

A transcript of Brian's Funeral Ceremony is as follows:

PASTOR RICK BARRY
HILL CITY CHURCH
FRIDAY, MAY 8, 2026

WELCOME

Good morning, everyone.

On behalf of the Holiday family, thank you for being here today to honor and remember Brian.

Brian was many things to many people.

He was a devoted husband to ***Noreen*** for 52 years.

A loving father to ***Scott and Erica, Matt and Grace, and Erin and Rick*** .

A proud grandfather whose face lit up whenever ***Grant, Camden, Layla, Joshua, Caleb, Elisha, Maddie, Eva, Abigail, and Michaela*** walked into the room.

A brother.

A faithful friend.

A hard worker who gave 35 years to Ford Motor Company before stepping into a second career selling cars for them, which was a job that perfectly fit his love for people and his passion for cars.

Brian was the kind of man who worked tirelessly, loved sacrificially, listened carefully, prayed faithfully, and genuinely cared about people. He had a warm smile, a joyful spirit, and a way of making people feel seen and valued.

Most importantly, Brian loved Jesus deeply. His faith shaped the way he lived, worked, loved, and served others.

Today is a day filled with both grief and gratitude.

Grief because Brian was deeply loved, and his passing was both sudden and heartbreaking.

But also, gratitude because Brian's life was a gift. A gift to his family, his friends, his church, and so many people he encountered throughout his life.

Today, we gather to remember him, to support one another, and ultimately to anchor ourselves in the hope found in Jesus Christ, which is the hope Brian built his life upon.

Which is why it is fitting for us now to turn to God and ask Him to meet us here as we remember Brian.

PRAYER

Father,

We come to You today with heavy hearts.

Thank You for Brian's life. Thank You for the love he gave, the faith he lived, and the countless ways he cared for people. Thank You for the legacy he leaves behind in his family and everyone who knew him.

Lord, we ask for Your comfort today. Be near to Noreen, to the kids and grandkids, and to every grieving heart in this room.

In the midst of sorrow, remind us that You are close to the brokenhearted and that in Christ there is hope even in death.

We ask that Your presence would fill this room and that Your peace would sustain this family.

In Jesus' name. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING

Today, we want to begin by grounding ourselves in God's Word.

Because we need something deeper than our emotions and stronger than our circumstances.

And the Scriptures remind us that God is near to us in grief, present with us in sorrow, and faithful even in the face of death.

So let me read to you two passages that were important to Brian:

9Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up. 10Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all people, especially to those who belong to the family of believers. - Galatians 6:9-10

11I am not saying this because I am in need, for I have learned to be content whatever the circumstances. 12I know what it is to be in need, and I know what it is to have plenty. I have learned the secret of being content in any and every situation, whether well fed or hungry, whether living in plenty or in want. 13I can do all this through him who gives me strength. - Philippians 4:11-13

SHARING ABOUT BRIAN

One of the gifts of a day like today is that we get to remember Brian together.

Not just the facts of his life, but the moments, the stories, the little things that made him who he was.

The way he loved.

The way he worked.

The way he made people feel.

And while no one can fully capture a person in a few minutes, hearing from family gives us a glimpse into the kind of man Brian was and the legacy he leaves behind.

At this time, I'd like to invite some of Brian's family to come and share.

Noreen Holiday's (Wife) Tribute to Brian Holiday

How do I even begin to encapsulate fifty-seven and a half years into a few paragraphs? Since last week, my mind has been playing as if on "shuffle," flooding my heart with so many memories. Snippets of our lives together... from when we first met, and all throughout our lifetime together... we shared so many seasons of life. We often asked ourselves how we got here so quickly.

When we married, our desire was to honor our Lord in all we did. Our prayer was to raise our family to love Jesus, and each other. God has answered our prayers.

Brian loved people. He loved our children, and grandchildren and he loved me. Our lives were truly rich. I can't even begin to comprehend the days ahead without him here by my side. But, this I do know... I am surrounded by those who love me and will walk with me on this journey

I love you hon... and I miss you already. You will always be my car guy.

