

*Morgan's Moment...*

We shared part of our family...  
our youngest daughter..  
three grandchildren  
then two and a half  
great grandchildren.  
He was the other Grampa...  
equally proud  
happy for  
involved with  
loving them all.  
I have been amazed at us...  
both living long enough  
to see children's children  
and children's children's  
children!  
We probably worried a bit  
as Grampa's do  
but kept our distance  
in humble pride  
and unlimited affection.  
I've been told that grandchildren  
have a deeper bond  
with grandparents  
than anyone else  
except their parents.  
I don't know about all that...  
what I do know is...  
he was a champion Grampa.  
They will miss him...  
and so will I.

Art Morgan  
One of the Grampas

**IN MEMORIAM**

A service will be held in Sweet Home on Thursday for James (Jim) Peters, father of Lynn who is Karen's husband. Lauren, Kyle and Max are their three children and Jim's grandchildren.

Jim was the more experienced Grampa of the two of us by far! In addition to those from our side of the family he had 15 other grandchildren and 24 more great-grandchildren. He and Rose did well to keep track.

**UP, UP AND AWAY!**

So what shall we celebrate? Valentine's Day or Ash Wednesday? One leads to wedding vows "Until death do us part." Ash Wednesday is solemn and not as widely observed — "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

I have spoken last words from *The Book of Common Prayer*...or some variation of my own choosing...at many a graveside or a time of scattering ashes. "We commit his/her body to the earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust..." with a word of "a sure and certain" hope about a Resurrection of the dead someday into a "new and glorious body." Most are not so sure or certain. Cremation is the most common practice these days. Nobody ever says "We now commit this body to the crematorium."

Is that it? A small box full of crumbled bone fragments? Dust? To be placed in a columbarium or scattered on the water or some special place or maybe left in an urn or a box on a shelf. I've often asked myself, couldn't we do better?

A friend requested that he be wearing his favorite red socks when he was cremated. I chuckled and wondered what would become of his red socks? Would they end up in that box that the funeral director passes on to the family?

Or, I mused, would they rise out of the crematory chimney with the 90% of the water and minerals that made up the larger part of his mortal self?

Here's what really happens according to physicist author, Carl Stager.\*

This is the gist of it: "Most of your atoms will drift off into the atmosphere." (He suggests you might like a physicist to explain all this at the memorial service!) He continues:

"Airborne angels of oxygen sweep down to gather up your carbon atoms one by one winging them away into the sky as CO<sub>2</sub>."

Up, up and away? Oh the places we'll go? End of the story? Hardly.

"When it comes to atoms your death will not be the end but just another turn of the page in their own epic tales that began billions of years ago and will continue for ages to come."

Not ashes to ashes, but stardust to stardust. Not separated but re-connected, — *connected to everything that is.*

The physicist's final words are worthy of a benediction moment to end a memorial service:

"As you finish the rest of the story of your life, may you share your matter and energy even more wisely and well with the Universe. Now take another breath, if you please, not only because you must but, wonder of wonder, because you can."

Art Morgan, Valentine's Day and Ash Wednesday 2018

\*"Your Atomic Self—The Invisible Elements that Connect You to Everything else in the Universe" by Carl Stager