

## **An impromptu memorial service**

A Friend told of the death of a dear friend. He related how he tries to put the events of his life into a grander context, but as he has reflected on his friend's untimely death, he has been at a loss to know what context to put it in. Certainly it illustrates how fragile we all are and how unpredictable are our relationships. He and this friend had been very close, many years ago, but in time they became geographically separated and lost contact for several years. More recently, they had re-established contact. He recounted that this friend was a thoroughly admirable person: intelligent, kind, great sense of humor, the most likable person you'd ever meet.

Ten days ago, he learned that his friend had committed suicide. He wondered about having a memorial service, in the manner of Friends. But the parents were very private people, and he knew they had to deal with this in their own way. And other friends were more inclined to put it behind them and move on. As the Friend spoke of his longing to have a memorial service for him, he realized that, in a weird way, that's just what he was doing.