

### **From Peter Crawford's Nephew:**

These few days are not enough time to reflect on the lifetime of influence my Uncle Peter has had on me and each one of us that knew and loved him. He was my uncle, and my friend. Uncle Peter loved his family. While he was blessed with only one sister, she filled his life with nine nieces and nephews. He took pride in the fact that he had never missed a Christmas with us. I think he kept alive the little boy inside him that delighted in the magic of the season and traditions that brought us together to once again enjoy the blessings of family and a time to renew faith and friendship. With almost 20 years between the oldest and youngest of his nieces and nephews, there were almost always young children in the house Christmas morning, eagerly waiting for him to officiate the day's proceedings. I'll always remember a brief period when, as we were all growing older it was becoming more difficult for us to match his enthusiasm. Instead of being up before dawn, the young people preferred sleeping in and he was left patiently waiting for us. Fortunately for him, relief came in the form of new spouses and the arrival of great nieces and nephews to renew the wonder and excitement that we all once enjoyed.

He had a brilliant mind yet also took pleasure in simple things: fall walks, sitting with us on the beach near his home, and teaching 5 and 7 year olds how to make paper airplanes while instructing them on the finer points of aerodynamics. He taught 3 generations of children to play checkers, from his sister to my own children. Not one of us ever received a break, no matter our age, and I think he savored every victory. Unfortunately for him, his intense training honed our instincts and the pupils inevitably became the masters. I think each one of us remembers the first time we finally – finally – beat Uncle Peter!

Uncle Peter loved his country and the principles upon which it was founded. One of his friends from his adopted hometown of Rye, NH described him as a 'faithful servant of the truth' and this was true. Whether he was skillfully representing himself in court or debating the town budget, I think all were impressed by the clarity with which he was able to illumine nearly every issue – simple or complex – and the passion he could bring to bear in defense of what is right and true. He used his gifts in the service of those who were less able to stand up for themselves and against those he saw abusing their positions to serve their own interests. I spoke yesterday with one of his neighbors who said he was the smartest man she ever met and he was known throughout town because he was present in so many things that were important to the people of Rye. I saw him in some ways as a man from another era; one who was faithful in small things because of his desire to be a good neighbor and the duty he

believed he had to be a good citizen of his town in order to preserve the privileges of liberty that he enjoyed.

Finally, Uncle Peter was a man of quiet faith. His last words to me when we spoke a week ago on the phone were to quote Romans 8:28 as he waited for the miracle that we all prayed would come but now know would not come in the manner we hoped. Nevertheless we believe that his life and now death will be used for the good that Uncle Peter hoped for, to the glory of God. My brother read the preceding verses from Romans 8 and all of us who saw Uncle Peter's suffering in his last days may take comfort in the assurance that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed to us. That he has now been set free from the corruption of this mortal body and obtained the freedom of the glory of the children of God. We look eagerly for the resurrection. Come quickly, Lord Jesus.