

Programs Director's Corner

Dick Kuettner
Washington and Lee University

"But For a Short Time"

How shaken we all are to know that Bob Henderson is gone from this world, and more selfishly, from us. Yet it's even more rattling to think of the abruptness and manner of his departure.

As I wrote him before he left for Victoria, I prayed that God would be with him while he traveled. I don't doubt that He was with him, not for a moment, for goodness and gentleness were the very essence of Bob's existence; and these could be gained from no other but the Almighty. I do find myself asking why, however; finding it hard to believe that he had been given sufficient opportunity to fulfill his purpose for being among us. I am reminded of a passage from the eighth chapter of *Romans* which states, "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love Him, who have been called according to His purpose. For those God foreknew He also predestined to be conformed to the likeness of His Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brothers." I know most people for what they are and sometimes shudder at the thought of their greed and lack of dignity in wanting to take life from another, for assuredly that is not their purpose. Then again, I suppose I should not question or judge, should I? For that is not my purpose.

It's already lonely for many of us who knew Bob as a friend and comrade. I just can't visualize how future times will ever be the same; there will always be a void in our gatherings. We will all miss his smiling face with its ever-present pensiveness. I, in particular, treasure our frequent conversations when we would openly discuss and reflect upon our ideas and projects while searching for that spark of creative energy to set things in motion. Believe me, that spark will live on even with Bob's passing, for he has embedded a professional sense of purpose in us all.

No, I can't agree that parting is such sweet sorrow. Especially when good-byes are not exchanged. So, Bob, no good-

byes from me or the clan at home; we'll just catch you the second time around. That's for sure!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Dick', with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.