

OBITUARIES

Gregory Allen Rumler "Rummy" (February 5, 1957 – August 21, 2020)



Obit Desk | [August 25, 2020](#)

Gregory Allen Rumler "Rummy", 63, passed away Friday, August 21, 2020, at Sage View Care Center in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

He was born on February 5, 1957, the son of Peggy Ann Perry.

Rummy attended schools in Table Grove, Illinois, and he graduated from VIT High School.

He was self-employed as welder for 40 years and owned a pawnshop for 20 years.

Rummy was a member of the Rock Springs Evangelical Free Church.

He loved his daughter and granddaughters very much and lived to make others happy. Rummy had a great sense of humor and he enjoyed spending his free time going to garage sales. He will be dearly missed.

Survivors include his girlfriend Tammy Adams of Vernal, Utah; daughter Marcy Rumler Sparks of Rock Springs, Wyoming; brother Mike Rumler and wife Marla of Ipava, Illinois; grandchildren Hannah and Kiah Sparks; niece Marissa Rumler; and nephew Matthew Rumler.

He was preceded in death by his mother Peggy, and sister Lean.

Cremation will take place and a Celebration of Life will take place at 1 pm, Friday, August 28, 2020, at the Rock Springs Evangelical Free Church, 125 Firestone Rd, Rock Springs, WY.

Condolences may be left at www.foxfh.com

◆ [Gregory Allen Rumler "Rummy", Obituary](#)

Friday Afternoon, August 28, 2020 at 1:00 PM
Rock Springs Evangelical Free Church, Rock Springs, Wyoming

Prelude..... Music Prepared by Pastor Will Cornell
Welcome and Invocation from Psalm 23 Pastor Richard P. Carlson
Scripture and Prayer for Marcy and Greg’s Family/Friends... Pastor Larry Johnson
Obituary..... Pastor Richard P. Carlson
Music by Ben Harper, “Say Goodbye to You” Assisted by Mark Duncan
Eulogy from listening to Marcy, Family, and Friends Pastor Richard P. Carlson
Music by Bob Carlisle, “Butterfly Kisses” Assisted by Mark Duncan
Funeral Message – “Greg’s Homegoing Is Our Wakeup Call” – Romans 13: 11-14
Pastor Richard P. Carlson
Invitation and Benediction..... Pastor Richard P. Carlson
Postlude..... Music Prepared by Pastor Will Cornell

Immediately following the Benediction, you are all invited to come forward to share your presence, love, and comfort with Marcy. Thanks to each of you who have come today to honor the memory of our dear brother in Jesus, Greg Allen Rumler, “Rummy.” Marcy will never forget your presence and your love.

EULOGY FOR GREGORY ALLEN RUMLER “RUMMY”

Born on February 5, 1957 and went Home to Jesus on August 21, 2020

Pastor Richard P. Carlson

This Eulogy presented today is the result of meeting on Monday evening from 8 to 9 PM with Marcy Rumler, Rummy’s daughter, getting input by phone from Marcy’s two daughters, Hannah, age 20, Kiah, age 17, by phone with Ketra Lundeen, Rummy’s first cousin, he called Sis, who lives in Eagle River, Alaska, and in person with Rummy’s neighbor, Christy Nopens, and Rummy’s girlfriend, Tammy Lynne Adams

My precious brother in Christ, Greg Rumler, was not always a born-again believer. Many of you knew Rummy long years before he surrendered his life to the Lord Jesus. Nevertheless, Greg Allen Rumler is a wonderful example of the truth of God’s Word in II Corinthians 5: 17, “Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed-away; behold, the new has come.” Greg Allen Rumler, like all of us, was born in sin. As a result of Rummy’s decisions before coming to Christ, he spent 16 of his 63 years behind bars. Nevertheless, before Greg went to Federal Prison in Rochester, Minnesota, in his last of three imprisonments, I was talking to him in our living room. That day, Rummy was ready to be done with following the dictates of his old life. That day Rummy surrendered to Jesus. Greg got down on his knees and prayed to ask Jesus to come into his life, to cleanse him from his past, to make him new, and to live daily in his life through God’s indwelling Holy Spirit.

