

This Issue of THE CALL is Dedicated to our Brothers

Thom Coburn and Walter Sisk

Who died 3 hours apart on February 24, 2020



Every Sunday before Church, Mother snapped a photo of Tommy and me in our Sunday best

My Big Brother

Today is Monday. I usually like Mondays, especially if I had worshipped and preached on Sunday. But this Monday is different because it's the first Sunday I have lived without my brother. My brother, Tommy, died a week ago today. He was 82 years old and for 80 of those years he was my big brother. This has been my first week without him and I already miss him so much.

Maybe calling your older brother your 'Big Brother' is a Southern expression, but I like it. It doesn't mean he was physically bigger, it means he was older and wiser and I looked up to him. We had no sisters so we were brothers doing boy stuff cause that's all we knew. I remember when Mother taught us that girls were made anatomically different from us. I could see the difference but I still didn't completely understand it. Maybe Tommy did — remember he was wiser and could help me along the way.

Little brothers are lucky to have big brothers like mine who loved me and knew his place. His place was to teach me and help me understand what is coming along next in the way of life. He was not my best friend (let me explain). Tommy was two classes ahead of me in school and had his own buddies that he hung out with as we became teenagers. But every night we were in our own room sharing our stories as we slept side by side. For a short time we had bunk beds but decided to put them next to one another so we could continue to sleep together. We really liked being brothers and always supported each other in all of our activities.

We were different in ways. My big brother was the toughest guy in town. Now, you should never say words like that, because there will always be somebody trying to prove you wrong. However, the truth is he was the best boxer in Memphis and the Mid-South area. Growing up with him I learned how to box but he never pushed me to be like him. My best sport was tennis and he always encouraged me as I became the city high school champion.

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Tommy became a doctor who gave his life to healing and saving children's lives at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. I became a minister preaching God's love to all, healing broken hearts and helping people hear God's Call to be the Church.

He was a better student than I, mainly because he was a good and avid reader. He would curl up in one corner of our room and read while I was in the opposite corner playing my ukulele. It never seemed to distract him. He went on to medical school and I went to the school of rock 'n roll. It would seem we were total opposites, but the fact is, we were much alike.

The school we both went to was Sunday School. We put on our best clothes and mother would take a picture of us on the front porch. We would get in our old 1936 Chevrolet and drive to church. Sometimes we'd rough house in the back seat and by the time we arrived we weren't looking so good. Mother would take out her handkerchief, lick it and wipe our faces. We didn't like that old wet handkerchief and could have run away but we didn't. Why, because we loved, admired and respected our single parent mother. Her faith in God was central in everything she did with us and for us. Oh, how she gave her life in sacrifice and love for us...and because of being raised like this, our brotherly love came naturally.



Thank you, Tommy, for being a brother who was big and continued to grow bigger in your love for me and my family all the days of our lives.

Your Little Brother, Kimball

From the KBC Ministry Board of Directors:

We gratefully thank you for your contributions, and your belief in Kimball and his ministry through the years. It is with deep gratitude that we accept them in the same spirit in which they were given. In 2019 for our budget of \$56,150 you shared \$52,427 in contributions. For 2020 we have received \$ 4,575. Because we know of your concerns for Kimball we have asked Pam to give you an update :

We missed our Thanksgiving/Christmas issue of The Call due to the sudden illness Kimball was experiencing. *It began in early November with great pain, weakness, and an inability to walk or lie down. His primary care doctor called specialists to help Kimball with Severe Spinal Stenosis, Uncontrolled Type 2 Diabetes Mellitus with hyperglycemia, and Vascular Stenosis in his lower extremities causing DVT and no pulse in his feet. Four months has passed, and he is recovering. Uncontrolled diabetes is now controlled. He has graduated from the lift chair and is able to sleep in bed, he is fast moving from his wheelchair and walker to a cane and before we know it, he will be putting it aside. He's writing, creating music, working on messages for the ministry and eager to be back in the pulpit.*

Just when Kimball began to feel better and recover from this extended time of being ill, we received news from our niece in Florida that his brother, Tommy, had died. Three hours later we had a call from my sister in Memphis telling me that our brother, Walt, had died also. Time has stood still for a while as we grasp the reality that we no longer have the brothers we dearly loved.

Get well cards have been replaced with cards and notes of sympathy that are coming in and lifting our spirits with love and compassion. Thank you for remembering our needs. We are blessed with a wonderful family who have all come together in love and concern for us. We will have memorial services for our brothers in Memphis when it is safe for us to travel.

A glimpse of Walt and how He was a Brother to My sister and Me

My brother was the first born to Walter Andrew and Mildred Sisk on May 5, 1939. He was the first everything... the first child, the first grandchild, the first nephew, and the first cousin to many who followed him. He was named Walter Andrew after our father but was nicknamed 'Buddy' 'til his teenage years. He then became Walt! He had a big smile that won the hearts of many throughout his life.

