

# Homily for the Funeral of Hugh Hunt

*'He is the radiance of the glory of God, and the exact imprint of his nature.'*

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It is written, 'True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read.' And all men at arms, all military men, desire this glory, and rightly so, and not for their own sake, but for the reason the same poet gives, 'that in so living, the world may be happier for our living in it.'

Hugh Hunt, whom we now commend unto the unending mercies and infinite radiance of our Lord was a man at arms. A captain in the United States Marine Corps and an artilleryman during the struggle against Communism in Korea, he served with honor not only his nation, but the well being of the world, struggling against tyranny, that 'in so living, the world may be happier for our living in it.'

His ongoing affiliation with numerous military organizations, The Marine Corps Association and Foundation, The First Marine Division Association, and the Military Order of World Wars being but a few among them, prove his devotion to both his people and to his calling as a soldier.

But now we recognize him not only as a soldier, but as a conqueror, who has won everlasting glory, for he has passed to his Lord and King: Christ, the eternal Son, and now has vanquished through Christ death, the final enemy, to reign with his King forever. The holy grail of righteous victory is now Hugh's forever, and hell shall not steal it from his fortified hands. For God, is now, as He ever has been, his strength; and no power *on heaven, or on earth, or below the earth, shall break it.*

We mourn his death, for we miss him, and do so rightly. He does not miss us, for he waits patiently for us to join him in the great army of saints in which he now serves.

He waits, for all who believe in the Lord, in Christ, and His victory over sin and death upon the cross shall indeed join him, join him in the glory he now enjoys; it is but a matter of time.

For all men are mortal; *our days are limited*, and we pray '*teach us, O Lord, to number our days.*'

But that man might not die forever, our wonderful and merciful God looked upon us, a fallen race, torn and riven by sin, and *became man*, that He might live a righteous life, and being attacked by enemies from every side, whether Roman soldiers or Pharisees or Sadducees or even His own traitorous disciples, He stood His ground, and fled not, but chose to be captured in the Garden and tortured, and ultimately crucified, that the Christ might descend into the heart of Sheol to make war against the Devil, and there decimate the evil one's lands and powers, that our Lord might rise again in victory over all His enemies, and over all the enemies of all mankind, that we may be free.

All this was done by the Lord made flesh, Jesus of Nazareth. And all of it is recorded in the writing of the Gospels, that we might in these words *see the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth*. For true glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read.

A name was written into the Book of Life, a name and life recorded in an eternal scroll, the name of one named Hugh, who, in His baptism, was enrolled in the ranks of the army of God, to endure the madness of this world to the end. And having conquered, his name shall be read from that book as an attestation to the crown which he has received from the Son of God, in whose blood He had faith, for all that is glorious shall be written, and every name that shall enter into glory shall be read, and not only here among passing men whose memories are weak, but among the angels and seraphs and saints of the endless halls of the heavenly citadel, where no work is forgotten, nor any goodness cast aside, but where all who fought in this life against its sicknesses and agonies, its torrents and corruptions, and confessed the name of Christ, who partook of His body and blood, who drank deep of the chalice of His conquest, are forever pronounced victorious, bestowed with the regalia of a royal son of a great King, returning upon his mount into the celestial city, the New Jerusalem, with the august visage and face of utter triumph.

For Hugh was many things: a patriot, a soldier, a husband; and yet now he enters the new Jerusalem, as all these things, but as one thing above all, a son of the King, for it is written:

*'I will be to him a father, and he shall be to me a son.'*

Good soldier, true glory is yours, for now you have been written into the Book of Life, and on the Last Day shall your name be read.

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*Preached by Pastor Fields*

*Texts: Hebrews 1:1-5, John 1:1-14.*