I asked Rummy his full name that day and I told him that day in August of 2010 that Jesus wrote down his full name in His Lamb’s Book of Life. When I asked him his name, he gave me this name, “Gregory Allen Perry (Popenhauger) Rumler, “Rummy.” My wife and I rejoiced in God making Rummy our new brother that day. That day we shared some of my wife Jinny’s rhubarb pie he loved so much. We bought him a new Bible to have in prison. In those years in prison, Rummy lost the first Bible, so we got him another, and he read through the entire 1189 chapters of the Bible four times. Many strong believers in Jesus have never read through the entire Bible once. With that perspective as our starting point in this eulogy, here are remembrances that Marcy, Kiah, Hannah, Ketra, Christy, and Tammy shared with me last Monday evening.

Ketra Lundeen, who lives in an old 1935 cabin in Eagle River, Alaska, Rummy’s first cousin, weighed in telling me Greg always called her his little sister, “sis.” She called him her brother Greg, and she said, “Greg always protected me.” Greg loved his mother, Peggy, who bore him, her first child, when she was only 13 years old. Rummy grew up in Vermont, Illinois. Hannah said that her Grandpa was very-close to his mother, Peggy. Greg loved motorcycles, was a tease, and was always a

very giving person, who would give you his last dollar. In middle school, Greg met Diana and they dated until after high school when they were married. Marcy was their only child. Greg ran a dinner club in little Vermont, population 667, and he was a great cook. The club was called “The Golden Nugget,” and Rummy managed it for seven years. Ketra remembered Rummy taking her for a ride one day on his new motorcycle. They started down the road toward a railroad crossing. A train was coming and Ketra asked him, “Are you going to stop?” Rummy said, “No, we’ll slip underneath the train.” Ketra promptly jumped off the motorcycle. Rummy was quite the teasing character. Both Christy and Tammy said Rummy told jokes, but he would never explain the punchlines. Ketra and Christy both spoke of Rummy’s driving as being impossible because he talked to you as he drove, and he seldom looked at the road. Christy said any insurance company should have demanded his liability insurance be upgraded to full coverage. She said, “He cannot drive.” Even this past year, when Rummy was doing better, he bought a motorcycle and wrecked it promptly. Ketra spoke of being Marcy’s babysitter when Marcy was little, so Rummy’s little “sis” became close to Marcy, as well.

Soon Greg moved to Rock Springs where he went to work for Black Butte Mine. He built the drag line as a welder. As you all know, a drag line is a huge piece of mining equipment to scoop up coal out of the ground. Greg got the name “Blinky” at the mine, and he had the habit of flicking his tongue out as he spoke. He found out that can be dangerous, out in subzero weather, when you are up close, welding a cold pipe. Hannah echoed Kiah in saying their best memory of their Grandpa Greg was Greg taking them both, once a month to the Dollar Tree. He always gave them \$10.00 each and they both went on a spending spree. Hannah and Kiah both remembered getting to drive Rummy’s fork-lift all over his Blair Town property where Rummy managed the AAA Pawn Shop. They also drove his tractor. Hannah remembered getting a full-size drum set when she was only five years old. Greg took these two granddaughters he loved so much, home to his roots to meet his family, including their Aunt Phyllis, Ketra’s mom. At that time in his life, Greg was a gambler. On that trip to Illinois, he left Kiah and Hannah at a hotel while he went gambling for a little while. Greg left his granddaughters with instructions not to open their door for anyone. Had it not been for their Aunt Phyllis coming to their rescue at the hotel, the girls would not have let a security guard into their room or anyone. Soon Rummy was back, as he often picked up jewelry that he would later sell in his pawn shop.

