

## As we weep and grieve...

We have all come together to share our sadness over the death of someone we all love very dearly. We also come together to renew our faith that death has a divine purpose, and to communicate our love, appreciation, and hopes to Jim as he begins a new part of his spiritual journey.

We know death is but a passage to another existence, filled with more joy and challenges. Yet, we feel a grief and sadness at this parting. We feel a pain that reaches into the depth of our being. There are no words that can take away our sadness. It is something we must live with. For our sadness comes out of our ability to love, and it is love that gives richness and joy to our lives. It is our love for Jim that is causing our sadness. Yet, as much as we would like to wish away this sadness, we would not want to wish away our ability to love. Let us seek comfort in our sadness in the words of the poet Gibran:

*When love beckons to you, follow him,*

*Though his ways are hard and steep,*

*And when his wings enfold you yield to him,*

*Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.*

*And when he speaks to you believe in him,*

*Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden.*

*For even as love crowns you, so shall he crucify you.*

*Even as he is for your growth, so is he for your pruning.*

*Even as he ascends to your height and caresses*

*your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,*

*So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.*

*...if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure,*

*Then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness*

*and pass out of love's threshing-floor.*

*Into the season-less world where you shall laugh,*

*but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears.*

### A Note from Jan:

A treasured friend loaned me a book ([Safe Passage](#) by Molly Fumia) which had helped his wife when she lost her grandmother. I'm including some of the passages that have been helpful:

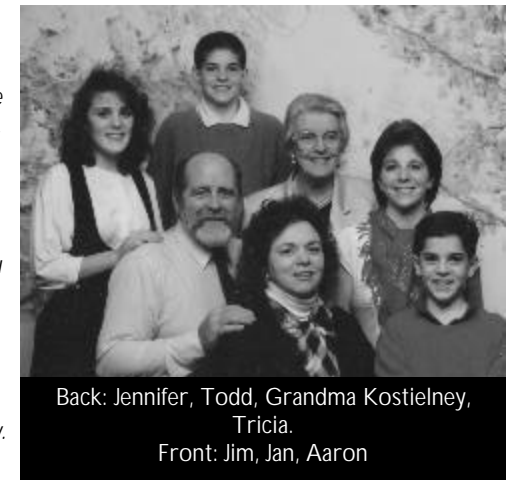
*Walking by the sea, I pick up a starfish that is missing an arm. Losing you has been like that, like a limb actually was torn from my body. As I gently place it back on the sand, I notice that despite the cruel amputation, a marvelous and beautiful creature has survived. And I remember the miracle of the starfish: the arm will grow back, and it will be whole once again.*

*I cry and I cry. I respond to every turn of the day with tears, wondering, now and then, how my incessant weeping appears to those around me. It is coming clear to me. Only tears encourage time to pass. Only tears anoint the endless waiting with tender hope that the days to follow might flow more kindly into understanding.*

*Grief is a trail of dreams, filled and unfulfilled, all that could have been, never can be again. On this forlorn night walk, the path to new promises is still beyond the horizon, awaiting the hazy, yet inevitable, future.*

*Did you wait to leave me until you felt me let go of you? I didn't want to, you know, and would have fought forever had it not been for your eyes. "It's okay," they said to me, clear and certain, even in their sadness. Thank you for giving me that. You didn't want to go, and I didn't want to let you go. But we decided that a lifetime of relationship was more worthy of a long, knowing embrace than a bewildered, bitter parting. We could not fear too greatly for the end of love when we are the proof of its continuation.*

*Surely you remember me telling you, "Don't die without me." The thought of being left here alone in the world always terrified me. I had thought we were going to do everything together. And now you've left me here to do it by myself. I know you wouldn't have wanted it this way, and I forgive you your abandonment. But my need to see you and talk things over with you has not changed, even though everything else has. So for now, I am alone. Yes, I know we both said we would claim a new kind of togetherness, that somehow you are still with me. But I prefer the old way.*



Back: Jennifer, Todd, Grandma Kostielney,  
Tricia.  
Front: Jim, Jan, Aaron

In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney

It is very hard to live with silence. The real silence is death...To approach this Silence, it is necessary to journey into the desert. You do not go into the desert to find identity but to lose it, to lose your personality, to become anonymous. You make yourself voiceless. You *become* silence. And then something extraordinary happens: you hear silence speak.

