

MELVIN BOWMAN

By Jack Miller (08/18/09)

I met Mel when I was five years old. He was my "mail man" and gave me the only birthday cards that didn't come from my family. His example of kindness to all he met helped to teach me that all people were equal in the eyes of God, regardless of what flavor they came in.



After I was married, I was blessed to have Mel move into my neighborhood. His compassion and work ethic were an inspiration to my entire family.

Every Halloween, Mel would dress in a different costume and meet neighborhood children with candy in his driveway. I especially enjoyed his skeleton costume and those special visits from our "colorful Santa."

Mel was a guest at our family picnic September 1, 1997. We were amazed at how he could give us the address of any person on his routes, even though he had been retired from the Post Office for many years. My father especially enjoyed Mel's fellowship that afternoon. It was one of the last things he shared with me. Dad died later that night.

Selfishly, I weep realizing that I will no longer see Mel manicuring his lawn or be able to talk with him as I pass his house on my way home. I regret that I did not have a chance to say goodbye to him or tell him what an impact he had on my life. Deep down, however, I celebrate because I know that Mel is now with his Lord and Savior.

Melvin, thanks for inspiring me. Thanks for being such an example of good in an increasingly evil world. And on a selfish note, if you get the chance, put in a good word for my family and me.