

Chapter 1 : Obituary for Isaiah Demetre McGirt | Fisher Memorial Funeral Parlor

*For the past three years, the Manchester PD has been using an undercover police officer to infiltrate a Manchester mob assoatied with a local funeral parlor.*

Please accept my deepest condolences. May your memories warm your heart and bring a smile to your face in time. My hope is that God will give you the strength and power you need to cope with the loss of your loved one. Bless you and comfort you in the coming months and years as the first is year is tough! Keep your memories close and share as often as you need to. Peace , love Julie Julie Perfili Haws heber city, UT Words cannot express our heart felt sympathy for you and your family during your time of need. We will always cherish the memories of good times we had with Bill and you. Bill always brought smiles and laughter to every experience in a very genuine way that only a true friend can do. We will surely miss him but are very grateful for the friendship and experiences we shared. Always smiling and good conversation. Bill not only were we fortunate to do business with you but to call you a friend as well, being able to share laughs and good times away from work. Bill you are missed my friend. We love you and pray God will keep you in his care and send comfort to help you thru your grief. With Uncle Boyds health we will not be able to make your celebration. Will be thinking of you and yours. We love you all and wish we could be there to help share memories and stories of such an amazing man. While we only met Bill once, he left an everlasting impression on our hearts. He was the happiest, free spirited, most amazing man either of us have ever met. We send out great love to his family at this time. While it breaks our hearts that he is gone in body, we know he is right here besides us in spirit, smiling and laughing along with everyone else.

**Chapter 2 : Jim "Smiley" Bybee - Starks Funeral Parlor**

*Funeral services will be held Saturday, January 30th at 11 a.m. at the Cottonwood Heights 4th Ward Chapel, East South with a viewing at 10 a.m. prior to the funeral. Family and friends may also call at Starks Funeral Parlor, South East on Thursday evening 6- 8 p.m. Interment Mt. Olivet Cemetery.*

Richmond Palladium, October 26, While funeral parlor ads generally represented newspaper coverage, pithy anecdotes also made the cut. South Bend News-Times, January 26, Up in the north, the city of South Bend maintained a few funeral parlors in the early 20th century. Yerrick ran a funeral business in the s in South Bend, as sort of a jack-of-all-trades with funerals. Yerrick died in and Clem C. Whiteman and Forest G. Hay took over the business. In , after multiple generations of their respective businesses, they merged to form the McGann-Hay Company. The funeral home is now based in Granger, Indiana. By the late s, newspapers published more elaborate, detailed funeral home ads to share the services they offered. After the last rites are said over a departed relative, and the family recalls with comforting satisfaction the smooth attentive manner in which everything was executed, then comes a realization of the assuaging helpfulness of the thoughtful funeral director. It is this faithful service that endears the funeral director in the hearts [of] families and in such manner we have built up our business. Our desire always is to serve in a thoughtful dignified way. Indianapolis Recorder, February 12, The texts reads like a service itself, with keen attention paid to the grieving families and an emphasis on dignity and thoughtfulness. Indianapolis Recorder, January 19, This trend continued into the s. Two days before, they took out a whole-page ad in the Recorder to inform the public of their formal opening, including a full program of events and photographs of their new facilities. A few days later, the Recorder ran an unsolicited article about the Jacobs Brothers Funeral Home grand opening. Indianapolis Recorder, November 5, As the s went along, not only did funeral home ads get more detailed, but the funeral home section did as well. However, some papers, like the Sullivan Daily Times , stuck to a more simple approach to funeral homes, with one, non-detailed ad for the McHugh funeral home and a smaller ad for M. Indianapolis Recorder, November 26, Wolcott Beacon, December 26, The s brought further experimentation to funeral home ads in newspapers. A rather clever ad in the Greencastle Daily Banner displayed the Whitaker Funeral home, who used their ad space to share with readers a short fable. Ads and business articles about funeral homes comprise the majority of coverage in newspapers, but occasional editorials surfaced as well. In the April 21, issue of the Jewish Post , Rabbi Maurice Davis wrote a heavily critical editorial concerning a funeral practice, not of the directors, but of the visitors. Jewish Post, April 21, Circling back to advertising, funeral homes often used their newspaper space to celebrate their anniversary as a business. Greencastle Banner Graphic, December 13, Ads from the s and 90s highlighted the benefits of pre-arranging funerals, an expanding practice during the last 30 years. This trend continued into the s as well , with the Stuart Mortuary and the Washington Park North Cemetery and Funeral Center urging patrons to consider a pre-arranged funeral plan. Jewish Post, February 9, For over years, funeral homes and funeral directors have gone from a small, burgeoning family enterprise to big business. Nevertheless, the focus on dignity, customer service, and the importance of family continued in the pages of newspaper ads. Whether it was Isaac Ball and the IFDA re-configuring an industry or modern funeral homes pitching pre-arranged funeral plans, the emphasis on being a caretaker for the bereaved has never wavered. Death is a sore topic of discussion; people fear it and often ignore it altogether. It also helps us understand how we live, as a culture. Funerals changed as America, and Indiana, changed; they evolved from mostly rural and familial affairs into urban and professionalized practices. In sharing this history, as it unfolds in the pages of newspapers, we understand a crucial part of Hoosier life over the last century.

