

Read by Ahdel:

Death Is A Door

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond the light lies still;
Very willing and weary feet
Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Nancy Byrd Turner

No Funeral Gloom

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness.
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still, you mine.
Remember all the best of our past moments
and forget the rest,
And so to where I wait come gently on.

Ellen Terry

Remarks by Karl

Read by Karl:

There Is No Death

There is a plan far greater than the plan you know;
There is a landscape broader than the one you see.
There is a haven where storm-tossed souls may go -
You call it death - we, immortality.

You call it death - this seeming endless sleep;
We call it birth - the soul at last set free.
'Tis hampered not by time or space - you weep.
Why weep at death? 'Tis immortality.

Farewell, dear voyageur - 'twill not be long.
Your work is done - now may peace rest with thee.
Your kindly thoughts and deeds - they will live on.
This is not death - 'tis immortality.

Farewell, dear voyageur - the river winds and turns;
The cadence of your song wafts near to me,
And now you know the thing that all men learn:
There is no death - there's immortality.

Unknown

Remarks by Odell

(Poems from Odell's book, "The Best Loved Poems of the
American People" Selected by Hazel Pelleman
Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York)

There's a FAY in our family, a FAY in our home.

She's part of our family tree.

If you'd like to know how this came about,

Then listen a moment to me:

Our trunk had grown quite strong and tall
Before there was any FAY at all.
Spreading branches graced the air;
Just one little spot remained quite bare
Until one time some years ago,
Six and thirty, if you must know.
The knot on the trunk began to sprout,
Sending a sturdy limb far out,
Bound so firmly to its source
That it was not shaken by any force.
Nor wind nor rain could make it bend,
Nor Texas tornado its tendons rend.
This tenacious branch we know as FAY.
And this brings us down to the present day.

The story is told, but to FAY we would say:

There's no getting out - you're here to stay!

You might as well face it. There isn't a way

We could replace it:

The meticulous work you always do,
The kind, loving nature we see in you,
The dependable presence, the unselfish goal,
Plus long, loyal service make a perfect whole!

11/28/80

From Odell's notes:

Life is shaded thru and thru
Mostly by man's point of view.
Count your sorrows, you'll be sad -
Count your blessings, you'll be glad!