Scott Holiday's (Son) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026

On behalf of my Mom, my brother Matt, my sister Erin, our spouses and our kids, I want to thank all of you for coming this morning to

help us honor my Dad. For those I haven't had a chance to meet yet, my name is Scott Holiday, the oldest son of Brian and Noreen. Standing up in front of a crowd is normally something I love, but I've never been so scared in my entire life and I have never wanted a "speech" to be as perfect as I do now... because how do you capture 50 years of memories in such a short amount of time. How can I possibly fully relay to you who my Dad was to me?

Based on yesterday's visitation and as you can see around the room, in both the pictures and the number of people who are here today, my Dad impacted a lot of people in his, I'll call it, "short life." In my discussions with those of you who were here yesterday, you shared how hard of a worker my Dad was, how much he loved cars, how much he loved selling cars, how much he loved people, how much integrity he had, but most importantly how much he loved his family and my Mom. All those things are absolutely true - he was literally the hardest working person I have ever met.

Some of you may not know, but when I was growing up, my Dad would wake up every day between 2:30 and 3:00 a.m. to the loudest series of alarm clocks ever to deliver the Detroit Free Press before heading to work his shift at the Ford Wayne Assembly Plant. I still don't know how my Mom ever slept. He would get home around 5:30-6:00 p.m., we would eat dinner as a family and then he would go to bed by 8:00 p.m. to do it all over again. He did that route 365 days a year and never turned down a chance at the plant to get an extra shift or work a weekend or a holiday for the extra money.

One time, I was so excited to go on the paper route with him... we stopped at Dunkin Donuts first (he ate two peanut donuts every day from there) and then did his route. If you know my Dad, he doesn't do anything with half effort. He knew the faster he got the route done, the sooner he would be able to get home on the weekend. So,

he mastered the ability to hit speeds that I didn't know were possible in between each house, slamming on the brakes to put the paper in the tube. Now, that's fine as the driver, but as the passenger... let's just say that my donut didn't stay down very long. He thought that was the funniest thing!

My Dad didn't just work hard. He worked with a purpose. He worked to provide a life for us that he didn't have, an education that he didn't have and a chance to do whatever we wanted to do in life. One way he taught me that was by making me work the afternoon shift on the same assembly line that he did the week after I graduated from high school. Not only did I work at the same plant as he did, but on several occasions, I had some of the same foremen that my Dad had. As soon as they found out who my Dad was, the expectation immediately got higher.

My first day on the job, I had to put spoilers on the back of Escorts. To do that, I had to stand on the line and ride behind the car, put the spoilers on with four or five bolts, hop off and do it all over again. I remember trying to go to bed when I got home, laying there feeling like I was still moving and was going to slide off the end of my bed. Then when I woke up, I had to pry my hand open from using a power tool for 10 hours. I will never forget how funny my Dad found this story the next morning at the kitchen table as we were eating breakfast, probably pancakes, golden brown.

A different time, I had been playing sand volleyball with my friends and sliced my knee up so badly that I had to get stitches and needed crutches. I asked my Dad how to, "call in" to work at Ford, because in my mind I clearly couldn't work on the line since I was on crutches. His response was, "You don't call in... You go to work! Your last name is Holiday and your name is tied to mine. Let them tell you to go home, not the other way around." I will never forget the

foreman I had that night, a man named Bill Pretizger. He was very similar to the marine drill Sargent from Full Metal Jacket. He took one look at me and said, "What the 'blank' happened to you?" When I told him I didn't think I could work that night, he began yelling, "Your Dad would never come in here and tell me he couldn't work! I have seen your Dad throw up in between cars, refusing to go home, and you're telling me that you can't work because you are on crutches?!? You're nothing like your father!" To which I had to remind him, "You're right, I am not my father... I don't want to work here for the rest of my life, nor does my Dad want me to which is why he is making me do this, so I go to college!"

The crazy thing about my Dad is, yes, he worked non-stop... but when he could, he found time to spend with me. I couldn't wait for him to get home from work because between the time he got home, after he kissed my Mom and before dinner, he would play catch with me in the side yard. He knew how much I loved baseball and wanted to help me succeed at it so he would go with me to a Father/Son baseball camp on Saturdays at West Bloomfield High School. He always did his best to attend every game he could.

