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Some of you may choose to use these speeches word-for-word and just change the names. That’s okay, however, only you know your friends, family and audience. Use your best judgment.

I’d like to offer you and your family my condolences in your hard time and wish you comfort and peace during your time of need.

Sincerely,

Ryan Ringold

President,
EulogySpeeches.com
THE FOLLOWING ARE EXAMPLE EULOGIES FOR YOU TO STUDY OR USE. YOU MAY LIKE SOME INFORMATION FROM ALL OF THEM. THE FATHER EULOGIES MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING YOU COULD USE FOR THE BROTHER EULOGY OR EVEN THE SISTER EULOGY. THE MOTHER EULOGY MIGHT HAVE AN ENDING OR BEGINNING YOU WOULD LIKE TO USE FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER. SOMETHING COULD CATCH YOUR EYE IN ANY OF THESE EULOGY EXAMPLES. MIX AND MATCH. USE THE SAME FORMAT AS ONE BUT JUST PUT IN YOUR PERSONAL STORIES. TAKE ONE OF THE EULOGIES AND USE IT WORD FOR WORD. WHATEVER SUITS YOU BEST. YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO USE ANY OF THEM, IT DOESN’T MATTER. WE JUST WANT TO MAKE THIS PROCESS AS COMFORTABLE AND EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY. JUST REMEMBER TO MAKE IT PERSONABLE TO YOU AND EVERYONE ATTENDING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE. IF YOU DO THIS, YOU WILL DELIVER A GREAT AND TOUCHING EULOGY!

THERE ARE REMINDERS AFTER EACH EXAMPLE EULOGY, BUT HERE ARE A FEW MORE:

HUSBAND/WIFE: Talk about how you met. Talk about the proposal. Talk about the little quirks that only you knew about, but loved. Talk directly to your loved one. Talk about their professions. Talk about what made them great, or what you will miss most about them. Tell old college stories, or crazy adventures you had together.

CHILDREN: What have they taught you? Talk about their birth, and how that made you feel. Talk about what kind of child they were, or their first interests. What were their passions? Talk about their jobs, and contributions. What bothered you about them—remember it is ok to make light of things. Talk about their adult lives. Do they have a family, or children of their own? Discuss what they meant to your son or daughter.

BROTHER/SISTER: Did you always get along? Talk about your arguments as kids. Talk about how you always admired them, and looked up to them. Tell stories from childhood, and adulthood. What qualities made them great? Talk about their professions. What will you miss most about your brother or sister?

FATHER

I have never known a more generous or selfless man than my father. By looking at everyone in attendance here, I know that holds true for many people. I want to thank everyone for coming here today and supporting my family and me during this difficult time. Thank you.
My father once asked me, Son, what do you think you will wish for on your deathbed? I stared at him blankly. He replied, I will tell you what I won’t say. God, I wish I had worked more, or made more money. I will say, I wish I had more time to spend with my family. This is what made him so great. His unconditional devotion to his family.

This unconditional devotion was just one of many attributes that made him such a wonderful person. I remember as a child looking at my dad as a larger than life figure. Not just in the physical sense, but in a complex, human way. Here was this enormously successful man, financially, emotionally, spiritually, juggling a fast-paced, high stress job, with a large family at home. And he did this with what seemed to be relative ease. I admired these qualities even at a young age, and I’m so fortunate for that.

Growing up in a small town in northern Iowa, he had larger aspirations than the area could offer him. After excelling greatly in academics and athletics, he decided to move away and play football at Northwestern outside of Chicago, a midwestern town he had always dreamed of living. After an injury ended his career in just one year, dad put most of his energy into his academics. I say most because those of us who knew him well know he liked to have a good time, which might have gotten him into trouble now and then.

After graduating with high honors from Northwestern, he attended law school at the University of Michigan, where he met his beautiful wife and my eventual mother. They were inseparable from that day forward. They married after only 6 months, and never looked back. My mom and dad eventually settled down in Chicago, where they raised us 5 monsters. Dad got a job at a law firm downtown, and my mom stayed home with us kids. I remember him coming home after hours at the office, going over court cases and meeting with new clients, activities that would burn me out after about a week. Anyway, he would walk in the door with the biggest grin on his face. He would hug and kiss me, telling me how much I meant to him. We would shoot hoops, or watch the Bulls’ games. He always made time for his family. It made me feel so special.

My father seemed to have all the answers. English, science, sports, history, art, anything. I was fascinated with his knowledge in life. Growing up, homework was never really an issue. I remember feeling like a sponge
around him, trying to absorb all the great qualities that made him such a complex human being. I felt so smart around him.

As I grew into adulthood, however, these feelings only intensified. He became a mentor, a coach, and a counselor. He gave me wonderful advice on relationships and career moves, child rearing and marriage. He again, still seemed to have all the answers. And I know many of you out there know exactly what I mean. He has counseled you, helped you, and taken care of you. He has shouldered so many of us in life, trying to make things easier for everyone.

Everyone had a favorite quality about Harry. It is difficult to pick just one. Despite all these wonderful things that I have said about him, I know what I will miss the most. His sense of humor. Whether you were 10 or 75, he could make your gut wrench. He could relate to so many people. He would tell so many jokes, most of which can’t be repeated here, but were said often while out on the golf course.

I am proud of the fact that I could have a father who was also such an incredible friend. I saw him as an individual, just one of the guys. His wonderful qualities will live on forever, in each and every one of us. In the end, the true measure of a person is not the wealth left behind, but the richness of the memories he gave to others.

HINTS TO REMEMBER:
Use quotes, poems, or anecdotes.
Tell stories, both from your perspective, and others.
Talk about their background.
Pose questions, and answer them.
Discuss their struggles and goals. What drove them?
Talk about their strong qualities. What did you love most about them? What did you learn from them? How would they have wanted you to continue your life?
Don’t be afraid to use humor, it is a great way to relax everyone.
Use these in any order you desire. You have complete poetic license!

FATHER

Before my father died, he told me how frightened he was. Frightened because of the unknown, not only for him, but also for the loved ones he will have left behind. He began weeping quite heavily, which was a rare occurrence with my father. I only remember him crying on a few occasions
in the 39 years I had known him. He was a very stoic man, expressing very little emotion. As I began to choke up, I grabbed his hand in mine and tried to reassure him that he was moving on to a far greater world than here. A world of endlessness and utter happiness. A world where he would be reunited with his dear wife, who passed away just 9 months ago. I assured him that my younger brother Scott and I would take care of our families, and instill in our children the morals and life lessons that he so desperately wanted us to learn. My dad looked at me with a vulnerability in his eyes that was heart wrenching, and he said, son, I love you more than you will ever know, and I am sorry for not telling you that more often. We both lost it right there, and we embraced each other like we hadn’t done in years. I felt like I was 5 again. The odd thing was, I felt like he was 5 again too. Both of us completely vulnerable. I felt a weight crumble off both our shoulders. I felt a sense of closure with my dad because we were emotionally expressive with each other for the first time in years.

George passed away just 4 days later. As most of you know, he was in great pain the last few months of his life. Cancer is a horrible illness. Nobody deserves to move on that way. Although he was in physical agony, I can’t help but feel warm inside. I know the moment we shared just prior to his death relieved much emotional and physical suffering that he was going through, even if for just 4 days. That makes me feel good. That makes me feel complete. It’s never too late to express your love for someone. Even if it hasn’t been done for many years, which was the case with my father and I.

My mother and father are looking down upon everyone here today with a smile on their faces. Their 45-year love affair reunited, for eternity. I know dad was happiest around her. Although he often had difficulty expressing himself, he never shied away from letting mom know that he was the luckiest man on Earth for having her. He had this quirky romantic side to him. I remember on their wedding anniversary some years back, my mother was devastated because she thought dad had forgotten it. All day went by and he hadn’t said anything. He finally asked mom if she wanted to go get a bite to eat real fast. So he takes her to this cheap burger joint down the street. After they sit down with their food, he pulls out two tickets from his coat. The two tickets were for a plane ride to New York City the next day, a place mom always dreamed of visiting. I respected the man for that. The greatest lesson my father taught me was to love and cherish your wife more than anything in this world. He had great respect for women. I respected the man for that too.
Dad, you were a proud man, and we all love you dearly. You will be missed. Very much. And forever.

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**MOTHER**

For what is to die, but to stand in the sun and melt into the wind? And when the Earth has claimed our limbs, then we shall truly dance. This was one of my mother’s favorite quotes by Kahlil Gibran. She had such a peaceful, spiritual aura radiating from her at all times. I will truly miss that.
Being her only daughter, I was often spoiled by her generosity. The irony was that being spoiled by her love made me a more grateful and down to Earth human being in every facet of my life. She taught me that it was better to give, than to receive. Her constant charity work taught me this. Mom always said, slow down, you move too fast, you got to make the morning last, which was a line from one of her favorite Simon and Garfunkel songs. It took me a few years to listen to her, but I finally understood what she meant. She always appreciated the little things in life. The smell after a spring rainstorm. The way our dog used to stare at her when he wanted to go for a walk. She used to love feeding the birds, and tending to her garden. She loved sitting outside during the summer reading, and writing her poetry. Mom loved the things that many of us take for granted.

But most importantly, she loved me. After my father passed away when I was 6, it was just mom and her little princess. She was kind and thoughtful. She made me feel so special. I remember crying horribly one day after school. I had one of those episodes in high school that every 15-year-old girl seems to have. I was embarrassed horribly in front of this boy I had a huge crush on. I thought my world was going to end. I don’t remember exactly what my mother told me, but what I do remember is her holding me in her arms, lightly stroking my hair. I felt so safe in her arms. I never wanted her to let go. Again, her unconditional generosity was unmatched. She made everybody feel comfortable around her. Friends, family, co-workers, even strangers. Everybody.

Caroline was born and raised in Boston. She had 1 older brother and 2 younger sisters, all of whom are here with us today. She was never a great student. Mom did a lot of day dreaming in school. My grandmother has told me numerous times that she was spacey as a young girl, and I know that my aunts and uncle will confirm that statement. This explains her free-spirited, nature loving self. That is what made her great. My mother didn’t attend college, but instead traveled extensively throughout the country, making money at odd jobs. She finally found her niche in the pacific northwest, Eugene Oregon, where she would live out the rest of her life. It was there where she fell in love with my father, although it was not love at first sight. My father was the exact opposite of my mom. Fast-paced and business savvy. He pursued her for months. She used to tell me how cute she always thought he was, but she didn’t like how he was always on the go. In the end, however, opposites do attract, and mom and dad were married shortly there after.
One of my mom’s greatest passions, as you all know, was her sincere dedication to charity work. She supported numerous causes. She spent most of her time, however, counseling young children who had lost a parent. This was a cause that struck a very personal cord with her. It brings a tear to my eye knowing all of the lives she has touched. I will always be grateful for my mom’s love, friendship, and guidance. Thanks for everything mom. Your little princess will love you forever.

