

We have come together this morning to honor the memory of Leona Caldwell. Sister, wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother.

She was born in 1915, and lived for 99 years ... 4 months ... and 9 days. Life was different then ... but also in so many ways the same.

The First World War was in full swing. The British ship Formidable was sunk by an Imperial German U-Boat, and later that year the Lusitania would meet the same fate. Zeppelins bombed the English coast. And Japan sent it's 21 demands to China.

The US House of Representatives rejected a proposal to give women the right to vote. And ground was broken and the first stones laid for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington DC.

A cook at New York's Sloane Hospital for Women, known as Typhoid Mary, was quarantined for life.

Alexander Graham Bell was on hand with his former Assistant, Watson, for the first coast-to-coast telephone call made possible by a new technology called "vacuum tubes." Later that year, Albert Einstein formulated his Theory of General Relativity.

In entertainment, Harry Houdini did his first straitjacket escape routine. Charlie Chaplin's film, *The Tramp*, was released. Babe Ruth hit his first career home run for the Boston Red Sox.

Times change ... people change ... technology changes ... and the world moves on.

But the ties that bind us together in life ... the bonds of love and affection ... do not disappear at death. Rather, they unite us with those who have gone on before us.

In today's Gospel, Jesus tells His disciples - and us as well - "*I go [to] prepare a place for you*".

And so, we accompany Leona on this last leg of her journey of life, as she goes on to eternity.

She knows the way ... and we know the way ... Jesus Christ is "*the way*" ... "*and the truth and the life*"

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord ...