In Memoriam

James Franklin Miller III
November 1, 1933 - January 29, 2010
JimDaddy Miller

A loving husband, father, grandfather, camp director, JimDaddy lived every day with purpose. Much loved by all, his influence for God’s kingdom has been great, and marked by excellence. He will be sorely missed by all.

Survived by his wife of fifty years Elizabeth Hanna (Libby) Miller; Katherine Grant (husband Greg) of Chattanooga, James F. Miller IV (wife Margaret) of Tuxedo; Stuart S. Miller (wife Beth) of Flat Rock. And many grandchildren.
A Service of Worship Celebrating the Life of

James Franklin Miller III

February 2, 2010, 2:00 P.M.
Hendersonville, North Carolina
A Service of Reformation Presbyterian Church

Prelude
Eternal Father Strong to Save

Processional

Welcome and Call to Worship

Hymn
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Invocation and Lord’s Prayer

Scripture Readings & Thanksgiving for the Life of Jim “JimDaddy” Miller

Mr. Stuart Miller (Son) - Psalm 37:3-4
Mrs. Katie Grant (Daughter) – Hebrews 12:1-3
Mr. Jim “Jimboy” Miller (Son) – Matthew 22:34-40; Luke 2:52

Hymn
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Meditation on the Word of God:
Rev. Matthew G. Lucas
Pastor of Reformation Presbyterian Church
Special Music: *Beautiful Savior*
Mrs. Karen Kuykendall

Meditation on the Word of God:
Rev. Dr. John W. P. Oliver
Professor at Reformed Theological Seminary
Longtime family friend

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Hymn
*The Lord’s My Shepherd, I’ll Not Want*

Benediction

Congregational Response
*For All the Saints*

Recessional

Thank you
On behalf of the entire family, Libby Miller expresses a heart-felt thank you for the outpouring of sympathy and prayers extended to the family of Jim Miller.

Memorials
Memorial gifts may be sent to:
Reformation Presbyterian Church
120 7th Avenue West
Hendersonville, North Carolina
**Readings and Hymns**

**The Lord’s Prayer**

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.  
For ever. Amen.

**A Mighty Fortress is Our God**

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;  
Our helper he amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great; And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God’s own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he,  
Lord Sabaoth his name, from age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim, we tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure, for lo! his doom is sure;  
One little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly pow’rs, no thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;  
The body they may kill; God’s truth abideth still;  
His kingdom is forever.
**Oh Sacred Head, Now Wounded**

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down;  
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners’ gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! ‘Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?  
O make me thine for ever; and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying, O show thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying, Come, Lord, to set me free:  
These eyes, new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing, Dies safely, through thy love.

**The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want**

The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green;  
He leadeth me the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E’en for his own name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want (continued)
My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God’s house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

For All the Saints
For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
There was no one so wonderfully unique as JimDaddy. No one could enter a room quite like he could. The door would open and as soon as he came in it was, “Form up these lines! Stand at attention! Let’s get ready for inspection!” And the call would come back, “It’s JimDaddy!” Immediately the whole place seemed to be filled with a new energy. And anytime he was even a minute late to any event north of Tuxedo, it was because he had to forge the eastern continental divide to get there. His sense of humor never seemed to have boundaries. And then there were those over-the-top compliments that made you blush and smile at the same time. No one ever believed them, but everyone loved them.

But behind his ‘Song and Dance’ as he called it was a man who evidenced the graces of our Lord Jesus: his overwhelming generosity, servant heart, kind spirit, and faithful friendship. So that anyone who knew JimDaddy for even a brief period of time discovered that not only could he enter a room, but there was an ease about the way he entered our hearts.

In that way we see something of the redeeming grace of our Savior. In the book of Revelation, Jesus addressed seven churches with specific prophetic statements that pertained to each church. To the church in Laodicea Jesus declared those well known words, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me.” Jesus uses a metaphor of entering a room in order to dine with those who receive his word and trust in him by faith. But the point of the metaphor is not that Jesus can enter a room, but that he will enter our hearts and take up residence. That is a promise which, if God had not spoken it himself, almost seems unbelievable – that the infinite God of the universe would take up residence in us. For on the one hand it is a promise that scares us. We might say, “If God were to come inside my heart, what would he find? I’m not sure I want to know everything about myself, about my sin, about what I am capable of doing.”
But on the other hand, it is a promise that we desperately want to be true. Some people assume that there will always be someone there for them. Other people recognize that no one will be there for them. But everyone wants to be known and loved. And this gets at the heart of the gospel. Christ came at the will of the Father to offer himself up on the cross as a substitute for foul sinners like you and me. So that having paid the price for our sins, we could know him and he would know us. And those who experience fellowship with Christ can affirm with king David, “In your presence there is fullness of joy; at your right hand are pleasures forevermore.”

JimDaddy wanted to live his life with purpose; to rise every day with the purpose of making every day a “Great Day”. He expressed to me that he wanted to know Christ better. And now the sun has risen on a new day for him, an eternal day; a day where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore in the presence of his Savior.

We can only imagine what it was like when he entered into the throne room of heaven, and all who knew him said, “It’s JimDaddy!” But more important than that was the welcome of Jesus, “Come on in. There is a place for you with me.” What a great Savior! He stands at the door and knocks. If anyone hears his voice and opens the door, he will come in and have fellowship with him. Take that promise for yourself and make it your own. Trust in the Savior and he will come in and fellowship with you – to strengthen you, cleanse you, and minister to your hearts. And one day we too will hear those words, “Come on it. There is a place for you with me.” Amen.
“The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”
Proverbs 4:18

Jim had a number of his own memorable “proverbs”. From the Holy Scriptures, from the Lord God Himself through Solomon of old. I have a “real” proverb in Jim’s memory and for our good. It is in Proverbs 4:18. It speaks first of a Path.

It is the Path and getting on the right one, that counts for everything: now and in eternity! The Path may be likened to a plan (or scheme), like Jim’s Four-fold Plan to be employed every day and throughout life. Jim’s plan was the Four-fold plan of the Spiritual, the Social, the Mental, and the Physical, all essential and to be developed even as the Lord Jesus grew, matured, increased in wisdom, stature, and favor with God and man (Luke 2:52). Rightly did Jim insist that the Spiritual always was first in this biblical Plan, on this Path of the just.

But, it must be noted that the Path belongs to a Person, called in this Proverb the Just. The Apostle Peter, under the Spirit’s control, identified the Lord Jesus Christ as “the Holy One and the Just.” (Acts 3:14) “Just” is one of the biblical names for our Savior, the Lord Jesus. It is His Path mentioned in Proverbs 4:18. It is the Path belonging to the Person named (as we have come to learn from the Apostle himself). The Just (One). The Path is open to us in the Person and Work of our Lord Jesus Christ. He had a Path to follow as the Incarnate Son; a Plan if you will. It is the Path that always leads to Calvary. The whole of Jesus’s life recorded in the Gospels points to Calvary. Calvary was the direction and destination. He chose obedience to the Father’s plan. A path that led to His intentional substitutionary death in behalf of sinners, who through faith would follow Him in “salvation’s plan” that leads to a perfect day. The Path of The Just One, Jesus Christ, leads His own to Calvary for repentance and
cleansing from sin in His Precious Blood, through death into glorious resurrection, ascension and Heaven. Those who are justified by the death and resurrection of the Just One are on the Path that shines even brighter unto the Perfect Day.

Finally, the Perfect Day. Jim always exhorted us to have a “Great Day”, every day at Camp Greystone. Many of us here say that every day at Camp Greystone was a great day. Every day was to be lived so that in tentalow or cabin at day’s end, it could be said, “We had a great day!”.

Day in Scripture is often used of an era, an expanse of time, as well as a twenty-four hour duration of time. The Day of Creation, the Day of the Lord, the Day of Salvation, the Day of Judgement refer to an era, an extended length of time. The Perfect Day refers to the longest era—eternity itself. Eternity in Heaven, the unending Day. Heaven has no sorrow, no sin, no night (so as to mark time); it is the eternal and perfect Day.

The Path of the Just One (and those who are justified, saved by Him), is the way of salvation which is always to the Cross and the resurrection triumph beyond it and because of it. It shines ever more brightly unto the Perfect Day; it ever points to the end of the Path, the Perfect Day, to Heaven itself. So, for the believer, at death and the beginning of the eternal day, it is not just a Great Day, it is the Perfect Day. Jim Miller would say to us now from Heaven, have a Perfect Day.
Thanksgiving for the Life of Jim “JimDaddy” Miller
Stuart Miller (Son)

Trust in the LORD, and do good;
Dwell in the land, and feed on His faithfulness.
Delight yourself also in the LORD.
And He shall give you the desires of your heart.
Psalm 37: 3, 4

JimDaddy quoted this particular portion of scripture often, and it fit with how he lived his life: trusting God, doing good, living in the land and cultivating faithfulness. My father was by no means a perfect man. Like all of us, he was a sinner. But he was a good man, and such a good friend to me, his “little baby boy”. He loved his friends, he loved his family, and he loved Mama. He had a gift for making those around him feel special. People liked themselves when they were with JimDaddy.

I didn’t know that Thursday night was going to be the last time I would see Daddy alive. I think he knew how much I loved him. I wish I had told him how much he had been the earthly image of the Heavenly Father to me. I think perhaps we take for granted how profoundly those we love affect our lives until the Lord calls them home.

We’ll not see JimDaddy again this side of heaven, and we will all miss him very much. However, we know that as he departed this world last Friday night, in the quiet beauty of a snow storm, by a warm fire listening to music with his much loved wife, my father was welcomed into the open loving arms of HIS heavenly father with what I can’t help but imagine was the phrase:

“Hey JimDaddy, Speak To Me.”
Thanksgiving for the Life of Jim “JimDaddy” Miller
Katie Miller Grant (Daughter)

Since we have such a huge crowd of men of faith watching us from the grandstands, let us strip off anything that slows us down or holds us back, and especially those sins that wrap themselves so tightly around our feet and trip us up; and let us run with patience the particular race that God has set before us. Keep your eyes on Jesus, our leader and instructor. He was willing to die a shameful death on the cross because of the joy he knew would be afterwards, and now he sits in the place of honor by the throne of God. If you want to keep from becoming fainthearted and weary, think about his patience as sinful men did such terrible things to him.
Hebrews 12: 1 – 3 (The Living Bible)

My father was an amazing man who touched the lives of many people in a very profound way. From early childhood, the Lord gifted him with great purpose, focus and drive. He had the gift of making everyone feel special…and he meant it! He taught thousands of people how to have a plan for their lives with the Four Fold Way and he encouraged us all to SET GOALS as an absolutely essential part of life…a life that he considered a RACE, to be run patiently and steadily…like my father always said, “as you go through life whatever be your goal, keep your eye upon the doughnut and not upon the hole”. We know for certain that he did all of this in the name of Christ, and that for eternity he can EXCLAIM that it is TRULY a GREAT DAY in the perfection of heaven!
Thanksgiving for the Life of Jim “JimDaddy” Miller
Jim “Jimboy” Miller (Son)

Hearing that Jesus had silenced the Sadducees, the Pharisees got together. One of them, an expert in the law, tested him with this question: "Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?" Jesus replied: "‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.’ This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: ‘Love your neighbor as yourself.’ All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.”
Matthew 22: 34-40

And Jesus grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men.
Luke 2:52

My father was a role model to many people. I wanted to be just like him and many of you felt just the same way. His was a very bright guiding star, easy to see but hard to follow because my father was a very impressive man.

He made a great first impression, no one was better. He loved to enter a room of people, take charge and get a laugh. The laugh didn’t always come, but his efforts were always appreciated. He understood the importance of looking good, so JimDaddy was careful about his appearance: from his carefully combed curls to his always shined shoes, JimDaddy was always ready for the show. His one liners were famous, and often inscrutable. His star was bright and filled with joy, and many admired him from a distance.

But if you asked him something serious, got close enough to really talk... that is when my father truly shined. He was a man of impressive accomplishments, steadfast faith, and simple wisdom. Born into a family of humble means but abundant love during the heart of the Great Depression, his childhood was very different from the one he provided for his children. Mother Kate raised him with overflowing love and constant oversight, Daddy Bill worked long days in the coal mines of Kentucky to provide basic essentials. If the church doors were open,
James had to be there... like it or not. Mother Kate loved Jesus with a passion and she taught her son to love him too. He made friends with everyone and everyone wanted to be his friend, and if you ever did James a favor- he never forgot it. His hometown employer, high school football coach, even the many people who gave him rides when hitchhiking; the many acts of kindness showered on my father filled him with a sense of gratitude that led to great generosity on his part. He felt it his duty to help anyone who asked for it, and to honor acts of service in generous ways.

