Bill’s memorial service, 1/11/2020

Virginia (Ginny) Shipley

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| I have read this poem at the memorial services for both my parents and for late my husband. Now I read it for Bill.  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.Bill was my lifelong and very close friend.  He was the almost grownup big kid who lived two doors away from my family growing up on Jane Street in Greenwich Village.  After the deaths of my parents, he was person who knew me longest in this world. He was my babysitter and I remember him looking very handsome in his sailor suit at the end of WWII when I was very small. He was always kind and caring and took good care of me during times of great sadness in my life.  He introduced me to my late husband, Thorne Shipley, who was a high school friend of his and again, he and Laurie were a great support after Thorne’s death.  Bill was also a good friend and mentor to my son, Jesse.Bill lived a long, fruitful and productive life. He was an inspiration for so many, but for me he was my close, utterly reliable friend. In late middle age, he had the luck and then good sense to marry Laurie Lehman who has become one of my very closest friends, so that’s another debt of gratitude I owe to Bill.And now he too is gone and we all feel his loss most painfully. The loss is great for all who knew him but especially for Laurie, Naomi and Maya whom we encircle in love. https://ssl.gstatic.com/ui/v1/icons/mail/images/cleardot.gif |

May we live in a way that honors his memory.