



Hurim Crowder

March 1, 1941 - February 19, 2019

Hurim Crowder, faithful servant of the Lord, beloved wife, and mother, went to be with her Savior on February 19, 2019. Born in Korea on March 1, 1941, she is a long-time resident of Bristol, Tennessee.

She is survived by her husband, Philip; two daughters, Etosha Hurim Crowder and Elysha Hurim Crowder; granddaughter, Aiden Jade, sons-in-law, Corey Clark and Lee Frederick, parents-in-law; Daniel and Wreatha Crowder.

She was a special gift to all who knew her. Throughout her life she brought love and happiness, joy and wisdom, forgiveness and compassion. In her was the beauty of life as God intended. She was not without sorrows, knowing too well the tragic losses of loved ones, agonies of war and terminal affliction, but they never conquered her. She never asked why they came to her. She just bore them in patient faith and in her tragedies came to know God and proclaim Him in song and testimony. He had given her a most special gift; the gift of song. This gift she had from birth and as she grew up her fame from her singing naturally spread so that by the 1970's she had become the pre-eminent folk singer in Korea. She made many albums, she received many awards and presentations, and she was much sought after. She became rich and her music is played to this day. Yet, it was dust. When she lost her young son to a heart condition she lost her reason for life and all the accouterments of fame became as ash to her. She turned entirely to the Lord; clinging, as she has testified, to the hem of His robe in faith, in the blackness of her life. God guided her out of the darkness and made her anew. Out of gratitude she dedicated her life to Him and became an evangelist giving testimony and singing of His glory in many lands. She dedicated her voice to him, the magical lyricism of her singing was raised exclusively in His praise and has been so from the day of her salvation to the day of her last going home.

She was, in every way, a wonderful servant of the Lord, and her concerns for the hardships of others was always greater than the pains of her own sufferings. As all who knew her will attest, she was the epitome of the good wife and mother. Her children are

blessed. Her husband is blessed.

The world is poorer, much, much poorer for Heaven's gain, and all who knew her are blessed.

Goodnight my dear, I so miss holding your hand.

A service will be held at 11:00 AM on Saturday, February 23, 2019 at the Tri-City Korean Presbyterian Church, 2109 Carolina Avenue, Bristol, TN 37620.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to John Hopkins University. In the memo line of check please put "In Loving memory of Hurim Crowder". Mail donation to Ralph H. Hruban, M.D., John Hopkins Hospital, 600 N. Wolfe Street, Carnegie 417, Baltimore, MD 21287.

허림 Crowder는, 1941년 3월 1일 한국에서 태어났으며 테네시주 브리스톨에서 오랜 기간 동안 생활했습니다.

허림 Crowder는 남편 필립과 두 딸 Etosha Hurim Crowder와 Elysha Crowder, 그리고 손녀딸 Aaiden Jade와 두명의 사위, Cory Clark와 Lee Frederick 이 있으며 시부모님인 Daniel 과 Wreatha Crowder 를 모시고 가족 관계를 가지고 살았었습니다.

허림 Crowder는 그녀를 아는 모든 사람들에게 특별한 존재였습니다.

그녀는 평생동안 사랑과 행복, 기쁨과 지혜, 그리고 이웃을 향한 용서와 연민을 갖고 살았습니다. 그녀에게는 하나님께서 의도하신 삶의 아름다움 그 자체였습니다.

옛날 그녀는 사랑하는 이들의 비극적인 이별과 전쟁의 고통과 표현할 수 없는 슬픔을 잘 감당하며 이겨냈습니다.

그토록 비극적인 삶이 그녀를 덮었어도 그 모든 상황이 그녀를 정복하지 못했습니다.

그리고 그녀는 자신이 왜 이런 고통을 당하는지? 세상을 향해 묻지 않았습니다.

그녀는 고통을 참고 인내하는 가운데 하나님을 알게 되었고 그 고통이 노래가 되었으며 하나님의 은혜를 간증으로 하나님을 찬양했습니다.

하나님은 그녀에게 가장 특별한 선물을 주었습니다.

그것은 노래였습니다.

그녀가 태어날 때부터 그리고 성장하면서 자연스럽게 명성을 얻게 되었습니다.