*Edmond Jabes, from 'The Book of Margins'*



## IN LOVING MEMORY...JAMES GERALD KOSTIELNEY

Jim's extended family offers its most grateful thanks to the many people who helped us to make this journey with him. We are honored by the generosity and compassion given to us by so many. Special thanks go to the VNA Hospice staff and volunteers, Dr. Jeffrey Seizys, Dr. Samuel Milligan, and the Neurology Department at the University of Chicago Hospital. We also want to thank Stacey Long, Patricia Warren, Natasha Reese, and Jeannie Robbins for preparing meals that sustained us along this pathway. Pastor Jeff Zilla and the people of the First Church of God in LaPorte are especially thanked for their presence in our lives and for their help during this time of grief. Each of us send our thanks to our friends and colleagues who held us and comforted us along this journey, who prayed for Jim's recovery as well as for our peace of mind. We are blessed to have so many good friends. And from Jan/Mom/Nana, especially for our extended family members... thank you. God bless you. We treasure you more than you know.

## IN LOVING MEMORY...JAMES GERALD KOSTIELNEY

1941—2008

# Journey's End

A small collection of stories and poems that remind us of Jim and help us to acknowledge his passing and grieve for him.



### The Best

God saw you getting tired  
And a cure was not to be.  
So he put His arms  
around you  
And whispered  
"Come to Me."  
With tearful eyes we watched  
you, and saw you pass away.  
Although we loved you  
dearly,  
We could not make you stay.  
A Golden Heart stopped  
beating,  
Hard working hands at rest.  
God broke our hearts to  
prove to us,  
He only takes the best..

*Author unknown*

## Covenant for Peace 1985

We are unique human beings linked with all of creation,  
And gathered from diverse places, to share a ministry of peace, to challenge  
hopefully, to work for harmony and freedom.

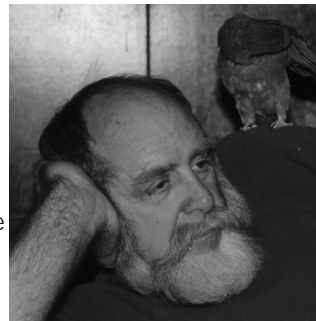
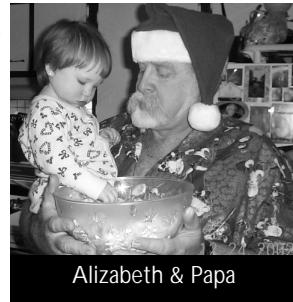
We believe in an internal Source, an ever moving one.  
Who creates and is creating  
Who keeps covenant with humankind  
Whose will for us is to choose life

We believe in this Creator's sustaining Presence and  
transforming Power,  
Who dwells among us in clarity and mystery  
Who inspires us individually and corporately  
Who challenges, prods and emboldens.

We believe our believing affects  
Our daily working and talking  
Our decisions and choice making  
Our responses to persons and systems.  
We are people in the process of change.  
We are moving; we are on our way.

We are seeking the promise of life and hope  
amid the symbols of our past and the experience  
of our present...

We dare this day to celebrate the Power in the  
midst of despair and indifference.  
We dare this day to celebrate the Hope in the midst of pain...  
We dare this day to  
celebrate Life...

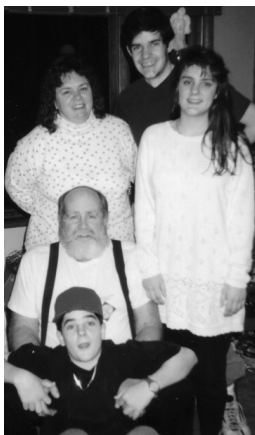


### A Short Story

Jim always had a wonderful sense of humor, and there were many cases in which some of us were unsure he was kidding!

In 1984, Jim took Jan, Jennifer, Todd and Aaron for a ride on his boat. They went West, out into the shipping lanes for the big oil tankers. Jim very quietly turned off the motor, and the boat rolled in the quiet waves. "Well, we've run out of gas," Jim said. Aaron, who was 7 years old and a bit green from the rolling, stood up and, waving his arms, began screaming for the tanker (which was about 4 miles away) to bring us some gas! He was greatly relieved (and less green) when Jim restarted the motor!

