



Leonard Louis Foster
1932 - 2005

Leonard Louis Foster, Sr.

June 1 1932 - Feb 2 2005
AAFA #0765

**Leonard Louis
Foster, Sr.,**

age 72, a resident of Palominas, AZ, passed away February 2, 2005 after a long illness. He was born June 1st, 1932 in Richmond, Staten Island, N.Y., the son of Orlando Edward and Teresa (Wellman) Foster who were long-time residents of Glendale, AZ. He owned and operated the Confidential Investigation Agency in Sierra Vista from 1985 until he became ill.

Leonard was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers, O.E. "Sonny" Foster, Jr., and Edward Foster of Norfolk, VA. He is

survived by his devoted wife of 54 years, Joyce; two sons, Leonard Foster, Jr., of Palominas and Daniel Foster, US Army, presently stationed in Baghdad, Iraq; three daughters, Deborah Burns (Steven) of Phoenix, Marla Mitchell (Bill) of Sierra Vista and Jan Fields (Fred) of Sierra Vista; one sister, Margaret Williams of North Carolina; and also 12 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

"God saw you getting tired when a cure was not to be, so He closed His arms around you and whispered, 'Come to me.' You didn't deserve what you went through and

so He gave you rest. In tears we saw you sinking, we watched you fade away, our fragile hearts were broken, as you fought so hard to stay. But when we saw you sleeping and so peacefully free from pain, we could not wish you back, to suffer pain again."

Memorial services with military honors will be held at 2:00 P.M., Monday, February 7, 2005 at Jensen's Sierra Vista Mortuary, Sierra Vista, AZ. A private internment will be held by family at a later date.

Arrangements entrusted to Jensen's Sierra Vista Mortuary.

Leonard Louis Foster
b. June 1, 1932 in Richmond, Staten Island, NY
died Feb 2, 2005 after a long illness.
Preceded in death by father Orlando Edward Foster,
mother, Teresa Wellman Foster,
2 brothers, O.E. 'Sonny' Foster Jr
and Edward Foster of Norfolk, Va.
Survived by his wife of 54 1/2 years, Joyce,
2 sons, Leonard Foster II, Palominas
Daniel Foster US Army, presently stationed in Baghdad, Iraq..
3 daughters Deborah (Steven) Burns, Phoenix,
Marla (Bill) Mitchell Sierra Vista
and Jan (Fred) Fields Sierra Vista.
One sister Margaret Williams in North Carolina
12 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.
He owned and operated the Confidential Investigation Agency in
Sierra Vista from 1985 until he became ill in 2003.

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Eulogy

As many of you are already aware, I have spent a great deal of my life looking at God. Be it from a foxhole or a classroom, the simple fact is I see Him. In my head is the image of God, as plain as any photograph, and I would like to take a few moments to describe how I see Him.

First of all, God is strong. God has a strength that permeates all of creation. It is God's strength that carries the Hebrews through their bondage in Egypt and Babylon. It is God's strength that allows a small population of people to remain a recognizable separate culture that is basically responsible for writing down the rules that became Western Civilization. It is God's strength that enabled a first century carpenter to walk up a hill outside Jerusalem bearing all of our mistakes. God is strong.

Sometimes, God is angry. God releases His anger on the Israelites at the foot of Mount Sinai, and again and again we see that divine anger swell like the raging sea. If you look closely at these instances however, that anger comes not as a result of vengeance or spite, but rather as a result of sadness; that we as His children were capable of so much more, but chose to lie rather than take responsibility. Chose the easy way out instead of doing what was morally correct. God's anger is the result of us not living up to our potential, when all God really seeks is the opportunity to be proud of us.

And God, as much as certain groups organized in His name would like to deny, has an enormous sense of humor. I'd like to point out the instance in Mark chapter 7 where Jesus says that it is not what goes into a man's body that makes him unclean, but rather what comes out. Sure, there is a deep theological meaning there, but to the audience in those days the surface phrase is simply a potty joke. Again and again Jesus uses plays on words and jokes to illustrate His message, and some of them by the standards of the day are simply raunchy and scandalous. God is funny.

Why? Because God is love. Behind every inscrutable situation in the Bible or history, behind every commandment that we don't quite understand, behind all of it is the love of a Father for His children. He shares His strength with us because He loves us. He is angry with us because He loves us. He jokes with us because he loves us. That is how I see God.

The author Chuck Palahniuk says in one of his books that in our modern culture and society, we as men base our image of God on our fathers.

He is absolutely right. My Dad was strong, my Dad could be angry, my Dad was funny, and my Dad loves me as much as I love him. I thank God for my Dad, and I will miss him terribly.

Daniel

In his poem "The Road Not Taken", Robert Frost wrote:

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
Took the one less traveled by.
And that has made all the difference.

For my father, "the road less traveled by" was not an alternate route, it was the only route.

For him *the* idea of being known as 'normal' or 'average' was the ultimate insult. His was a path that led him to other than the normal, an intellect that often went beyond the average, a spirit which inspired without conscious effort.

My father was a man with little formal schooling, he never finished high school, though he did get a GED, he never went to college, never received any degrees demonstrating his education; but that was not to say that he was uneducated. Indeed, in a number of fields, he was well the most educated man I knew. It was this self-taught education, this "need to learn," that most influenced my life.

For me, my father was not a series of events or experiences, to be joyfully recalled and savored, but rather an ideal, the concept of personal accomplishment. His drive for knowledge was infectious, even if not intentionally so. His legacy to me was not an object, not a memory, not even a saying, but instead a desire, a desire to achieve, to excel, to be something more than, ordinary or normal.

In all things, from his accomplishments in marksmanship, to his abilities at criminal detection, to his thirst for historical discovery, this drive to know the unknown was his propelling force, and his eternal legacy.

But now his "path less traveled" has led him to the place that Shakespeare, referred to as "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveler returns." His path has now ended, his journey completed, and his accomplishments remembered.

There is an old Irish toast that comes to mind today, as we all wish him farewell, which goes "May you be in heaven three days before the devil knows you're dead."

Farewell Pop, you will be missed.

- Leonard L. Foster II