



Prayer of the Lily
Wilmington, North Carolina
Photo by Dan Hardison

Lamentation

Dan Hardison

Her wish was that there be no funeral – yet there we were. It was a traditional service held in a chapel well attended to overflow. At the entrance were photographs of her alone and with family, arranged past to present. There was the obligatory organ softly emitting gospel tunes. Hymns were sung, bible passages read, and prayers offered. A eulogy was given – at least part eulogy part preaching. And there were flowers – lining the walls, covering tables, filling the chapel with fragrance and beauty. As we sat amid this splendor, I wondered . . . if she had received this many flowers while she was alive.

seasonal changes,
the rising and setting sun –
colors of my life