Jan, Todd, Jennifer...Jim...Aaron



As we weep and grieve, let us also rejoice that we have known the joys of love.  
Let us also remember that we would not trade away that joy, even to escape  
this sadness.

Though death brings sadness, we must remember that the spirit lives on after  
death. Though Jim is no longer with us, he will live on through the many gifts he  
has given us during his lifetime. Let us take time today to share with one another  
the gifts that Jim has given each of us during his lifetime. Let us share with one  
another, after the service, how Jim contributed to our growth and happiness  
during his lifetime.

In order to help Jim in his passage from this lifetime to the next stage in his  
existence, let us express our gratitude to Jim for all the gifts he has given us.  
Let us send a silent prayer of thanks, love and encouragement to Jim in his new  
realm of existence.

As we are faced with death again, we are reminded that our lives on this plane  
will end too. In order to be able to face our own deaths with calmness and  
serenity, we need to take this opportunity to reaffirm our commitment to God  
and to use our lives to the best of our abilities, to further the growth and evolu-  
tion of our spirits. May Jim's death be a catalyst for each of us to re-attune  
ourselves to our unique purpose in this lifetime. May we leave here today with  
a renewed commitment to use each day of our lives to manifest our potential as  
fully as possible.

Let us remember, in the coming months, to take time in our lives to continue  
our grieving process, which today has just begun. In order to heal our grief, let  
us remember not to block, but to fully experience, all of our feelings. Let us  
remember to share our sadness with one another; for in sharing our grief, each  
of our burdens are made lighter.

Jim and Jan have experienced a deeply spiritual life, believing in and giving thanks  
to God every day. They have always believed their lives to be blessed by God,  
their meeting to be orchestrated by God, and their souls to be loved by God.  
They have always seen God in every sunset, every flower that bloomed, every  
second of a child's laughter, every touch and every tear. They request their  
friends and family members to thank God for Jim's life, for the many ways in  
which his life touched and enriched theirs.

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**

## A Love Story

Janet Wood Unger, divorced mother of three, worked at Schmock Oil as a sales representative and accounts receivable/secretary. She regularly spoke on the phone with the plant manager at H-H & Sons, a regular customer.

Jan's children were cared for by a friend, Charlene, before and after school while Jan worked. Char frequently mentioned to Jan a man named Jim Kostielney, someone Char felt that Jan should meet. She also told Jim that he should meet Jan, as Jim was a friend of Charlene's, too.

On February 7, 1984, Jan was on the phone with the man from H-H & Sons; she realized he was having a really bad day, so she suggested to him that he go outside and make a snow-angel and then have some hot chocolate. He said, "why don't you meet me for a drink instead?" Jan replied, "I don't even know your name!" To which the man replied, "I'm Jim Kostielney." And Jan said, "I'm Jan Unger." And, realizing that they were each speaking to the person their friend Charlene had recommended to them, they agreed to meet at Swingbelly's that afternoon.

This was during the time when Swingbelly's was located on Lake Avenue. Jan went into the restaurant to find a tall bald man with a beard at the counter. She asked if he was Jim; and after greeting one another, they went to a booth near a window. For the next four hours, they shared a couple glasses of wine and their stories, good and bad. Near the end of this first evening together, they held hands across the table.

When Jan stood to leave, Jim assisted her with her coat...and then he kissed her in the restaurant. She kissed him back. He kissed her again in the parking lot.

They spent more than 18 hours on the phone over the next two days. And one week later, on Valentine's Day, Jim presented Jan with an engagement ring of amethysts...which she accepted.

February 7, 2008 was the 24th anniversary of that fairy-tale meeting. They had accumulated thousands of cherished memories over the years, and they spent their last months together recollecting these moments.

In 24 years, Jim and Jan created a happily and completely blended family of three sons and three daughters and their spouses, thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandson. They traveled all across the United States and Canada together. Their shared passions and hobbies included golf, antique shopping, politics, gardening, raising Japanese koi in ponds, and building things together. They loved telling stories about their adventures and escapades...of which there were many...and they loved spending time with their family.

Their love story will never end.



Jan & Jim—1988

Jan said, "I would not be the person I am today without Jim in my life.