그녀는 1970년대에 한국의 유명한 가수가 되었습니다. 많은 앨범을 만들었고 많은 공연과 많은 상을 받았고 그녀는 많은 명성을 얻었습니다.

그리고 그녀는 돈을 많이 얻게 되었고 그녀의 음악은 오늘까지 연주되고 있습니다.

그러나 그것은 사라지는 안개와 같았습니다. 그녀가 결혼하고 낳은 아들이 심장 기형으로 세상을 먼저 떠났습니다. 그녀는 생의 소망을 잃어버린채 흑암속에서 방황하며 생을 포기하려고 했습니다. 그 때 주님께서 찾아 오셨습니다.

그리하여 하나님께서 그녀를 어둠에서 인도하시고 새삶을 주셨습니다.

구원받은 그 은혜에 감사하여 그녀는 모든 것을 하나님께 헌신하고 주님의 영광을 증거하고 노래하는 전도자가 되었습니다.

그녀는 목소리를 하나님께 드렸습니다.

하나님은 그녀의 목소리를 받으셨고, 찬양 속에서 그녀는 새삼으로 재기하게 되었습니다. 그리고 그녀는 마지막 집에 돌아온 그 순간까지 그렇게 살았습니다.

그녀는 모든 면에서 주님의 훌륭한 여종이었습니다.

그녀는 항상 자신의 고통보다 이웃의 고통에 관심이 많았고 항상 이웃을 사랑했습니다.

그녀는 좋은 아내였습니다. 그리고 기도하는 어머니였습니다.

그녀의 아이들은 어머니의 축복을 받으며 살아 가고 있습니다.

세상은 가난하지만 하늘나라는 부요합니다.

그 하늘의 부요는 그녀가 믿은 예수님 안에 있습니다.

이렇게 그녀를 아는 모든 사람들이 이 하늘나라의 부요한 축복을 다 받게 될 것입니다.

Goodnight, my dear. I miss holding your hand.

Events

FEB **Memorial Service** 11:00AM

23

Tri-City Korean Presbyterian Church
2109 Carolina Avenue, Bristol, TN, US, 37620

Comments



“ A tribute video has been added.



Oakley-Cook Funeral Home - February 21 at 09:48 PM



“ Beautiful woman, beautiful life...so many memories to cherish.....
Love and prayers for you and your family Elysha.
Much Love,
Lori Kriegner

Lori Kriegner - February 22 at 06:34 AM



“ A wonderful loving tribute to a beautiful soul.

melanie hill - February 22 at 07:44 AM



“ What a beautiful tribute!!!!

Ginger Allman Sharpe - February 22 at 12:38 PM



“ Such a lovely remembrance to your beautiful mother. You & your family are in my prayers.

Kathy - February 22 at 10:21 PM



“ She was a beautiful woman. Prayers for comfort and peace!

Brandi Detrick - February 27 at 09:41 AM



“ Today is Mother's Day.... I had a hard time last night Omma. I've been seeing ads for Mother's Day sales, I've been seeing moms with their daughters, etc.. and surprisingly it hasn't bothered me like I thought it would.... until last night. After I got off work, I suddenly became angry. Seeing everyone post about their moms, last minute shoppers for moms, people complaining about their moms.. and for a split second I thought, "how is it fair that people have their moms but not me?" I cried on the floor for a very long time. You then told me to stop crying and to be happy for what I do have. I listened to 1 recording of our date nights we had and while it hurt to listen, you also made me laugh. I am so lucky to have you as my Omma. I realized later last night that I shouldn't be jealous or mad at the world for still having their moms physically here with them. Because I had so many amazing moments with you while you were on this earth. And some people will go their whole lives never feeling that kind of love.... and I immediately felt your presence, and you telling me instead of crying on the floor, get up - and pray for the ones that haven't felt love on Mother's Day from their own mothers. It's amazing how you are still that good light - my moral

compass - guiding me through my every day. I asked Lee to scratch my back when he got home from work..... and even though it's not as good as when you used to do it - it made me smile knowing that he will still try. I miss you every day. I missed holding your hand at church. I wore a pretty purple dress with your pearls. Dad said you would have loved it. I knew I would get through today... I'll be okay Omma. I just wanted to write down that I love you. So much. So very much.