Obviously, anyone who spent five minutes with my Dad knew of his passion of cars. Anytime we would drive somewhere, and I saw a car I liked from any era, I would ask him what it was and he could tell me exactly what make/model and year it was and how he knew what year it was because of the specific differences for that year. It was insane how much he knew about cars. One of my favorite traditions that we did together, until I got married and moved to the other side of the state, was going to the Auto Show and Auto-Rama each year. We had to get there hours before it opened, so we could be one of the first in line when they finally opened the doors. This was way before cell phones or portable electronic devices so we would just talk, mostly about cars of course, but it was something I loved doing

with him. We collect the bags and brochures from every single manufacturer and every model of car, go home and sit in the family room to look at them together. My Dad tried to instill in me his same passion for working on cars...let's just say it wasn't my thing.

My Dad could fix anything, or at least try to. One time he was making fun of me because I didn't know some of the basic fundamental things about fixing something. I can't even remember what it was I couldn't fix, but he said "Didn't I teach you anything?" He had taught me a lot, just not the lesson he thought he was teaching me. I told him, "Yes, you taught me that if I work hard enough and am successful enough that I can pay someone to do what I need done." He just looked at me and shook his head with that familiar smile on his face.

Fast forward to later in life and my Dad became more of a friend and lifeline whenever I needed him. He was always the first phone call I made if there was something happening to one of the cars or the house to get his opinion of what it could be.

When he retired from the assembly line and told me he was thinking of trying to sell cars, which was his dream job, I could not have been more excited for and proud of him. I knew he would do great because of his passion for cars and people. There's a TED talk speaker named, Simon Sinek, who coined the phrase, "people don't buy what you have or do, they buy why you do it." My Dad combined those two passions into an extremely successful sales career as evidenced by the numerous plaques shown around the room. I don't even know if I told my Dad this, but when I first started in a sales/leadership position and every year and position I have had since then, I have always referenced how my Dad approached work and how he approached sales. I was proud of him. He always told me he was proud of me, but now I can't remember if I even told him how proud of him I was. I know there have been so many times in

my life that I am sure my Dad was disappointed with decisions I've made and things I have done, but it never changed how much he loved me, how much he prayed for me or how much he believed in me.

When my parents would visit us in Nashville, I always had to make sure I cut my grass before he got there and didn't want the cars to be too dirty because otherwise he would go out there and do it for me. My wife and I just wanted him to be able to relax when he was there, but we knew we had to come up with a small "to-do" list for him just so he felt like he accomplished something and felt busy.

My Dad loved people, but he really loved his family and my Mom deeply. He would drop anything at any time for any one of us. He loved my wife, Erica, and thought of her as his own daughter. He loved spending time with my boys, watching their football and soccer games either on livestream from their house or on the sideline in Nashville, regardless of weather. He loved playing board games with them when they were younger and helping them with their cars as they got older.

Finally, I saw how much he loved my Mom. Over fifty-five years ago, because of my Mom, my Dad started going to church. That love for my Mom turned into a love for God that changed a generation of Holiday's forever. My Dad's legacy is not just defined by that of hard work, but it is defined by the outcome of his work as we are sharing here today.

I shared earlier the different qualities that you shared with me about my Dad over the last few days. The one that I left out is probably the one I will cherish the most. So many of you shared with me that you see my Dad in me, and I am not going to lie - it has been a little freaky seeing how much I look like him in some of those pictures (minus the perm phase). My Dad has set an extremely high standard

on what a Godly husband, father, Papa/Grandpa/Gampa and man should look like. So, my goal, Dad, is to continue the legacy that you created, to carry that legacy and you forward. I just hope I can do it half as well as you did! I am going to miss you more than I can ever convey. I love you so much and I know I will see you again.

***Matt Holiday's (Son) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

Nothing could ever prepare me for this moment. It still doesn't even feel real—like it's a bad dream that I can't seem to wake from.

My Dad always taught me to value a strong work ethic. Throughout my childhood, my Dad would often pull me into the construction projects he'd be working on, teaching me the do's and don'ts along the way—whether I wanted to learn these things or not. I would often feel I was getting worn down, trying to measure up to his expectations.

Whether I was doing the things I loved, or just doing what had to be done, he taught me that you never cut corners... that you always commit to doing everything to the best of your ability (do as if you're doing unto the Lord, he'd often say—I can still hear him saying it now).

It wasn't until later in my life that I started to appreciate the wisdom and knowledge he was passing down to me. I've come to cherish those moments. Through them, he's helped to shape me into the man I've become today.

Over the last several years—and I'm so grateful that I can say this—my Dad has truly become my close friend. I'm going to miss him so much.

