Remembering David
Reflections

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“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”
—Thomas Campbell
David Patterson Lambert, 75, of Washington, D.C. died of a heart incident in his sleep early on the morning of October 16, 2015, while attending the World Food Prize in Des Moines, Iowa.

Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, on December 22, 1939, the third son of Beverly and Rose Lambert, and raised in Holly Grove, Arkansas, David had a distinguished career in public service.

He was an internationally recognized advocate for global food and nutrition security, lecturing and traveling widely on these issues. As the principal of Lambert Associates, a Washington-based public affairs consulting firm providing strategic policy advice, he focused on global food security and child nutrition, and was strongly committed to working on behalf of those vital causes.

In 1999, President Clinton appointed and the U.S. Senate confirmed David as permanent alternate representative and Foreign Agricultural Service Counselor to the U.S. Mission to the U.N. agencies. A regular member of the U.S. delegation to the U.N.’s Codex Food Safety Commission in Rome and Geneva, David represented the U.S. in numerous international forums, including the World Food Summit, and he served on Ambassador George McGovern’s humanitarian missions throughout Asia and Africa.

Prior to his diplomatic appointment, David was Senior Vice President of the New York Stock Exchange, directing all public affairs programs, both U.S. and international, with responsibility for the executive branch and the diplomatic corps in Washington. He was principal negotiator for and a delegate to the NYSE’s historic U.S.-China Symposium on Financial Markets in Beijing and met privately with Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping.

Earlier in his career he served as legislative assistant to U.S. Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate’s Foreign Relations Committee, with responsibilities on a variety of policy issues, including agriculture, trade, and tax matters. Lambert has served in numerous advisory roles, notably with the Chicago Council on Global Affairs, Farm Journal Foundation, Center for Global Development, FAO, Winrock International, Alliance to End Hunger, Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, Obama Ag Policy Committee, GWU Planet Forward, Clinton School of Public Service, Auburn’s College of Human Sciences, Howard University’s World Food Law Institute, University of Arkansas Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences, Food Industry Codex Coalition, Consumer Federation of America, IICA, and the Economic Club of Washington. He was also active in civic and charitable activities furthering the goal of ending hunger. He was a Distinguished Fellow of Iowa State University’s Seed Science Center and a lecturer at the Catholic University of America, teaching graduate courses on global food security and hunger issues.

He received a B.A. degree from the University of Arkansas and a law degree from The George Washington University.

Survivors include his son Walker Lambert and Walker’s wife Eleanore, who David loved like a daughter, of Washington, D.C., and son Taylor Lambert of Walnut Creek, CA; former wife, Diana Rich of Washington, D.C., and brothers Beverly Lambert of Washington, D.C., and Hayden Lambert of Nashville, TN.
Dad lived a full, noble, and inspiring life. He lived it for 75 years, which is a good long time for anyone. Still, it’s a tough thing to bury your father, much harder than I anticipated. I thought we’d be able to squeeze at least five or ten more years out of him. Now, it seems that a gap is left in a place that I didn’t fully appreciate was being filled by his presence and the knowledge that he was only a call away.

In these last few days, I’ve tried to use memories and stories of my dad to fill that gap. There are hundreds, thousands, maybe tens of thousand of memories of something he said, or something he did, or some intentional or unintentional action he took. Reminders are everywhere. And I would imagine this room, right now, holds more stories of DPL, as my friends call him, than anywhere on earth.

And in that vein, the vein of memories, I could talk about a lot of things. I could tell stories about our family times together: meeting the Pope in Italy, or Rehoboth at the end of summer, or Arkansas during Razorback season, or New York City at Christmas. I could talk about going to ball games with him, or the funny way he talked to himself as he drove me to school in the morning. I could share my impressions of his own amazing ability to share stories and memories, and how I loved and learned from them as a child and as an adult.

I could tell you all about his prowess as a poet and his propensity to ambush the unsuspecting with a verse from Keats, or Yeats, or Dickinson. How in the middle of dinner, without any warning, he would launch into a fully memorized, and fully dramatized reading of a poem. Then, the poem would be over, and just like that we’d go back to discussing politics, or movies, or what have you.

