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Post-Burial Eulogy

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Post-Burial Eulogy *Skyler Teal*

Everyone was crying.
Me? For a man I barely knew
Outside of our family legends,
And who barely knew me
After the disease had shut off power to half his brain.
I didn't know how to feel/think.

The preacher delivered her sermon
Over a twice-lifeless casket donned with flowers
And with memories only painful in that moment.
“He was a great man, a faithful child of God.
I have no doubts that he (He?) is looking down upon us right now.”

Yes, I'm sure he was
Looking down, or up,
Or straight forward from a pew in the back.
He loved attending funerals,
And his honest wife had always laughed, saying,
“He would attend his own if he could,”
So I believed it must be true.

It was hard to celebrate the life
Of a man that seemed so far removed,
But I guess, maybe, he knew more than we did then.
He had learned the capital-T truth about Life and Death and the After-Life-and-Death,
Something we could only imagine.
Made in the image of a Maker, we longed to make it a happy place,
Using words of hope and faith as anchors to reality
As we sat crying our uncertain tears.