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**MOTHER**

You can’t choose your family. The family you are born into is the outcome of some cosmic lottery. And for the most part, the odds aren’t that great. Fortunately for me, I won the jackpot. Not only do I have loving brothers and sisters, but I have a wonderful father and mother as well. Unfortunately, my mother is no longer with us in this physical world. She has moved on to a better place, wherever that might be. She was a strong woman, living her life with courage and purpose. She was a devoted wife, married to her husband for 42 years. She was a caring mother, nurturing her children and raising them with principle and honor. But most importantly, my mother was a kind and gentle human being loved by everybody here today.
She lived the majority of her life in the San Diego area. Her parents were both immigrants from Spain, so times were often difficult at home. Her father tried his hardest to support his wife and 3 children, working 2 to 3 odd jobs at a time. My mom learned the meaning of hard work from him. She had a mature sense of the value of money, even at a young age. She delivered newspapers, worked at restaurants, she even caddied on the golf course with her brother one summer. She was a tough young girl. That toughness carried over into adulthood. My mother’s ambitions took her far in life. After graduating college, she immediately got a great position at a top advertising firm, where her strong will to succeed and her creative talents quickly advanced her near the top of her company.

After meeting my father and moving north to Sacramento, she began having and raising a family. Her career in advertising slowly took a back seat to her family. After my youngest sister Janet was born, she had stopped working completely. My mother had a new drive in life. It was her family. She had conquered the business world, now she wanted to tackle motherhood. She was determined to be the best mom on the planet, and she was.

Although compassionate and kind, my mom was strict with us kids, especially me. I enjoyed getting into a lot of mischief the majority of my life. I didn’t do well in school, and just wanted to hang out with my friends. I remember being punished on numerous occasions. The punishments were always work related too. Washing the car, pulling weeds, cleaning the house. She once made me spend an entire day, 12 hours, helping our neighbor refinish his basement. I know now that she was trying to instill in me the same work ethic that made her such a strong woman. She succeeded in her mission. I give her credit for the person I am today.

My mother was always very compassionate though. Although she was strict, she always let us know how proud she was of us. She was there every morning when we went off to school, handing us our lunches with big hugs and kisses. She was there in the parking lot everyday, picking us up from school and driving us to events. She cooked for us every night, even though she wasn’t much of a chef. Mom always gave 100 percent. She was determined to be the best.

As I got older, she became less of a mentor and more of a friend. We had a great relationship. We talked on the telephone a few times a week and I visited her in Sacramento dozens of times a year. My mom became great
friends with my wife, which I will cherish forever. She was active in my daughter’s life, even if for a brief time. I will always be grateful for that as well. I will miss her laughing and crying. I will miss her generosity and spirit. I will miss her determination and courage. But most of all, I will miss my mother. I love you mom. You have enriched my life immeasurably.

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SON

It is hard for me to put into words the grief I am feeling. It is any parent’s worst nightmare to bury their child, and today, I am faced with that nightmare.

I remember the day Nicholas was born as if it were yesterday. He was a premature baby, which gave Ron and I quite a scare. He had to stay in the hospital for a couple of weeks, and I remember those 14 days being the longest of my life. When he got out, and I could finally hold him, I felt so complete. I fell in love with him immediately. He was the most precious thing I had ever laid eyes on.
I never wanted Nick to get hurt. I think because he was a premature baby, I was overly protective of him. Nevertheless, he always seemed to be engaging in very adventurous activities. He loved his dirt bike, and motorcycle. Nick was happiest outdoors. He always said all he needed was his bikes and a sleeping bag, and everything else would take care of itself. I used to roll my eyes when he said that. Deep down I knew he was just a little boy inside.

Nicholas taught me so much about life and myself. He taught me to always discover and try new things. Before he was around, I wasn’t too keen on the outdoors. I learned to appreciate the beauty of the world from him. He taught me the importance of expression. Nick used to give hugs to just about everyone he knew. He allowed me to experience motherhood, and for that I am forever grateful.

But most importantly, he taught me the importance of humor. Nicholas was always laughing and horsing around. He made everybody feel so good inside. He used to say that humor is the cure for sadness, and I began to truly believe that. He had the most beautiful outlook on life, which fascinated me.

My sister Erin reminded me of the time when Nick broke his leg from a biking accident. He had to be in a cast for 8 weeks, which would prevent him from participating in his first racing tournament. I went to see him in the hospital, crying, which I always did when he got hurt. But he just looked at me with a huge grin on his face and said, momma, it wasn’t meant to be. Now I can sit around the house and bother you all day. And then he just started laughing and laughing. I couldn’t help but laugh with him. His positive mind frame was contagious. And I know that all of you are firsthand witnesses to that contagiousness.

Charlie Chaplin once said, in the end, everything is a gag. I know my Nicholas would have believed that. I know he would want us all to remain humorous and positive here today, and forever. Son, your humor, dedication, and bravery made you great. Now with your transition to a greater place, allow it to make us great. I love you little Nicky.
SON

I always wanted to have a son. I was blessed with two beautiful daughters, but I still wanted to have a little boy. God finally brought James into our lives just a few short years ago. Even though his life was short, I am fortunate to have shared many memories with such an extraordinary little boy.

My son was my pride and joy. He was the whole family’s pride and joy. From the moment he entered our home, he was the center of attention. Everyone had dreams of what was to come. For me, he was the boy I could play ball with, and watch the game with. I could be the proud father cheering him on from the stands. I would be there when he went away to college, or brought home his fiancé.

My wonderful wife would be there every step of the way. She would support him and nurture him, helping him with his homework. We all know my wife has the brains in the family.
He would be the little brother to his big sisters. He would argue with them, but look over them. They would attend high school together, and maybe even college. The future looked so great.

Our dreams were shattered when little James was diagnosed with leukemia at 4. I didn’t know what to do. I felt so angry inside, asking God why he could do this to such a beautiful little boy. I didn’t know who or what to turn to for answers.

As time went on though, there was only one person I could turn to, and that was James. I found strength from his strength, as did the rest of my family. We saw the undeniable courage he exhibited while battling this deadly disease. He displayed this courage at home, and at the hospital. He displayed his courage with his friends, and teachers. He displayed it everywhere.

I am proud to say that I was able to play ball with James. Baseball. I am proud to say that he saw a few games at the park with his father. I am proud to say that my wife was there with us, as a mother, supporting him, and nurturing him. I am proud to say that he loved his big sisters, and they loved him. But I am most proud of my son. He lived as much life as he could, and he did it with courage and strength. He was the strongest person I have ever met. James, you were and will always be my little warrior. I truly believe that God takes people when they have completed their duty here on Earth. You did that in just a few short years. I love you James, and I will be by your side in eternity soon.

I appreciate everyone coming to this service honoring James. It is a very difficult situation for everybody. Your support has been greatly appreciated. Your cards, flowers, and words of encouragement have touched my family immensely. Thank you all very much.
During this difficult time, I am trying my best to keep a positive attitude.

My wife and I could never have asked for a more wonderful daughter. Everything she did made us proud. From her earliest days at home, sleeping soundly through the night, to her last moments here with us, she made us the luckiest parents on Earth.

Kathy always had such a thirst for life. As a child, she would run home from school after learning something special, and immediately devote her entire time to it. I remember when she was in the 3rd grade and her teacher, Mrs. Miller, taught the class about dinosaurs. Kathy came in through that door like a tornado, wanting to learn everything she could about dinosaurs. We took her to the local museum, where life like replicas stood. I will never forget the look on her face that day. That look that only an enthusiastic child can give. I was so excited for her new found passion.

This thirst for life only grew. As Kathy became an adult, she found her calling with teaching. Her whole life she hungered for knowledge, and now she wanted to give back. She devoted so much time to these young children, and she loved every minute of it. Kathy was so content with her position in life. That made Beth and I so happy.
She also adored her family. Her husband Jason was the light of her life. I used to be her number one man, but I gladly turned that over to the man she would spend the rest of her life with. They didn’t start a family together, but I know that was always a dream of Kathy’s. She wanted to be a mother. She wanted to teach her children everything she had learned, and she hoped that they would have the same thirst for life as she did.

As I said earlier, I am trying my best to remain positive. Even death can be viewed in a positive manner. I have found some comfort in Henry Scott Holland, who was a professor of divinity at Oxford University. His outlook on death is soothing to me. He said:

Death is nothing at all—I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way you always used. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant…There is absolutely unbroken continuity.

What is death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you—for an interval—somewhere near just around the corner.

All is well.

Kathy, we all love you, and will miss you. But you will always be in our minds. We will speak to you and laugh with you. We will call you by your old familiar name. Daddy is so proud of you. You will always be in my heart.
Every time you get behind the wheel, your life is in danger. Accidents happen, and people get hurt. Unfortunately, people also get killed. Alcohol was involved in 41 percent of traffic accident deaths in 2002.

We can no longer turn our heads and pretend that it won’t happen to us. We all gather here today because my daughter Rachel was taken from us in one of these terrible accidents.

It is very painful for me to accept this, but I know that I must. As we all mourn here today, it is easy to focus on the horribleness of what has taken place, but I don’t want to do that. Instead, I want to celebrate my daughter’s life. The wonderful woman she was, the beautiful life she lived, and the lives she touched. Rachel was quite a person.

Rachel was my best friend. We had so much fun together. When she was in high school, we used to go to the mall. We would shop and shop and shop, giggling the whole time. We talked about fashion, and music, and of course
boys. Not only was I her mother, but I felt like her 17-year-old friend as well.

My daughter was the sweetest girl on the planet. Everybody loved her. She was an excellent student and a great volleyball player. She displayed both of these skills at her local college. She demanded the most out of herself, and that made her very successful.

Rachel recently got involved in her sorority, and was elected social chairman. She loved planning and having a good time. The last few weeks she was talking about running for president next term, which excited her very much. She was extremely focused on her future. I admired her for that.