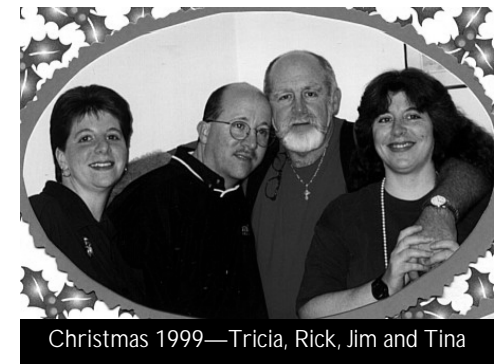
"My spirit was broken when I met him, and he helped me to heal and become strong. He encouraged me to imagine what I could be...what I could do. And then he gave me the time and space necessary to return to college—he became Mr. Mom to the youngest four of our children, helping them with homework, preparing meals, attending parent/teacher conferences, and so much more. He spent hours alone while I studied and attended classes, wrote papers until late in the night.

"Soon after graduation, I took a job that required a lot of travel. Jim never questioned my choice of jobs, never complained about the 140 days or more a year that I traveled for three years. Instead, he met the bus from the airport when I returned from each trip, and then he took me for a "get away evening" complete with chilled Asti on the table and roses on the pillow. When I was offered a job based in Idaho, Jim never quibbled over my decision to take the position. When I was gone for weeks at a time, more than 200 days a year for many years, he never complained. He took care of our kids and our house, and he loved me throughout these years during which I learned so much.

"I didn't very much like that frightened and passive young woman Jim met in Swingbelly's so many years ago. But not only did Jim fall in love with that person...he continued to love me through so many changes. Without his strength of spirit, his constant belief in me, and his gift of freedom in which I could make choices which had such a direct impact on him, I would never have become this person...the one I like so much...as did he.

"Jim was a unique and amazing man, and my life is forever better because I was lucky enough to have him in it. He will always be with me."

You cannot now realize  
that you will ever feel  
better,  
And yet this is a mistake.  
You are sure to be  
happy again.  
To know this, which is  
certainly true, will make  
you less miserable now.  
I have experienced  
enough to know  
what I say.



Christmas 1999—Tricia, Rick, Jim and Tina

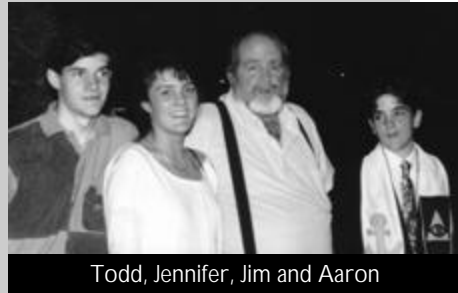
*Abraham Lincoln*

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;  
 A time to plant, and a time to pluck up  
 what is planted;  
 A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
 A time to break down,  
 and a time to build up;  
 A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
 A time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
 A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
 A time to seek, and a time to lose;  
 A time to keep, and a time to cast away;  
 A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
 A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
 A time to love...

*Ecclesiastes 3:1-8*



Todd, Jennifer, Jim and Aaron



Rick, Jim, Tina with Tricia in front

## Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me.  
 I once was lost and now am found,  
 Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart  
 to fear  
 And grace my fears relieved.  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
 I have already come.

'Tis grace that brought me safe this far  
 And grace will lead me home.



Your pain is the breaking of the shell  
 that encloses your understanding.  
 Even as the stone of the fruit must break,  
 that its heart may stand in the sun,  
 so must you know pain.  
 And could you keep your heart in wonder  
 at the daily miracles of your life,  
 your pain would not seem  
 less wondrous than your joy;  
 And you would accept the seasons  
 of your heart,  
 even as you have always accepted  
 the seasons that pass over your fields.  
 And you would watch with serenity  
 through the winters of your grief.

*Kahlil Gibran*

In 1990, Jim and Jan attended Jim's 30th anniversary of graduation from Riley High School in South Bend. The event was great fun, and Jan met many of Jim's high school friends. Following the party, Jim and Jan went on a short vacation. The beginning was auspicious in a very memorable way. They went canoeing on the Dowagiac River.

The day was warm and sunny, the current in the river quick and deep. They paddled a few miles downstream and came upon a newly-downed tree sticking far out into the river. They tried to paddle around it, but the current was too fast...and the front of the canoe was aimed directly at the large trunk. In a last minute effort to protect her head from being slammed against the tree as the nose of the canoe went beneath it, Jan put out her hand...and that was when the fun started.