Chapter 3 : James C. Kratzer | Gerth Funeral Service, Inc.

*Gerth Funeral Parlor Service 2 p.m. Wednesday, August 1 Gerth Funeral Chapel Memorials American Diabetes Association or except that he was a handsome smiling man.*

The family later moved to Warsaw, IL where Jim attended grade school. When Jim was in the sixth grade, his father passed away. Countless days and evenings were spent under a shade tree with friends developing his natural mechanical skills working on anything that needed fixing. During high school he was also employed by Hines Sale Barn and spent many summers bucking little square bales of hay to earn extra money. Jim enjoyed FFA and had sheep project on the family farm. Living in the country, Jim also became an expert horseman which turned out to be a useful skill since it served as his main mode of transportation prior to turning sixteen. Even after transitioning to four wheels, Jim continued trail riding, competing in local horse show speed events and ultimately joining Coffee Ropers located in Downing, Missouri, where he also participated in team roping during the summers. He married the former Kathleen Crook in August and they moved to Ft. They moved around a few times. Once to Burlington where Jim worked for a Chevy dealership, Archer Motor Company, where he also furthered his mechanical training. In , they purchased the Ward McConnell Farm where they raised their two children: Julie Ann and Nicholas James. The farm was rich with timber, packed with an abundance of wildlife, which allowed Jim to hone his hunting skills. He became an expert hunter, trapper and marksman. He trapped and hunted fur bearers to sell the hides to supplement the family income, while farming. He worked as a Massey-Ferguson mechanic in Downing and then was employed at Burdett Auto Salvage until they went out of business. He took on an additional job at Mid States in Milton to provide insurance for the family. He worked there as a machine grinder. He worked at Mid States until his retirement. Family was the most important thing in his life, followed closely by his love for muscle cars. Jim competed in drag racing in Kahoka and at events all over Iowa. He loved working with other children as he helped coach third grade basketball when Nick began to play. Jim also enjoyed working with the kids in 4-H. He was skilled with horses he was even a jockey for a couple of years when Memphis had horse races. He was very competitive and liked to play games of any kind, always playing to win. Upon his retirement, Jim managed the Memphis Pool Hall where he met his trusted sidekick 8ball. His granddaughter, Kallee, visited him often at home and was the light of his life. Jim was preceded in death by his parents and brothers: Gene, Larry and Tim Kratzer. He is survived by: Jack Jean Kratzer of Ft.