I have so many wonderful memories of her. One of my favorite memories was on her first day of high school. Nothing happened that was too out of the ordinary, but I will never forget dropping her off in front of the school. She had on all her new designer clothes, which she always loved, and when she got out of the car, she started walking towards the door.

I started laughing uncontrollably because she was trying so hard to strut her stuff and act so cool. I just found it so funny. Here was my little girl on her first day of school, walking to the front door like she was a runway model. I never mentioned it to anybody before today. It always brought a smile to my face when I thought of it though.

Rachel lived her life with strength and conviction. She was a friend, and she was my daughter. Rachel was a student and a volleyball player. She was compassionate and sweet. She had a vision for her future that was focused and undeniable. Unfortunately, it was denied. Rachel, you were and always will be an amazing young woman. Your father and I will remain strong with your spirit around us. We all love you. Keep on struttin your stuff.
My older brother Marcus meant so much to me. He was the kind of brother that everyone dreamed of having. When I was growing up, he always looked after me. I was his little brother, and he was very protective of me. Knowing how much he cared meant so much, although I didn’t tell him that very often.

I looked up to Marcus. He was popular and charming. Growing up, the phone was always ringing off the hook, mostly girls, and always for him. He was such an amazing basketball player, and I remember dreaming about the day I could be as good as him. He wasn’t much of a student though, so I had that on him. He used to ask me questions about homework all the time.

Not doing his homework though didn’t prevent him from having a dream career. What Marcus lacked in intelligence, he made up for in desire. He used to always say, ignorance on fire is better than intelligence on ice. He lived by that motto. He didn’t attend college, but was hungry to succeed. After numerous business failures, he finally found enough investors to start his own restaurant. 15 years later, he owned and operated 7 restaurants and bars, and did this all by the age of 41. He finally felt content.
The best times I spent with him were at his beach house. He had such a hectic schedule, so he didn’t have much time to just hang out. The few weeks a year he was at that house though, he was in heaven. We would sit on the pier and drink beer, fish, and tell old stories. Marcus loved to reminisce. He was a fantastic storyteller. I will never forget those times. We were brothers again.

Everyone here today cared about and appreciated my older brother. He was a stand up guy, and would give you the shirt off his back at the snap of a finger. He was an honest business partner, and a true friend. He was the best brother a guy could have.

I want Marcus to know that I will continue my life in the fashion he would have wanted. I will pursue my interests with the fervor that he pursued his with. He never had his own family, so my family became his. I want him to know that I will take care of them and support them, just like he did for me his entire life. His beach house is in good hands, and future generations of the Wallace family will enjoy fishing and telling stories. His businesses are in good hands with good people, and he already knows this.

Marcus I love you. I know you are up there chatting it up with old movie stars and athletes, all the people you loved. You are fishing, and swimming. Some days you are playing golf, or playing ball. Give mom and dad a big kiss for me, and tell them I love them. I consider myself fortunate for possessing a wealth of wonderful memories.

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I want to thank everyone for coming here today. Not just for my brother, but for each other. It makes me feel better knowing how much Dave was loved and how many people cared enough to be here and show their support.

We are gathered to celebrate the life of my brother Dave, and the contributions that he made to all of us. We are here to help mend our sadness, and gather strength from one another in order to move on with our lives. He had a profound impact on my life, and many of yours. He was truly a remarkable human being.

I would like to begin by reading a poem by Melinda Sue Pacho.

Do not stand at my grave and forever weep.
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn’s rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and forever cry.
I am not there. I did not die.

Dave will not die, nor will he sleep. His incredible life remains in each and every one of us. His infectious laugh and hoarse voice, remain in me. The way he used to squint his eyes and yell at the television when the Pistons were losing, will always remain in me. For my sister, she will always hear his opinions on politics and music running through her head. Dave’s enthusiastic spirit and zest for hunting will remain in his children. For his co-workers, Dave’s perfectionism and stubbornness will linger with them during their board meetings. He will always be with us.

It is difficult to lose such a wonderful teacher. He helped me so much. He taught me the importance of bravery, and how to face difficult obstacles in life. He helped me raise my children, and counseled me when my marriage
was suffering. He taught me how to play golf, and cards. He helped me loosen up as a man, telling me I needed to laugh more. Dave was a great mentor and leader. He had a charisma that was unmatchable. I wish I could capture what he had in a bottle, but I know he did his best to leave his mark within each and every one of us.

Dave you were the best, and you will be missed. I want to leave everybody here today with a quote from Johnny Carson. Dave being the big fan that he was, and always wanting to loosen up the mood, would find this appropriate.

For days after death, hair and fingernails continue to grow, but phone calls taper off.

That cell phone of his will finally rest silently.

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Pose questions, and answer them.
Discuss their struggles and goals. What drove them?
Talk about their strong qualities. What did you love most about them? What did you learn from them?
How would they have wanted you to continue your life?
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**SISTER**

Today is a difficult time for everyone. We are saddened by the loss of Carol Young, my youngest sister, and great friend. Together, we will harness that sadness into strength, and move forward with new conviction.
Carol would have wanted us to use her passing as a tool to better our lives. She lived her life the way she wanted to, not allowing what other’s thought to sway her in any one direction. She was true to herself and others. My sister lived life like it should be lived.

I could stand up here all day and talk about her. Where she was born, what kind of childhood we had together, her flaws, her strengths. But I don’t want to talk about all of that. There is only one thing I want to focus on, and that is Carol’s generosity.

As you know Carol spent the better part of 30 years contributing to different charitable causes. She was a member of many different organizations helping causes from homelessness to cancer, spousal abuse to animal rights. She was a part of just about everything. In fact she was honored just a few short years ago for her outstanding dedication to charitable organizations.

Although she had a stake in numerous causes, Carol had one specific cause that was very close to her heart. Multiple Sclerosis. As most of you know, her husband George died of MS quite some time ago. It is a heart wrenching illness.

As a member of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society for 15 years, my sister made a definite mark. She helped promote research, educate, advocate on critical issues, and organize a wide range of programs. These included support for the newly diagnosed, and those living with MS over time.

Carol was a local leader in the Cincinnati area, and helped raise more than $250,000 while pursuing this cause. She gave lectures to parents and friends of those afflicted with MS. She visited hospitals, and often would have “Fantasy Day” parties for young children who were severely debilitated by MS. For one day, about twice a month, Carol would create a wonderful play world for these children, allowing them, if only briefly, to take their minds off of their struggles. She touched the lives of so many children.
My sister was the most generous human being on the planet, and her track record proved that. Anybody with such an altruistic personality deserves nothing but the utmost respect and admiration. Her contributions touched thousands of people not only in her community, but also across the entire globe. She lives on with her family and friends. Most importantly she lives on with those afflicted with Multiple Sclerosis. My sister made her mark with kindness and compassion. It was a pleasure and a privilege to have known Carol Samantha Young. God bless you little sis.

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**SISTER**

I feel blessed to have known my sister. I can still see her as a young girl, slapping me in the arm every time I teased her about her braces. She was so sensitive about those things. I used to tease her a lot. I think as her big brother I felt threatened by her because I thought she was my parent’s favorite. We had great times together though.

We were so close in age, only 2 years apart, so we were involved in many of the same functions, most notably, school. I used to see Kim everyday at school. For a while I used to pretend I didn’t know her. That was mostly in elementary school. She used to come up to me in the hallways and try and talk to me. She was so sweet, but I would blow her off and keep talking to
my friends. I always look back wishing I hadn’t done those things because I know it hurt her. She just wanted to talk to her big brother.

As we got older though, I matured, but so did Kim. Once high school hit, she was quite the looker. She was tall and athletic, with long brown locks. All my buddies thought she was a fox. I used to give them grief about that, but inside it made me feel good. In a way, I felt like people were talking about me every time they mentioned her.

She was incredibly popular, which made me jealous and excited. She was smart and athletic. I felt like I was taking a back seat to her, and in many ways I was. I always knew Kim would find success, and she finally was. I had a great feeling that she would live an extraordinary life.

Once high school was over, we both moved in different directions, but always kept in touch. She married at 19 and immediately had a family. She was an excellent mother, and an even better wife. My sister was the wife all guys dream of. She loved watching football and basketball. She drank beer on Sunday’s while watching the game. She was smart, and witty. She could hang out as one of the guys. Sometimes she cursed like a sailor, but that was on rare occasions.

I will miss Kim’s ability to relate to people. She got along with everyone. We had our ups and downs, but we both knew we always shared a special bond. I looked up to her, and being her big brother, it was sometimes hard for me to do that. She made me feel like a better person when I was around her. It takes a special person to make those around them feel great, or better yet, be great. Kim did that with ease. I love you so much Kim. Thank you for being my little big sister.

I would like to now read one of Kim’s favorite poems by Henry Van Dyke.

Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love, time is eternity.
Hours fly, flowers die,
New days, new ways pass by,
Love stays.
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FRIEND

God works in mysterious ways. Jeff and I were sitting at Backo’s Pub just six months ago. We were having a few beers, which we did every Saturday afternoon together, talking about sports, politics and our lives. Then the subject of death came up.

As Jeff normally did, he joked around about his own mortality. He said something that will stay in my mind for a long time. He said, you know Kev, I probably won’t make it much longer. I’ve lived too much, too hard. Too many cigarettes and too many beers. My poor body is just going to shut down. We both smiled and started to chuckle a bit, not really believing what he said. Six months later, here we are, minus one. Jeff gone from our lives because of a heart attack. I still can’t believe he is gone.

There are only a handful of people who come into your world, and touch your life in a dramatic fashion. Some of the people are just flickers of light
during a long life, while others are consistent glows for years. For me, Jeff was my consistent glow. He was my best friend for close to 35 years.

I was never really close to my immediate family. I had a few friends growing up, but those were mostly childhood playmates. I decided to attend college in the fall of ’70, hoping to begin a new and exciting chapter in my life. I was going to room with my cousin, who I knew a little bit, mostly from family reunions and stuff.

After about a week, I met Jeff. We hit it off immediately. We started hanging out with the same group of guys. We did the normal college thing, parties, drinking, girls, and more parties. We managed to fit studying in there somehow.

I remember feeling so comfortable around him. I had never experienced that before with other friends. I felt like I could tell him anything, like he was the brother I never had. For the first time, there was a consistent figure in my life, which I could turn to for friendship and support.

That friendship and support continued for the next 35 years. We both found jobs in the same area, and raised our families together. My wife and I were the godparents of his children and Jeff and Sue were the godparents of our two daughters. We shared some wonderful times together. I will never forget them.

