

Subject: Memorials, Funerals - Sailing Away

Sailing Away

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

Then someone at my side says, "There, she's gone." And I say, "Gone? Where?" Gone from our sight...that is all. She is just as large in mast and sail and spar as when she left our side. And she is just as able to bear her living weight to her destined port. Her diminished size is in us, not in her."

And just at the moment when someone said, "She's gone." There are other eyes seeing her approach. And other voices take up the glad shout, "Look -- she comes!"