The canoe tipped over. Jan's sandals became entangled in the submerged roots of the tree, and her head was below the water level...and she was in serious trouble. She could hear Jim yelling at her to get up there and help him catch all their belongings which were floating away or sinking out of sight. She eventually got her feet free and pushed to the surface—Jim had had no idea she was, quite literally, drowning.

They righted the canoe, got back in (sans her wallet with cash and cards) and began paddling downriver. Truthfully, the plunge into the river had been a cooling experience...on their humor as well as their sweat. Another mile or two downriver, they came across another downed tree. Trying to push themselves beneath the trunk, in the tiny space between the tree and the river bank, they again tipped over. Jan had removed her sandals but now felt something moving over her feet...and she remembered clearly the many snapping turtles she'd seen plopping into the river from the banks along the route. Screaming, she climbed onto Jim's shoulders and told him to get her OFF that river immediately!! Which he did...with some mutterings.

The kids remember their parents returning home, soaking wet and not in very good spirits. Jim removed his soggy wallet from his back pocket and began placing wet money along the stair railing and along the top of the bricked fish tank to dry. There was MUCH laughter—but little of it came from Jim and Jan. Once the money was dry and the sense of humor returned, Jim and Jan left for southern Indiana where they stayed at French Lick, played golf, visited wineries, took steam train rides, and created many wonderful memories....even those from the challenging river experience!

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**

# When They Remember Me



Friends would gather.

Choosing night. Knowing my love of it.

Each person bringing a food to share, a drink to warm.

Bringing it to the outdoors, gathering together in the wild,

gathering near water, gathering under the cover of green,

gathering wood for a fire, gathering strength, joining hands.

Circling with love, upon the land

Calling me to mind.

Naming me to the wind.

Sending me to god.

Releasing me to the unknown.

Calling out to the ancients to the four directions.

Noises in throats, warmth in the belly.

Cries in the lungs, tears in the eyes.

Letting me go.

Letting me know.

Knowing the weakness of our strength...the strength of our weakness.

Someone would move, moving others.

Someone would laugh, loving others.

Someone would cry, needing others.

Someone would sing, healing others.

Someone would talk, soothing others.

Hands would be joined.

Feet would be free.

Knowing the earth, sensing the sky.

Knowing my spirit to fly

There would be dancing.

There would be cleansing.

There would be loving.

There would be grounding.

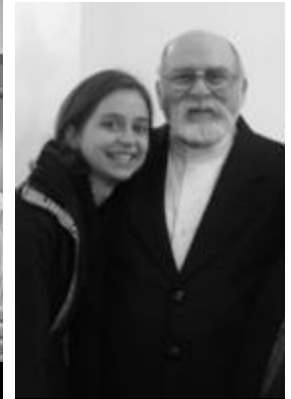
There would be silence.

There...would be me.

*Julia Bayha*



Papa, Nana and Nicole at her induction into the National Junior Honor Society



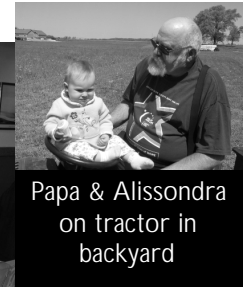
Angel & Papa



Papa at Alex's county-wide Spelling Bee



Jim and Rick at Aaron & Jenn's wedding rehearsal dinner



Papa & Alisondra on tractor in backyard



Papa teaches Michael to play chess



Papa, Michael & Sherri at Shayna's basketball game



**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**





At Angel's graduation from Wheaton: Jeannie, Jim playing "Where's Waldo", Angel and Barbara



Santa & Papa—Christmas Eve 2006



Papa at the Silverhawks game



Papa and Catherine at Aaron & Jenn's wedding

## About Jim...

One constant in Jim's personality was the desire to be unique...to express himself as he chose.



Jim swinging from rope

This passion for the unique was illustrated in his art—chalk and ink renderings, welded artworks, and art created from scraps of wood. Unique also were his early sports: Jim created a car club in high school which lasted for years after graduation, and he raced boats on the St. Joe River in South Bend when his children were very young.

His unique personality was easily visible in the work he did. His passion was housing—ensuring safe and pleasant housing for all people. Until an accident put an end to his building/contracting business, Jim spent many years building home additions, decks, playgrounds, and garages as well as completing "full-gut" rehabs of older houses. During this time, he hired many of our old neighborhood's young men, including his three sons, teaching them building skills which they continue to use today.

