

One doesn't want to be gloomy; sad, even unbearably so, but with the comfort of a life well lived, and enjoyed. And how could that not be the case with you as part of the deal?

I've heard it said that being brave means not frightening people. When I last saw George, there he was, in his magnificent hat, standing in the cold, refusing all offers of help, chairs or the warm indoors, welcoming people as they arrived, so gracious and dignified but with a twinkle in his eye, brushing aside concerns for his own health but conscious of the needs of others – brave indeed.

Wherever he is now will be a better place for his being there. I'm reminded of Bishop Brent's poem; maybe all souls are welcome but I reckon that some are more welcome than others and I would be jostling for an unimpeded view of George's ship coming in:

A ship sails and I stand watching  
till she fades on the horizon,  
and someone at my side says,  
"She is gone."  
Gone where?  
Gone from my sight, that is all.  
She is just as large as when I saw her...  
The diminished size and total loss of sight  
is in me, not in her.  
And just at the moment when someone at my side says,  
"She is gone,"  
there are others who are watching her coming,  
and other voices take up a glad shout,  
"Here she comes!"  
... and that is dying.

God bless you