

I have come to be a survivor of many
and of much that I love,
that I won't live to see
come again into this world.

But this is not the story of a life.
It is the story of lives, knit together,
overlapping in succession, rising
again from grave after grave.

There is a grave, too, in each survivor.
By it, the dead one lives.
She enters us, a broken blade,
sharp, clear as a lens or a mirror.

Like a wound, grief receives her.
Like graves, we heal over, and yet keep
as part of ourselves the severe gift.
By grief, more inward than darkness,
the dead become the intelligence of life.

The best teachers teach more
than they know. By their deaths
they teach most. They lead us beyond
what we know, and what they knew.

She troubled me to become
what I had not thought to be.

And I, inheritor of what I mourned,
went back toward the light of day.

From "The Wheel" by Wendell Berry,
portions of the poems "Requiem," and "Rising."



In Loving Memory of

Dr. Shirley Jackson Snelling

October 7, 1928 - February 17, 2016

Service of Remembrance

Thursday, March 17, 2016, 7:00 PM
Park Hill United Methodist Church
Denver, Colorado

Words of Comfort

Reverend Dr. Eric Smith

Organist and Pianist

Ricki Vorrath-Moyer

Hymns

"Amazing Grace" and "Hymn of Promise"

Choral Selection

"There is a Balm in Gilead"

Performed by the Spiritual Voices of Park Hill
Dr. David Farwig, Director

*Services Conclude
at Church*