Marcy was her Daddy’s girl, and she confessed her Daddy bailed her out of trouble more than once and always had her back, no matter what. Marcy was the apple of her Daddy’s eye. Rummy worked hard, at the AAA Pawn Shop he ran for 20 years, and the welding shop he opened in 1992. Rummy had a habit of inventing his own stuff. He invented a pipe cleaning machine, to clean oil field pipes, that

three companies, Weatherford, Halliburton, and Knight, all brought their pipes to him to clean. Rummy's machine was used for cleaning pipe used for down hole drilling, to remove slab, grease, and dirt. The machine that Rummy built was built to walk through those long pipes so they could be used again. His service, and his machine, was always in high demand. Rummy was innovative in his business dealings. Everyone knew his skill. Machine washing these pipes for the oil field was a never-ending job. Rummy worked long hours as did his employees.

Christy spoke about what a tremendous neighbor Rummy always was. She said, "He was a good man with a good heart." Greg loved garage sales. He would get newspaper ads, and go through them, programing every garage sale address into his GPS in his car. Then on weekends, he hit every garage sale. Sometimes, Rummy would buy the entire yard sale before others could buy one thing in the sale. Then he would sell what was valuable in his pawn shop. Rummy was a master in separating treasures from the trash in any garage sale.

During Rummy's time spent in Minnesota, Ketra corresponded with him every day while he was in federal prison in Rochester. Big brother and "sis" were very-close. A year ago, this past July, Rummy was released from prison, under a special release, so he could go home to die. Rummy enjoyed over a year back in Rock Springs. Most important of all, Rummy came home to his daughter whom he loved. Marcy and Rummy often came to church together. Rummy so enjoyed church, worshipping, and he loved to push his walker forward to come up to give his offering. Even during the worst of the pandemic, when we had to conduct services in the parking lot, via a transmitter exciter, Rummy would get out of his car, and walk up to the stool with the offering box on it, to give his offering. This past year, Rummy and I often met together in his home. We read many chapters of Scripture to each other. Then, we would share our prayer burdens with each other. I would pray first for him, and then Rummy would pray precious and powerful prayers for me as his pastor and brother in Jesus.

Rummy always spoke highly of Marcy, and he loved his granddaughters. He was proud of them. Looking at their pictures, he would often say, "Aren't they beautiful?!" Rummy would sometimes do his own cooking of ham, beans, and cornbread." I tasted it and the food was yummy. One of the proudest moments of Rummy's life was when Marcy testified of her faith in Jesus and was baptized by immersion, up at the Lower Green River Lake on July 31, of 2019. Rummy was so proud of his daughter. He glowed when he spoke of Marcy. Marcy shared how proud she was of her Dad and how hard her Dad fought his liver disease to stay alive. A month ago, Rummy called Ketra, his little "sis," and said, "Please understand, I'm going. 'Can't take the pain no more.'" Hannah said, "I'm so happy he isn't suffering anymore." We are all thankful God took Rummy Home to Glory.

Never have I seen anyone go to bat to save another's life as Marcy fought to get a liver transplant for her Dad. How many times they were in Salt Lake City, I don't know. Rummy got one surgery to lengthen his days, getting a bypass through his liver. Marcy said that all the requirements for a transplant were met, except for one, her Dad losing 50 pounds. That was a trial for Rummy. When he was up at the Emergency Room on different occasions, he would beg the nurses for something to eat or drink. One night, he asked for a sandwich, and they made him a sandwich. When we were waiting for Rummy to be taken to Salt Lake by ambulance, he said, "If I am going to die, I don't want to die hungry." We all laughed. Marcy realized in Rummy's last battle, to beat his liver disease, he lost those needed 50 pounds. Rummy went without food his last 10 days of life, and he went over a week without water. Few people live that long without food or water. Last week, Rummy lost the 50 pounds he needed to lose, but too late for the liver transplant.

