

Memorial Service for Dale Monegan ~ October 13, 2010 ~ A homily preached by The Rev'd Erl G. Purnell at Old St. Andrew's Church, Bloomfield, CT

Ecclesiastes 3.1-8; *Sail Away; Soolaimon*

Quite simply, there are no words to express why Dale was stricken with cancer. In this world of ours, some of us live into our 80s or 90s; some die in infancy, only days or weeks old; tragedy, accident, war take some in the prime of life. We never know. We cannot know.

In all, though, each person lives his or her *whole* life ... whether it's days, a few short years, decades, or well into the age of gray. Dale lived his *whole* life. Long enough? No. But thankfully, he had enough time for real success—in the machine tool business, on the water and on the slopes. Plus, he had Derek and Nicole and then his precious granddaughters. And, most important, for 45 years, Dale had LaDene.

I didn't know Dale well. Most of you have known him for a long time. Yet, I'm glad I could spend some time with him before he died. My sense was that he was at peace in his final days.

Dale found his spirituality in nature, especially the water and mountains. Perhaps some of you know that a blue heron would often visit the dock in front of Dale and LaDene's house. Dale and the heron had some kind of connection because when he opened the slider and stood on the deck, the heron stood stock-still and didn't fly away. The morning Dale died, the heron was there. LaDene looked from inside the living room and saw him step into the air, as only a blue heron can do, and fly around the house three times. A tribute to Dale? Maybe.

Dale didn't know what was next for him after his body let go. I don't know for certain about "next" either. What I do know is that Dale is no longer suffering and I think he's in a better place. I pray for Dale to have the eternal rest he deserves as light perpetual shines upon him. Blessings Dale and Peace.

*Amen.*