

## 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*

## Services

### Comfort

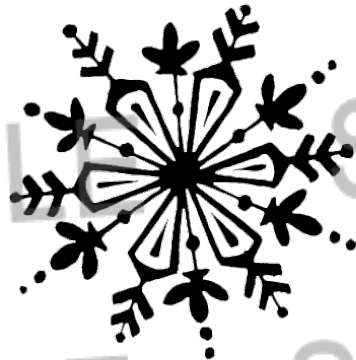
But still we have God's promises, in  
every robin's song.

For He is in His Heaven, and though  
He takes away.

He always leaves to mortals, the bright  
sun's kindly ray.

He leaves the fragrant blossoms, and  
lovely forests, green.

And gives us new found comfort, when  
we on Him will lean.



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