Elysha crowder - May 12 at 10:52 PM



“ This is by far the hardest thing I have ever had to do. I don't think anyone is ever actually ready to speak at the funeral of their hero, their best friend, or their mother. Today I have been given the opportunity to speak about all three. With my mother being who she was of course, being these three things to me was not enough....she had to do it all and make it look easy. My mother is known by people all over the world for her wonderful singing voice and her unbelievable testimony. But not everyone knew her like I did. She gave birth to me. She disciplined me. She raised me. She loved me and made herself as an example for me. She sacrificed for me. She confided in me. She eventually even needed me. But she never failed me. I could talk for hours about her as I'm sure many of you could. So I'm going to limit myself to the three words that I believe describe her the most: faithfulness, courage, strength.

When I think of her faithfulness I think of how she has never once asked why me. She never questioned God and she continued attending church whenever possible. I would go and walk with mom when she could at the hospital, and each room we walked by, that had someone in it, she prayed for them. She was always thankful to her Lord and Savior and never questioned him. Mom had us pray over every meal every time. Every time we passed an ambulance, she would pray for the people who were hurt. She dedicated her life and talents to the Lord and she truly loved the Lord with all of her heart.

When I think of my mothers strength I think of when she become ill. My mother rarely complained of pain or allowed her afflictions to slow her. Even when just one of her ailments would have caused most of us to stop living to our fullest. All the way until the day before she passed away she was still standing on her own as much as possible to do her daily exercises. She was still more concerned about the welfare of others than herself. She would ask visitors if they had eaten even when she was so sick that she hadn't eaten in days. These and many more reasons are why I believe that she is the strongest woman I have ever known.

When I think of my mothers courage I'm reminded of a family trip we all took to Israel when I was 20. We visited the Caesarea Amphitheater while we were there. The amphitheater was enormous and there were a large number of tourists in the area with us. Dad told mom how the acoustic design allowed actors and singers on the stage to be heard by an audience member seated anywhere in the stadium. After that, while dad and I were talking to the tour guide, mom walked to the center of the stage and began to sing..... in front of everyone! She sang ari-rang. We couldn't

believe it. All of the tourists stopped just to listen to her. Afterwards she was applauded by most of her audience. How incredible is that? How fearless? Another example of her courage and actually her strength as well is my sister Etosha and I. Mom had Etosha at age 43 and then had me at age 50. I honestly can't imagine the sheer bravery it took to be willing to try to raise two girls while in your 50s. But she was mom and she did it. She did it and again she made it look easy. Etosha was good so maybe she had no idea the chaos that she was volunteering for when I came along. But she never refused to play with me and cooked and cleaned all as well as women half her age. I can't image the courage that took especially after the loss of her son. But she did it. Dad and mom told me about the plane ride from Korea to America..... how she put me on her back, and walked up and down the plane because I wouldn't sleep and would just cry and cry.

My dad wrote to me one night before mom's birthday about her courage and strength, and this is just a piece from it.

"You will not meet a woman who had the faith and courage to marry a foreigner, ten years her junior, against the wishes of her church and friends. She is a strong and determined woman. It is not that she has ever known fear, it is that she has never let fear overcome her. Her refusal to surrender to fear made her vibrantly, stubbornly alive. It led her to her three years in Vietnam, narrow escapes, and again familiarity with cruelty and death. And it led her to fame, a touch of which you know. And from fame to death and sorrow, of the slow and agonizing death of her son, of bankruptcy, of betrayal, of indescribable guilt and grief at the death that year, too, of her mother, and the absence of friends so desperately needed at the time, the unending misery of life without reason, without hope, and then as your mother testified, the transformation through faith and understanding of christ, and her miraculous rebirth through Him.

Your mother became sleepy while playing **화도** tonight. She nodded off and the cards slipped from her hands. I reached out to her right hand and raised her from her chair and we, two old people, she grasping tightly my arm and leaning heavily against me, allowed me to walk her slowly to our bedroom. I helped her undress, scratched her back, gave her hug, helped her climb into bed, pulled the covers around her, pushed the hair from her forehead to kiss her goodnight and she said, "I love you" and I said, "I love you too." "

I hope that this expounded on what you already knew of my mother and maybe you were able to understand how and why we all truly lost an amazing ,wonderful woman out of our lives . I miss her. I miss her so much it hurts. However I rejoice in the fact that she is no longer suffering and I laugh and delight in the thought of her ask Jesus if he has eaten yet when she arrived in heaven.

