

Remembrance of Paul M. Randle

Good Morning. I'm Dave Randle, Paul's older brother.

The Randle boys – there could not have been three more different individuals all throughout our lives! We all had our wild streaks, but in *very* different ways.

Paul was the youngest of us boys. He was game for anything fun when he was young. There were no rules in Paul's mind.

As soon as Paul was able to ride a bike, he and one of his friends were off riding everywhere, and we wouldn't see him for hours. Mom's golden rule: be home by dinnertime. Dinnertime came and went, and no Paul.

They'd tell him he had to wear a watch – he'd never remember. So the folks thought they had the answer. "You be home when the street lights come on." No Paul. The folks would be on the phone calling his parents' friends..."Have you seen Paul?" They tried everything to get Paul to understand. And when he'd finally show up and they confront him, we'd hear "Oh, I forgot!"

Each summer we would take a family vacation, which would include a week or so visiting our grandparents on their farm in Indiana. Paul loved exploring and would have fun doing about anything – he was the wild one!

- One time he headed into the lake, and stepped on a discarded, ripped open rusted beer can and cut his foot open. Off they went to the local ER, and got him stitched back up.

- Another summer, grandpa was replacing window panes on the chicken coop. They were lying on the back seat of his car. Paul jumped in with another idea he had in mind, and gave a shove to move the glass panes over, cutting his hand wide open. Once again, they took off for the ER with his hand wrapped and hanging out the car window, blood running down the side of the car. I don't remember how many stitches that took!
- And then there was the summer where John, our oldest brother, and Paul were playing in the barn. John was up in the loft, and Paul wanted to join him. John decided, however, that he would make Paul climb a rope attached to a pulley used to hoist bails of hay into the loft. Paul thought, *no problem!* So he headed up that rope like a monkey! He was nearing the top and...yep!...that old rope broke. Back to the ER to cast a broken leg.

Paul was *always* looking for adventure - the riskier the better! I recall one summer Dad saw Paul sneaking out with a handful of cherry bombs. He looked at Paul very seriously and said, "I'll see you at the jail, young man." Paul thought, what's the harm in setting them off in the Wilmette Bank's parking lot? Sure enough, Dad got a call from the Wilmette Police to come get Paul out of jail.

And I could go on and on!

But Paul did grow up. And something wonderful happened. A little girl named Jennifer was born, and his whole life suddenly changed. God sent Paul an *angel*. He *adored* her. And the once *carefree, risk-taking* young man transformed into a sensitive, loving, and responsible man.

Instead of our family always telling Paul to be sure and let us know where he was ... Paul would turn to me or to his folks and say “Now you call me when you get home, so that I can know you’re safe.” And should we forget, he would call us and scold us for not calling!

Last fall I was visiting Paul in ICU after one of his breathing flare-ups. We were sharing and reminiscing, and talking about Roxie and Tina ... and what I saw was an amazing, caring man whose life had a depth of meaning I had never seen before. He looked at me and said “She is the best thing that has ever happened to me; she’s the best friend I’ve ever had.”

Mom - thank you for ***giving*** us Paul.

Jennifer - Thank you, for ***accepting*** Paul for who he was, and ***loving*** him as you did.

And **Tina** - Thank you, for ***being there*** for Paul, and being his ***everything***.

I want to close by sharing with you a little prayer from a card our family received that has been of help to me:

LORD,

You are the Resurrection and the Life.

And Yet, You understand how *hard* it is to be apart from those we love.

Bring peace, hope, comfort, and the *assurance* that

You are always near, especially during this time.

Amen.