

CONNECTIONS

Welcome to the Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga. My name is Jeff Briere, I'm the minister of this congregation. We begin each Sunday at this time with Connections. Connections is a time of community and contemplation, where we share the joys and the sorrows going on in our lives. This is not a time for announcements, political statements or expressions of personal anger, but a time of deep sharing, where we are reminded that we are all human beings and we're all in this together.

Enjoy the experience of sitting in restorative silence until you are moved to speak. Please allow a breath of silence after each person speaks, so that we may focus our attention on what has been said.

Let us pause to dwell inward. Spirit of Life, please meet us where we are, in the struggles we choose for ourselves; in the ways we move forward in our lives, and bring our world forward with us. It is right that we pause to remember those who need love and support; who are ill or in pain, either in body or in spirit; who are lonely or have been wronged. Let us open our minds and hearts to a place of quiet, to a silent prayer for the healing of pain, and the soft, gentle coming of love. In this time of silence let our thoughts be with those who have spoken or been spoken about this morning.

Amen and Blessed Be.

I ask you now to rise and greet your neighbors at the door. Please welcome them into the sanctuary with a hand of warmth and a smile.

HYMN 396, I Know This Rose Will Open

GREETINGS

Maddie. Thanks so much for joining us in worship today. We hope



Dear Remembrance

A Worship Service by the REV. JEFF BRIERE

Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga

May 25, 2008

you find the service rewarding and that you leave here inspired and uplifted.

Please note the emergency exit over here to my right, now is the time to put your cell phone in “Worship Mode,” childcare for the young and the restless is available downstairs in the nursery. After the service today, please join us for coffee and conversation in the fellowship area right back there. Immediately after the service, we will re-dedicate the Memorial Garden, so please join us for that. We’ll gather at the door and walk down together. Listen for the chime. If you have a particular joy or sorrow or something you’d like added to the prayer of the people, please clearly write it on an index card and drop it in the basket back there. You may sign it or not, as you wish.

A complete listing of announcements is included with the bulletin and is available on our web site. The best way to find out what’s going on around here is to sign up for a weekly e-mail. To do that, please see Chris in the office.

Today we are pleased to welcome Jennifer St. Clair to our sanctuary. She will be joined by Brian Barrentine and after we re-dedicate the Memorial Garden, Jennifer and Brian will present a concert for us. So grab a cup of coffee and come back here at 12:40 or thereabouts. Jennifer begins with a composition of her own entitled, “Quiet Majesty.”

PRELUDE: Quiet Majesty

LIGHTING THE CHALICE

In the light of truth and the warmth of love,
we gather to seek, to sustain, and to share.

STORY: Cherokee Rose

More than 100 years ago, when gold was found in north Georgia, the government forgot about its treaties and drove the Cherokees to Oklahoma. Their journey is remembered as the Trail of Tears. The US Army drove some of the Cherokees through Chattanooga on their way to Oklahoma.

One of those people was the great-grandmother of Charlie Kalas. She was a very young girl then, but she lived long enough to tell Charlie what she remembered of the Trail of Tears and the legend of the Cherokee Rose. This is what his great-grandmother told Charlie.

My great grandmother’s family, along with thousands of Native Americans, were living in northwestern Georgia when gold was discovered there. In 1838 they were pushed even further west so the territory could be mined. Their journey became known as the “Trail of Tears” because so many people endured hardships and died along the way.

By this time, the Cherokee people had almost lost hope. Many brave warriors were reduced to being slaves to the soldiers that guarded them in order to earn pitiful sums of money or supplies to feed their children. The women cried for their departed ancestors, they cried for their husbands, and they cried for their children. Most of them believed that they would die before they reached the end of their journey.

The elders of the seven Cherokee clans decided that they had to provide some sign of hope so that their children and their children’s children might live to continue the Cherokee line. So they got together as a group and prayed with one voice to the Great One, asking for a small sign of hope that might sustain their people.

At first, they thought their prayers had been ignored, but then they began to notice a peculiar thing along their journey. Everywhere a mother’s tears dropped to the earth, a beautiful plant would grow. From the plant sprung beautiful white roses.