1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

13 Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about

those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope. 14 For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him. 15 According to the Lord's word, we tell you that we who are still alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will certainly not precede those who have fallen asleep. 16 For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. 17 After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever. 18 Therefore encourage one another with these words.

I know that my dad had a personal relationship with Jesus; and I know I will see him again. This is what brings me comfort and peace.

Erin Favor's (Daughter) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026

Howdy folks,

(In case you didn't know, that was one of Dad's favorite greetings.)

Thank you all for being here to honor and celebrate the life of my Dad. Dad and I have always had a special and very close relationship. As a young girl I spent most of my time doing whatever Dad was doing. We would work outside, clean the cars, run errands... it didn't matter to me. I liked being his sidekick. I was Daddy's little girl. As I got older the definition of that title began to shift. As I gained more independence in my life, I watched my Dad quietly step back and let me begin to figure life out. Some things remained constant though: his love, patience, guidance and support never wavered.

Dad worked harder than anyone I have ever known and he taught me the value in giving my all no matter who is watching. He taught me

how to think outside the box when it came to projects and even in dealing with people. I learned the value in dreaming big, setting high goals and never giving up on what you want and who you love. His impact is felt every day in my life. I am the woman that I am today because of him.

Dad approached life differently than most people do. His focus was never on himself, but rather on those he loved and cared for. He worked hard, loved to learn and achieved many things, but the accolades always surprised him. Dad was humble and did not work for the praise of people. He worked to provide and for the joy of doing what he loved. He knew all the credit for his accomplishments was God's alone.

We all know Dad as a very outgoing man, but in recent years I began to learn that his larger-than-life personality was just one piece of who he was. Dad had a sensitive spirit. He enjoyed quiet time to reflect, pray and think about the future. He hated to disappoint others and conflict hurt him deeply. Dad faced many challenges in life, but he used his pain to drive himself to serve others and love them well. His example can teach us that we get to choose how we respond to the difficulties we face in life and that the ways we treat those around us matters because we don't always know the load others are carrying.

Watching Dad with my children is one of the greatest joys I have experienced in life. Dad wasn't just Grandpa to Maddie, Eva, Abigail and Michaela. He was also a friend. He brought joy and calm, laughter and fun all at the same time. He genuinely enjoyed sharing his interests with them and supporting my girls in everything they enjoy. He used every opportunity he could to connect and teach them something new. We enjoyed many aspects of life with Mom and Dad. The eight of us took 19 vacations together, shared

countless meals, played many games, worked around the houses, spent time up north, celebrated all of life's milestones and so much more. I miss him greatly, so much more than words can express, but I am also so thankful for the memories that will keep him alive in our hearts. Thank you Dad for leaving an imprint on all our hearts. I love you!

***Rick Favor's (Son-in-law) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

I joined this family 20 years ago. From the first time I met Dad I could tell there was something special about him. He always wore his faith in Christ on the outside and was proud to let people know. He almost always had a joyous personification and his positive attitude infected others.

My relationship with Dad grew through the years and developed in something more than a father-in-law - son-in-law relationship, we were close friends and would discuss everything with each other. I always knew I could bring him my problems, and he would listen without judgement and with a caring soul. Dad was also open with me about things on his mind and heart and often looked to me for counsel.

In the day-to-day of life I think I took for granted how involved Dad and Mom are in our lives. Pouring through the thousands of pictures over the last week opened my eyes and reminded me of our intertwined lives. It was very rare that we did not celebrate with Dad and Mom at holidays, birthdays, the girls' events, attending church, taking vacations or just because.

I will miss Dad's counsel, joyful way of dealing with life and time spent together. Most of all I will miss the love Dad showed me and had for me.

I love you, Dad!

***Grant Holiday's (Grandson) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

Hello everyone, I'm Grant Holiday. I'm the oldest of his grandchildren. I know all the grandchildren have different names for him, but me and Camden called him Papa.

Papa to me was many things but to name three, he was intentional, gentle and fun.

While most of the time I saw Papa it was over a weekend visit. When I was much younger, in between moving houses, I spent all summer in Michigan with my grandparents. It was during this time that I was able to see into Papa's daily life.

