

There are two kinds of truth: outer and inner. An outer truth is one we master, such as the distance from here to the Moon. An inner truth is one that masters us. Outer truths of physics or chemistry come to us without desire, sorrow, pity or emotion. Inner truths carry some emotion with them and influence our behavior; one cannot be indifferent to them. They are connected with purity of motive.

St. Thomas notes how differently a moral theologian understands chastity when he lectures about it than a person who has lived it for years. The latter has endured it, lived with it, and embraced both the hardship and beautiful gift of chastity. They have made it an inner truth.

It is much the same with those who read scripture. There are those who read every dot and crossed "t", making legalistic interpretations and finding the occasional loophole. Then there are those who, in their humility, accept it as the love letter of the Salvation of God that it was intended to be.

The correlation between the things we say and the things we do is intimate. The Levites and priests who passed by the wounded man in the story of the Good Samaritan were probably heading for the temple to speak about love.

Credibility and behavior are twins. Only those who practice their convictions are believable. Otherwise they are like a Chevy salesman that drives a Ford.

Ira Glen Beam was a man who lived his convictions. He believed in the basic goodness of other people, and always treated others with respect. In all of the years I have been privileged to know and love him, I never once heard him say a negative thing about any other person.

With Glen you got the honest package. When he loved, he loved without reservation. And when he cussed, he cussed. When he worked, he did so in a dervish, out working men much younger than himself.

Glen came to faith in Christ rather late in life, but not too late. He was brought into the Family of God just less than 5 years ago. But like St. Augustine who said “though I loved you last, I loved you best” Glen embraced Jesus and His Holy Bride the Church with the same type of vigor that he embraced every thing else.

Glen didn't wear his faith on his sleeve, like so many do. He wore it in his heart, continuing to do good for those in his life, but now from a Christian perspective. He drew his strength of conviction from Christ in the Holy Eucharist, and he knew the value of the gifts he had received from God.

Tonight we gather here to acknowledge our love and respect for the man who always loved and respected each one of us. His life and his actions of love were very likely the only bible some would ever see.

Though his body lay before us, his soul goes ahead of us. And I truly believe that he will continue to plead for our welfare and he will continue to love each one of us, but now from a heavenly perspective.

That is what it means to believe in the communion of saints. That there is but one United Body of Christ, made up of, the Church Militant, we here still alive on this Earth, loving and hating, moving forward in our resolves and backsliding into our own familiar patterns of sin, and the Church Triumphant, those who have died in the grace of God, those who have gone before us, marked with the sign of faith, who from their place in heaven, continue to pray and petition the Father for our benefit.

So my brothers and sisters, I urge you to hold on to the fond memories you have of Glen, for they are precious gifts to us from Our Lord, but remember that he now wears the crown of Victory in Christ, that same crown that awaits all those who fall asleep in Christ.