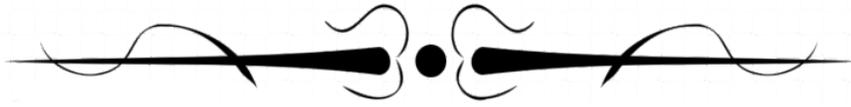


Delphine Burt



December 2, 1935 - October 18, 2021

Nancy, Paul, Gene, family and friends, grace and peace to you from God our Father and from Jesus Christ, who has conquered death and claimed victory over every grave. Amen.



Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, “Do not go where the path may lead, but where there is no path, and leave a trail.” Though some of Delphine’s story follows a somewhat traditional path for a woman of her generation, there are plenty of places along the way where she made her own way and left a path for others to follow. Growing up on the farm outside of Kenyon during the Great Depression and the second World War, there weren’t many paths that were easy to follow. Making it through took grit and tenacity. Delphine’s early life was set by sacrifice and loss. That path was made even more difficult when Delphine’s mother died when she was only five years old. She had her three older sisters and a hired woman who looked after them to care for her during her childhood, but nothing replaces a mother. She remained close to her sisters, especially sister Alice, all through her life. In their senior years, they often talked on the phone every day. I’m sure that the early events of their lives helped them form the kind of bond that couldn’t be broken.

Delphine had to go where few had walked as a child and make a way for herself. After high school in Kenyon, Delphine moved here to Rochester where she got a job in the dietary service at St. Mary’s Hospital. A couple years later she met a guy named Everett Burt, Jr. They started dating and were married in 1956. Delphine loved her husband and they worked hard together raising a family.

After marrying, she took the lead on many of the tasks on the small farm where she and Everett lived just outside of town. Though the land was relatively small, they managed to raise livestock and hogs – sometimes up to 300 hogs at a time. Paul and Nancy recount how Delphine would hear a sow farrowing in the middle of the night. Everett had to work in

the morning and was maybe a little reluctant to get out of bed, so Delphine would throw her coat over her nightgown, strap on her boots, and get out to the barn to make sure the piglets were safe and warm after they were born.

Delphine expressed her love in many ways. She gave excellent hugs, and even the staff at Madonna Meadows commented on her affection and how the occasional smooch on the cheek made their day brighter. But her love came through most in her cooking and baking. She loved the holidays and all the baking that went with it. She spent time with her sister, Alice and friends from Zumbro, making lefse for the Christmas Bazaar each fall for many years. She baked her favorite treats at home too, making all her kids and grandkids happy. She seemed to know that a grandma's way to her grandchildren's hearts often comes by way of sugar. Because she lived across the yard from Paul for several years, one of the ways she connected most with her grandson, Adler was their Sunday ritual of enjoying breakfast together. Even when he was little, he would make his way over to grandma's house across the yard to spend quality time with Delphine over pancakes and bacon.

Delphine found a unique way through life. She overcame loss and heartache. She endured great difficulty. She found joy in many things. And through this 85-year-long path, it was always that great God of hers that went before her to make a way. One version of the 23rd Psalm puts it this way: "True to your word, you let me catch my breath and send me in the right direction." As much as it feels like we make our own way through life, God is with us every step of the way offering the chance for us to catch our breath, to take stock in where we are going, and then to go with us into the next step in life's journey. The psalmist writes, "The Lord makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside still waters, he restores my soul."

That's the kind of God that claimed Delphine in life and that claims and calls her now in death, a God who walks with us and restores us when we are weary; a God who is out ahead of us, showing a way, even when we can't tell what's coming around the next corner - who is with us to show us the way through the darkest valleys of life.

It's in times like these where God is near to us that we can hear Jesus' words from Matthew. "Don't worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink...Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds

them. Are you not of more value than they?" Delphine knew how God provided for her. She saw God's goodness in the birds of the air, the flowers of the field, and the deer and the animals that pranced across her yard or that she saw out on a drive with Everett or Paul on a weekend afternoon. Guided by her great God, Delphine left a path of love and care and hard work for all of you to follow.

Each of your paths through life are unique to you, just as Delphine's was unique to her. Yet, none of us go alone. God offers us light and hope and healing through Jesus Christ. Who came into the world not to condemn, but to save, and show us a way to life and light in his name. This is a hope we all hold on to, that after our lives are finished and we have blazed our own trails, doing our best to leave a path for others to follow, that we to will rest in God's good care and meet Delphine and all the saints along the green pastures and beside still waters, and we experience the saving love God has for us and the whole world. Thanks be to God. Amen.

On Green Pastures
Funeral Service for Delphine Burt
Psalm 23, John 3:12-17
Pastor Jason Bryan-Wegner
October 18, 2021