Many of you saw Rummy was losing ground in his battle, and you came to his side to say "Goodbye." A week ago, last Tuesday, I thought Jesus was taking Rummy Home to His arms. For over a week, he wanted it on our prayer chain for the Lord to take him Home. That night, I came over at 7:30 PM. One of the hospice nurses was on the phone telling Marcy her Dad might breathe his last that night. I wanted to be there for him. I stayed, until nearly 1 AM in the morning. Often Rummy would stop breathing for 12-15 seconds, and then he would start to breathe again. I sang on many occasions to Rummy, but that night, I sang dozens of Gospel songs he loved. He would slightly open his right eye, and a tear would sit there before falling. The hospice nurse told me, "He can hear you, and he understands everything you are saying."

I took courage and talked to him for hours. Rummy was far closer to me than I can express. We shared Jesus as our Savior, and God knit us together from our first meeting. When Rummy would weep, I would weep. Tammy would weep, and Christy would weep. We all let him know our love in our tears that night. Perhaps you, Marcy, have wept the most, by far. A week ago, last Wednesday, I came to help as you called me to come, Marcy. We took your Dad from his home at 427 A Street, Apartment A, up to Sage View, Room 40. Release is the hardest when death is close to arrival. The death of God's born-again saints is certainly precious in His sight, but for those of us left behind, we still weep, but not as those who have no hope. We know as believers we will live forever together.

As my wife and I were traveling to Provo last Friday to get some work done on one of our vehicles, we got your message, Marcy. On August 21st, at 2: 54 PM, Greg Allen Rumler heard the call for Supper Time in heaven. He wasn't late for that bell. The moment he took his final breath in Room 40 at Sage View, he took his first eternal breath in Glory and he saw his Savior's face. He saw Jesus who died on the cross to save him from his sins. He was absent from the body, at Home with

the Lord. This man who could make all of us smile more than almost anyone I have ever known, Rummy is smiling today in heaven. He loved us all. When he heard that Pastor Larry was sick recently in the hospital in Colorado, he cried over Pastor Larry, and said how much he was praying for him. Rummy knew how to pray. When Rummy and I first started talking about his own dying, he wanted no fuss and no funeral. Then I told him, "Rummy, wouldn't you like to have your testimony of faith in Christ told to those you love, so many of your friends would come to Jesus?" He said, "Do, that preacher." That is what we are doing today! It was his last wish that each of you would come to know Jesus. May God bless the sweet memory of this man we all love, who has gotten to heaven first before us. As Christy said last week, "I wish it were me, getting to go see Jesus like you." Rummy is Home with Jesus. He is happy, happy forever. May God bless his precious memory in our lives for years and years to come. That is my prayer.

GREG'S HOMEGOING IS OUR WAKEUP CALL

Gregory Allen Rummy "Rummy's Funeral Message from Romans 13: 11-14
Friday, August 28, 2020, 1:00 PM by Pastor Richard P. Carlson

As I come to this sacred honor of preaching Rummy's funeral message, I am struck by the words of Rummy to me when he realized his funeral message would be his final testimony to all of you. When he realized that, he told me, "Do that, Pastor! Give my testimony to my family and friends." We are living in strange times, all of us are aware these are unprecedented times. As I pondered a text for Rummy's funeral message, Romans 13: 11-14 stood out. The context of this text tells us, "Pay all your debts, except the debt of love for others. You can never finish paying that! If you will love your neighbor, you will fulfill all the requirements of God's law...Love your neighbor as yourself. Love does no wrong to anyone, so love satisfies all of God's requirements." The next four verses of Romans 13: 11-14 let us see how Greg's Homegoing to Glory is our wakeup call today. I am going to read it from the New Living Translation.

We read, "This is all-the more urgent, for you know how late it is; time is running out. Wake up, for our salvation is nearer now than when we first believed. The night is almost gone; the day of salvation will soon be here. So, remove your dark deeds like dirty clothes, and put on the shining armor of right living. Because we belong to the day, we must live decent lives for all to see. Don't participate in the darkness of wild parties and drunkenness, or in sexual promiscuity and immoral living, or in quarreling and jealousy. Instead, clothe yourself with the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. And don't let yourself think about ways to indulge your evil desires." This is a comforting part of the Word of God if each of us today, learn from Rummy's life, three lessons. What are they?