**Chapter 4 : Funeral Etiquette: A guide to what to say and do during difficult times.**

*Isaiah Demetre McGirt, (also known as Big D/Demetre) walked through Heaven's Gates at the age of 26 on August 28, Demetre was born on February 19, in Durham, North Carolina to Barbara McGirt and the late Gayle Ledbetter.*

Main characters[ edit ] Ivor Thomas A single father, and head of the household and the company. In some ways, he is slightly backward; but in most ways, he is surprisingly sharp for a Welsh bumpkin. He has a phobia about dead bodies but manages quite well with the aid of his three sons to whom he is devoted. Because death means business, he is constantly hoping for people to die. Arwell Thomas 33 years old Of the sons, it is Arwell who seems closest to Ivor—he often confides in his father about personal matters. He hopes to one day meet and marry someone with whom he can have children and build a life. But until he meets his wife-to-be, the main love in his life is his Fiat Panda. Gwynne Thomas Gwynne has a mental deficiency on one occasion, he pulls one of his own teeth with a pair of pliers. Despite his subtle impairment, he receives no special treatment from Ivor and is expected to perform his duties regardless. A keen otter lover he has two of them as pets. Simeon and Bod are mentioned in both series but sadly Bod has a bad case of gout in his toes. His other interests include rating his "double deckers" in the toilet bowl and collecting dialysis machines. A shrewd man he sees an opportunity of exploiting "Arwell the Elephant-man" and converting the parlour into a freak-show called "The Undertakers From Hell" 2. He is married to an unnamed woman but this does not stop him from being caught in the woods, his trousers down in an uncompromising position with a hunting decoy 1. Rival funeral directors The first set of rival funeral directors in the town are the Bennet brothers played by James Duke and David Sibley , a set of once conjoined siamese twins who were "joined at the satchels". They are the joint father of their daughter, Sian played by Wendy Wason who becomes a love interest to both Arwell and Percy in the two shows that she appears in. Although the family members do not appear in every episode in series one, there are referenced several times. These being a pair of unscrupulous, chimney-loving Englishmen banned from operating in their own land due to the way they operate their fast funeral service. They are played by Phil Cornwell and sidekick. During this evening " Green Door " is sung continuously. He is a keen James Bond fan, always taking locker when he goes for a swim and asks that his slush puppies are shaken not stirred. In his second and final appearance is in the series 1 finale, he is killed off when he falls into a skip whilst at the swimming pool again singing "Green door". He is managed by Isaac Hunt who insists on a sendoff in true show biz style. Hence, there is a rock band playing "Another One Bites the Dust" at his funeral with contract papers signed on top of his coffin. The character charges extortionate prices for his goods and has an unhealthy habit of trying to sell inappropriate items from the top shelf to his younger customers, often through innuendo. The character who also speaks a smattering of Welsh only appears in 3 episodes of series one but the actor Paul Whitehouse who plays him makes a reappearance in series two as another unrelated character. He is often given "mucky" freebies by Ford and is eventually extorted by him on his birthday when he mistakenly buys some "penny" chews marked up as "pound" sweets. He often conducts his habit when no one is around. When interviewed for the position of a trainee undertaker, Ivor asks what is his occupation. Unable to speak, he grunts and gestures for a pen and paper with which he draws a picture and Ivor works out he is a "Gate shutter". In his 4 appearances in series 1 he is not credited but is believed to be played by the producer Simon Lupton. His freedom and 2 appearances were short lived as he was killed by the jaws of doom in 1. PC Hertz played by Kai Owen does most of the talking whilst his sidekick Boone Mark Fleischmann is more interested in collecting the autographs of the dead, such as Mr Boubes. They become very unpopular when they cancel the parish "boot sale" as a fall out of the wolf attacks. Both actors make returns in later shows as a series of unrelated characters. He is then "introduced" in the credits a further 2 times during the second run. He is partial to taking back-handers for the church roof fund, happily swapping the coffins in a "Dog Dango Afternoon" 2. Although he is happy to use magic as part of his funerals he is not keen on clowns. Paul Daniels Visual references are made to the famous magician Paul Daniels in two episodes of series 2. A bottle of "Paul Daniels Magic Whisky" is poured during 2. Issac Hunt Across both series Matt Lucas portrays "the most powerful and influential music agent in Wales". Through his company Mumbles Records, he

