

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