Wait a minute! I’m on This Plane, Too!

Louis Rushmore

Apparently, Bonnie and I were recognized widely as a close-knit team of two. We just thought that was the way married life was supposed to be. We were best friends. Rarely in nearly 42 years of marriage were we apart – day or night. We shared a 10’ x 12’ office daily at the World Evangelism Building, populated with two desks, five bookcases, a filing cabinet, two computer printers, four chairs and two little tables. I regret that we had our arguments sometimes over the years, but especially the latter years were the best years of our marriage.

One year while aboard an airliner traversing the Pacific Ocean, we mused how neither of us wanted to die and leave the other mate behind. Could it work out that we both died together? I piped up, maybe we would go down on a plane someday on the way to some distant mission field. That’s when our traveling companion on that occasion exclaimed, “Wait a minute! I’m on this plane, too!”

Well, we did not go out of this world together. My dear Bonnie has preceded me to glory, and I am left behind. She succumbed to the slow, relentless progression of pancreatic cancer for the last years of her life. Many, though, were surprised at her passing because she did not complain about her pain and other physical complications. Bonnie never missed worshipping God with the assembled saints if she was not in a hospital; the week before Bonnie died, she reveled in that she had been able to attend three assemblies that day between two congregations.

Bonnie worked from home to what extent she could the very day before confusion set in the following morning and after which she fell into unconsciousness. As Bonnie was slipping away from consciousness, I told her that I loved her, and her final words were, “I love you, too.” Bonnie lin-
pered for two more days, suffering severe pain until the dosages and frequency of medications were able to alleviate it. Finally, Bonnie passed from this life at five minutes to 2 p.m. on Monday, May 18, 2015 in Baptist Hospital in Jackson, MS.

Our daughter Rebecca and I each had held one of her hands for over 30 hours because I had promised Bonnie that I would not leave her alone. More than once I had comforted Bonnie by saying that should she die, her hand would leave mine only to be grasped by angel hands who would carry her to the bosom of Abraham.

The sweet soul who animated my wife sits on a park bench just inside heaven’s gates awaiting my arrival – for which reunion I am anxiously waiting.

Bonnie’s funeral was everything that I wished it were. The setting was one of the oldest white-frame chapels in Mississippi among the churches of Christ, tucked away along dirt roads and in a meadow surrounded by forest. The little meetinghouse was filled with family, friends and Christian brethren who traveled from Arkansas, Tennessee, Indiana, throughout Mississippi, Alabama, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The congregational singing was heavenly. Burial was just a few feet away in the church cemetery. In addition, condolences via phone, email, Facebook, text and mail have come in by the hundreds; I had no idea just how many lives Bonnie had touched stateside and abroad.

Lastly, I share with you one odd sidebar to Bonnie’s funeral. Upon arrival at the church house, we found two funeral home employees with a dilemma – how to get Bonnie’s casket into the church auditorium up the steps. Rather than wait for others coming for the viewing, my family and I volunteered to assist them. Our son Raymond and our daughter Rebecca, Bonnie’s brother Jim and I helped carry Bonnie from the hearse into the building. It was our distinct privilege and honor and part of a lasting memory of the journey on which Bonnie and I have been together as husband and wife since we as a 16-year-old girl and a 19-year-old boy said our “I do’s” over four decades ago.

God Made Families... For Such a Time as This

Rebecca Rushmore

Today we use the word family in many different contexts. Besides the physical family, some consider coworkers, sports team members and friends as part of the family. The Bible tells us that God created the first family when He created and joined Adam and Eve (Genesis 2:18-25). God also designed a second family when He left instructions for the church. The New Testament describes Christians as part of the household of God (Ephesians 2:19). Galatians 6:2 tells Christians to bear each other’s burdens, and Romans 12:15 says we are to rejoice and cry with our fellow Christians.
As I sat in the hospital with Mom in her final hours, I could not help but remember these verses and be thankful for my spiritual family. Shortly after Dad and I began informing others that Mom would soon pass from this life to her eternal reward, Christians from the Jackson, MS area began arriving at the hospital to offer comfort and help. Without hesitation various members of our spiritual family retrieved items from the car, brought us food from the cafeteria downstairs, and offered to help in any way so that we did not have to leave Mom’s side. Later, others arrived from farther distances to offer comfort, support and any assistance they could. Visits from our spiritual family continued into the next day as well. Additionally, phone calls, text messages and emails began pouring in from around the world, each expressing thoughts of sympathy for Mom’s physical family.

On the day of Mom’s funeral, I again remembered God’s design for His spiritual family. Christians from near and far arrived to pay respects to Mom and offer condolences to my family, some driving many hours and some even taking time off of their jobs. Everywhere I turned, someone was praising and honoring Mom and her work for the Lord.

The visits, cards, phone calls, emails, text messages and Facebook posts from our spiritual family have steadily arrived from across the globe. Local Christians have provided food and help with details for the funeral and the meal afterward. Truly, the words and deeds of our spiritual family have been a source of comfort and a powerful reminder that God created family...for such a time as this. Thank you to all who have shown such wonderful support to my physical family and honor and praise to Mom.

In lieu of flowers, those desiring to do so may make a memorial gift in Bonnie Rushmore’s name by sending a check made payable to the Siwell Road church of Christ, Rushmore Evangelism Fund, 4075 Siwell Road, Jackson, MS 39212. Please write “Bonnie Memorial” on the memo line. All proceeds will be used for the purchase and distribution of Bibles and Gospel literature in foreign fields where Bonnie labored for the cause of Christ.
Lord willing, I press onward. June 14 I will resume my stateside travel; I am approximately 60 appointments behind since Bonnie’s illness took a turn for the worse some months ago. Presently, I am making appointments for visiting congregations to apprise them of my mission ministry and to present biblical lessons. You can schedule a time before I contact you by calling me at 662.739.3035 or by emailing me at rushmore@gospelgazette.com. In addition, plans are already underway for an extended fall trip abroad to include India and Myanmar, with possible visits to Sri Lanka and Singapore as well. Beyond that, I have my sights on a 5-week nationwide seminar in Guyana, South America in parts of January, February and March of 2015.

Shortly, I will travel to Nashville, TN to cart nearly 200 Bibles to a shipper that services Guyana, South America. Gift and Award Bibles will be distributed to needy members of the Lord’s church, and Reference Bibles will be given to about a third of the preachers in that nation to assist them in their studies, teaching and preaching. Tracts and books will ship along with the Bibles. One Guyanese evangelist with whom I work closely has trained over 30 brethren (about 10% of his congregation) to make in-country mission trips with him to teach sister congregations throughout Guyana to distribute Gospel literature and enroll Bible studies – funded by Guyanese brethren themselves besides congregational funds. Truly, some of our foreign brethren in Asia and South America with whom I am acquainted could come to America to train and motivate Christians here.

I continue to work with The Voice of Truth International as one of its Editors and one of the principle persons involved in its production. I anticipate embracing a larger role for myself as I add to my duties the significant involvement of Bonnie before her passing in bringing each edition of VOTI to fruition. Gospel Gazette Online continues to require my time for its production; it is in its 17th year of publication on the Internet monthly. I remain a Staff Writer for Global Harvest magazine, and I have two books that will be published in the next couple of months.

Always busy for the Lord before, with the passing of Bonnie, I am not only resuming the level of activity previously pursued, but because of her absence from my life, on so many levels, I have added incentive to work even harder and longer hours. If nothing else has become painfully apparent, I see that I must work more diligently (“redeeming the time,” Colossians 4:5) for “the night cometh when no man can work” (John 9:4).

Of course, I am merely a team member with other Christian men and women in the USA and in other nations who voluntarily work together for the cause of Christ. The Winona Five has dwindled to four with the death of Bonnie, but we who remain work together daily here as well as extend ourselves overseas. In addition to brethren from afar in this country and other countries, too, Jerry and Paula Bates as well as Betty Choate look after and encourage me in these early days of sorrow.

“...Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved....” (Mark 16:15-16).