represents a number of acts, which he refers as his "butties". These stars include tribute singer Shaking Stephens, failed magician Cliff Daxon who he has looked after for 12 years. Hunt appears to be a frustrated game show host as depending on the response he likes to reply to the answers of his clients with expressions such as "Quack-quack-oops", "Ah-Er" and "Bing - The top answer". He has an appetite for "hussies" which help him cope when someone dies and has one waiting for him off screen in each of his 2 featured episodes. Ironically Ivor overlooks the fact that he, himself is called "Ivor Thomas". References to her wearing oversized and unattractive blue pants are made when Ivor has a clear out in 1. She is again mentioned in 1. Ivor predicts that she is now short and bald, and with hanging tits. However, when he recognises the smell of "lobster, olive oil and sweat" in 2. Accompanied by Rocky Christopher Ryan her orange skinned, green haired Oompa-Loompa sized partner, she has come home and now wants to get a divorce after nearly 25 years apart. Wooing her to try and keep his boys and the family business, Ivor reveals some intimate facts about Fernando such as her hairy chest and armpits along with a mole on her left shoulder that puts him off his coco-pops. The sad reality however is very different. Her grief does not appear to last that long as she has an enjoyable liaison with Ivor in the funeral parlour whilst on a visit to see her husband in the chapel of rest. The reality is that he has been tailing a jello manufacturer from Ohio for days. The character is played by Matt Lucas. Quimby A wolf hunter all his life who for a bounty will not only catch but kill and gut an animal in 1. Experienced, he is keen to tell stories of his adventures through his scars, whether they are caused by his prey, self-inflicted or by his wife. He methods are more akin to catching a shark as his flatbed truck "WOLF 1" is full of ropes, fishing buoys and a shark cage. The latter appears to be a place where he drinks his beer and sings in a drunken manner. Requiring further help he employs the Thomas lads to be his cabin boys and discovers that like Percy, Quimby has an interest in dirty books and using of KY. Played by Tom Baker the character has a fashion for keeping a starfish in his trousers and is also obsessed with him and his crew wearing gloves. Following people around until revenge has been metered out. The animal is known to be responsible for three deaths in episode 1. Father Titmus, Pablo and Quimby. Perhaps there are more as the Bennets have a coffin filled full of money when the Thomases visit to challenge them. To make her more attractive she has makeup applied by Percy who also coiffures her fur. Percy eventually bonds with Rodger and decides to set him free once he has taken a mocked up picture of his capture to help claim the reward. Unfortunately, Rodger was mistakenly shot by Gwynne on Thursday 20 July according to the reward cheque. The animal that plays Rodger is trained to do tricks and you can clearly see him move from his lying down position during the end credits. The dog itself is not listed but appears to be some sort of Husky breed.

Chapter 5 : Funeral home - Wikipedia

*Forest Park The Woodlands Funeral Home & Cemetery is a peaceful final resting place for loved ones in the The Woodlands community. Contact us to learn about our range of memorialization options.*