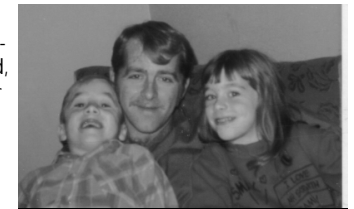
Jim spent many years on the board of the Michigan City Housing Authority, seven of those as President. His primary goal was scattered site housing, a goal which was realized.

For many years, Jim worked with Habitat For Humanity. Working with community teams, he built more than 24 homes, as construction coordinator, for needy families in LaPorte and St. Joseph counties.

He worked with Christmas In April for many years, gathering donations of materials, identifying homes and families to work with, supervising work crews on the day of the event. Knowing that dozens of families could not be served on that one day a year, Jim met with (then) Mayor Behler and began a multi-year program through which the elderly and disadvantaged could have emergency repairs made, at no cost, through Jim's volunteered time and expertise. Jim also worked with Behler to purchase the old Central School for \$1 and turn it into a "central services for families." All of Jim's time and work was donated to this important facility.

Prior to retirement, Jim was the director of the state of Indiana's weatherization program through the North Central Community Action Agency. In this position, Jim helped thousands of people in LaPorte, Starke and Pulaski counties reduce their energy bills and be safer and more comfortable in their homes.

Jim's unique personality was centered around generosity, compassion, a desire to know and understand, a passion for creating beauty—whether in his art or in his construction, and an enduring love for his family and friends.



Rick, Jim and Tina

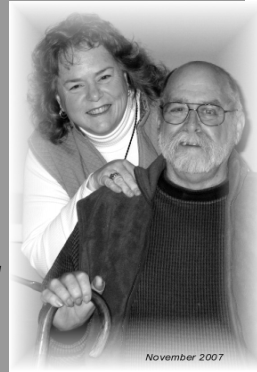
He will be missed...by many.

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**

## For Those I love and Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go.  
 I have so many things to see and do,  
 You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears,  
 Be thankful for our beautiful years.  
 I gave to you my love, you can only guess  
 How much you gave to me in happiness.  
 I thank you for the love you each have shown,  
 But now it's time I traveled on alone!  
 So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must,  
 Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
 It's only for a time that we must part,  
 So bless the memories that are within your heart.  
 I won't be far away, for life goes on.  
 So if you need me, call and I will come,  
 Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near.  
 And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear  
 All my love around you soft and clear.  
 And then, when you must come this way alone...  
 I'll greet you with a smile and the words,  
 "Welcome Home!"

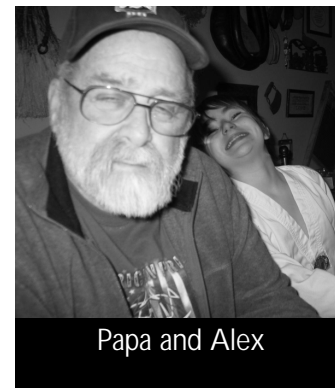
Author unknown



Papa and youngest grandchild,  
Makannah Unger



Jim, Biz, and Tricia



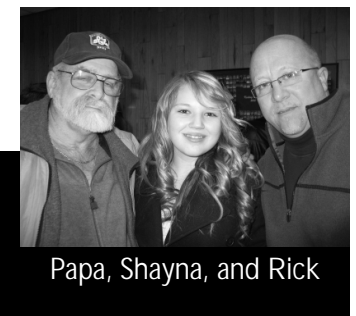
Papa and Alex



4 Generations: Jim, Drew, Lisa, Tina and Barbara



Papa  
Drew  
& Lisa



Papa, Shayna, and Rick

In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney





Our Photos tell a story  
Of oh so long ago  
Like a song we once heard  
Whose words we used to know  
Our past is like a Symphony  
Our memories the Strings  
The Chorus so familiar  
The notes, our Families



December 2007—Papa makes paper snowflakes with Ethan and Michael



Let us be honest with death. Let us not pretend that it is less than it is. It is separation. It is sorrow. It is grief. But let us neither pretend that death is more than it is. *It is not annihilation.* As long as memory endures, his influence will be felt. It is not an end to love—humanity's need for love from each of us is boundless. It is not an end to joy and laughter—nothing would less honor one so vibrant than to make our lives drab in counterfeit respect! Let us be honest with death, for in that honesty, we will understand him better and ourselves more deeply.