In closing, I'd like read a portion of a letter that I wrote to her about three weeks ago when mom first re-entered the hospital while I was watching her sleep.

Omama, I love that you are my mother. I love that I am becoming more and more like you as I get older. And while, to some folks that sounds like their absolute worst nightmare..... I, Elysha Hurim Crowder, embrace it wholeheartedly. You saved my life. I am so thankful that I have gotten so much time with you. I wouldn't change any minute of it. You are my sunshine. My only sunshine. I will miss yelling upstairs HI

Omma!!!! when I get home from work. I will miss coming home after work and seeing you and dad playing whatto together in the living room listening to music and sometimes dancing. I will miss listening to the music and pretending to be a ballerina and twirl around just to make you smile. I will miss me shaking my butt at you to make you laugh! I will miss my Wednesday date nights with you to kalm. I will miss you constantly telling me to eat more. It's amazing how I used to get so annoyed at her for that, but I find myself doing that now. I will miss sharing my gossip with you. I will miss you rubbing my stomach in the way only my mother can, when my stomach is upset. I will miss you scratching my back before I go to sleep at night. No one scratches my back like you. I will miss you singing a korean lullaby to me when I can't sleep. I will miss you coming to see me at work just to give me a bottle of water and say "HI MY BABY" no matter if I have customers in the store or not. I will miss you constantly talking about poop. How much you pee peed or poo poo. It never fails, we always talk about it. I will miss your voicemails when you just call me to tell me that you love me. I would tell you I'm at work but you would still call me just to check in. I will miss your cooking. I'm so thankful that you taught me how to make meeyukguk and kalbitang before you got too sick to show me. I'm thankful that I share your love for food. I'm going to miss how generous you are. Every good characteristic that I have, I have because of you. I learned from the best. I am strong and resilient. I say I'm fine when I'm not. I make sure everyone else's needs are met before my own.

I can see you in Etosha too. And it makes me smile to see her with Aaiden. How she lights up her world, just like you light up ours. I'm so very grateful that Aaiden got to spend time with you. There was never a language barrier between the two of you because you both communicated to each other through laughter and jibberish. This kind of made up language that just the two of you spoke. You and I share the same heart. I won't ever be ready to let you go. Which is why I will forever keep this letter. To remind myself of the little things I love about you. Even some of the things that I always thought were annoying, I will look back and wish I could have again. Thank you for showing me what love is. I didn't deserve your love a lot of the times growing up, but there you were.... always ready for me to come back into your arms. I hope you know how much I love you. I hope you know that I am forever grateful to be able to call you mom. Mommy. Omma. I hope you are proud of me. Because I am so proud of you. And now you are in heaven watching over us. You are my constant. My true love. Thank you for being my mother.

Elysha Crowder - February 24 at 02:44 PM



“ Prayers are with your family. We always enjoyed hearing her beautiful music at ISBC. She was so kind when we would meet in the hallways. What a beautiful tribute to her through your words.

jessica poff - February 23 at 09:28 PM



“ What a beautiful creature of the Lord she was. At the Pairs and Spares Sunday School class of First Broad St. United Methodist Church in Kingsport, we shall remember her lovely vocal presentation, and know that she is now in the Heavenly Choir and will attain Angel status, if she hasn't already. Our prayers go out to her family and all the Korean community. In Christian love, Fred Himelwright, Korean War veteran friend, and the class.

Fred Himelwright - February 22 at 02:15 PM



“ 9 files added to the album LifeTributes



Oakley-Cook Funeral Home - February 22 at 10:38 AM



“ Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Hurim Crowder.



February 22 at 09:50 AM



“ Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Hurim Crowder.



February 22 at 08:44 AM



“ Lisa Stamey lit a candle in memory of Hurim Crowder



Lisa Stamey - February 22 at 05:43 AM



“ 89 files added to the album LifeTributes



Oakley-Cook Funeral Home - February 21 at 08:43 PM