During this time, I was always one of the first ones awake in the house and every morning I would catch Papa half an hour before he went to work. He would get me a glass of juice and sit in his reclining chair as we watched the morning news together. Whenever he had gotten home from work, most of the time after dinner, he always made time and energy to play with us. He would play games in the yard with us, just sit and talk, and even take us to a Dairy Queen once a week. His effort to be intentional with me and my brother meant more to me than I'm sure he ever knew.

Papa was gentle. Combining all the time I've spent with him, he only ever got mad at me once. And to be honest I deserved it. We were outside in the front of the house and he handed me our dog for me

to hold on to. I thought it a good idea to put our dog on the ground, ending in her making a dash for the busy road. He apologized directly after. He didn't owe me anything, I was in the wrong. But he went out of his way to apologize anyway.

Papa was fun. I have so many memories with Papa that I can't share now. But I will name a few.

I remember Papa taking us for rides in his convertible corvette.

I remember him singing his goofy songs about buckling your seatbelt.

I remember going go-karting with him and my brother, bumping into each other even though we weren't supposed to.

Papa always seemed to be in a good mood. And even if he wasn't we wouldn't know and he would never let it get in the way of having a good time with him. Papa lived his life for the betterment of others. He made sure you always felt seen and loved. You could always tell how proud he was of you even in simple conversations. It was this kindness that drew all of us to him.

Papa's passing has put into perspective for me how short life is. Its emphasized to me that our life on Earth is not about how much money we make or the job you get out of college, but about treating the people around us with the grace and kindness of God. Papa understood this and dedicated his life to it.

So having said all of this, I want to encourage all of you today to live on Papa's mission to care for people. Because after all, that is what we are called by the Lord to do. Thank you.

***Camden Holiday's (Grandson) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

Hello everybody, before I start I would like to thank the Lord for letting me speak here and giving me the strength to do so. My name is Camden Holiday; and I am Brian's grandson. No words can describe how I feel about Papa. He was someone that I looked up to and someone I always admired. He was someone who helped raise me and shaped me to the person I am today.

Papa was the best grandfather a person could ask for. If I ever needed anything he would always be there for me, from when I was a kid, wanting to help make a campfire in their backyard to helping me fix my car every time he visited me. He would always serve others and put others before himself, because I can guarantee you when he visits he doesn't want to be in the 90 degree humid Tennessee air fixing my brake lights. But he would always do it. And this is the type of person he is.

Papa is also a funny guy, he is a light to every room he walks into and someone who can put a smile on anyone's face. There is one moment that comes to mind where he took my brother and I learn stick shift on his car, now at this time I could barely drive a normal car so you can picture how bad that went. I felt like I almost blew up the car, and I remember just looking to my right and seeing him laughing at me.

I just had my last day of high school yesterday, and these past few weeks has taught me something. Don't take the time with people you love for granted, Papa just visited me a little over a month ago, and I knew he was going to come back soon to come to my graduation. So, I wasn't expecting to never see him. again... Apparently, God needed him sooner than I did, and that's something I've had to accept. Now when I do walk across that stage, I know he will be watching smiling down on me, and I hope he knows I'm now doing it for him. Thank you

Maddie Favor's (Granddaughter) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026

Grandpa has always been there for me. We were lucky to spend a lot of time together. Some very special memories are all the holidays we celebrated, the many times he came to my concerts to watch me perform, our traditional Disney vacations, and just spending time together at home. It was always especially fun when Grandma and Grandpa took care of us when my parents were out. The truth is, it didn't matter what the reason was, Grandpa truly loved spending time with us and we always looked forward to spending time with him.

Grandpa was so kind and helpful, even if he had to take risks to do what needed to be done. He was always so nice and loving toward us. Grandpa was cheerful and loving when we had gloomy or busy days. If we didn't want to be cheered up, he still sat with us so we knew that he cared. Grandpa was always hard working and never quit even when he had so many things to take care of. My Grandpa is so special to me. I miss him and I love him very much.

Eva Favor's (Granddaughter) letter to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026

Grandpa, we have so many memories together. I will always remember how much fun we had building model cars and going to the Dream Cruise. I loved looking at cars with you and how that was a special way for you and I to spend time together. I will always treasure all of the trips we took to Disney World. You loved the rides and always got so excited to ride. I loved being your riding buddy! I always looked forward to celebrating your birthday and 4th of July because it was summer and time never was in such a rush. Most of all, I loved being with you no matter what we were doing.