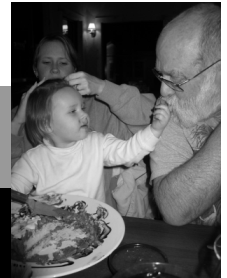
In the presence of death, we must continue to sing the song of life. We must be able to accept death and go from its presence better able to bear our burdens and to lighten the load of others. Out of our sorrows should come understanding. Through our sorrows, we join with all of those before who have had to suffer and all of those who will yet have to do so. Let us not be gripped by the fear of death. If another day be added to our lives, let us joyfully receive it, but let us not anxiously depend on our tomorrows. Though we grieve the death of our loved one, we accept it and hold onto our memories as precious gifts. Let us make the best of our loved ones while they are with us, and let us not bury our love with their deaths.

*Seneca, Roman philosopher*

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

*Matthew 5:4*

Alissondra feeding Papa



Tell him that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Tell him that the most skeptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think that all who are of one accord in mind and heart, are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somehow or other again face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else, and that we are coming after him.

*Leigh Hunt, from a letter on the death of John Keats*

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**

All you who mourn the loss of loved ones, and, at this hour, remember the sweet companionship and the cherished hopes that have passed away with them, give o'er to the word of comfort spoken in the name of God. Only the body has died and has been laid in the dust. The spirit lives in the shelter of God's love and mercy. Our loved ones continue, also, in the remembrance of those to whom they were precious. Their deeds of loving kindness, the true and beautiful words they spoke are treasured up as incentives to conduct by which the living honor the dead. And when we ask in our grief: Whence shall come our help and our comfort? Then in the strength of faith, let us answer with the Psalmist: - My help cometh from God. He will not forsake us nor leave us in our grief. Upon Him we cast our burden, and He will grant us strength according to the days He has apportioned to us. All life comes from Him; all souls are in His keeping. Come then, and in the midst of sympathizing fellow worshipers, rise and hallow the name of God.

*From a funeral service in 'the Union Prayerbook'*

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night

Grave men, near death, who see with blinking sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

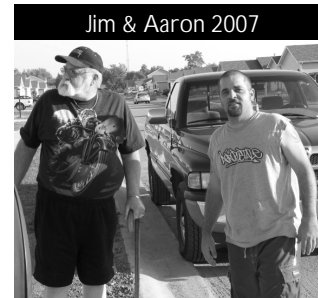
*Dylan Thomas*



**Love Is Forever**

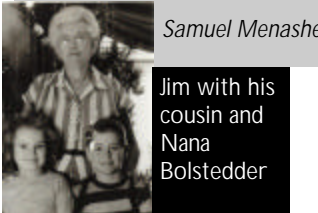
I love thee with a love  
I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,  
- I love thee with the  
breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my  
life! -  
and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee  
better after death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



The friends of my father  
Stand like gnarled trees  
Yet in their eyes I see  
Spring's crinkled leaf

And thus, although one dies  
With nothing to bequeath  
We are left enough  
Love to make us grieve.



The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord. As we recall the beloved one who has passed away, these words bring healing to the hurt that death has wrought. Our loved one has answered the summons that sound for all men, for we are so-journers upon earth and our times are in His hands. We loose our hold upon life when our time is come, as the leaf falls from the bough when its day is done. The deeds of the righteous enrich the lives of men as the fallen leaf enriches the soil beneath. The dust returns to the earth, the spirit lives on with God's eternal years. Like the stars by day, our beloved dead is not seen with mortal eyes, but they shine on in the untroubled firmament of endless time. Let us be thankful for the companionship that continues in love that is stronger than death and spans the gulf of the grave. Cherishing his memory, let us, in the presence of our family and friends, sanctify the name of God.

*From a funeral service in "The Union Prayerbook"*

They that love beyond the World, cannot  
be separated by it.  
Death cannot kill what never dies.  
Nor can Spirits ever be divided that love  
and live in the same Divine Principle;  
the Root and Record of their Friendship.  
If Absence be not death, neither is theirs.

Death is but Crossing the World, as  
Friends do the Seas; they live in one  
another still.

*William Penn*



Jim and Tricia

**In loving memory...James Gerald Kostielney**