The plant was hearty and grew rapidly along the “Trail of Tears” to mark the terrifying journey. It had brambles to protect it from being pulled out by those who wished to destroy it and all that it signified. But, like the Cherokee people themselves, it would not be destroyed. It continues to grow along the route today.

More than one-fourth of the Cherokee people died on the road to Oklahoma. The journey was no doubt also responsible for the early deaths of my ancestors. However, my great-grandmother grew up brave and strong. I remember that she spoke reverently about the people who survived the journey and eventually established the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma. She was proud of her heritage and she made me proud to have a piece of it in me.

The Cherokee Rose was my great-grandmother’s favorite flower. She felt that it spoke to her of family, pride, strength, courage, and hope.

And that’s how Charlie Kalas learned the legend of the Cherokee Rose.

Offertory: My Joy

Once a month, this congregation shares the plate with an outside agency working to make the world a better place. Today, we’ll do just that and give the collection to the American Red Cross. I would normally explain the mission of the organization, but the American Red Cross needs no introduction.

I would like to say that my mother served in World War II with the Red Cross as a soldier’s aide in an evacuation hospital. In Vietnam, where I served, she would have been a doughnut dolly. After the war, she joined the American Red Cross as a social worker until her retirement. She dragged me along many times and I became a Junior Red Cross volunteer.

Anyone here know the name Clarissa Harlowe Barton? You may know her as Clara Barton.

Clara Barton was born on Christmas day, 1821, in Oxford, Massachusetts, to parents who were abolitionists. In April 1862, after the First Battle of Bull Run, Barton established an agency to obtain and distribute supplies to wounded soldiers. She traveled behind the lines, eventually reaching some of the grimmest battlefields of the war.

But Clara Barton is best remembered for organizing the American Red Cross. At first, she dedicated the Red Cross to performing disaster relief, but changed with the advent of the Spanish–American War during which the Red Cross aided refugees and prisoners of war.

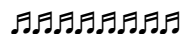
Clara Barton was an American teacher, nurse, and humanitarian. And she was a Universalist. Her parents were among the first members of Universalist Church in Oxford, Massachusetts.

She had a reputation of not bearing grudges. Once she was reminded by a friend of a wrong done to her some years earlier. “Don’t you remember?” asked her friend.

“No,” she replied firmly, “I distinctly remember forgetting that.”

We won’t forget to collect the morning offering now, for the support of the American Red Cross. If you have a check for your annual pledge, please mark it that way. As always, the Dolores Wood–Louis Wilhoit Memorial Food Bank is happy to accept your donations of non–perishable food and household items, and the collection basket for that is by the front door. And thank you very much for your generosity.

If you wish to light a candle of personal joy or sorrow, you may step up here and Mary will assist you.



Eternal Spirit of life and love, we are profoundly thankful for the blessings we experience everyday. Would that we recognize what is truly valuable to us every day and be thankful for it. Jennifer, please lead us in our *Hymn of Thanksgiving*. The words are in your program.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day,
 For all gathered here, and those far away,
 For this time we share, with love and care,
 Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day.

ORISON

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

Carl Anderson had quadruple bypass. Memorial 256

Thou, who art everywhere,
 Many are your names.
 May thy presence be with us,
 May thy wisdom guide us,
 In our deeds as well as in our dreams.
 May we have what sustains our body and soul;
 Lead us to forgive the mistakes of others
 As we hope our own mistakes will be forgiven.
 May we resist the temptation of the quick and easy,
 And be delivered from that which demeans and destroys life.

May we live purposefully and joyfully
 in every moment,
 in every encounter,
 now, and in the time to come;

Amen.

In these few moments of silence, let us hold near to our heart all those who are suffering in this world, especially those who suffer the fallout of war.

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

RESPONSE

When our heart is in a holy place,
 When our heart is in a holy place,
 We are blessed with love and amazing grace.
 When our heart is in a holy place.

SERMON: Dear Remembrance

Today I offer this service of remembrance to acknowledge the connections between people; to acknowledge that we are all nodes on the interdependent web of existence. We are not sitting on our own little webs, isolated from the world. We are all on one gigantic web, along with everything else. So what we do affects others and what they do affects us; what we do shapes their world and what they do shapes ours. I offer this service of remembrance to acknowledge how others shaped our world.