I can honestly say that there are only a few people who have walked into my life and changed it forever. My wife, two lovely daughters, and Jeff. He gave me the first opportunity to open up to somebody. He was the first person I enjoyed spending time with. He was my first friend. He taught me that life is short, and the most important part of life is the people in it. I will be grateful for his teachings forever.

To his family, Amanda, Nancy, Beth, and Jack, I love you as if you were my own. In many ways you are. I want you to know that my family and I will be there for you in this difficult time. We will help ease the suffering that you are going through.

Jeff, I love you. I miss you. Your family is in good hands. You have graced my life more than you will ever know. God bless.
I would like to read one of Devon’s favorite poems on friendship. It is by Robson Grant.

I know you’re still out there
Living life with your kind of flair
Standing with your face to the sun
Picturing your time to come

Many clouds have passed by
Since we stood under the same sky
Taking in the summer sights
Howling at the city lights

I still remember when we were young
Pulling pranks just for fun
Summer vacations were such a blast
The kind of memories that will always last

Growing up the future seemed like such a sure thing
Thought we knew what it would bring
True love, a family, a house in the hills
Work hard, play hard and don’t sweat the bills

Never guessed things would change so much
Thought our friends would never lose touch
The stars seemed so clear from our domain
I sure could handle some of those good times again

Even if our dreams still seem far away
Our friendship will be right here to stay
Until we are both gone
The road between us will never be too long

Devon was such a dear friend to me. I will never forget how much fun we had together. I was having difficulty deciding what to say here today, so I decided to make a list, and talk about the things that I will miss most about her.

I will miss the way we used to laugh at silly things in the back of class, or pass notes to each other.

I will miss when we used to dress up, go to a fast food joint, and pretend we were eating at a fancy restaurant.

I will miss watching movies with you, and talking about how certain things in them could never happen.

I will miss the way you used to eat chocolate cereal with chocolate milk, even though I thought it was disgusting.

I will miss the way you used to stick your tongue out and squint our eyes every time you heard the word Barbaric. That was so weird to me.

I will miss talking to guys with you, and crying over them with you.
I will miss our weekend ski trips and summer rafting trips.

I will miss the way you snored before falling asleep.

I will miss our arguments over everything, but mostly over politics.

I will miss your hair, your eyes, your nose, your smile, your laugh, and your cry. They were all so wonderful to me.

But most of all, I will miss my friend. Devon, you were so important to me. I will never forget all the great times we had together. We experienced so much together, good and bad, but both came out the other side better people and closer friends. You were beautiful and charming, funny and annoying. I will miss everything about you. I love you Devo.

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**WIFE**

My dearest wife Joy was my soul mate. I remember the first time I laid eyes on her my stomach dropped. I thought she was an angel. I was so nervous the first time we met too. I didn’t know what to say. I felt intimidated by her. I remember just staring at her with my mouth half open in awe. She was something else.

I got over that feeling, and after a few months of casual friendship, things began to progress. It didn’t take long for me to realize that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with this woman. She fascinated me. I loved her
intelligence and spontaneity. She wouldn’t let me give her any garbage either. I liked how strong and confident she was.

One of my earliest and fondest memories of my wife displaying these qualities was right after we started dating exclusively. She was a sophomore at Nebraska, and I was a senior. Anyway, it was the weekend before finals week, and she had a huge physics exam on Monday. I happened to be taking the same test. So Joy decides to go out west for the weekend, on a skiing trip with her girlfriends.

I kept telling her she was nuts, and that this test was more important than a trip. I was concerned that she would do poorly on the test without studying. So Joy looks at me straight in the eyes, and says, Andy, what grade do you have in this class? I looked right back at her and said, C+. Without losing a beat, still staring straight into my eyes, she says, I have an A+, Andy. I am going to go on my ski trip, come home, and ace this test without studying. And you know what, I’m going to do better than you too. Sure enough, she goes on the trip, comes home, and aces the test. Of course, she beat me too.

That was Joy though. So confident in her abilities in all walks of life. I will miss that.

My wife gave me so many fond experiences and memories in life. She gave me three wonderful children. She gave me her unconditional love and support when times got tough. She was my rock. Joy had a wonderful sense of humor that not many people understood. Very dry and sarcastic. I found it hilarious. She was the only lady I ever knew who would bring me to tears with laughter. I will truly miss that.

I want to end here today by reading a little poem that I wrote my beloved wife. I used to write her poems often, but this one she never got to hear.

O’ my wonderful Joy,
My wonderful, wonderful Joy.

You were my inspiration and light,
O’ god you were the purest sight.
With memories galore, my mind filled with more,
I will never forget my wonderful, wonderful Joy.
WIFE

It is difficult to put my feeling into words, but I will do my best to try and
tell you what Gwen meant to me. She was a kind and loving wife who had a
beauty of character that endeared her to all who crossed her path. She was
my soul mate, my one true love. When we made those vows 15 years ago,
and we promised each other, till death do us part, I meant it. I just thought
that it would be much longer until we were apart.

I can thank Gwen for helping me get through some rough times in my life.
She was very supportive of me during my darker days, and I applaud her for
that. She always said that life was too short for worrying. Everything would
always work out in the long run if you truly believed that it would. She
taught me the importance of prayer and faith. Before I met her, I had rarely
gone to church. Today I consider myself a devote Christian, with the
deepest faith.

Gwen was a remarkable sister and daughter. Her younger brother Michael
and mother Joyce are here with us today. I want them to know how much
Gwen loved them. She talked about you all the time, and I’m sure you know
that. Michael, you were her only brother, and she loved you with all her
heart. I can’t tell you how many stories I’ve heard about the two of you
growing up. She used to tell me how excited she would get before the two of you would go off to camp each summer. She had the best time with you.

Mom, Gwen adored you. She wasn’t much of a cook, and always wished you were around when she was baking. I know you received many calls from her seeking advice on the culinary arts.

I don’t regret a single experience with my wife. If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn’t change a thing. I wouldn’t change that fact that she got sick, and struggled those last few months of her life. It only tightened our bond for one another. It strengthened our conviction in the lord, and each other. We greater understood the healing power of prayer and faith. I wouldn’t trade those experiences for anything in the world.

My dear and loving wife, I love you. You are my angel, my princess, and my light. God had different plans for us than we had imagined, and I know you are gone for a reason. Your passing will strengthen my soul and the souls of all the lives you touched. I cherish you forever.

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HUSBAND

I am deeply saddened by the loss of my husband Rick. He was the most important person in my life. I am at a loss for words, but I will do my best to express my feelings for my dear husband.

Dr. Martin Luther King once said, if man hasn’t discovered something that he will die for, he isn’t fit to live.

My husband discovered at a young age what he would die for. His country.

He was part of a long line of soldiers. His grandfather fought in WWII and his father, Marvin, fought in Vietnam. He learned at a young age the importance of patriotism and honor. His father was a decorated veteran and very proud man. Rick looked up to his father. He admired his bravery and courage. He wanted to follow in his father’s footsteps.

I met Rick in high school, sophomore year. I was the new girl in town, and very shy. I was from Atlanta, so naturally it was a bit of culture shock moving to Detroit. Rick sat right next to me in Math class, and immediately started a conversation with me. He was very outgoing, and very friendly. We were close friends from that day forward.

Rick was such a brave man, braver than I could ever be. When he was called to battle, I was filled with all different emotions. I was happy but horrified, nervous but excited. I knew how important it was for him as a man to serve his country, honorably and bravely. But at the same time, I didn’t want to lose the man I had grown to love so much. The first person I met in Detroit. My best friend. My husband.

The day finally came when Rick was sent overseas. I don’t think anybody has cried so much in their entire life. I felt like Niagara Falls was streaming out of my eyes. I was so scared. Rick was trying the best he could to comfort me, telling me that everything would be just fine. He looked in my eyes and told me how much he loved me, and that no matter what happened, he would always be in my life. I didn’t want him to stop holding me. I couldn’t help but think that this might be the last time I feel his arms wrapped around me. I had so many emotions flowing through me.
I know now what he meant when he told me that he would always be in my life. Although his body is no longer here, his spirit is. He is in my heart and in my mind. He is with me when I’m outside, enjoying a summer day. He is in the wind, and the trees. He is in his little boy, Ricky Jr. He is everywhere.

Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter, Dr. King once said. Rick was never silent about the things that mattered.

Rick believed in a cause and was willing to die for it. That is the mark of a tremendous man. I admired him the day I met him, and I will admire him until the day I die. I love you Ricky. Your soul will live on in us forever.

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HUSBAND

Knowing my husband, he probably would have wanted me to tell a joke or something, but I don’t really remember any. Especially ones that I can tell here.

Zack used to wake me up from a deep sleep to tell me a joke. I remember being half awake, and he would be rambling on about some silly joke he had heard that day at the office. It took him just a few times to realize that I wasn’t really listening to what he was saying, so he would hold is tongue and tell me at an appropriate time of day.

I remember when we first started to fall in love, and he would take me out to dinner. He was so romantic. We would hold hands and gaze into each other’s eyes. I had never felt so connected to another human being. It was as if he were placed in my lap for me to hold. We would hold each other when times were bad, making everything go away. It was so easy with Zack.

My husband was also extremely sensitive, and had no problem expressing his emotions, especially towards me. He flowered me with love. He told me how much he loved me, and how we were cosmically connected at birth. He was very deep, and many times he went right over my head. He told me how beautiful I was, which made me feel so good inside. He had dozens of pet names for me while we were together. My favorite though was Annski Beautifalia, Queen of Zackariaka. He was so creative.

Zack topped himself, and possibly every other man, the day he proposed to me. We were on a fantastic holiday in Paris. The Louvre, the cafes, so romantic. It was a gorgeous Saturday evening, and we took the elevator to the very top of the Eiffel Tower. The city of lights, glowing like a gigantic firefly. He began to tell me how I meant to him, and how he couldn’t imagine living without me. I started to cry because I knew what was coming. He got down on one knee and said, Annski Beautifalia, Queen of Zackariaka, will you do me the wonderful honor of being my wife? Yes, I shouted, and gave him a kiss. I wrapped my lanky arms around him for what seemed to be eternity.
My dear Zack, how I will miss you. You used to tell me how you have lived a million lives, and when your day came, you would be ok with it. Well my dear you did live a million lives. You were a husband, father, friend, son, valet driver, chef, waiter, salesman, agent, athlete, pianist, journalist, business owner, and web designer. But most importantly, you were you. So, sleep tight my dear Zack, sleep tight. Annski Beautifalia, Queen of Zackariaka, will meet with you again in the next life.