You aren't just my Grandpa, you are my friend too! I love you so much!

Thank you Grandpa for always showing up and supporting me. I am so thankful that you always took the time to be at important events like my 8th Grade play and graduation, choir concerts, all of my birthdays and even just to visit. You are a kind and loving Grandpa. I watched how hard you worked and learned to work hard too. You always cared and made sure I knew how much you loved me. Thank you for being the most wonderful Grandpa! I will miss you, Grandpa!

Love,
Eva

***Abigail Favor's (Granddaughter) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

Brian was a man of faith, hard work, and love. He is remembered as many things, but to me he's always been known as Grandpa. He was the one whose face would light up whenever he saw someone he loved, the one who always came to support those he cared about, and the one who could never be looked over. I remember going to Grandma and Grandpa's house for sleepovers and waiting for him to walk through the garage door after work wearing his Ford shirt and a huge grin, going for joyrides in his cars, and always looking forward to his hugs.

There's something comforting about grandparents; you feel like you can tell them anything about your interests, your life, or even the most mundane thing, and they get the most joy out of just hearing you speak and support you no matter what. I never felt like I had to second guess what I said because I knew that Grandpa would listen to anything and everything I had to say.

I've described Grandpa a lot in the past tense so far, but even now I know everything I've mentioned is still true—he's still watching us with that big smile, he's still listening, but most importantly he's still loving. The only difference now is that he is in the glory of God. He has finally gotten to hear the words, "well done, good and faithful servant," and will get to spend the rest of eternity painless and with his Lord. I miss him, but I know that I'll see him again when my time comes. I'm sure some of you grabbed one of the memorial cards on your way in, and that some of you read the poem within the card titled "The Chain." The last few lines of the poem read:

"Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again."

As each of our family links enter into Heaven, I know that Grandpa's going to run to us and say, "I'm so proud of you. I've been watching you, and I'm so proud of you."

Until then, there have been, and are going to be days where I'm sad, days where I'm angry, days where I'm happy, and days where I'm everything at once, but through it all my faith will be secure in this: this isn't goodbye forever. I love you, Grandpa!

***Michaela Favor's (Granddaughter) Tribute to Brian Holiday
May 8, 2026***

My Grandpa was one of the best people I knew. No matter what, he always had a smile on his face and was ready to have fun. One of the best ways to describe him is that he was always so carefree and full of life and happiness, ready to share it with anyone and everyone. My favorite memories of him are whenever he would just burst into song without any reason. It always made me smile and

just brought joy into any situation. Thank you for all that you have done for me Grandpa. I love you! I miss you so much!

Thank you all for sharing those memories and stories. They've given us such a beautiful picture of who Brian was and the kind of impact he had on the people around him.

SONG

One of the things that becomes very clear when you hear people talk about Brian is that his life pointed beyond himself.

Brian loved Jesus deeply, and he genuinely wanted God to receive the glory through the way he lived, worked, loved, and served others.

At this time, we're going to listen to a special song recorded by Brian's daughter, Erin, called My Tribute (To God Be the Glory). And in many ways, this song captures not only Brian's faith, but the posture of his life.

A life that said: "To God be the glory for all He has done."

[<click HERE to listen to the musical tribute from Erin to her father>](#)

SERMON

If we're honest with each other, there are moments in life that feel disorienting. And this is one of them.

Brian's passing leaves a space in our hearts.

A space shaped like a husband.

A dad.

A grandpa.
A brother.
A friend.

And today, we feel that.

But we're not just here to grieve.
We're here to remember...
And to anchor ourselves in a hope that can actually hold us.

Colossians 3:23-24 was a life verse for Brian, and it says...

Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters, since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord as a reward. It is the Lord Christ you are serving. - Colossians 3:23-24

If you wanted a passage that captures the way Brian lived...
This is it.

**Because Brian didn't just believe in Jesus.
He lived his life FOR Jesus .**

And this passage really gets to the heart of what Brian was all about.

BRIAN LIVED WITH HIS HEART FULLY ENGAGED

"Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart..."

This was Brian. He was all in.

You see it in his story.
He met Noreen back in junior high youth group...
And what started there didn't fade. It grew.
Through high school...
Through early marriage...

Through 52 years of marriage...
Through the highs and the lows...