As a child, he was very imaginative and had the ability to make something out of nothing. One time, he drew a go-cart and began to build it. His project was temporarily stalled when he couldn't come up with the tires he needed. But then he looked over in the corner of the garage and saw Marcy's and my little bicycles ... hmm, 4 tires and just the right size! Need I say more.

At 12 he had his first job as a bag boy at the corner grocery store. He had his eyes set on a pair of end tables in the little furniture store next to the grocery store. He wanted to surprise Mama with them for Mother's Day. He saved his money and got a good price. Till the day Mama died, 82 years later, those tables never left her home! ... He was the local Popsicle Boy for a few weeks but too kind to make any money 'cause it was so much fun giving them away! When Sister and I were teenagers he wanted us to have what other teenage girls had and bought us our one and only record player!

As a teenager, he had a passion for cars and saved every cent of his afterschool jobs to buy his first car. It was a 1954 two-toned Chevrolet that never saw a speck of dirt. Kimball admits he was a bit envious because he was still driving his family's 1949 black Chevrolet coupe when he picked me up for dates.

My brother's hard work in the grocery stores led him to be the manager of the produce department in one of Memphis's largest grocery stores. He was always a hard worker and felt good about his accomplishments. In his retirement years, he and Mama bought a little farmhouse in the country with two and a half acres. He wanted Mama to have the farmhouse and



he built his home next door to hers. They put in a garden where he spent hours tilling the soil, planting, weeding and watering the seedlings he had planted for her to pick and can her vegetables come harvest time. One of his greatest joys came down in the garden one day when a stray hound dog came close. She sat and watched him and let him know she wanted to be his best friend. And she became just that! From that day he never went anywhere without 'HOUNDG' with him until she took her last breath, years later.

He looked forward to the children's time at church on Sundays, and the children looked forward to his smile and the basket of peppermints he always had to share with his church family. He also took great pride in being the #1 volunteer dishwasher after church dinners.

Walt was the father of 3, step-father of 3, grandfather of one, great-grandfather of 2, uncle and great-uncle to many. May heaven's door give you health and adventures to captivate the goodness that awaits you, Brother.

With our Love, Pam and Marcy

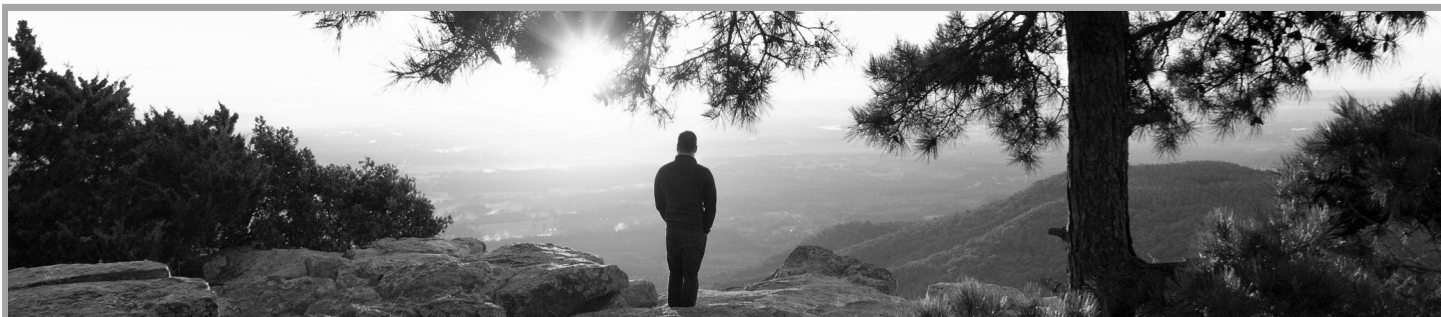
Happy Easter

Our thoughts will be with you and your families as you celebrate Easter



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Service Return Requested



Come and Catch THE VISION **with Servant Evangelist, Kimball Coburn**

(Excerpt from Bishop Hagiya's letter congratulating Kimball on 40 years of serving God
and the California-Pacific Annual Conference as a Servant Evangelist)

"I think of all the clergy and laity that you inspired, especially the churches and institutions you have impacted. I think of individual lives that have been transformed through your preaching, teaching and active ministry. Most of all, I think of the people who have observed your faith and actions and have come to Jesus Christ because of the integrity of your ministry.

Thank you ... Thank you ... Thank you!"

Blessings, Grant Hagiya

Resident Bishop of the California-Pacific Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church

**Kimball is committed to serving with you in your church,
calling the people to God's vision of a world made new**

To experience the warmth and leadership of this faithful servant

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