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I’m Tom… and I’m married to Carl’s granddaughter, Cheryl
Carl held several different roles in the lives of his family and friends.

It is impossible to stand before you today and encapsulate Carl’s life with one short speech. I feel that no matter what I say this morning… I’d be shorting him and what he meant to the people that loved him so much. So the best that I can do is talk about Carl from my point of view and hope that I can do justice for the ones’ that love him.

We’ve all participated in Carl’s life in some fashion, and while he was only one man, he had many roles. Each of us here saw him just a little differently. If you walked around and asked people how they knew Carl you would get many answers.

Some would recall Carl as being a friend or maybe even a lifelong friend. Others would say that he was a son, a brother, an incredible father, or a loving husband. If you asked some of the kids here today you might hear them say he’s my Uncle Carl, my Grandpa Carl or “papa” as his grandsons, Ryan and Trevor called him.

My personal answer would be that Carl is my grandfather in law, even though I see him as my wife’s grandfather, my wife’s shining star, and my wife’s hero.

So, while the titles might be different and the role that he played in each of our lives might be different… there are many qualities in Carl that we ALL loved. It’s these qualities that bring us together here today to celebrate his life… and if there is one thing that I’m sure of… it would be that Carl wants us to celebrate his life today and not mourn the loss that we’ve endured.

Carl loved life and all the treasures that life brought him.

He was an adventurer. He didn’t have to jump out of planes or travel thousands of miles across the globe to experience his adventures, but instead found his adventures where sometimes others forget to look. Hiking with his wife… boat races with his friends… golf on father’s day… collecting
bugs with his grandsons… and walking his daughters down the wedding isle are only a few of the experiences that he treasured.

Like any good adventurer… Carl believed in documenting.

He usually did this by taking 26,000 pictures at every single event he attended… keeping every single ticket stub from every single concert, sporting event, or boat race he ever saw.

Carl loved his pictures… he got so much pleasure looking at photographs and recalling those special moments that he captured. He even got more pleasure looking at somebody else’s pictures and hearing about their stories.

His sense of adventure for life made him genuinely interested in the lives of those around him. He was always asking about other people. How they were doing, what they were up to, and how their families were.

I think his sense of adventure is one quality that many of us admired and loved in Carl.

Carl was a passionate man. Everything Carl did he did with passion. After all, you can’t be good at adventure without passion.

What were some of his passions?

He had many… he absolutely loved video games, the outdoors, sports, and music. He was passionate about his wife, his daughters, his family and his friends. He was passionate about having other’s share and experience life with him.

He showed this by creating traditions like taking his daughters to Cedar Point every year or going to the Detroit boat races every summer. Carl was the leader and the man in charge of getting the tickets and making all the arrangements.

He did this because he was passionate about creating memories and creating shared moments with people that he loved. If it hadn’t been important to Carl, then years of great memories might have been missed.

Like any good leader, or captain he was always there to support you and to give his encouragement. It was very important to Carl for you to know how
much he loved you... and you did know because he told you with his words and showed you by spending his time with you.

Cheryl has told me that he never missed one of her basketball games in 9 years. That is a grandfather that loved his granddaughters. And she laughs when she recalls getting the ball for the first time in 4th grade in a game and dribbling all the way up the court while waving to him in the stands the entire time. He was there for her waving back.

But also like a good captain he is there giving advice... even when you may not want it. Jenny had me laughing one day when she was describing how he used to give her advice at bowling, even when she didn’t want to hear it.

But that’s what he did. He wanted to share. He wanted to teach. He wanted others to experience and participate in his adventures.

His wife, Sue, was sharing stories about Carl the other night and she said that nobody... absolutely nobody was as much fun as Carl. She learned to pack a bag when he said let’s go for a drive because she didn’t know when they’d be back home.

She never knew where the adventure was going to lead.

And here we are today...

Uncertain of what the future holds...

Uncertain of where the adventure goes from here without our son, brother, father, husband, uncle, papa, and friend...

I think our young captain has is hands on the wheel of the helm, ready for his greatest adventure yet... and wants us to be happy, not sad... and he cannot wait to see you one day again to share with you all the moments between now and then.

That’s how I see Carl.

Grandpa, we love you most of all and forever and ever.
GRANDPARENT

My grandmother and I had a very special connection. She was my favorite grandparent, and I was her favorite grandson, or at least that is what she told me. She was never mean, or grumpy. She was so kind and loving and easy
to be with. She was very supportive of me in all my decisions in life. Our relationship was very important to me.

I kept in close contact with grandma during the last couple months of her life. I know she was very lonely without grandpa, and the nursing home didn’t help comfort her. I would visit her as often as I could, mostly on the weekends. I would bring her food, and show her pictures of all the children. We played cribbage, and go fish, her favorite card games. We talked about grandpa, and my parents, my job, and her death. She was not afraid to die. She knew how wonderful it would be once she was reunited with grandpa. She wouldn’t be in any more pain, and wouldn’t have to deal with any more nurses or any more medicines. She was physically drained.

If I had to choose one word to describe my grandma, it would be sweet. She was very sweet and very lovable. Everyone loved grandma. She was a favorite at the nursing home. I used to get such a kick out of her because she used to flirt with the male nurses. Here is this 84 year old woman, slowing dieing away, flirting with 24 year old men. They were good sports about it, and often played along with her. She got a big kick out of it as well.

Some of my fondest memories of grandma came when I was a young boy. Every summer her and grandpa used to take all the grandchildren to an amusement park in Florida. We would spend the whole weekend at the park, and loved every minute of it. I remember grandpa used to get really sick from the rides, so he wouldn’t go on them.

Grandma on the other hand, loved roller coasters, and went on everything. It was so much fun to listen to her scream, and watch this old lady scream and throw her hands in the air when we went down that first hill. She seemed so alive on those rides, and I remember that making me feel really cozy inside. We would get off the rides and she would want to go right back on them. We would ride the same ride 4 and 5 times consecutively. She never wanted the fun to end.

My grandmother was my pal. She will be remembered for the richness of the memories and the depth of the feelings that she gave to others. She has enriched my life immensely, and for that, I will always be grateful. She will always hold a special place in my heart.
HINTS TO REMEMBER:
Use quotes, poems, or anecdotes.
Tell stories, both from your perspective, and others.
Talk about their background.
Pose questions, and answer them.
Discuss their struggles and goals. What drove them?
Talk about their strong qualities. What did you love most about them? What did you learn from them? How would they have wanted you to continue your life?
Don’t be afraid to use humor, it is a great way to relax everyone.
Use these in any order you desire. You have complete poetic license!

101 USEFUL QUOTATIONS

➤ Maybe this world is another planet’s hell.
   -Aldous Huxley

➤ Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter.
   -Martin Luther King, Jr.

➤ Death ends a life, not a relationship.
   -Jack Lemmon

➤ It’s not catastrophes, murders, deaths, diseases, that age and kill us; it’s the way people look and laugh, and run up the steps of omnibuses.
   -Virginia Woolf
➢ For death is no more than a turning of us over from time to eternity.
   -William Penn

➢ Nothing in life is certain except death and taxes.
   -Benjamin Franklin

➢ Every man dies. Not every man really lives.
   -William Wallace

➢ To be idle is a short road to death and to be diligent is a way of life; foolish people are idle, wise people are diligent.
   -Buddha

➢ If man hasn’t discovered something that he will die for, he isn’t fit to live.
   -Martin Luther King, Jr.

➢ Neither fire nor wind, birth nor death can erase our good deeds.
   -Buddha

➢ For what is to die, but to stand in the sun and melt into the wind? And when the Earth has claimed our limbs, then we shall truly dance.
   -Kahlil Gibran

➢ How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and strong. Because someday in your life you will have been all of these.
   -George Washington Carver

➢ It is wonderful how much time good people spend fighting the devil. If they would only expend the same amount of
energy loving their fellow men, the devil would die in his own tracks of ennui.
-Helen Keller

➢ It is not death, but dying, which is terrible.
-Henry Fielding

➢ It’s not that I’m afraid to die. I just don’t want to be there when it happens.
-Woody Allen

➢ I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death.
-Francis Bacon

➢ It is certain that to most men the preparation for death has been a greater torment than the suffering of it.
-Michel de Montaigne

➢ To die is to leave off dying and do the thing once for all.
-Samuel Butler

➢ I warmed both hands before the fire of life; it sinks and I am ready to depart.
-Walter Savage Landor

➢ I am prepared to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter.
-Sir Winston Churchill

➢ I die hard. But I am not afraid to go.
-George Washington
➢ Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.
   -Matthew Arnold

➢ So that he seemed not to relinquish life, but to leave one home for another.
   -Cornelius Nepos

➢ A man’s ethical behavior should be based effectually on sympathy, education, and social ties; no religious basis is necessary. Man would indeed be in a poor way if he had to be restrained by fear of punishment and hope of reward after death.
   -Albert Einstein

➢ Born free…taxed to death
   -Unknown

➢ We gather strength from sadness and from pain. Each time we die we learn to live again.
   -Unknown

➢ Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It’s the transition that’s troublesome.
   -Isaac Asimov

➢ Only nature has a right to grieve perpetually, for she only is innocent. Soon the ice will melt, and the blackbirds sing along the river, which he frequented, as pleasantly as ever. The same everlasting serenity will appear in this face of God, and we will not be sorrowful, if he is not.
   -Henry David Thoreau

➢ Life isn’t about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself.
   -George Bernard Shaw
He had been, he said, an unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it.
- Charles II

Authority forgets a dying king.
- Lord Tennyson

We often congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so at the moment of death.
- Nathaniel Hawthorne

Die, my dear doctor! That’s the last thing I shall do!
- Lord Palmerston

I know not what course others my take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.
- Patrick Henry

Begin doing what you want to do now. We are not living in eternity. We have only this moment, sparkling like a star in our hand and melting like a snowflake.
- Marie Beyon Ray

Why do we kill people who are killing people to show that killing people is wrong?
- Holly Near

What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal.
- Albert Pike
Ask yourself whether the dream of heaven and greatness should be waiting for us in our graves—or whether it should be ours here and now and on this Earth.
- Ayn Rand

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.
- Ralph Waldo Emerson

While we are mourning the loss of our friend, others are rejoicing to meet him behind the veil.
- John Taylor

