

My 할아버지 is unlike any other man I have ever known. He was a man of unparalleled passion with an admirable devotion to God and intellectual contributions to theology that can only be described as remarkable. He was known to some as a sometimes, “stubborn” or “difficult” man, but we prefer to say that he had an “unwavering commitment” to his convictions. However, above all else, his love for his family and those around him was boundless.

From my earliest memories until his last days, my grandpa never allowed me to doubt his love for me. His words remained constant:

“Yunee-ah, you are my granddaughter. I love you very much. God loves you, Jesus loves you, and I love you.”

In his later years, as his memory faltered and he struggled to remember who I was, 할머니 (halmeoni) would have to jog his memory. I remember watching his eyes slowly brighten, and joy spread across his whole face as his memory gradually resurfaced. Simply thinking of his son, John, and his grandchildren, Nicholas, myself, and James, made him smile ear to ear.

His smile was one of those that made everyone else smile. His voice was so strong and bold, and his laugh was truly infectious.

Grandma, he was always telling everyone how amazing a wife you were. He was so lucky to have you as his life partner. He lived a beautiful life with you, grandma. And Dad, he loved you so much and was so proud of you. And we all know he still is.

He lived a profoundly meaningful, full life and left his legacy in the many lives he touched. To Grandma, Dad, and everyone here who loved him, this is not a goodbye. It is an “until we meet again in heaven.” 할아버지, the way you led your life inspires me to be *strong* and *unapologetic* in my identity, and I will never forget this invaluable lesson you taught me.

잘 자요, 할아버지. We will see you in heaven. Until we meet again.  
(Chal ja-se-yo, Hada-beoji.)