

**WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE AND THANKSGIVING**  
**Memorial on the Life of David Benjamin Bauman**  
**By Mark Bauman**  
**May 26, 2007**

My dad was my hero. I have always looked up to him. He was the epitome of what it meant to be “pure in heart”. Dad meant what he said and he lived what he believed. He lived out his convictions. But, while his convictions were strong, his character wasn’t harsh or judgmental. On the contrary, he was a very gentle man and open and accepting of others.

Dad’s actions and life were guided by his faith. Following Jesus to him had implications in every part of life – his vocation, his relationships and his interests. He lived a very simple, some would say austere, life. This, too, I think was an extension of his faith that we should be good stewards of God’s earth and our resources. Dad’s Christian faith was also expressed in acts of service to others and in speaking out for justice and peace. Up until just a couple of weeks ago he was still volunteering with my mom at the Elyria Retirement Home where he went twice a week to read the scriptures and sing some hymns. He also used to teach adult literacy through the Lorain Public Library.

Dad was also a great father. He was very patient and caring. He loved to read us bedtime stories and I think that went beyond just the normal age of when kids get bedtime stories read to them.

Dad loved the outdoors and working on his garden. In the summer when I’d call, we would compare stories of how our gardens were faring. He had an early morning routine of riding his rickety bike in the backyard and doing his calisthenics. He used to love to recite to us their breakfast routine – Monday oatmeal, Tuesday cornmeal, Wednesday suji (cream of wheat), a different hot cereal every day, then Sunday was cold cereal. And my wife always found it strange as he counted off the days of the week (or anything, for that matter) the way he counted with his fingers extended, then curled into his palm as he counted them off. After breakfast my parents always had a time set aside for daily devotions when they read the Bible (often in Gujarati) and prayed.

A real highlight for me was a 3 ½ week trip that I took to India with my dad in 2004. My mom asked me to accompany dad on that trip because her arthritis was bad. Of course, I leapt at the chance. I was instructed to make sure my dad didn’t over-exert himself. But I really was the wrong person to ask my dad to slow down. I had no control over him. One day in Umreth District we visited 8 villages, which meant preaching 8 sermons (or 8 variations of the same sermon), 8 sets of garlands and probably about  $8 \times 3 = 24$  cups of tea. The next day 9 of all of the above and maybe 27 cups of tea. Here some people might have regarded my dad as a half-deaf doddering old man who was more than a little out of touch with popular culture. In Gujarat, India, he was an icon. Everywhere we went we were greeted by large crowds of Christians

who had gathered to celebrate and honor this great man, affectionately known as Bauman “dada” or grandpa Bauman.

My hope is that we would all honor dad’s memory by living in a way that’s true to our convictions and in humble service to others.