I asked, not really wanting to talk at the moment. The voice sounded so weak and fragile over the phone my initial reaction was. Back in May Glenda was referred to me by someone about a possible job connection at the hospital. Hiring nor firing are in my job description but we set up a meeting a few days afterwards to meet. There are so few people of color who are professionals here in town so I wanted to at least reach out to her and perhaps be of some kind of service if I could. Glenda is an African American woman, late 50ish, with a perfectly shaped skull and close cropped hair, with a deep chocolate brown complexion. She wears thick black rimmed glasses and has the look of a scholar. She is very well educated and is careful to pronounce her sentences with near perfect diction. Her mental energy is formidable, and her smile lights up her face like the way light blinds one when one first awakens from a deep sleep. There is a very pleasant aura about her. I had a meeting until 1: We agreed to meet in front of the hospital at 2pm as her daughter would be accompanying her as well. She had traveled from Washington, DC. I was so glad Glenda picked me up as I would never have found the funeral parlor. The lapis blue PT Cruiser pulled up in front of the hospital and fortunately I had grabbed my Unitarian Christian Book of Common Prayer I used this book back in my UU Christian days and never got rid of it thinking surely something will be appropriate in this book for the occasion. I would later discover that I would not need it. I also called Glenda back to inquire if her dad was indeed a Christian. Her reply was yes he is. I gathered brief snippets of information about her father and she provided them readily. His name was Martin. Awkwardly I explained why I inquired earlier during the ride over about his religious beliefs. I explained that I simply wanted to have the appropriate religious material on hand and she assured me that she had understood. I inquired how he died and she just said his heart gave out. Although I am not a Christian I would have use whatever material she requested that would make she and her daughter comfortable. For more orthodox Christians this type of phrasing of religion and spirituality can seem harsh and biting, but there are times when there is a difference between the two perspectives. Religion can at times become religiosity and spirituality can become just another way of not dealing with life and feeling superior to more traditional religious beliefs. But this was not the case and I understood her perfectly, for she was describing myself as well. Her father was a musician who had learned to play the trumpet as a young man and felt that piano playing was a bit too sissy. Even with geniuses like Basie and Ellington around at the time? Martin was from Eastern North Carolina. Glenda did not go into too much detail when I initially inquired if she and her father had been close. Ah, family dynamics and relationships I thought. Difficult and trying at best. The pain in her voice was palpable though she smiled in spite of herself. She stated frankly that her dad never really believed he was loved. I could not help but think, and I recall that I had even made the remark that if one cannot except love one cannot really give it. Was that too forward? The sentence was already out of my mouth. During the car ride, her daughter, Inetta, was quiet. We introduced ourselves earlier and we noted that at one time she was also a Diversity and Inclusion Officer for an institution. This is the same position I now hold at the hospital. She had her hair in one medium size braid that reached just beyond the crown of her head with a very pronounced widows peak. Her eyes were sharp and she had the same intellectual energy that I felt from her mom with eyes that gazed out from heavy looking eye lids which gave one the impression either that she was ready for sleep or had just woke up. I have always loved the colors of my people. I made small talk while I tried to recall two poems for the occasion. They are both personal favorites of mine. I jotted them both down on a piece of scrap paper as we drove along. The air is crisp, cloudy, and cool. The leaves were orange, yellow, brown, and red, and they shimmied as the breeze rustled through the trees. I love this time of year in these mountains. There is something about an overcast sky in the autumn that holds me in awe when I gaze upward. We enter the building which is sparsely decorated as far as furniture goes, and say hello a three times but no one answers. Glenda excuses herself to go to the ladies room while Inetta and I look around. I begin to peruse the literature about cremation. I have talked with my wife about my being cremated instead of having a