He not busy being born is busy dying.
- Bob Dylan

I don’t want to achieve immortality through my work…I want to achieve it through not dying.
- Woody Allen

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by providence as an evil to mankind.
- Jonathan Swift

As a well spent day brings happy sleep, so life well used brings happy death.
- Leonardo DaVinci

Time rushes towards us with its hospital tray of infinitely varied narcotics, even while it is preparing us for its inevitably fatal operation.
- Tennessee Williams
➢ No one can confidently say that he will still be living tomorrow.
   -Euripides

➢ Millions long of immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.
   -Susan Ertz

➢ He who doesn’t fear death dies only once.
   -Giovanni Falcone

➢ Death is a low chemical trick played on everybody except sequoia trees.
   -J.J. Furnas

➢ Death most resembles a prophet who is without honor in his own land or a poet who is a stranger among his people.
   -Kahlil Gibran

➢ An eye for an eye, and the whole world would be blind.
   -Kahlil Gibran

➢ Death is no more than passing from one room into another. But there’s a difference for me, you know. Because in that other room I shall be able to see.
   -Helen Keller

➢ Although the world is full of suffering, it is also full of the overcoming of it.
   -Helen Keller
- All our knowledge merely helps us to die a more painful death than animals that know nothing.
  - Maurice Maeterlinck

- A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own.
  - Thomas Mann

- Life is better than death, I believe, if only because it is less boring, and because it has fresh peaches in it.
  - Alice Walker

- A man does not die of love or his liver or even of old age; he dies of being a man.
  - Percival Arland Ussher

- A single death is a tragedy, a million deaths is a statistic.
  - Joseph Stalin

- The day which we fear as our last is but the birthday of eternity.
  - Lucius Annaeus Seneca

- We cannot banish dangers, but we can banish fears. We must not demean life by standing in awe of death.
  - David Sarnoff

- God is becoming bitter, he envies man his mortality.
  - Jacques Rigaut

- For death is no more than a turning of us over from time to eternity.
  - William Penn

- A man is not completely born until he is dead.
-Benjamin Franklin

➢ Be of good cheer about death and know this as a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.
-Socrates

➢ Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave. Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
-Bishop Hall

➢ What we commonly call death does not destroy the body, it only causes a separation of spirit and body.
-Brigham Young

➢ Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last and final awakening.
-Sir Walter Scott

➢ There are stars whose radiance is visible on Earth though they have long been extinct. There are people whose brilliance continues to light the world though they are no longer among the living. These lights are particularly bright when the night is dark.
-Hannah Senesh

➢ Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.
-Francis Bacon

➢ We cast away priceless time in dreams, born of imagination, fed upon illusion, and put to death by reality.
-Judy Garland

➢ However long the night, the dawn will break.
-African Proverb
- I have died many a death in love, and yet, had I not loved I would never have lived at all.
  -David Lasater

- For in that sleep of death, what dream may come.
  -William Shakespeare—Hamlet

- When the heart grieves over what is has lost, the spirit rejoices over what it has left.
  -Sufi Epigram

- Never does one feel oneself so utterly helpless as in trying to speak comfort for great bereavement. I will not try it. Time is the only comforter for the loss of a mother.
  -Jane Welsh Carlyle

- There are as many nights as days, and the one is just as long as the other in the year’s course. Even a happy life cannot be without a measure of darkness, and the word ‘happy’ would lose its meaning if it were not balanced by sadness.
  -Carl Jung

- Everything dies, baby that's a fact...
  but maybe everything that dies someday comes back.
  -Bruce Springsteen

- It’s a blessing to die for a cause, because you can so easily die for nothing.
  -Andrew Young

- Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.
  -Mark Twain
- Death is not the greatest loss in life. The greatest loss is what dies inside us while we live.
  - Norman Cousins

- To not think of dying, is to not think of living.
  - Jann Arden

- Every mortal loss is an immortal gain.
  - William Blake

- The happiness of the drop is to die in the river.
  - Al-Ghazali

- Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.
  - Henry Ward Beecher

- Love is life and if you miss love, you miss life.
  - Leo Buscaglia

- Death is not a period, but a comma in the story of life.
  - Amos Traver

- Through it all I still know quite certainly that just to be alive is a grand thing.
  - Agatha Christie

- There will always be death and taxes; however, death doesn’t get worse every year.
  - Unknown

- If I could wish for my life to be perfect, it would be tempting but I would have to decline, for life would no longer teach me anything.
  - Allyson Jones
➢ Tears are sometimes an inappropriate response to death. When a life has been lived completely, honestly, completely successful, or just completely, the correct response to death’s perfect punctuation mark is a smile.
   -Julie Burchill

➢ We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.
   -Norman MacEwan

➢ To infinite, ever present love, all is love, and there is no error, no sin, sickness, nor death.
   -Mary Baker Eddy

➢ Anything I’ve ever done that ultimately was worthwhile…initially scared me to death.
   -Betty Bender

➢ The walls we build around us to keep out the sadness also keep out the joy.
   -Jim Rohn

➢ They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
   -Psalms

➢ We all labor against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases.
   -Unknown

➢ The mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death.
   -Unknown

➢ Death is not extinguishing the light; it is putting out the lamp because dawn has come.
-Rabindranath Tagore

- Do not take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that the virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private...the difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death.
- Socrates

- I love that man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.
- Thomas Paine

- Everyone is a house with four rooms, a physical, a mental, an emotional, and a spiritual. Most of us tend to live in one room most of the time, but unless we go into every room, every day, even if only to keep aired, we are not a complete person.
- Indian Proverb
15 HUMOROUS QUOTES

- Some people are alive simply because it is against the law to kill them.
  - Ed Howe

- I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure.
  - Clarence Darrow

- In the end, everything is a gag.
  - Charlie Chaplin

- At my age, flowers scare me.
  - George Burns

- It’s funny how most people love the dead, once you’re dead you’re made for life.
  - Jimi Hendrix

- Death is not the end. There remains the litigation over the estate.
  - Ambrose Bierce

- Be happy while you’re living, for you’re a long time dead.
  - Scottish Proverb

- Taking joy in life is a woman’s best cosmetic.
  - Rosalind Russell
- Good friends, good books and a sleepy conscience; this is the ideal life.
  -Mark Twain

- Red is the ultimate cure for sadness.
  -Bill Blass

- I didn’t attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it.
  -Mark Twain

- Death and taxes and childbirth. There’s never any convenient time for any of them.
  -Margaret Mitchell

- There are three natural anaesthetics: Sleep, fainting, and death.
  -Oliver Wendell Holmes

- Death is just nature's way of telling you to slow down.
  -Dick Sharples

- They say such nice things about people at their funerals that it makes me sad that I'm going to miss mine by just a few days.
  -Garrison Kielor
SPECIAL BONUS MATERIAL

- 4 EULOGIES OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE
- 10 POEMS APPROPRIATE FOR THE OCCASION
- WAYS TO REDUCE ANXIETY BEFORE PUBLIC SPEAKING
Thank you, President and Mrs. Clinton and Chelsea, for being here today. You've shown extraordinary kindness through the course of this week.

Once, when they asked John what he would do if he went into politics and was elected president, he said, "I guess the first thing is call up Uncle Teddy and gloat." I loved that. It was so like his father.

From the first day of his life, John seemed to belong not only to our family, but to the American family. The whole world knew his name before he did. A famous photograph showed John racing across the lawn as his father landed in the White House helicopter and swept up John in his arms. When my brother saw that photo, he exclaimed, "Every mother in the United States is saying, 'isn’t it wonderful to see that love between a son and his father, the way that John races to be with his father.' Little do they know, that son would have raced right by his father to get to that helicopter."

But John was so much more than those long ago images emblazoned in our minds. He was a boy who grew into a man with a zest for life and a love of adventure. He was a pied piper who brought us all along. He was blessed with a father and mother who never thought anything mattered more than their children.

When they left the White House, Jackie's soft and gentle voice and unbreakable strength of spirit guided him surely and securely to the future. He had a legacy, and he learned to treasure it. He was part of a legend, and he learned to live with it. Above all, Jackie gave him a place to be himself, to grow up, to laugh and cry, to dream and strive on his own.

John learned that lesson well. He had amazing grace. He accepted who he was, but he cared more about what he could and should become. He saw things that could be lost in the glare of the spotlight. And he could laugh at the absurdity of too much pomp and circumstance.

He loved to travel across the city by subway, bicycle and roller blade. He lived as if he were unrecognizable, although he was known by everyone he encountered. He always introduced himself, rather than take anything for granted. He drove his own car and flew his own plane, which is how he wanted it. He was the king of his domain.

He thought politics should be an integral part of our popular culture, and that popular culture should be an integral part of politics. He transformed that belief into the creation of "George." John shaped and honed a fresh, often irreverent journal. His new political magazine attracted a new generation, many of whom had never read about politics before.
John also brought to "George" a wit that was quick and sure. The premier issue of "George" caused a stir with a cover photograph of Cindy Crawford dressed as George Washington with a bare belly button. The "Reliable Source" in The Washington Post printed a mock cover of "George" showing not Cindy Crawford, but me dressed as George Washington, with my belly button exposed. I suggested to John that perhaps I should have been the model for the first cover of his magazine. Without missing a beat, John told me that he stood by his original editorial decision.

John brought this same playful wit to other aspects of his life. He campaigned for me during my 1994 election and always caused a stir when he arrived in Massachusetts. Before one of his trips to Boston, John told the campaign he was bringing along a companion, but would need only one hotel room. Interested, but discreet, a senior campaign worker picked John up at the airport and prepared to handle any media barrage that might accompany John's arrival with his mystery companion. John landed with the companion all right < an enormous German shepherd dog named Sam he had just rescued from the pound.

He loved to talk about the expression on the campaign worker's face and the reaction of the clerk at the Charles Hotel when John and Sam checked in. I think now not only of these wonderful adventures, but of the kind of person John was. He was the son who quietly gave extraordinary time and ideas to the Institute of Politics at Harvard that bears his father's name. He brought to the institute his distinctive insight that politics could have a broader appeal, that it was not just about elections, but about the larger forces that shape our whole society.

John was also the son who was once protected by his mother. He went on to become her pride -- and then her protector in her final days. He was the Kennedy who loved us all, but who especially cherished his sister Caroline, celebrated her brilliance, and took strength and joy from their lifelong mutual admiration society. And for a thousand days, he was a husband who adored the wife who became his perfect soul mate. John's father taught us all to reach for the moon and the stars. John did that in all he did -- and he found his shining star when he married Carolyn Bessette.