WAKE UP! IT IS COMFORTING TO HEAR GOD'S CALL TO WAKE UP FROM SLEEP TO RECEIVE HIS SALVATION TO FOLLOW JESUS. (I.)

Paul wrote in Romans 13: 11, "Besides this, you know the time, that the hour has come for you to wake from sleep." I have no doubt that Rummy knew about the Lord, and that he often heard the call of God before age 53 in August of 2010. Yet that day in August, Rummy was done with his old way of life, living his way, following his own desires. That day as Rummy and I were talking, he was facing his third term in prison, now in a federal prison in Rochester, Minnesota. Rummy now realized the time was short before he would be gone from Rock Springs and incarcerated. He didn't want to face prison alone again without the Lord. That was Rummy's wakeup call 10 years ago. He was longing to have Jesus in his life, to

have a restart, to have Jesus in his life and in his heart. He didn't want to go back to prison alone. Rummy wanted me to explain how he could start life over, from that day forward, as a born-again child of God. I never tried to persuade Rummy at all. He was listening to the Lord's call, he was under deep conviction, and he realized the rewards of living life his way. Rummy knew it was high time he should come to faith in Jesus. No one reads through the entire Bible four times unless they wake up from sleep. Even born-again Christians can be spiritually asleep, not realizing the time, so we can claim to love Jesus, but not love the Word of God, God's love letter. 53 years old was not too old for Rummy to wake up and give his heart to Jesus. Years ago, I had the joy of leading a 96-year old man, Roy Campbell, to the Lord shortly before he died, and I preached his funeral, on March 2, 1976. In February of 2013, in Los Rodriguez, in central Mexico, I had the joy of leading a lady, 98 years old, Alejandra Rodriguez, to receive the Lord Jesus. For people to receive Jesus after the age of 50 is rare, statistics say 1 in 500,000, come to Jesus after the age of 50. That is why I know Rummy would tell us all today, "It's high time to come to Jesus. Let my dying and going Home to Jesus be your wake-up call before it is too late." There could be no greater comfort for Marcy and Rummy's family than if some of you today, let Rummy's call Home to Jesus become your wake-up call to follow Jesus, that today, you would repent, believe, and receive the Lord Jesus into your life as Savior and Master.

CLEAN UP! IT IS COMFORTING TO KNOW THERE IS STILL TIME FOR US TO CAST OFF THE WORKS OF DARKNESS AND PUT ON THE ARMOR OF LIGHT. (II.) Paul wrote in our text in Romans 13: 12, "The night is far gone; the day is at hand. So then let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light." Rummy knew the difference as the manager of AAA Pawn Shop between trash and treasures. But at age 53, Rummy discovered the difference between living in the dark and putting on the armor of light. Rummy told me many times as we read the Bible together, "I believe Jesus is coming soon." He believed Jesus' return was imminent and that we should be ready. None of us want to be dressed in dirty garments when Jesus comes again. Repenting is realizing we need cleansed from sin, and knowing unless Jesus does this work, we will never be clean. That day in August of 2010, Greg Allen Rumler knew he needed a spiritual bath, that he needed cleansed from sin, and he was ready to turn from his own way of life. Only God can save us, but we must be willing to repent, believe, and receive Jesus to be cleansed. Even after we are saved as Rummy was ten years ago, Paul tells us we must continue to live lives of repentance. In II Corinthians 7: 1, he wrote, "Since we have these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from every defilement of body and spirit, bringing holiness to completion in the fear of God."

Three months ago, in one of our mentoring times at Rummy's home, he was crying over a sin in his life, and I could see it was blocking him from Bible reading and prayer. I reminded Rummy that the Bible says in Colossians 2: 6, "Therefore, as you received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him." I told him to confess his sin, as God's child, and to receive God's assurance of forgiveness. Just because we are saved, and legally forgiven, adopted into God's family, never means we don't need Fatherly forgiveness often. We do. Rummy was God's child, but far from perfect, just like me. Jesus makes us clean through the Word He speaks to us, but we must want His cleansing. Paul wrote in Romans 10: 9-10, "If you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved, for with the heart one believes and is justified, and with the mouth, one confesses and is saved."

