

MEMORIES OF MOTHER



I have dreaded writing this article for a few years. The only person who had known me all 62 years and 215 days of my life is no longer on this planet. Since my brothers are younger and our dad died 33 years ago, Eliza Bubb has been the only person to know me every day of my life. There is a void in my life now that the woman who brought me into this world is no longer around to share it with. And grieving is a strange animal. I was originally grieving every day of the week but now I am finding I am only grieving on the days that begin with "To."

She was a wonderful woman, you know. Actually you may not know, so please allow me to brag on the greatest mother in the world. At the memorial I jokingly/seriously said that she was the greatest and nearly incited a riot from the other attendees, who mostly all thought *their* mother was the greatest. The night before the memorial I was thanking God for giving us 3 Bubb sons the greatest mom and realized she was the greatest because God created her that way for us. God has also created "greatest" (not perfect) people in each of your lives, so we need to make sure we do not take them for granted.

However, having given that disclaimer, allow me to give you a couple of the reasons I shared at the memorial as evidence that Eliza Bubb was in fact the greatest mother in the world. Notice I did not say of all time because there is some fierce competition. There was that lady who raised up Jesus . . . what was her name? Oh yeah, Mary. However, she actually lost Jesus and left Him at the temple. Eliza Bubb never left us, though she may have wanted to at times. :-)

She did raise not 1, not 2, but **THREE valedictorians!** Of course, we were all homeschooled. Just kidding! I couldn't even get accepted into homeschool . . . even after our mother bribed the school officials and gave them fake photos of us playing on the water polo team. (I think it was legal back in those days.) Seriously, none of us got high or drunk or spent time in jail. We all have

been involved in ministry at some time in our lives and all passed up lucrative careers to be involved in professions helping people.

My mom and dad got a letter from a lady named Martha, whom we had never met, just after my youngest brother, Terry, graduated #1 from high school. It begins, "Mr. & Mrs. Bubb, you do not know me, but I feel compelled to write you a note of congratulation for what you have done with and for your boys." People we had not even met recognized what a phenomenal job our parents did in raising us!

Burt was a wild man and a bit out of place at Campbellsville University (the Christian college I attended). He had committed some crimes in Chicago and had the choice of going to jail or attending a school like C-ville. And there were some similarities. The strict regulations at C-ville even included NO dancing ... but they did have a class called Folk Gaming so we would go out on the weekends "folk gaming."

When my mom learned about Burt, she baked him some cookies and sent him a note after one of my visits back home. Burt was stunned that a woman he had never met would do this. After a couple more times receiving cookies from my mom, he started to tear up and told me that my mom was like the mother he never had. Even some who were NOT biological children of Eliza Bubb considered her to be a great mom! She was a living example of Jesus' words, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

I was driving home, taking in the view of the sky, and thinking of my mom being at peace in the Heavenlies. I was thanking God for my mom and realized that I had not even contemplated being upset at God. Then I thought about how I was never tempted to shake my fist at God and ask why my dad had died when I was so young. Then it dawned on me that it is pretty stupid for people to be upset and angry at God because He is their only hope of being reunited with their loved ones. That evening I read something strikingly similar by C.S. Lewis from his book "A Grief Observed" (a candid and honest journal Lewis had written just after his wife of only 4 years died of cancer). I had first read it just after my dad passed away and read it once again after my mom's passing. "Am I just sidling back to God because I know that if there is any road leading back to her, it runs through Him?" But then Lewis takes it a step further, reminding us that any attempt to use God as a means to our ends (not the goal but the road) is not really approaching Him at all.

Eliza Rowland was born on February 16, 1931. As a child, she lived on a farm where their only links to the outside world consisted of a one-mile dirt road, a battery-powered radio, a boat in the river, and the L&N railroad bridge with a trestle that had a No Trespassing sign. Her family had neither telephone nor electricity. She loved to dance (er, I mean folk game) and won many square dancing competitions. She partnered to finish 1st place at the Kentucky State Fair tournament, which was actually televised!



She graduated from UK (KY), which was rare in those days for a woman. The fact that she then became a *lieutenant in the Navy* was even more unusual for a woman. After her service, she moved to Chicago to work for Delta where she met my dad (he was actually NOT my dad at that time but then they got married and they became my wonderful parents). After my dad passed away, she never did remarry. She did a phenomenal job continuing to take care of her kids (sons) as well as her kiddies (cats).

Eliza Bubb graduated to Heaven peacefully in her sleep on May 18th, 2019. It may be my imagination, but the world seems to have a little less light now.

One of the *"bugaboos"* (as my mom would say) about coordinating her memorial service is that by now her remaining friends and relatives are scattered across the country. It was touching that people came from 8 different states to pay tribute to her!

I put a video tribute together including some of her favorite songs as well as some live excerpts from our family's Christmas 18 years ago. This YouTube video has many photos of me beginning at 0 years old so you must sign a legal agreement not to blackmail me before watching. You will also see where I got a little bit of my sense of humor. Our family would be honored if you would take a bit of time and get to know our mother from a distance as you view the video "**Eliza Bubb . . . a Life Well Lived**" found on YouTube or at the Videos link on www.Larrybubb.com.