Indeed, I could attempt to capture something about dad if I told you about his expression, just two months ago, when I showed him a sonogram of his 10-week old grandchild.

Or, I could let you know some of the things people have said to me over the years, and in a most concentrated form, over the last few days; about his greatness, his nobleness of spirit, and how proud he was of his sons and daughter-in-law, about his unending sense of humor and his warmth. Some examples: “He was one of my absolute favorite people in the world.” Or a “most trusted mentor.” Or, “He’s the kindest man I’ve ever known.” And I think many in this room would agree.

I could talk about how sweet it is that a man known for hyperbole (“Best spy novel ever written. Best restaurant in the city. Greatest movie ever made”) now has what seems to be an unending steam of absolutist descriptions, “warmest,” “most welcoming,”

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“kindest” person I’ve ever met. But in this case the hyperbole is warranted, so much so that it’s no longer hyperbole.

And I could mention how as his son, I sometimes felt that kindness backfire. Taylor and I had been known, jokingly, to call dad: David “but how are you” Lambert. We envisioned a make-believe scenario where he had just been mugged on the street and shot in the leg. “Dad, good God, what happened?!” “Oh, you know, just had an encounter with an unfriendly guy. And this is just a flesh wound, no problem, be like new in no time. But how are you?”

Or we could remember his famous Rome restaurant list, which I think has been circulated and used by countless visitors to his favorite city. As many have remarked, just a mention of David’s name at these restaurants was a cause for celebration and immediate upgrade to the best table in the house.

I could mention that these upgrades were not the result of dad’s professional status so much as it was that everyone understood how good, how kind a man he was in his heart. If nothing else, his life is a testament to the power of kindness.

Indeed, I could tell you a more recent memory of how I balked when I read a draft of an obituary that said he died of heart failure. That didn’t seem appropriate. Since—as clichéd as it might sound—his heart never failed, never once failed. Even now, look around, how can you describe this gathering as the result of heart failure? The autopsy indicated that he just died. The electrical pulse that fuels the movement of the organ of the heart, weakened, for reasons only God knows, and then stopped. Based on the evidence, the medical investigator said that it undoubtedly happened in deep REM. What a kindness for a man known the world over for his kindness to have his life end in that way.

And to have it culminate in Iowa, at the World Food Prize, which as an organization in some sense represents the perfect amalgam of his life’s work: his deft political skills, honed in the office of Senator William Fulbright and refined in the public affairs world of the NYSE, those skills now being sublimated for the purpose of finding better ways to feed more people—to rid the world of hunger.

But you see, these memories, these stories, for me anyway, miss the mark. They miss the mark, because they can’t quite capture the essence of him. While they capture beautiful moments in time—moments that add up to our understanding of who David Lambert was as an individual. They can’t capture that something beyond words, that something that you experienced when he looked at you with his warm and happy eyes and you knew immediately (without stories, or memories, or history, or knowledge of the man) that there was something good, something true in him.

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When Taylor and Nelly and I were in Iowa last week to collect the remains, we met with the housekeepers that found my dad. They were genuinely moved, and not because they had simply found a body in one of their rooms. We gathered with them on multiple occasions and held hands, cried, and prayed together. It turns out that my dad had already made a deep impression after just a few interactions with them over the week. I couldn’t help but think that they intuitively knew at some deeper level that this man was helping to bring something beautiful into the world; that he was part of a continuum that quietly uplifts the atmosphere and makes the world a happier, kinder, more just and more peaceful place, a place that welcomes all with open arms, a place where sadness disappears, and life and love and joy reign forever. This, above all, is the legacy he helped bring into the world.

He has been walking with God for a long time.

So in the spirit of my dad, the ambush poet, I will now leave you with a poem (which isn’t really an ambush poem, since I’m telling you about it). Emily Dickinson. A favorite of my dad’s after Nelly wrote a dissertation about her. (He always loved what we loved.) This was a favorite ambush of his, whatever the circumstance, but it now has a poignancy, and for me a helpfulness, I never anticipated just a few weeks ago.

After great pain, a formal feeling comes –
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs –
The stiff Heart questions ‘was it He, that bore,’
And ‘Yesterday, or Centuries before’?