large funeral and yes, it is a bit presumptuous of me to assume that my funeral would be well attended which would only create an even bigger expense for her when I died. When I mentioned the idea to my mother about my possibly being cremated when my time comes she may it quite clear that she found the idea distasteful. At this time we are still waiting for someone, anyone to assist us, when as if on cue a bald white gentleman enters the room. He is wearing the solemn, weary look of someone who has been doing this kind of work for centuries. His face appeared pinched almost as though he had caught himself in his zipper while in the bathroom. Despite this look, Inetta and I shake his hands, and at that moment Glenda comes out of the ladies room , smiles, and shakes his hands as well, explaining that hers were not quite dry. There is some personal business that they need to talk over regarding money and G. Benefits and so I offer to wait while they go into his office to talk. In a previous life I had been a chaplain for the same hospital before I became Mr. Diversity, as my Masters Degree is in Divinity Studies I routinely escorted families to see their deceased loved ones in a room provided by the hospital for such a time as this. Yet the last time I was in a funeral parlor was when my brother was murdered 16 years ago. I also began to acknowledge the seeming randomness of life and how events can take shape. Needless, to say I was honored and I even told Glenda so. One just never knows where the journey will take you. My whole day had change because of this unexpected call. The door opened and Glenda, Inetta, and the parlor director exited and made a bee line to another room where the body was lying in state. The room was typical of these types of viewing rooms, with rows of wooden folding chairs lined up and an isle down the middle. Old time Baptist hymn music was piped in and I could not help humming and then singing along as these were the hymns I had grown up with as a child. As I an adult I have long since moved on from the theology these songs express and yet even after all these years they were so comforting to hear. I held back as Glenda and Inett approached the coffin. Glenda had already begun to cry. I gently placed my hand in the small of her back as she gazed down at her father lying there as I gently whispered for her to let it out. My heart went out to her. Yes it is the natural order of things most of the time for a child to out the parent. I say most of the time for my brother was murdered back in and my parents live every day with that wound. He was dressed in a dark blue suit and his hair and beard were a lovely silver. The corners of his mouth were turned down and their appeared in my view a certain sadness in the expression, as if a burden reluctantly yet out of necessity has been laid to rest. As I was gazing at the body in the coffin, Glenda reached into the huge shoulder bag and began pulling out photographs, a newspaper, some yellow tulips that I had forgotten she had brought along, and various personal items belonging to her dad. She placed them all in the coffin with him, touchingly telling what she was leaving with him and why. It was like witnessing ancient Egyptian custom of bringing articles for the deceased to take with them on their journey to the afterlife, which is in fact exactly what it was. I exchanged rings with my brother before they closed the coffin on him at his funeral. There were family photos, photos of him in Europe with an all African American unit during the war, photos of Glenda and Inette when they were all younger with bright smiles beaming from ear to ear. I noticed that there was only one picture of Martin and his wife. I did not feel that it was may place to bring this up and so I just kept my mouth shut, yet I was curious. After Glenda explained why she had brought the last item for him to take on his journey it just felt like the time for me to begin my homily. I just jumped into the silence but so as not to be intrusive and this felt like the right time. I spoke about the brevity and ironies of life. The courage ti took to live it and the love of family and friends. I recited both poems and wished Martin well on his journey. Afterwards I sat down while they stayed for a few moments at the coffin. Glenda told her dad that she was leaving now and gave him one long kiss on his forehead. The tears were really flowing now and then Glenda and Inette turned and walked away as if ready to leave. I asked Glenda if she was really ready to go, if she wanted to give him one last kiss and say goodbye. As we said goodbye to the funeral director Glenda and Inette invited me to lunch. I initially refused but did give in to the offer and the lunch was indeed tasty.

Chapter 6 : Fun at the Funeral Parlour - Wikipedia

*A visitation will be held on Thursday, June 14, at Bowman Funeral Parlor located at W. Carlton Bay Garden City, Idaho, from pm with a committal service to follow at the Idaho State Veterans Cemetery N. Horseshoe Bend Road Boise, Idaho.*

Enter your email below for our complimentary daily grief messages. Messages run for up to one year and you can stop at any time. Your email will not be used for any other purpose. She lived there for her youth at home and later at the convent school in town. While she was an only child, she spent many happy days with cousins who became like brothers and sisters to her. During WWII, her family lived in Nice, where Suzie volunteered as a child care worker, studied nursing, and took on thankless and dangerous jobs to protect and care for others. She was instrumental in rescuing Jewish children from the Nazis by escorting them to the French countryside and to other countries in covert trips arranged by Madame Pelletier. She also volunteered for the unpleasant task of de-lousing prisoners of war as they crossed into France from Italy. Witnessing that event was one reason her future husband, Daniel Belton Sturkie, Jr. Suzie and Dan were married November 3, , but they were not able to live together at that time. She was shipped to the United States with other war brides at the end of the war, resulting in a lifetime loathing of peanut butter sandwiches. Suzie and Dan were the parents of five children: Christine, Danny, Peter, Cynthia, and Murry. Suzie also worked in France as an elder caregiver for several years. She returned to the US in but revisited her home town during the summer as long as her health permitted. Suzie was known for her love of gardening, knitting baby booties, genealogy and temple work. She made friends with ease and was always smiling. Caring for her family and friends was her highest priority. She was predeceased by her presents, husbands Daniel B. Carlton Bay Garden City, Idaho, from