He loved the game of football, it quite literally transformed his life. He was a glorious high school football player: strong, quick, smart, and tough. A lineman, Big Jim played both ways as an offensive guard and defensive tackle... and his ability drew the notice of the very best in the business. He was recruited by Coach Paul Bryant... BEAR BRYANT... to play football for the University of Kentucky with a full ride scholarship. The first person in his family to go to college, Big Jim was on top of the world. But while he was an A+ football player, he was a C- student and not keeping a high enough GPA, Jimdaddy was drafted into the Army and sent to Korea during a shooting war.

He only told a couple stories of that time, but they were formative stories in his life. First, of his homesickness as he boarded the troop carrier ship for the long voyage to Korea. Second was the protection of the Lord God Almighty. Those first months were very hard, later he was chosen to be on the Army football team! While the other men in his division were sleeping in tents pitched on frozen ground, Jimdaddy was having a blast playing the game he loved and living in relative comfort. They had a great team, he had a great time, and in that time Jim Miller became a staunch patriot. He was very proud of his service and honored the flag to the end.

Upon return to college, his football career at Kentucky concluded with an invitation to play professional football in the newly formed NFL, but Jimdaddy’s mind was not on football any longer. Once he and my mother met; it was love at first sight. Literally. A lifetime 50 year love affair that finally ended last Friday. He graduated, got married, and opened a new chapter of his life as he entered the corporate world of sales and marketing.
Camp Greystone had always been my mother's deal; she had spent her entire life attending and working summers at the camp her Grandfather founded. But when Gigi and Joe decided to step back and give the next generation a turn at the wheel... Jimdaddy gladly turned his back on a promising career to help Libby with her dream of running camp.

Those early days were difficult for him, for he didn’t know what to do! It was a girls camp and as he put it “I had only been to Camp Cheffy, an army training camp in Arkansas”. So he decided to start a boys camp that could be his own project... and in 1969 the first campers from Falling Creek had the summer of their life with Big Jim as their director. Daddy thought it would be fun, he thought it would be easy... but he soon learned that it was more than he could handle. Running one camp was all he could handle, so he sold Falling Creek and focused his incredible abilities at building up Greystone.

His background was in sales and marketing... so that is what he did. He was a natural salesman. He loved visiting old friends across the nation. He loved meeting new friends. He loved convincing his new friends to send their daughters to camp Greystone... he loved business, always looking for the next deal and thrilled when he found one. The camp grew, and became stronger and better than ever. Our family lived in the heart of the camp, and as Greystone grew we children flourished in the basking light of my father's bright presence and my mother's nurturing love.

Daddy made family life fun. He would tell stories at the dinner table, silly jokes in the car, sing stanzas of songs for no reason at all, cooked pancakes for breakfast and hamburgers for dinner. He would call out strange words that he claimed were foreign languages, and showed us how to wake up with a smile and make each day a great day. We siblings would fight, as children do, and he would wag his finger and say “Be ye kind, one to another... John 3:16”. Sometimes we would get mad at him, he would shrug it off and always give us a big hug. If we would pout and fume he would just laugh; and his laughter would always make us laugh as well. He was never afraid of telling us he loved us, I heard it almost every day. He and Mama loved each other dearly, and their obvious love and affection was a source of embarrassment and pride for all of us children. We celebrated their 50th anniversary last August... with a
very embarrassing picture in downtown Charleston that literally stopped traffic.

Katie, Stuart, and I are proud to be Jim Millers children. I know that you are proud to have known him, it is fitting to honor his life on this day. Thousands of campers, hundreds of friends, fourteen grandchildren, three children, one wife... it is quite a legacy. Ultimately, My Father was a role model and steady guiding light because he was reflecting the love of His Father in Heaven, on this important day he would want you to do the same. He would want you to learn and live the simple lessons that God intends for us all... to Love the Lord your God with all your heart all your soul and all your mind and to love your neighbor as yourself. He would encourage you to grow in wisdom and stature in favor with God and man... and to always make every day a great day.