The Feet, mechanical, go round –
A Wooden way
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought –
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone –

This is the Hour of Lead –
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow –
First – Chill – then Stupor – then the letting go –
Now…. I have cried tears of pain in my life, but the sudden death of my father certainly takes the cake.

I’m going through a very interesting internal process right now. I call it the Grief Wave. You have moments of perfect calm, like the world is still gliding along its course, and then out of nowhere your father pops up through a distant memory and your stomach knots, and the weeping, and the heaves, and the sobs, and the coughs jerk you relentlessly crushing the air out of your lungs, until once again, the calm returns. etc. etc.

Life imitates this. Right? Maybe not so extreme, but we get sad, and then we get happy. Cold/Hot. We have lots of money and then we do not…. We are starving and then we are full.…. Of course, my father was no different than any of us, he lived life in these similar patterns, but from my perception, there was always something quite different about him.

For instance, at a fairly old age he moved with such buoyancy. It’s amazing. It’s like he floated a bit. No matter where he went he simply carried a lightness and positive charge. Even after a tough divorce he continued to smile and look toward a bright, sunny day. He channeled these feelings into an invigorating, new career: a career with an ambitious mission to alleviate starvation across the globe!

Unlike so many people I know, my dad never really focused on himself, or his possessions, or the latest fashion trends. (Now, I could be wrong, but I think his newest suit is from 1986.) Instead, he decided to focus his momentum on those around him, that brought him such happiness. A fond admirer of Gandhi, my father enjoyed this quote: “The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others.” Whether it was family related: like helping me with poetry homework in high school, or in his community: like wearing his professor hat at Catholic University, or even global: like developing strategic food policies with trusted colleagues, he was guided by his internal compass, or essential Core Values as he called them. And I believe those to be: Love. Trust. Generosity. Thoughtfulness. Kindness. Responsibility. And Respect.

And for the past 28 years of my life, he would always talk to me about The Power of Choice. I remember the quote exactly. He would say, “T, you have the power of choice every day to change someone else’s life.” Of course, as a teenager this became a broken record after the 90th time, but thankfully the message has absorbed in me, and now I am starting to feel the vibrations from those words.

I am so proud of you, Dad. How many people have truly sacrificed their own comforts, their own physical well being so that others may thrive? You have. I yearn to walk in your footsteps.

And in due time, when this internal Grief Wave begins to calm, once this stormy ocean tapers a bit, I will be left with a choice. Shall I choose to be bitter from this loss or inspired to change, pitiful or grateful, sour or ecstatic? And when I am alone, angry or depressed, lost in my own head, I’ll think upon you Dad. I’ll get up, I’ll walk out my door, and remember to focus less on myself, but more on my friends, family, and new faces. Like you Dad, I carry your resiliency, your buoyancy, 

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and your positive charge, and so I choose to be ecstatic, Ecstatic to have come from your seed.

You have carved a new path for me and I am very excited to see where it leads. You and my mother have raised me well, I am ready, and the time has come.

Thank you for being my hero, my guide, my support, and my light
I love you, Dad.
And I love all of you.

“\textbf{The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others.}”

\textbf{TAYLOR LAMBERT (continued)}
It’s unusual for a wife to speak at a funeral service.

It’s downright strange for a former wife to speak.

But I believe I need to do this:
1. David would be happy to know I gave public testament to him.
2. I want to speak because David was a large part of my life for many years.

Without going into the anatomy of a marriage and its subsequent divorce, David and I always had an affection for each other; we always had a respect of each other; we always had a trust in each other; and we could always share a good chuckle.

I am the director of a Masters program in International Affairs at Catholic University. I asked David if he would like to teach a course for the program in his field of hunger. He developed a course, *The International Politics of Food and Hunger*, which he taught since 2009 – always to stellar reviews.

And David liked teaching. One time when we had a disagreement on something inconsequential, I said, “You better watch out or I will fire you [from the teaching position].” He didn’t miss a beat and responded, “I thought you already fired me [from the marriage].”