I have been learning a lesson, and it has been a hard one. I am learning that I cannot change other people's behavior to suit my needs. I can change my own behavior and my own attitude and thus meet my needs through my own efforts. On the other hand, I might be able to influence the thoughts of other people, and that's good enough.

I know that I cannot control the behavior of anyone, anywhere. And thus, I cannot control how they shape the world. Remember, back in

2001, those very tall, 2000-year-old Buddhist statues carved into the side of a mountain in Afghanistan that the Taliban destroyed? Although the rest of the civilized world hollered, “Wait! Don’t do it!” the Taliban blew them to bits.

We cannot control how other people shape our world. We can only control our emotional reaction to their actions and our own behavior. With that in mind, I want to recall the actions and accomplishments of people who died in the past year; people who, for better or worse, shaped the world we live in. *For better or worse.*

Do you know this clean-shaven fella, right here? Looks like he might be an insurance agent in 1960. I know the picture is small. Later in life he grew a beard and a mustache. This is him several years ago. Luciano Pavarotti died on September 6th at the age of 71.

Like Enrico Caruso and Jenny Lind, Pavarotti’s influence extended far beyond the limits of Italian opera. Millions saw him on television and found in his expansive personality, childlike charm and generous figure a link to an art form with which many had only a glancing familiarity.

Early in his life he devoted himself to an opera and recital career. In the 1980s he began singing with Plácido Domingo and José Carreras. And in the early 1990s he began staging charity concerts, performing with rock stars like Elton John, Sting and Bono.

In the mid-80s he found it difficult to learn new opera roles or even new song repertory for his recitals. He retired from the Metropolitan Opera on March 13, 2004, with a 15-minute standing ovation and 10 curtain calls. About his voice, he said, “When I sing, you know it’s me. You don’t confuse my voice with another voice.” *For better or worse?*

Do you know Paul W. Tibbets Jr.? He was there when this picture

was taken. He was the pilot of the Enola Gay, the plane that dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945. He died November 1st at the age of 92.

The crews who flew the atomic strikes were seen by Americans as saviors who had averted the huge casualties that were expected to result from an invasion of Japan. But questions were eventually raised concerning the morality of atomic warfare.

Paul Tibbets became a symbolic figure in the controversy, but he never wavered in defense of his mission and in this, he gives us a moral question to ponder. “I wanted to do everything that I could to subdue Japan. I am convinced that we saved more lives than we took,” he said. “It would have been morally wrong if we’d had that weapon and not used it and let a million more people die.” *For better or worse?*

Here’s a couple of fellas that have given liberals nightmares. Do you know this young man? It’s William F. Buckley, Jr. I’ll bet you know this man. Jerry Falwell.

Jerry Falwell died May 15th last year at the age of 74. His father was an agnostic bootlegger and his grandfather was an atheist. So what could Jerry be but an evangelical Christian pastor and televangelist? In 1979, Falwell founded the Moral Majority, which is credited with delivering two-thirds of the white, evangelical Christian vote to Ronald Reagan during the 1980 presidential election.

We could use more Jerry Falwells. No—I mean it. When John Roberts was nominated to the Supreme Court, Falwell was not troubled that Roberts had done legal work for gay rights activists. Falwell said that if he were a lawyer, he, too, would argue for civil rights for gay men and women. “I may not agree with the lifestyle, but that has nothing to do with the civil rights of our constituency,” Falwell said.

He went on to say that equal access to housing, civil marriage, and employment are basic rights, not special rights. “Civil rights for all Americans, black, white, red, yellow, the rich, poor, young, old, gay, straight, et cetera, is not a liberal or conservative value. It’s an American value.” It’s true. Like Yogi Berra said, you can look it up.

I was amazed to learn that Jerry Falwell had views similar to my own. Falwell supported the Bush Faith Based Initiative, but had strong reservations about where the money would go and the restrictions placed on churches. He said, “It concerns me that the Church of Scientology, Jehovah’s Witnesses—all the denominations—will begin applying for money. And I don’t see how any of them can be turned down because of their radical and unpopular views. I don’t know where that would take us.” *For better or worse?*

The other bogeyman from the radical right is William F. Buckley, Jr. He died February 27th at the age of 82.

