teaches you the importance of competition, but also of fair play, staying positive, and to focus on the good rather than the bad. My father came to every match I ever had and was the captain of "my favorite 4some," Jason, Brian, Dad and me.

Just as I was typing this eulogy, I looked up on his book shelf and found this book entitled **Chicken Soup for the Golfer's Soul**. He had bookmarked a couple of pages that stood out to him...I'll read just a couple of "lessons" he found to be worthwhile.

.....**Book Insert**.....

My father also taught me the importance of a good hug. You can literally change a person's day with a warm embrace. Simultaneously he taught me of embarrassment, as he would hug me in any and every public setting. That's okay, Dad....I wouldn't have had it any other way.

My father taught me how to "make it a great day." We used to have this long winding staircase in the house where we grew up with a mirror at the bottom of it. He would literally make us look at ourselves in the mirror before heading off to school and tell ourselves to "Make it a great day." He taught us at an early age that we have a choice when we wake up in the morning....you can either choose to have a bad day, or even just a good day, but why not **MAKE** it a great day. It takes a courageous person to decide to make a great day and see to it that it happens.

My father taught me of the importance of family. And to hold it above everything else. No matter what else you have going on in your life, always remember where you came from and those who are most important to you. For that I will be forever grateful.

The story of my father hasn't been written. There is no book out there that you can read to hear these lessons as he taught them. You, however, can be the authors of this unwritten manuscript. I encourage you to continue to tell your stories of my father. There is a lesson to be learned in each and every story you have, and they should be shared. Remember him, as he will certainly remember all of you. I love you Dad....Thank you for your unending love and support. Rest not only in peace, but in confidence that what you started will be passed down to generations to come.