**Chapter 7 : Working with the dead – Living in South China**

*Always smiling and good conversation. Bill not only were we fortunate to do business with you but to call you a friend as well, being able to share laughs and good times away from work. Bill you are missed my friend.*

Nothing open or overt – but unconscious, unsubtle, underground rumblings of dissatisfaction particularly about money. In an estates law firm, many afternoons are spent in funeral parlours paying respects to deceased clients. This is a vaguely depressing aspect of the work. Conduct in Question [funeral parlour scene] begins as follows. Richard Crawford Trapped next to the open casket, Harry Jenkins glanced at the deceased woman, an elderly client whose face was rouged into a grotesque parody of life. Only at her death did her relatives come out of the woodwork. He brushed back his thinning hair and swallowed hard. His senior law partner, Richard Crawford, stood close by. His fine features and elegant attire made Harry feel clumsy and overblown. Crawford always found just the right inflection for his softly spoken words of condolence. Crawford moved gracefully amongst the damp-eyed mourners, greeting each one with a grave but gracious air. Taking the hand of one, giving a dry kiss to another, Crawford worked the room for new clients. I called you the other day. He caught a hint of her perfume. His cup threatened to tip, but still he held her hand for just a moment longer, until they were parted in the crush of the crowd. By nature, I am a faithful sort of man. I like stability and calm. Perhaps I have denied myself certain pleasures in life. But lately, life has soured with Laura and I was seeking some solace. But back to the story. His back turned, Crawford stood in front of him. Trapped, Harry gazed over the sea of mourners and out the window. Caught in the afternoon light, dust motes hung motionless in the funeral-parlor air. Windswept A promising spring day lay beyond the curtain. Outside, a man and a woman were kissing. She laughed and broke away. A gentle breeze lifted her broad-brimmed hat and sent it soaring upward to the sky. Enchanted, Harry watched the man rush to catch the hat and place it on her head. Arm in arm, they disappeared down the block. Suddenly, he had to escape. He touched Crawford on the arm in order to pass by, and the old man jerked backward. The clatter silenced the mourners only for a moment. Harry swept the shards of china to one side and strode from the room. Crawford shook his head and smoothly returned to his conversation. The Florist Harry heaved open the heavy brass doors of the funeral parlor to find a congregation of smokers huddled under the canopy. As he shouldered by, conversation rippled about him. Apparently, he carves naked flesh in absolutely beautiful designs. He could not conceive of a being who could ravage and create in one instant. In his car, he stared blankly at a beer advertisement on a billboard. Funerals always made him restless with questions. At forty-two, the great divide of half a century loomed in his path like a foreboding angel. Time had been steadily measured out to him in hours and days, to the point of tedium. Yet, twenty years had passed in just a moment. What did that mean for the future? All his offers to purchase the practice had been adamantly refused. Backing up, he slammed on the brakes. He had almost smashed the side panel of a Jaguar parked way over the line. Carefully, he exited the lot and headed for home. He and his wife, Laura, could have a relaxed dinner together. Lately a silence had grown between them, and the house had acquired a hollow sound. When he opened the front door, he saw the note, which read: Out for dinner with Martha. Slowly, Harry set his briefcase down. In the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator and found some cold meat for a sandwich. If I told you I did not think of Natasha at this moment, you would likely laugh. If you read the entire trilogy, you will see just how important she became to me – also how much I learned from her. Over the next weeks, I was confronted with murder, fraud and deceit – and more death. But because of her, I also learned much about love and forgiveness. Find out more about The Osgoode Trilogy.

