

Dying

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear the load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side say: "There, she is gone!" There are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

IN LOVING Memory



Name

December 31, 1969 - December 31, 1969

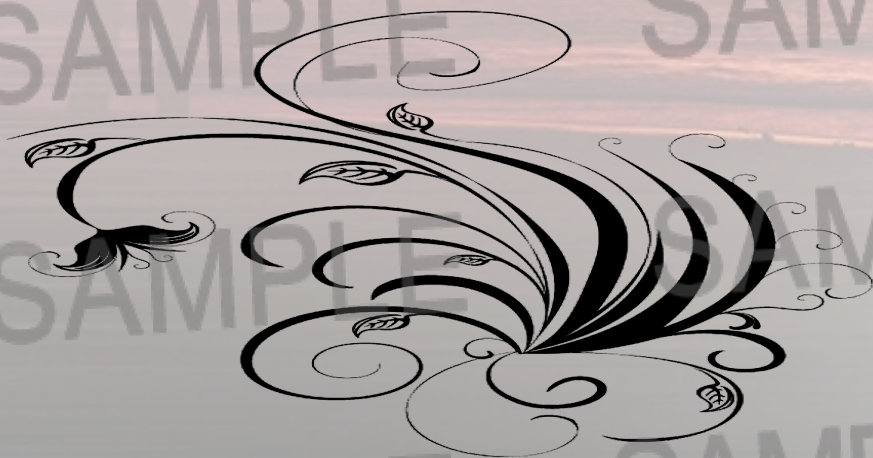
Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a
happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering
softly down the ways, of happy times
and laughing times and bright and
sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun of happy
memories that I leave behind when
life is done.



Services

Conducting..... Name

Prelude Music/Organ.....Name

Chorister..... Name

Opening Hymn.....#000

"Hymn Title"

Invocation..... Name

Eulogy..... Name

Speaker.....Name

Speaker.....Name

Congregational Hymn #000

"Hymn Title"

Speaker.....Name

Speaker.....Name

Closing Remarks..... Name

Closing Hymn #000

"Hymn Title"

Benediction.....Name