

Sermon for the Funeral of Kay Dreamtrader
July 11, 2026
The Rev. Canon Raymond Raney
Trinity on the Hill Episcopal Church
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Lamentations 3:22-26,31-33
Psalm 42
1 John 3:1-2
John 6:37-40

We gather here today to celebrate the life
of a long-time member of this congregation – Kay Dreamtrader.

She usually attended the 8:00 service and sat over there
in the end of the second pew.
I can kind of feel her there now, watching.

I met with her several times that last few weeks of her life,
and I lament her passing.

The reading from Lamentations,
which mourns the destruction of Jerusalem by the Babylonians
and the exile of the people chosen by God,
reminds us that even in sadness there is the promise:

“The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.”

Kay was a seeker, drawn back to the church here in Los Alamos.
In those last weeks in the hospital she felt drawn home by God
and comforted by the hot fudge sundaes were snuck in by friends.

The Psalm speaks of her feeling of being called home.

As the deer longs for the water-brooks, *
so longs my soul for you, O God.
My soul is athirst for God, athirst for the living God; *
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

She had been in pain in her body for years
and pondered what was coming next. As John wrote:

Beloved, we are God's children now;
what we will be has not yet been revealed.
What we do know is this: when he is revealed,
we will be like him, for we will see him as he is.

And Kay was confident in her faith and the comfortable words of Rite I:
Hear the Word of God to all who truly turn to him.
Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and
I will refresh you. *Matthew 11:28*
God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, to the
end that all that believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting
life. *John 3:16*
This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ
Jesus came into the world to save sinners.
1 Timothy 1:15
If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the
righteous; and he is the perfect offering for our sins, and not for ours
only, but for the sins of the whole world. *1 John 2:1-2*

And so says today's Gospel:

This is indeed the will of my Father,
that all who see the Son and believe in him
may have eternal life.

Kay has been called home,
and we honor the presence of whose she was on this earth,
who inhaled her first breath at birth and exhaled her last breath in death.

And here I am trying to find the words to honor her.

I was working on this sermon this past week
as I waited for my wife to finish with a choir sectional rehearsal.
Sitting in the lobby at First Pres in Santa Fe,
the interim minister said hello and asked what I was working on.
“Sermon for a funeral on Saturday.”
“Did you know the person?”
“Yes.”
“Sometimes that makes it harder.”
“Yeah, I’m just trying to figure what to say:
‘Life is good, the next one will be even better.’”
“That’s what we hope.”

Kay believed that.
The next life will be better.
The past couple of years hadn’t been easy,
but it was only the last weeks that there wasn’t a smile on her face.
Kay was a seeker.
She reveled in knowledge and wanted to plumb the depths of knowing.
I would suppose that’s why she loved Science Fiction and Fantasy,
to be able to go beyond what we know
to what we can imagine and dream up.

Something I didn’t know until I read Lisa’s lovely obituary,
Kay chose her own name: Dreamtrader.

The best I can determine,
Kay’s choice may have come from a character in a novel
about a future time when dreams are currency.

Glass cards hold the hopes and dreams and yearnings of souls
who trade their dreams to pay for life's necessities.
The Dream Trader discovers a disturbing reality – the dreams of the
innocent are being stolen by the rich and power.
With righteous indignation the Dream Trader leads a rebellion
to free the people and their dreams from a corrupt elite.

I can imagine Kay would have relished the idea of leading a rebellion,
of dreaming of going where she could not go in her body,
but her mind traveled to planets and galaxies far beyond our own.
And that was the wonder and curiosity
with which she approached her own death
in the certainty that eternity awaited her.

Kay was a dreamer
and I'd like to think she followed her dreams as she stepped from this life
into the next into just what, we don't know.
In his poem "Dreams" Langston Hughes described who we must be.

Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Kay held on to her dreams. And at her end, as she breathed her last,
she traded her dreams for eternity.