Bill Buckley did more to popularize conservatism after the New Deal than anyone other than Barry Goldwater or Ronald Reagan. Pat Buchanan called him the “spiritual father of the conservatism,” while Arthur Schlesinger Jr. called him “the scourge of American liberalism.” Buckley took that as a compliment.

Buckley was the popular host of one of television’s longest- running programs, “Firing Line.” He also founded the conservative magazine “National Review.” He wrote more than 50 books, ranging from sailing odysseys to spy novels to dissertations on harpsichord fingering. His newspaper column, “On the Right” appeared 5,600 times, making 45 more medium-sized books. His collected papers, which were donated to Yale University, weigh seven tons.

Buckley’s vocabulary was described as sesquipedalian (uses long words). Other commentators used the adjective “pleonastic” (uses more words than necessary). And he had an aura of mischief. In

1985, David Remnick said, “Buckley has the eyes of a child who just discovered a horrid use for the microwave oven and the family cat.” *For better or worse?*

Jerry Falwell is looking over his shoulder—as if something were about to overtake him. *Something on the left*, Jerry. Bill Buckley is also looking slightly left. What is bigger than both of them is this. Mount Everest.

Mount Everest is here so that Jerry & Bill—and we—would remember that we are not in charge, we do not have the last word. There is always someone else to consider. The photo shows us that we are only a part of a much larger world.

Mount Everest is here in recognition of our curiosity. You know why the bear went over the mountain, don’t you? To see what he could see. And the first curious bear who went over this mountain was Edmund Hillary, who died January 10th at the age of 89. Hillary was a New Zealand beekeeper and, along with Tenzig Norgay, was the first person to stand at the summit of Mount Everest. He later became a philanthropist noted for his work in remote Nepalese villages. *For better or worse?*

I’ll bet you don’t recognize this man. He’s holding a glass of wine and standing in front of a train that he owns. He built a railroad through the Napa Valley and he takes tourists on excursions through the wine country. His name is Vincent DeDomenico and he died October 18th at the age of 92.

He’s not here for the wine country train rides. Vincent DeDomenico invented Rice–A–Roni. He dreamed up Rice–A–Roni in 1958 after watching his sister–in–law mix a can of chicken broth with rice and vermicelli.

Rice–A–Roni traded heavily on the city of its origin, calling itself “The San Francisco Treat,” weaving the images of cable cars and

their bells into its television advertising. DeDomenico also insisted on a jingle. He said if there is a jingle, people will say it over and over in their heads.

Can you hear it? [*sing*] He wasn't the first advertiser to use a jingle, but his was a memorable one. *For better or worse?*

Here are three other people you may not recognize.

This woman is Mildred. This man is her husband, Richard. She died May 2nd of last year at the age of 68. Mildred and Richard have an appropriate last name: Loving. Mildred was a black woman who challenged Virginia's ban on interracial marriage all the way to the Supreme Court and won. The ruling struck down laws banning racially mixed marriages in at least 17 states. Mildred Loving insisted she never wanted to be a hero—just a bride. “It wasn't my doing,” she said. “It was God's.” *For better or worse?*

Now this guy right here is Jim Clark. He died June 6th at the age of 84. He's looking over his left shoulder like Jerry Falwell. He's looking at Mildred and Richard. And it seems that he is wary of something or someone; or maybe it's a look of disapproval. I'm pretty sure he would have disapproved of Mildred Loving, but I don't think they ever met.

From 1955 to 1966, Jim Clark was the sheriff of Dallas County, Alabama, which includes Selma. Sheriff Clark's fifteen minutes of infamy came on March 7, 1965—known as Bloody Sunday—when peaceful protesters in Selma, on their way to Montgomery, were beaten back by Alabama state troopers. The sheriff's posse rode into a sea of demonstrators as they tried to cross the Edmund Pettus Bridge and attacked them with clubs and tear gas.

