

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*