

Comforting The Comforters

You who give counsel to others
must now give counsel to yourself.

You to whom others turn for wisdom
turn to yourself.

You to whom others come for comfort
must comfort yourself.

We Comforters and Consolers,
the healers of others need comfort and consolation
In sickness, in death, in tragedy we are the same.

May the last hours not eclipse the entire life
May the pain, forgetfulness, the suffering
not erase the joy, memory, exaltation of life
Nothing decent
no gesture of love, or smile of encouragement
is swallowed up by death.

In memory there is a resurrection of the life of the spirit
Memory is our hold on the past
solace in the present
hope for the future.

Memory enjoys a life of its own
an after-life
a transfusion of meaning from one life to others.



You who have given heart and soul to others
who have sheltered others from wind and storms
Guard yourself from melancholy.

You who have given wisdom to others
Open yourself to your hard-earned knowledge.

Remember that the wound does not heal at once
But slowly forms protective layers.

You who have known grief and pain
have known deep friendships, relationships of respect and trust.

You taught others
to survive the affliction of sorrow
You taught others
to transcend the tragic moment.

Your beloved who gave you life
passed on to you a miraculous spark
May it illumine your path, brighten your way.

Honor the ones recalled
Immortalize them with your undying spirit
Sanctify their memory, by sanctifying the world
with the blessings of Godliness.

Loved by their children and children's children
One generation flows into another
The river remains eternal.

Rise to your feet to confront death
Not supine, not in negation
But in affirmation of life
in sanctification of God's name
in the hallowing of life on earth.