Jim Burridge lives across the street from David on Yuma and I have known him for years. Now Jim has a wry sense of humor hailing from Wyoming. He said to me a few days ago in an earnest seriousness that David’s funeral would be so boring since all the eulogists would say the same thing – David was noble, kind, a true friend, and a great guy. Boring – not really – but these accolades are real.

On a slightly different perspective, when our sons were growing up, David was known in our family as the “soft touch” and I, the mother, was regarded as “tough as nails,” because I was the stricter parent. I was also known as “fat fingers” because I never liked superfluous expenditures: my fingers were always over the mouth of the cash jar.

Anytime an incident or issue would arise involving the boys, Walker and/or Taylor would seek out their Dad, old “soft touch.” But he would stand back out of the line of fire coming from me; and then when things settled down he would reappear for the mop-up detail.

Good cop, bad cop – many families I suspect have this duality.

It worked somehow – we have two grown sons who: care for others, take care of each other, and do the right thing.

So I want to salute David for being the kind of parent that every child deserves – he was always there for our sons in every way. He was a strong support system – listening, counseling, loving.

He often called Walker and Taylor his Rembrandt light.

And I also want to salute David for being my special friend through all the poignant tears and all the joys, far too many to count.

God be with you, David; you were called home far too soon.
When a man like David Lambert dies, something in all of us dies. But, on Friday, October 16, there was a marvelous celebration as David put on that contagious smile, and for the first time since he was 5 1/2 months old, greeted our mother, Rose, with the simple statement “I’m home.”

As a brother and friend for 75 years, I’d like to speak directly to David’s family, my family, and his many friends gathered here today.

I ask you to meditate on what this one individual has contributed to you. Think about his influence over you, his investment in you, his insights to you. Remember his face…the lines indelibly etched on your mind. Listen for the echo of his voice...that infectious laugh … those unique expressions that emerge from the miracle of memory. Feel his hand around yours, his strong, secure arm across your shoulders. That grip that once communicated the strange mixture of gentleness and determination…compassion and masculinity.

Best of all, remember his exemplary character. The word is integrity. Pause and recall just one or two moments in your past when he stood alone…when he stood by you…in a time of storm. When he protected you from the bitter blasts of life’s hard consequences.

In the wake of such a legacy which time can never rob, give God thanks. That’s all. Just thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the meaningful marks he branded on the core of your character…the wholesome habits he has woven into the fabric of your flesh.

To Walker and Taylor, what can you say to someone who has always been one of the most essential parts of your world? Someone who took you by the hand when you were little and helped to show the way? What do you say to someone who stood by to help you grow, providing love, strength, and support so you could become the person you are today?

To all of you great friends, I would ask: How do you thank David for the special place you held in his heart, untouched by time and distance? That precious friendship was truly God’s love made visible through David.

Maybe words like – “you were, and are, and always will be an All-American in our hearts.” And maybe you simply say “we love you” and in our archives your name is written, and in our hearts there will always be a place for you.

The question comes: “David how are we going to live without you?” And his answer comes: “Take the love you had for me and spread it around.”

“Take the love you had for me and spread it around.”
David Lambert was a wonderful colleague, a communicator of par excellence and most of all, my best friend.

Khalil Gibran, the author of the book *Prophet* says this about friendship: “When your friend parts from you, grieve not, for that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence.”

What is clear to many of us gathered here, and what we loved most in David was his gentleness, kindness, and thoughtfulness. Anybody who met David even briefly went away feeling a little happier, lifted in spirit and confident that they were up to the task. David carried the sunshine with him!

David was a Distinguished Fellow at Iowa State University. We traveled together to many places: to Rome, Kenya, and Ghana promoting global food and nutrition security, especially childhood nutrition, which was his passion. When you traveled with David many doors opened, and we were received with so much welcome! It was because David was all about helping those who need our help most, the women, children, and the smallholder farmers, through science and technology.

David was also a man of faith. This is what Mother Teresa says about faith: “The fruit of prayer is faith, the fruit of faith is love, and service is the fruit of love.”

David lived these words. Service was truly an act of love for him. He often spoke of “science with a human face” and the beauty of the human spirit. No matter what the context, he would recite a poem from Emily Dickinson, a saying from Confucius, or from Mahatma Gandhi that was relevant, inspiring, and filled with poignant insight.