That kind of love doesn't happen halfway.
That's a whole-hearted life .

You saw it in his family, too.
His kids.
His grandkids.

The way he looked at his family was not just affection.
It was delight .
That's a man who gave his heart fully to the people in front of him.

And you saw it in his work.
35 years at Ford.
Starting on the assembly line... working into skilled trades...
Taking pride in what he did.

And then after retiring, most people slow down.
Brian stepped into something new.
A second career as a car salesman.

Not because he had to...
But because he loved it .

When Brian loved you, you knew it.
When Brian showed up, he was present.
When Brian worked, he gave it everything he had.

That kind of life doesn't happen by accident.
It flows from a heart that's anchored in something deeper.

And this passage shows us what that deeper something is...

BRIAN LIVED FOR AN AUDIENCE OF ONE

"...as working for the Lord, not for human masters..."

This is what made Brian... Brian.

Yes, he worked hard.

Yes, he was successful.

Yes, he was respected.

But underneath all of that, Brian lived his life *"for the Lord."*

You saw it in:

His integrity

The way he treated people

The way he did business

The way he quietly prayed for others

Even in something like selling cars, which could easily become about numbers or pressure, **Brian made it about people.**

To him, it wasn't about closing a deal.

It was about building a relationship.

Helping someone.

Serving them well.

There's a verse that shaped how he worked in Proverbs 11, which is about honesty in the marketplace. **And he took that seriously .**

Because for him, it was never just about the job.

It was about honoring Jesus in the way he lived .

That's a life lived before an audience of One.

Not only did Brian live for God alone, but he also lived...

BRIAN LIVED WITH ETERNITY IN VIEW

"...since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord..."

Brian understood something many of us try to avoid thinking about:
This life is not all there is .

So, He lived with eternity in mind .

Not in a distant, abstract way.

But in a personal, grounded, everyday way.

His faith wasn't just something he believed on Sundays.

His love for Jesus wasn't surface-level.

It was personal .

Steady.

Real.

It shaped:

How he loved Noreen

How he raised his family

How he treated people

How he worked

And today, the faith he carried has become sight .

But we need to be clear about something.

Brian didn't live this way because he was perfect.

He lived this way because he knew where his hope was .

The message of Christianity is not:

"Be a good person, and everything will work out."

The message of Christianity is this:

We all carry sin.

Sin's consequence is death.

Which means we all face death.

But God, in His love, did something about it .

Jesus stepped into our world.

He lived the life we couldn't live because of our sin.

He died the death we deserved.

And He rose again... defeating sin and death.

And because of that... **Death does not get the final word .**

So we have hope.

But hope is not wishful thinking.

Hope is a person .

Jesus said in John 11:25:

*I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will
live, even though they die. - John 11:25*

And for those of you here today...

Maybe this moment feels heavier than expected.

Maybe listening to Brian's life...

And facing the reality of death...

Is stirring something in you.

And I want you to hear this clearly today:

The invitation of Jesus is not primarily an invitation into religion .

It's an invitation into relationship.

Listen to these words from John 1:12:

*Yet to all who did receive Him, to those who believed in His name,
He gave the right to become children of God. - John 1:12*

That's the heart of the gospel.

Through Jesus, God invites us into His family.
Not because we've earned it.
Not because we've been good enough.
But because Jesus came for us .

Jesus lived the life we could never live.
He died in our place on the cross.
And He rose again so that anyone who receives Him and believes in Him can be forgiven, restored, and brought into relationship with God.

And I love the simplicity of that verse:
Believe in Him.
Receive Him.

That's how salvation begins.
Not by pretending you have it all together.
But by coming honestly to Jesus and saying: "I need You."

And for some of you, maybe today is the day to do that .
Not because you're at a funeral.
But because you're realizing how fragile life is and how deeply you need the hope only Jesus can give.

So what does it mean to receive Him?
It means you stop pushing Him away.
You stop trying to build your life apart from Him.
And you place your trust in Him .

You trust:

- That Jesus is who He says He is
- That He died for your sins
- That He rose again
- And that He alone can save and restore you

And when you do that...
You become a child of God.
Not someday.
Now.
You are loved.
And you are forgiven.
Welcomed into His family.

And you can respond to Him even now, quietly, where you are.
You can simply pray:
"Jesus, I receive You.
I believe in You.
Forgive me.
Lead me.
I want to follow You.
Thank You for making me a child of God."