**Chapter 8 : The Unexpected Call! A Short Story | Reverend Michael JS Carter**

*Virtual Funeral, Real Healing* What can we learn from a funeral that takes place in a virtual world, attended by the avatars of real people, mourning the death of a real man? The following text is an excerpt from Caleb Booker's blog.

Our services are designed to guide families through one of the most personal and challenging stages of life with patience and loving care. Team members make every effort to assist you in designing a funeral or memorial service that speaks to your faith, culture and individual wishes. We collaborate closely with each family to celebrate life. History Real estate visionary George Mitchell dreamed of a vibrant forest in the city. That dream became the prominent Houston neighborhood known as The Woodlands. As the population of The Woodlands has grown, so has the cemetery. What started as 13 acres is now Nearly 80 more are set aside for future development to serve generations to come. There are many ways to honor a loved one at the cemetery. Gated private estates are stunning examples of landscape design. The areas have stone borders and mature cypress and oak trees. One seats 75 guests in an airy, light-filled chapel. The other has couches and chairs for a more informal gathering. They offer traditional granite-front cremation niches as well as glass-front niches for personalized memorials that highlight a unique spirit. We provide a place for creative expression that last generations. Forest Park The Woodlands Cemetery endeavors to serve all faiths. Walls made of stone appointed with elegant wrought-iron gates surround the beautiful Jewish garden. We opened an elegant Muslim garden more than a decade ago. You are welcome to visit anytime, or call us to set up a guided tour. Several members of local government and the Veterans of Foreign Wars give patriotic speeches, and our teams serve grilled hot dogs and snow cones to around attendees each year. On the 1st Saturday in December, we hold a holiday remembrance service for client families and friends. This event helps people through that difficult holiday season without their loved ones and is a message of hope. Guests get commemorative ornaments as keepsakes.

**Chapter 9 : Ghosts - A Brother's Funeral**

*Funerals, viewings, and visitations are not only difficult for the person planning the funeral and the immediate family of the deceased, but they can also be troublesome for friends, relatives and acquaintances.*

What can we learn from a funeral that takes place in a virtual world, attended by the avatars of real people, mourning the death of a real man? Of course, most of us have been to a funeral and, occasionally, witnessed death in the form of a corpse in an open casket. We packed into the small funeral parlor and my grandmother made polite, smiling conversation with guests while standing next to a well a body. The dichotomy drove home how powerful a healing experience the whole thing must be to a great many people. The notice included an open invitation to the funeral of the father of Christopher Whippet his SL name. When I arrived at the sim I hesitated outside for awhile. I considered staying at a distance from the proceedings and taking pictures from afar, but I was spotted by the funeral director, Leah Corleone, and invited inside. These people had gathered here, in the virtual world, to support their friend. The ritual was being performed. The elements were all here, but with that v-world twist to them. Otherwise the ceremony was pretty standard. Friends said kind words. Her real-world family are in the business, apparently, and she consulted with them heavily in preparation. Is this a sign of things to come? People have been erecting memorials and having loose remembrance ceremonies in Second Life for a long time now, so this is the next logical step. The v-wedding industry is huge already, so why not v-funerals? The thing is, something real came out of this as well. If a funeral is how one gains closure, how can he do so when those who might support him are all miles away? Religious ceremonies are symbols of transition from an old way of life to a new one. It makes its mark in the hearts and minds of the participants as potently as it might have had it been held in the real world, carrying the same messages and helping those who need to move on. Ultimately, these elements are present because it feels right that way, because this is how we say good bye- to the body of our loved one. This is how we lay them to rest- in a beautiful place where we can go back to visit them. Is this the wave of the future? No, because there is not a wave of the future in funerals and memorialization, there are as many waves as there are families and communities. Listening to what a traditional visitation, viewing, funeral and burial family wants is just as important as listening to what a Second Lifer does. All services need to be about the person who was lost and those left behind whether traditional or out of this world. For more on this topic, visit: