

In the New Testament, in the book of Acts, Paul wrote, "and a certain woman named, Lydia...which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened...and she besought us saying, 'if you have judged me to be faithful come into my house and abide there.' "

After Paul and Silas were in the Philippian jail, the end of the chapter tells us they went out of prison into the house of Lydia.

Today, we are here to pay tribute to our Mother, Sister, Grandmother, Aunt and friends, Lydia Geisler, who so like her scriptural counterpart, was always known for her open heart and open house.

One day she told me a story which made me know her open heart began as a child back in her native Germany. It was Christmas, and during that year, death had claimed a young brother. All the rest of the family on Christmas eve were getting ready for dinner and the church service. Lydia was nowhere to be found. When she finally came in, not dressed for the festivities of the evening, her Mother started to scold her. Then she learned the reason for her disappearance. Lydia had made a little evergreen tree, decorated it with bits of ribbon, pine cones and dried apples; then went to the cemetery to place it on her brother's grave..."so he wouldn't feel lonely without a Christmas tree."

There is hardly a person here who has not worn her lovingly made "booties"... whose children and grandchildren have not slept beneath her crocheted ripple afghans. We have tasted her delicious potato salad in the joyous and sad times of life. Her German chocolate cakes and chocolate chip cookies made our taste buds dance.

Her open heart always responded to every need!

This week so many have told me incidences of her open heart and open house. When Hilda and Olga had invalid parents and Hilda was busily engaged as a city missionary for Highway Tabernacle, it was Lydia who came with open heart and Hilda would come home to a squeaky clean house.

Dorothy Cooper called last night and mentioned how warm, welcoming and encouraging Mommy Geisler was at a time when Highway was not as racially mixed as it is now.

Paul and Silas entered into the house of Lydia and was comforted. And so it has been through the years with missionaries, and those of us who minister, we entered Lydia Geisler's house and we were comforted.

Dorothy and Eleanor, history may not mark the passing of your Mother, but it has left her obvious qualities of kind, considerate women in the persons of her daughters. Joy, you named her "Gram" and gave her the delight of hugging great grandchildren, Danny and Jacquie. Alfred, she always knew she could call on you. Her Alfred could do anything. Ronnie, I can remember you sitting in "Gram's" kitchen as the "apple of her eye."

Last Sunday evening she came and told me she and her friend, Louise were leaving early to get home before dark. When I heard of her death I thought, "Oh, Mommy Geisler you left too early!"

We have heard the scripture, "In my Father's house are many mansions." As Lydia Geisler was lifted by the arms of the Lord into her Father's house, her joy is full and there are pleasures forevermore.

As she held the door open in her house, the ultimate desire and joy of her lived life will be realized when she welcomes home her loved ones: Dorothy, Frank, Alfred, Kay, Eleanor, Ronnie, Joy, Danny, Jacquie, her sister and nieces and nephews into the House of the Lord forevermore.

by Mrs. Stephen Bogdan