And the promise of Scripture is that all who receive Him and believe
in His name are welcomed into the family of God.

That's the hope Brian built his life upon.

And that's the hope being offered to every one of us today.

Brian's life leaves a legacy.
A life marked by:
Love
Faithfulness
Integrity
Devotion
A man who loved his family deeply.
Who worked with purpose.
Who prayed for people quietly.
Who followed Jesus faithfully.

And today, we hold onto this:

The man who spent his life walking with Jesus is now with Him .

PRAYER

Father,

Thank You for the life of Brian.

Thank You for the ways his life reflected hard work, sacrificial love, integrity, joy, kindness, and faith. Thank You for the way he loved his family, cared for people, listened well, and quietly pointed others toward You through the way he lived.

Lord, today we grieve deeply because we loved deeply. And in the middle of that grief, we ask for Your comfort.

Be near to Noreen.

Be near to Scott, Matthew, Erin, and the entire Holiday family.

Sustain them in the days ahead with Your peace, strength, and presence.

And Father, thank You for the hope we have in Jesus.

Thank You that death is not the end for those who trust in Him.

Thank You that because of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, we can stand here today with sorrow and yet still have hope.

And Lord, for anyone here today who is searching, questioning, or feeling drawn toward You, would You continue to reveal Yourself to them. Help them to see Your love and place their trust in You.

Thank You for Brian's life. Thank You for the legacy he leaves behind. And thank You that the man who spent his life serving Jesus is now with Him.

We pray all of this in the name of Jesus. Amen.

DISMISSAL

As we close our time together today, the family wanted to share one final glimpse of Brian.

One of the things we've reflected on throughout this service is the joy, warmth, and personality that Brian carried with him everywhere he went.

He had a way of lighting up a room with his smile, his singing, and the joy he brought to the people around him.

To close, we're going to watch a short video of Brian singing a little song.

And while the song may bring some smiles and emotions with it, there's also something fitting about the words. Because as followers of Jesus, we truly believe the grass is greener where Brian has gone.

He is with Jesus.

At peace.

Whole.

Home.

Let's watch this together.

[< Click HERE to watch the VIDEO >](#)

Thank you again for being here today to honor Brian and support the Holiday family.

In just a moment, the family will be dismissed first, followed by those attending the graveside service.

The graveside service will take place at Glen Eden Cemetery. If you are joining the procession, please make your way to your vehicles after dismissal and follow the funeral procession to the cemetery.

Thank you again for your love, your prayers, and the support you've shown this family during this difficult time.

GRAVESIDE SERVICE

Friends and family,

As we stand here today, this is the part that feels especially final. And yet, even here, we do not stand without hope. In Romans 8:38-39, Paul writes:

'For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' - Romans 8:38-39

Because of Jesus, His life, death, and resurrection, we believe death is not the end of Brian's story.

Today, we lay Brian's physical body to rest here in the ground. But this is not the end of him.

Brian's soul is with Jesus now, fully at peace, fully restored, and fully alive in the presence of the Savior he loved and faithfully served throughout his life.

And we hold onto the promise of God that this goodbye is not forever.

Because of Jesus, we believe there will be a reunion one day. We will see Brian again.

That is the hope of the gospel. That is the hope of resurrection.
That is the hope Brian built his life upon.

Brian lived a life marked by hard work, sacrificial love, integrity, joy, and deep faith in Jesus. He loved his family well, cared deeply for people, listened well, and quietly prayed for those around him.

And now, the man who spent his life serving Jesus is with Him.

So, while our hearts ache today, we entrust Brian into the care of the God he loved and faithfully followed.

Let's pray.

Father,

Thank You for Brian's life and the legacy he leaves behind. Thank You for Your faithfulness to him through every season of life.

As we say this final earthly goodbye, we ask for Your comfort and peace to surround this family. Strengthen them in the days ahead and remind them that You are near to the brokenhearted.

Thank You that because of Jesus, death does not get the final word. Thank You for the promise of eternal life and the hope of resurrection.

And thank You that while Brian's body rests here today, his soul is with You, safe in Your presence forever.

We look forward to the day when every tear will be wiped away, death will be no more, and we will be reunited again in Christ.

We pray this in Jesus' name, amen.