Sheriff Clark wore a lapel button emblazoned with a single word: “Never.” A billy club, a pistol and a cattle prod often dangled from his belt. After his career in law enforcement, he sold mobile homes

and in 1978, he was indicted on charges of smuggling marijuana. He was convicted and spent about nine months in prison. *For better or worse?*

Here are three women who tried to make the world a better place. This is Irena Sendler, this is Brooke Astor on her wedding day and here she is at her 100th birthday party, and this is Claudia Alta Taylor.

Irena Sendler died May 12th last year at the age of 98. Irena Sendler risked her life for the children of strangers. She was a Polish Catholic social worker, barely 30 at the time, and she was reacting to something her parents had told her. “I was taught that if you see a person drowning,” she said, “you must jump into the water to save them, whether you can swim or not.”

During the German occupation of Warsaw, Sendler worked for the Social Welfare Department. Under the pretext of inspecting sanitary conditions during a typhoid outbreak, Sendler visited the ghetto and smuggled out babies and small children in ambulances and trams, sometimes disguising them as packages.

The children were placed with Polish families, orphanages or Roman Catholic convents. Some were smuggled to priests in rectories where they could be further hidden. She hid lists of their names in jars, in order to keep track of their original and new identities. In all, she rescued about 2500 children, twice the number saved by Oskar Schindler.

In 1943, Sendler was arrested by the Gestapo, severely tortured, and sentenced to death. She was saved because the German guards were bribed on the way to her execution. She was left in the woods, unconscious and with broken arms and legs. After the war, she dug up the jars containing the children's identities and attempted to find the children and return them to their parents. However, most of the children's parents had died at Treblinka. *For better or worse?*

Brooke Astor died at the age of 105 on August 13th. She was born in New Hampshire and raised in Waikiki, Panama, Peking, and Mexico.

She dropped out of high school to marry her first boyfriend, who drank heavily, beat her, and ran around. That marriage lasted less than a year. Her second marriage was to a man of kinder temperament and it lasted twenty years until his death.

Her third husband was Vincent Astor, who inherited great wealth when his father died aboard the Titanic in 1912. Vincent Astor once told Brooke that when he died, she would have “a hell of a good time” giving away his fortune. And she did give it all away. “Money is like manure,” she often said. “It should be spread around.”

Astor gave millions to the Bronx Zoo, International Rescue Committee, the Fresh Air Fund, Lighthouse for the Blind, the Maternity Center Association and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Her favorite was the New York Public Library. All told, she gave away about \$195 million.

The epitaph on her gravestone, simply reads: “I had a wonderful life.” *For better or worse?*

Claudia Alta Taylor died July 12th at the age of 95. She was born near Karnack, Texas, and received her nickname, “Lady Bird,” as a small child. Perhaps that name was prophetic, as there has never been a First Lady so attuned to nature and the importance of conserving the environment.

Throughout her life, she was an advocate for beautification of our cities and highways and conservation of natural resources, and she made that her major initiative as First Lady. Lady Bird created the modern structure of the First Lady’s office; she was the first to have a press secretary and chief of staff of her own and an outside liaison with Congress.

During the 1964 election, she traveled through eight Southern states to promote the Civil Rights Act, at one point giving 45 speeches in five days. In a poll of historians ranking the most influential and important First Ladies, Johnson placed third behind Abigail Adams and Eleanor Roosevelt for her work in conserving the environment. *For better or worse?*

And here are a couple of fellas who made people happy without saying a word. Marcel Marceau died at the age of 84 on September 22nd. He revived the art of pantomime and brought poetry to silence. A French Jew, Marceau survived the Holocaust—and also worked with the French Resistance to protect Jewish children.

His inspiration came from Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton. Marceau, in turn, inspired countless young performers—Michael Jackson got his moonwalk from a Marceau sketch, “Walking Against the Wind.”

In one of his most poignant and philosophical acts, “Youth, Maturity, Old Age, Death,” he showed the passing of an entire life in minutes and without words. “Do not the most moving moments of our lives find us without words?” he once said. *For better or worse?*

And this guy is Ling Ling, a giant panda and a longtime star at the Tokyo’s zoo and a symbol of friendship with China. He died on April 30th at the age of 22, equivalent to about 70 human years. Ling Ling is here representing all the other animals in our lives that entertain us and provide companionship and service. Our dogs, cats, birds, lizards, fish and ferrets and all our pets. Where would we be without them? *For better or worse?*

Please join me now in a responsive reading, Number 720 in your hymnals, adapted from the words of Roland B. Gittelsohn. Number 720; your words are in italics.