How often our family will think of the two of them, cuddling affectionately on a boat, surrounded by family -- aunts, uncles, Caroline and Ed and their children, Rose, Tatiana, and Jack, Kennedy cousins, Radziwill cousins, Shriver cousins, Smith cousins, Lawford cousins -- as we sailed Nantucket Sound. Then we would come home, and before dinner, on the lawn where his father had played, John would lead a spirited game of touch football. And his beautiful young wife, the new pride of the Kennedys, would cheer for John's team and delight her nieces and nephews with her somersaults.

We loved Carolyn. She and her sister Lauren were young extraordinary women of high accomplishment -- and their own limitless possibilities. We mourn their loss and honor their lives. The Bessette and Freeman families will always be part of ours.

John was a serious man who brightened our lives with his smile and his grace. He was a
son of privilege who founded a program called Reaching Up to train better caregivers for the mentally disabled. He joined Wall Street executives on the Robin Hood Foundation to help the city's impoverished children. And he did it all so quietly, without ever calling attention to himself. John was one of Jackie's two miracles. He was still becoming the person he would be, and doing it by the beat of his own drummer. He had only just begun. There was in him a great promise of things to come.

The Irish Ambassador recited a poem to John's father and mother soon after John was born. I can hear it again now, at this different and difficult moment:

"We wish to the new child,
A heart that can be beguiled,
By a flower,
That the wind lifts,
As it passes.
If the storms break for him,
May the trees shake for him,
Their blossoms down.
In the night that he is troubled,
May a friend wake for him,
So that his time be doubled,
And at the end of all loving and love
May the Man above,
Give him a crown."

We thank the millions who have rained blossoms down on John's memory. He and his bride have gone to be with his mother and father, where there will never be an end to love. He was lost on that troubled night, but we will always wake for him, so that his time, which was not doubled, but cut in half, will live forever in our memory, and in our beguiled and broken hearts. We dared to think, in that other Irish phrase, that this John Kennedy would live to comb gray hair, with his beloved Carolyn by his side. But like his father, he had every gift but length of years. We, who have loved him from the day he was born, and watched the remarkable man he became, now bid him farewell.

God bless you, John and Carolyn. We love you and we always will.
EULOGY FOR PRINCESS DIANA
GIVEN BY HER BROTHER CHARLES SPENCER
September 7, 1997

I stand before you today the representative of a family in grief, in a country in mourning before a world in shock. We are all united not only in our desire to pay our respects to Diana but rather in our need to do so. For such was her extraordinary appeal that the tens of millions of people taking part in this service all over the world via television and radio who never actually met her, feel that they too lost someone close to them in the early hours of Sunday morning. It is a more remarkable tribute to Diana than I can ever hope to offer her today.

Diana was the very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty. All over the world she was a symbol of selfless humanity. All over the world, a standard bearer for the rights of the truly downtrodden, a very British girl who transcended nationality. Someone with a natural nobility who was classless and who proved in the last year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic.

Today is our chance to say thank you for the way you brightened our lives, even though God granted you but half a life. We will all feel cheated always that you were taken from us so young and yet we must learn to be grateful that you came along at all. Only now that you are gone do we truly appreciate what we are now without and we want you to know that life without you is very, very difficult.

We have all despaired at our loss over the past week and only the strength of the message you gave us through your years of giving has afforded us the strength to move forward.

There is a temptation to rush to canonize your memory, there is no need to do so. You stand tall enough as a human being of unique qualities not to need to be seen as a saint. Indeed to sanctify your memory would be to miss out on the very core of your being, your wonderfully mischievous sense of humor with a laugh that bent you double.

Your joy for life transmitted wherever you took your smile and the sparkle in those unforgettable eyes. Your boundless energy which you could barely contain.

But your greatest gift was your intuition and it was a gift you used wisely. This is what underpinned all your other wonderful attributes and if we look to analyze what it was about you that had such a wide appeal we find it in your instinctive feel for what was really important in all our lives.

Without your God-given sensitivity we would be immersed in greater ignorance at the anguish of Aids and HIV sufferers, the plight of the homeless, the isolation of lepers, the random destruction of landmines.
Diana explained to me once that it was her innermost feelings of suffering that made it possible for her to connect with her constituency of the rejected.

And here we come to another truth about her. For all the status, the glamour, the applause, Diana remained throughout a very insecure person at heart, almost childlike in her desire to do good for others so she could release herself from deep feelings of unworthiness of which her eating disorders were merely a symptom.

The world sensed this part of her character and cherished her for her vulnerability whilst admiring her for her honesty.

The last time I saw Diana was on July 1, her birthday in London, when typically she was not taking time to celebrate her special day with friends but was guest of honor at a special charity fundraising evening. She sparkled of course, but I would rather cherish the days I spent with her in March when she came to visit me and my children in our home in South Africa. I am proud of the fact apart from when she was on display meeting President Mandela we managed to contrive to stop the ever-present paparazzi from getting a single picture of her - that meant a lot to her.

These were days I will always treasure. It was as if we had been transported back to our childhood when we spent such an enormous amount of time together - the two youngest in the family.

Fundamentally she had not changed at all from the big sister who mothered me as a baby, fought with me at school and endured those long train journeys between our parents' homes with me at weekends.

It is a tribute to her level-headedness and strength that despite the most bizarre-like life imaginable after her childhood, she remained intact, true to herself.

There is no doubt that she was looking for a new direction in her life at this time. She talked endlessly of getting away from England, mainly because of the treatment that she received at the hands of the newspapers. I don't think she ever understood why her genuinely good intentions were sneered at by the media, why there appeared to be a permanent quest on their behalf to bring her down. It is baffling.

My own and only explanation is that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum. It is a point to remember that of all the ironies about Diana, perhaps the greatest was this - a girl given the name of the ancient goddess of hunting was, in the end, the most hunted person of the modern age.

She would want us today to pledge ourselves to protecting her beloved boys William and Harry from a similar fate and I do this here Diana on your behalf. We will not allow them to suffer the anguish that used regularly to drive you to tearful despair.
And beyond that, on behalf of your mother and sisters, I pledge that we, your blood family, will do all we can to continue the imaginative way in which you were steering these two exceptional young men so that their souls are not simply immersed by duty and tradition but can sing openly as you planned.

We fully respect the heritage into which they have both been born and will always respect and encourage them in their royal role but we, like you, recognize the need for them to experience as many different aspects of life as possible to arm them spiritually and emotionally for the years ahead. I know you would have expected nothing less from us.

William and Harry, we all cared desperately for you today. We are all chewed up with the sadness at the loss of a woman who was not even our mother. How great your suffering is, we cannot even imagine.

I would like to end by thanking God for the small mercies he has shown us at this dreadful time. For taking Diana at her most beautiful and radiant and when she had joy in her private life. Above all we give thanks for the life of a woman I am so proud to be able to call my sister, the unique, the complex, the extraordinary and irreplaceable Diana whose beauty, both internal and external, will never be extinguished from our minds.

EULOGY FOR MICKEY MANTLE
GIVEN BY BOB COSTAS
1995
You know, it occurs to me as we're all sitting here thinking of Mickey, he's probably somewhere getting an earful from Casey Stengel, and no doubt quite confused by now.

One of Mickey's fondest wishes was that he be remembered as a great teammate, to know that the men he played with thought well of him. But it was more than that. Moose and Whitey and Tony and Yogi and Bobby and Hank, what a remarkable team you were. And the stories of the visits you guys made to Mickey's bedside the last few days were heartbreakingly tender. It meant everything to Mickey, as would the presence of so many baseball figures past and present here today.

I was honored to be asked to speak by the Mantle family today. I am not standing here as a broadcaster. Mel Allen is the eternal voice of the Yankees and that would be his place. And there are others here with a longer and deeper association with Mickey than mine.

But I guess I'm here, not so much to speak for myself as to simply represent the millions of baseball-loving kids who grew up in the '50s and '60s and for whom Mickey Mantle was baseball.

And more than that, he was a presence in our lives-a fragile hero to whom we had an emotional attachment so strong and lasting that it defied logic. Mickey often said he didn't understand it, this enduring connection and affection-the men now in their 40s and 50s, otherwise perfectly sensible, who went dry in the mouth and stammered like schoolboys in the presence of Mickey Mantle.

Maybe Mick was uncomfortable with it, not just because of his basic shyness, but because he was always too honest to regard himself as some kind of deity. But that was never really the point. In a very different time than today, the first baseball commissioner, Kenesaw Mountain Landis said, "Every boy builds a shrine to some baseball hero, and before that shrine, a candle always burns."

For a huge portion of my generation, Mickey Mantle was that baseball hero. And for reasons that no statistics, no dry recitation of the facts can possibly capture, he was the most compelling baseball hero of our lifetime. And he was our symbol of baseball at a time when the game meant something to us that perhaps it no longer does.

Mickey Mantle had those dual qualities so seldom seen-exuding dynamism and excitement, but at the same time touching your heart-flawed, wounded. We knew there was something poignant about Mickey Mantle before we knew what Poignant meant. We didn't just root for him, we felt for him.

Long before many of us ever cracked a serious book, we knew something about mythology as we watched Mickey Mantle run out a home run through the lengthening shadows of a late Sunday afternoon at Yankee Stadium.

There was a greatness about him, but vulnerability too. He was our guy. When he was hot, we felt great. When he slumped or got hurt, we sagged a bit too. We tried to crease
our caps like him; keel in an imaginary on-deck circle like him; run like him, heads down, elbows up.

Billy Crystal is here today. Billy says that at his bar mitzvah he spoke in an Oklahoma drawl. Billy's here today because he loved Mickey Mantle, and millions like him are here today in spirit as well. It's been said that the truth is never pure and rarely simple.

Mickey Mantle was too humble and honest to believe that the whole truth about him could be found on a Wheaties box or a baseball card. But the emotional truths about childhood have a power that transcends objective fact. They stay with us through all the years, withstanding the ambivalence that so often accompanies the experience of adults.

That's why we can still recall the immediate tingle in that instant of recognition when a Mickey Mantle popped up in a pack of Topps bubble gum cards—a treasure lodged between an Eli Grba and a Pumpsie Green.

That's why we smile today, recalling those October afternoons when we'd sneak a transistor radio into school to follow Mickey Mantle and the Yankees in the World Series.