David also had his own sayings. When a meeting would drag on, he would say “Everything has been said, but everybody has not said it.” Another, and my favorite, was “I do not know what you are asking of me, but the answer is yes!” David said so many ‘yeses’ to so many people! He was always ready to help irrespective of a person’s station in life, whether they were a freshman student or the president of a university, a company, or a foundation.

My wife Jayne and I had a special beautiful last encounter with David the night before he passed away. After the World Food Prize Laureate Dinner, we saw him in the hotel in the hallway going to his room. Jayne gave him a book on angels as a gift. David accepted the gift with such humility, hugged the book to his chest, and said he would treasure it. I remember his face was lit with joy as he hugged us and we said good night to each other.

We both believe that when the heaven’s wiser love called this son of Earth home, David, surrounded by angels and in beauty in his last moments on this Earth said “I do not know what you are asking of me, but the answer is yes!”

Om, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti…
Isaiah 25:6, read by Melissa Wood

On this mountain the Lord of hosts will make for all peoples a feast of rich food, a feast of well-matured wines, of rich food filled with marrow, of well-matured wines strained clear. And he will destroy on this mountain the shroud that is cast over all peoples, the sheet that is spread over all nations; he will swallow up death forever. Then the Lord God will wipe away the tears from all faces, and the disgrace of his people he will take away from all the earth, for the Lord has spoken. It will be said on that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, so that he might save us. This is the Lord for whom we have waited; let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation.
Welcome. The size of this crowd today is overwhelming, but not surprising in the celebration of David. It is indeed bittersweet. I delivered two eulogies earlier this year both in Des Moines, Iowa, which is my home state. But now I honor my closest friend for the last fifty years who passed away in Des Moines on October 16th. This is the toughest remembrance I have ever given.

As I was driving earlier today, I heard that song *Unforgettable* sung by the late Dinah Washington. Even though it is a love song, it truly describes David, as he was loved by many.

First, David was fortunate in his life to have not one, but three careers. Most of us had only one.

His first was a foundational one: the political one. Working first in the U.S. Senate as a bill clerk and later for Senator William Fulbright. We both experienced the so-called “fun era” of the sixties and early seventies. Going to Rehoboth Beach for surf, volleyball, and countless parties both there and here. We had a fun time. David always had comical sayings like…

I would be asking him about a woman he would be dating, his answer would be, “Let’s put it this way: I would not mind being dropped.” Talking about a relationship he was trying to exit. Or our love of martinis, which he described as *see-throughs*.

Mary Hopkin had a big hit during that period with the lyrics which best describes that time, “Those were the days my friend, we thought they’d never end.” But they did.

Then came his second career. After Fulbright, he entered the private sector, and a more serious era: first with associations and later with the New York Stock Exchange as the Public Affairs Director. David also married and had two wonderful sons: Walker and Taylor.

Lastly, his third career, or as I call it, his food and hunger stage. Appointed to a position in Rome by President Clinton, becoming close friends with Senator McGovern, he spoke and traveled wide, covering the issue of food or the lack of it.

He was immensely happy and welcomed a whole new group of friends in the “food world.” He became a “shining star.”

But his clever sayings and personality never changed. He was proud of his Arkansas roots and many times when he knew I was calling would answer the phone, “Walton Lumber.” Many heard his others, like when describing a very attractive woman as, “She makes Cameron Diaz look like a boy.”

David’s loves were broad and varied. His love of food, from Italian to sushi to Southern barbecue was always self-evident.

On Shakespeare and Yeats, he recited by heart and also at the proper time. His lateness as well as his “definite maybes” were legend.

David and I shared many secrets and confidences over the many years. I mentioned to a lawyer friend this week that my secrets died with him, but I still retained mine about him. “Wrong!” Said my lawyer friend. “Yours are only hearsay and cannot be confirmed.” There is a final story about David that would contradict his last career in food expertise, especially all the time he spent in Iowa.