I often sang to Rummy, and he loved old Gospel songs. One of the songs that pictures our text of "Clean up," is an old traditional country Gospel song made popular by Patty Loveless, called "Two Coats." It's my story and it's Rummy's story. Let me sing it to you. "Two coats were before me An old and a new I asked my sweet Master Oh what must I do The old coat was ugly So tattered and torn The other a new one Had never been worn, I'll tell you the best thing I ever did do I took off the old coat And put on the new The first man was earthy, And made from the ground We bore all his image The whole world around The next was my savior From heaven so fair He bought me this new coat You now see me wear I'll tell you the best thing I ever did do, I took off the old coat And put on the new Now this coat it suits me And keeps me warm It's good in the winter It's good in the storm My Savior has dressed me In a garment so rare He bought me this new coat You now see me wear I'll tell you the best thing I ever did do I took off the old coat And put on the new." God's comfort today is Wake up! Clean up! And only He can do the cleansing. Lastly,

GROW UP! IT IS COMFORTING TO KNOW WE NO LONGER NEED TO GET INVOLVED IN SINFUL PLEASURES OF THE WORLD WHEN WE PUT ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. (III.) Paul said in Romans 13: 13, 14,

"Grow up!" That is a summary of Paul saying, "Let us walk properly as in the daytime, not in orgies and drunkenness, not in sexual immorality and sensuality, not in quarreling and jealousy. But put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to gratify its desires." I want all of you to know, even in this last year of Rummy's life, I watched him grow up in Jesus. I saw him stumble as we all do, but he never stayed there. He let Jesus pick him up, dust him off, and he was growing in Jesus until the Lord took him Home last Friday. We grow on the

basis of the food we eat. That's why Paul tells us not to make provisions for the lusts of our flesh. If we feed our flesh, we fail to grow up. But if we feed on the Word of God, and we listen to the Holy Spirit speaking to us in our hearts, we will grow in Jesus. We grow up and put on the Lord Jesus Christ as we bow our whole wills to Him, accepting what God desires in our lives, obeying His commands, trusting His promises, recognizing God's providences, and all in glad surrender.

When we receive Jesus as our Savior and Lord, it takes a lifetime to be fully clothed in Him. We never reach perfection, but we start to look more and more like Jesus. Last Friday, any of those things in Rummy's life that you may have noticed that weren't quite like Jesus, he left them in Room 40 at Sage View where Rummy left the old tent, which was his tired and exhausted body. Today, in Glory, there's no more waking up, cleaning up, or growing up to do. Rummy is clothed today in heaven in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus.

Today, in our tears at Rummy's leaving us behind here on earth, we sorrow and I've cried tears with many of you, but if we know Jesus, when we get to heaven, there will be no more tears, sadness, sickness, sorrow, or death. The work that Jesus begins, at the moment of salvation, will be finished when we see His face. Would you bow your heads? Do you know Jesus as Rummy did? Have you listened to God's wake up call? Have you let Jesus clean you up, and wash away your sins through His shed blood at Calvary? Are you now growing up in Jesus, awaiting the day we will walk with Rummy when none of us will need walkers again? Is God calling you today, to repent, believe and receive Jesus? Give the invitation of the Gospel.

Now, forasmuch as it has pleased our heavenly Father in His wise providence to take unto Himself our beloved Greg Allen Rumler, we therefore commit his ashes to the earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, looking for the blessed Hope, and the glorious appearing of our great God and our Savior Jesus Christ, who shall change the body of our humiliation and fashion it anew in the likeness of His own body of Glory, according to the working of His mighty power, wherewith He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself. Now the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you. May the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, comfort, and hope until we awake in His likeness and the Day dawns and these shadows flee away. For we ask these blessings in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.