Or when I think of Mr. Tomasee, a very wise sixth-grade teacher who understood that the World Series was more important, at least for one day, than any school lesson could be. So he brought his black and white TV from home, plugged it in and let us watch it right there in school through the flicker and static. It was richer and more compelling than anything I've seen on a high-resolution, big-screen TV.

Of course, the bad part, Bobby, was that Koufax struck 15 of you guys out that day.

My phone's been ringing the past few weeks as Mickey fought for his life. I've heard from people I hadn't seen or talked to in years, guys I played stickball with, even some guys who took Willie's side in those endless Mantle, Mays arguments. They're grown up now. They have their families. They're not even necessarily big baseball fans anymore. But they felt something hearing about Mickey, and they figured I did too.

In the last year, Mickey Mantle, always so hard on himself, finally came to accept and appreciate the distinction between a role model and a hero. The fist he often was not, the second he always will be.

And, in the end, people got it. And Mickey Mantle got from something other than misplaced and mindless celebrity worship. He got something far more meaningful. He got love. Love for what he had been, love for what he made us feel, love for the humanity and sweetness that was always there mixed in the flaws and all the pain that racked his body and his soul.

We wanted to tell him that it was OK, that what he had been was enough. We hoped he felt that Mutt Mantle would have understood that Merlyn and the boys loved him. And
then in the end, something remarkable happened, the way it does for champions. Mickey Mantle rallied. His heart took over, and he had some innings as fine as any in 1956 or with his buddy, Roger, in 1961.

But this time he did it in the harsh and trying summer of '95. And what he did was stunning. The sheer grace of that ninth inning, the total absence of self-pity, the simple eloquence and honesty of his pleas to others to take heed of his mistakes.

All of America watched in admiration. His doctors said he was, in many ways, the most remarkable patient they'd ever seen. His bravery so stark and real, that even those used to seeing people in dire circumstances where moved by his example.

Because of that example, organ donations are up drastically all across America. A cautionary tale has been honestly told and perhaps will affect some lives for the better.

And our last memories of Mickey Mantle are as heroic as the first. None of us, Mickey included, would want to be held to account for every moment of our lives. But how many of us could say that our best moments were as magnificent as his?

In a cartoon from this morning's The Dallas Morning News. Maybe some of you saw it. It got torn a little bit on the way from the hotel to here. There's a figure here, St. Peter I take it to be, with his arm around Mickey, that broad back and the number 7. We know some of what went on. Sorry, we can't let you in, but before you go, God wants to know if you'd sign these six dozen baseballs."

Well, there were days when Mickey Mantle was so darn good that we kids bet that even God would want his autograph. But like the cartoon says, I don't think Mick needed to worry much about the other part.

I just hope God has a place for him where he can run again. Where he can play practical jokes on his teammates and smile that boyish smile, 'cause God knows, no one's perfect. And God knows there's something special about heroes.

So long, Mick. Thanks.

EULOGY FOR MOHANDAS GANDHI
GIVEN BY JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
FEBRUARY 2, 1948

A glory has departed and the sun that warmed and brightened our lives has set, and we shiver in the cold and dark. Yet he would not have us feel this way. After all, glory that we saw for all these years, that man with the divine fire, changed us also—and such as we are, we have been molded by him during these years; and out of that divine fire many
of us also took a small spark which strengthened and made us work to some extent on the lines that he fashioned. And so if we praise him, to some extent we also praise ourselves. Great men and eminent men have monuments in bronze and marble set up for them, but this man of divine fire managed in his lifetime to become enshrined in millions and millions of hearts so that all of us became somewhat of the stuff that he was made of, though to an infinitely lesser degree. He spread out in this way all over India, not in palaces only, or in select places or in assemblies, but in every hamlet and hut or the lowly and those who suffer. He lives in the hearts of millions and he will live for immemorial ages.

What, then, can we say about him except to feel humble on this occasion? To praise him we are not worthy—to praise him whom we could not follow adequately and sufficiently. It is almost doing him an injustice just to pass him by with words when he demanded work and labor and sacrifice from us, in a large measure he made this country, during the last thirty years or more, attain to heights of sacrifice which in that particular domain have never been equaled elsewhere. He succeeded in that. Yet ultimately things happened which no doubt made him suffer tremendously, though his tender face never lost its smile and he never spoke a harsh word to anyone. Yet, he must have suffered—suffered for the failing of this generation whom he had trained, suffered because we went away from the path that he had shown us. And ultimately the hand of a child of his—he, after all, is as much a child of his as any other Indian—the hand of a child of his struck him down.

Long ages afterwards history will judge of this period that we have passed through. It will judge of the successes and the failures—we are too near it to be proper judges and to understand what has happened and what has not happened. All we know is that there was a glory and that it is no more; all we know is that for a moment there is darkness, not so dark certainly, because when we look into our hearts we still find the living flame which he lighted there. And if those living flames exist, there will not be darkness in this land, and we shall be able, with our effort, remembering him and following his path, to illumine this land again, small as we are, but still with the fire that he instilled into us.

He was perhaps the greatest symbol of the India of the past, and may I say, of the India of the future, that we could have had. We stand on this perilous edge of the present, between that past and the future to be, and we face all manner of perils. And the greatest peril is sometimes the lack of faith which comes to us, the sense of frustration that comes to us, the sinking of the heart and of the spirit that comes to us when we see ideals go overboard, when we see the great things that we talked about somehow pass into empty words, and life taking a different course. Yet, I do believe that perhaps this period will pass soon enough.

He has gone, and all over India there is a feeling of having been left desolate and forlorn. All of us sense that feeling, and I do not know how we shall be able to get rid of it. And yet together with that feeling there is also a feeling of proud thankfulness that it has been given to us of this generation to be associated with this mighty person. In ages to come, centuries and maybe millennia after us, people will think of this generation when this
man of God trod on earth, and will think of us who, however small, could also follow his path and tread the holy ground where his feel had been. Let us be worthy of him.

POEMS

CROSSING THE BAR
BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too fall for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho’ from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.
AFTER GREAT PAIN, A FORMAL FEELING COMES  
BY EMILY DICKINSON

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way,  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—  
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go--

YOU WILL NEVER BE ALONE  
BY WILLIAM STAFFORD

You will never be alone, you hear so deep  
A sound when autumn comes. Yellow  
Pulls across the hills and thrums,  
Or the silence after lightning before it says  
Its names—and then the clouds’ wide-mouthed  
Apologies. You were aimed from birth:  
You will never be alone. Rain  
Will come, a gutter filled, an Amazon,  
Long aisles—you never heard so deep a sound,
Moss or rock, and years. You turn your head—
That’s what the silence meant: you’re not alone.
The whole wide world pours down.

KATRINA’S SUN DIAL
BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love, time is eternity.
Hours fly, flowers die,
New days, new ways pass by,
Love stays.

EXEMPLARY FROM
TURN AGAIN TO LIFE
BY MARY LEE HALL

If I should die and leave you here awhile,
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.
For my sake—turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort other hearts than thine.
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.
SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS
BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me.

MAYBE
BY RONALD LANGEREIS

Maybe I’ll weep before I die
Lying by you, my love, and cry
Feeling your heart beat close to mine
Probing your eyes for the last time

Maybe your tongue will taste my tears
While your sweet words will soothe my ears
And with my face I’ll touch your hair
Its fragrance shielding off despair

Maybe I’ll run my fingers close
Along your lips, your brow, your nose
As to remember beyond death
Their subtle lines and how they met
And while we’re holding us so near
Then Death, Still One, may appear
The breath from my kiss He takes away
And bids me come without delay

I’ll feel Him stealing your embrace
Your very face becomes His face
My mind, my soul He turns to Him
My heart grows faint, my eyesight dim

Already I am facing black
And when I struggle to look back
Maybe I’ll catch a fleeting glimpse
Of you holding still my lifeless limbs

WISHING YOU NEAR
BY NICK ALCANTARA

I have come
To realize
That time is so dear
When you are no
Longer here
I cling to memories,
Sweet bitter memories
That brings you near
If only
I can touch you again
Without bringing back the pain
Feeling your presence
That you are not really
Very far away
That would bring back
The joy and magic
Of being again
Together
I know you are
Just a whisper away.

LETTER TO MOM
BY JOY CURNUTT

Mom, please don’t feel guilty
It was just my time to go.
I see you are still feeling sad,
And the tears just seem to flow.

We all come to earth for our lifetime,
And for some it’s not many years
I don’t want you to keep crying
You are shedding so many tears.

I haven’t really left you
Even though it may seem so.
I have just gone to my heavenly home,
And I’m closer to you than you know.

Just believe that when you say my name
I’m standing next to you,
I know you long to see me,
But there’s nothing I can do.

But I’ll still send you messages
And hope you understand,
That when your time comes to “cross over,”
I’ll be there to take your hand.

TO LOSE A CHILD
BY SUSAN TAWIL

Tears without end
Days without nights
Night without day
Time without forgetting.
Food without taste
Sleep without rest
Sorrow without comfort.
Pain without limit
Emptiness without bottom
Life without.
10 Fear Busters for Successful Public Speaking

Anxiety, nervousness and fear are all natural feelings and part of public speaking. Most famous public speakers experience the same feelings before delivering their information.

Here are some suggestions to break your fears and put you at ease:

1. Know the room. Be familiar with the place in which you will speak. Arrive early, walk around the speaking area and practice using the microphone and any visual aids.
2. Know the audience. Greet some of the guests as they arrive. It's easier to speak to a group of friends than to a group of strangers.
3. Know your material. Practice your speech and revise it if necessary. Practice in front of someone.
4. Relax. Ease tension by taking deep breaths.
5. Visualize. See yourself as powerful, speaking with clarity, and self-assuredness. See yourself delivering a successful speech. What you visualize you will create.
6. Realize that people will be sympathetic. You are in the most feared position by all people, public speaking! Talk to them as if they were all your best friends cheering you on. They are on your side.
7. Turn nervousness into power. Take the energy you are creating and channel it into your positive, successful, visualization and it will energize you.
8. Be Honest. Tell your audience (remember they are your friends) how nervous you are. Just once! They will relate to you and they will subconsciously go out of their way to smile, laugh, and support you more. This Really Works! (This is for a eulogy speech, not a business presentation, there's a difference!)
9. Concentrate on the message -- not the medium. Remember your just telling a story, one that you wrote. Your nervousness will diminish.
10. Be confident. You can't fail. It's your story and you're the only one who knows how it goes. No matter what you say, it's right!