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In 1966, I would stop periodically by cornfields on my way to Rehoboth to pick a few ears of sweet corn for us to eat at our group beach house. Then one Saturday morning, I was the first up early and going out the front door. I stumbled into a pile of newly picked corn. David, attempting to impress us, had gathered the corn. I quickly examined the ears. Then, while at our breakfast table, I complemented David on his feat. “But unfortunately, David, you brought us corn that is only fed to pigs! It’s field corn, not sweet corn.”

David, the song I mentioned by Dinah Washington is true for you. You will always be unforgettable.

We love you, David. Rest in peace.
My friend David Lambert’s life ended in its 75th year, in the early morning hours of Friday, October 16, 2015. According to his son Walker, David’s heart experienced an electrical malfunction, and it just stopped beating.

David was a gentle, humble, compassionate man, deeply affected by human suffering. He dedicated decades of his life to advocating on behalf of the Earth’s most vulnerable citizens, especially children, particularly girls. That his life’s journey ended without him suffering seemed as if the universe was saying “Thank you” in the nicest way possible. He died on UN World Food Day, a fitting tribute to his leadership in alleviating hunger.

David was born in the small southern state of Arkansas. As a young man he served as Legislative Director on the staff of U.S. Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Fulbright distinguished himself as a fiercely independent thinker who infused David with a world-view that embraced all cultures. Also working for Senator Fulbright at the same time was a junior staffer named Bill Clinton, who would later be elected President of the United States. He would play a continuing role in David’s professional life.

In the 1980s, David served the New York Stock Exchange as its Senior Vice President of public affairs, during which he was a member of the Exchange’s delegation — and its chief negotiator — at the NYSE’s historic U.S.-China Symposium on Financial Markets in Beijing.

In 1999, President Clinton appointed David as permanent alternate representative and Foreign Agricultural Service Counselor at the U.S. Mission to the UN agencies in Rome, Italy.

His duties included being a member of the U.S. delegation to the UN’s Codex Food Safety Commission in both Rome and Geneva, Switzerland. As his reputation for strategic advice grew, he was assigned to accompany Ambassador George McGovern’s humanitarian missions throughout Asia and Africa. David drew inspiration and purpose from his close association with Ambassador McGovern and pledged to carry on his work, focusing on school feeding programs, child nutrition, and food security. As the arc of his career bent toward issues related to extreme poverty and hunger, David lectured on the need to “put a human face on hunger”; often encouraging the most powerful officials in the U.S. government to look past statistics to understand the pain and degradation that always accompanies inadequate access to nutritious food.

At the time of his death, David was internationally recognized as a lecturer on these topics, as well as operating Lambert Associates, a Washington, D.C. public affairs firm providing strategic policy advice to the private sector, land-grant universities, governments, and UN agencies. In addition, he served as a Distinguished Fellow at the Iowa State University Seed Science Center and was an Adjunct Assistant Professor at The Catholic University of America.

Reciting David’s professional accomplishments fails to capture the enormity of his influence throughout the world. He mentored students, inspiring many to embark on careers of service to others; he spoke

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truth to power, advocating forcefully for the moral obligation of ending world hunger; he inspired audiences to see hunger at a personal level, and to do something about it.

Most of all, David was a champion to his sons, Walker and Taylor, each of whom has grown into a vibrant, young man reflecting their father’s compassion and respect for every person on Earth.
Death is nothing at all, read by Nelly Lambert
—Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is past; nothing is lost. One brief moment
and all will be as it was before only better, infinitely
happier and forever we will all be one together with
Christ.
And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, ‘See, the home of God is among mortals. He will dwell with them; they will be his peoples, and God himself will be with them; he will wipe every tear from their eyes. Death will be no more; mourning and crying and pain will be no more, for the first things have passed away.’ And the one who was seated on the throne said, ‘See, I am making all things new.’ Also he said, ‘Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.’ Then he said to me, ‘It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.’
Memorial contributions may be directed to the Iowa State University Seed Science Center toward the establishment of an initiative or scholarship in David’s name.

**By mail:**
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**Or online at:**
ISU Foundation: http://tinyurl.com/oed4qg8
Select “Area of greatest need” and type in: “Seed Science Center”
Under the “Honorary/Memorial Gifts” tab, select “Full name of honoree” type in “David Lambert.”