In the rising of the sun, and in its going down, we remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them.

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember them.

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn, we remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength, we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart, we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us, as we remember them.

These are not the only folks who died in the last twelve months; they are the ones who caught my attention and in researching their lives, the ones whom I want to remember as shaping my life. For better or worse. Now you say aloud the names of those whose dear remembrance you feel today.

INSTALLATION: Veterans' Memorial

You must have noticed the ribbons hanging in the alcove over there. Those ribbons are the ones upon which we wrote the names of veterans last November 11th. At the time, I didn't know exactly how we would display them, but I knew someone who has good ideas

about decor. I asked Maddie Kertay to think of a way to display them, and what you see is the result. Maddie says the photos are unidentified so we know that these are all of our stories.

The photos hang and spin freely, they disappear and come back into view just as our hopes and dreams from each of these loved ones did. With the style of the photos and how they are hung I hope to evoke the many old scrapbooks that have held them over the years and yet by being all in the same style we can feel the interconnection of our loves, lives and stories, thus fully embracing our web of interdependence. These are ribbons of remembrance and hung in a hope that we shall always remember never to forget.

There are no names on the photos, and not everyone appears in uniform. This is not a memorial for individuals, but for all those who served in whatever capacity: soldier, sailor, airman, marine, coast guard, nurse, doughnut dolly and conscientious objector.

The ribbons do not glorify war, nor the military nor service in time of war. It's not done in red white and blue; it's not meant as a patriotic display. That is not the point. The point is that these people served. And too many died. The point is that we remember them.

Let's dedicate the ribbons with another responsive reading from the hymnal, Number 721, the words of Kathleen McTigue. Number 721; your words are in italics and please ignore the last line, the one in parentheses; we've done that already.

In the struggles we choose for ourselves, in the ways we move forward in our lives and bring our world forward with us,

It is right to remember the names of those who gave us strength in this choice of living. It is right to name the power of hard lives well-lived.

We share a history with those lives. We belong to the same motion.

They too were strengthened by what had gone before. They too were drawn on by the vision of what might come to be.

Those who lived before us, who struggled for justice and suffered injustice before us, have not melted into the dust, and have not disappeared.

They are with us still. The lives they lived hold us steady.

Their words remind us and call us back to ourselves. Their courage and love evoke our own. We, the living, carry them with us: we are their voices, their hands and their hearts.

We take them with us, and with them choose the deeper path of living.

HYMN 108, How Can I Keep from Singing?

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

We extinguish this flame,
but not the light of its truth
the warmth of this community
nor the fire of our commitment.
These we carry in our hearts
and share with all the world.

POSTLUDE: Ev'ry Time I Feel De Spirit

REDEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL GARDEN

In this place where memories live, we gather to honor those who were close to us, those who touched us, those who lived with us but now live within us. In life, we carried their love, and we carry it still. Although a memory is not a heavy burden, it is not always a joyous

one. It is evidence of our living that we remember; partly in sorrow for our loss, partly in fear of our own death and partly in love of our common humanity.

We come now to rededicate this garden and ourselves to that which moves us; to those goals, ideals and dreams which guide our lives, which guided their lives and which infuse our memories with courage and love. Let the spirits invoked by our voices and actions rest easy and warm.

Water, like memory, cannot be destroyed, only changed in appearance. Water falls from clouds only to percolate up through the ground into rivers and evaporate into the sky to make more clouds. In time, our memory will fade and we won't see our family and friends as clearly as we do now. However, the memory we have will inhabit other parts of our lives. One day, years from now we might see a dress like the one she wore or hear an expression that he used. And again memories will be stirred and feelings will surface. And we'll remember.

Taking this water that we have brought from distant places, let us now nourish the earth and the plants in this garden so that they will be strong and grow. We wish them to be here for others who will come to remember.