

Reflections on our Grandfather

November 29, 2008

A collective sentiment from the grandchildren of John Lenger

Steve, Matt, Marty, Roberta, Laura, Melody, Joel, Christine, Rachel, Nicole, Megan, Chad

Nicole, Megan and Chad's Reflection

My two sisters and I would just like to start off by saying how blessed we are to have grandparents so close to us, in more than one way. One of the biggest memories we will keep with us is all of the time that we were able to spend with them during the year we stayed with them every other weekend.

At night we would fight over the bed we slept in. The best bed was the closest to the door so we could watch the news through the crack of the door. Of course I always got stuck on the floor. The weekends would go by too fast because of all the fun we had with grandpa and the little things that we got away with that would not fly at home. It ended every Sunday driving to church with no music, just grandpa's humming. He would go on and on about gas prices.

He was a great grandpa and will be missed greatly.

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Marty's reading - reflections from the grandchildren

We'd like to reflect on some additional qualities that made our grandfather unique.

One of the things that inspires us about grandpa is his sense of humor that lasted his lifetime.

We have fond childhood memories of sitting at Ponderosa for lunch after church. As soon the food was served, grandpa would say something like, "Hey...it's snowing outside." As we turned or head, grandpa would sneak a big French fry off our plate. We of course would catch him in the act every time as he slowly put the French fry in his mouth with a witty smile on his face. That prank never got old!

A much more recent memory showing grandpa's sense of humor is captured in a photo from this summer's family picnic. Sitting in a chair next to grandma, grandpa is wearing his baseball hat backwards, raising his hand to form a peace sign, and still smiling with that classic, witty smile.

Another favorite attribute of grandpa is his continual prayers for us. Every time we would visit, he and grandma would remind us that they pray for us every day. When looking back on our lives, we wonder how many events have unfolded the way they did because of prayers that we were never aware of. Years ago grandma and grandpa were given the lyrics from a Phillips, Craig, and Dean song. The part of the song that reminds us of grandma and grandpa is:

Thank you for praying, praying for me
I never could repay the time you spent down on your knees
I'm where I am today because you chose to pray & intercede
Thank you for praying

And when that day comes & all things will be revealed

And our Father lets us see with open eyes

We will understand that we were carried on the wings

Of the prayers of faithful people in our life.

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Steve's thoughts:

I think Grandpa knew exactly what he was doing when he passed away during the Thanksgiving holiday as I believe it had to be one of his favorites. I remember many Thanksgiving day meals with our family in the basement of grandma and grandpa's condo--groaning with another Lions' loss--but just enjoying time with family. After consuming large amounts of food, Grandpa would always exclaim, "It's time for a hunk of punkin pie!"

Over the past few days, I have recalled many things about my grandfather, but the word that continued to stay with me was "builder". Grandpa enjoyed building as evidenced by the partnership he had with family members in their own construction company. The redeeming aspect of being a builder is that when the day is done, you are able to take a step back and admire the work that you have done in building something that will carry on for generations. I recall the pride that swelled within me when I would walk around the campus of Grace Bible College and see the Lenger Construction name on the sidewalk, or the grounds of Grace Youth Camp knowing that grandpa had a great impact in its early days. The name "Lenger" truly meant something special on both of those campuses and it is because of the commitment that grandpa made in order to help further the gospel.

The same commitment can be seen through the evidence of grandpa's love and faithfulness within this family. He was about building a strong family. Instead of using a hammer and nails and a saw, grandpa chose to build this family with love, joy, faith in God, and much laughter. I believe now that the builder in grandpa is able to take a step back and admire the work that he has done in building something that **we** will be able to carry on for generations. It is our charge as his grand children to live richly, love deeply, and honor the legacy that grandpa has built for us.

Thank you grandpa for building a family that we are all very proud of!

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A Collective Remembering For John Lenger

We remember. . .

We never had music in the car . . . only humming.

Grandpa saved the day when he chopped off the head of a man-eating snake (at least that's what it felt like when we were young).

Watching the Tigers play.

Sorting Baseball cards in the basement.

When it came to the cottage, the back was the front and the front was the back

A Davenport is a couch, not a patio.

We remember. . .

"Look, it's snowing outside" – but it was summer, and he'd have stolen a French fry while we were looking out the window.

That you **never** leave a room with the light on.

The Holiday Hunk a-*punken*-pie

Whenever anyone would ask for chocolate milk he would say it was 50cents plus interest.

Everything was 50cents plus interest.

According to Grandpa, all of the grandkids were Sp-oiled!

We remember. . .

Andes's Mints

and chocolate covered cherries

Tea time

and Coffee time -- two separate things

His hat was always crooked

And every prayer began with, "Lord, we draw nigh unto thee this day. . ."

We remember. . .

The Pill Box.

Prayers at every meal

Family pictures

Singing hymns in church.

Praying for us by name, each day

We remember his

patience,

his tenderness,

his faithfulness,

We remember his love.