

memorial service

*In Memory of
Kenneth Bissett
1967 - 1988*

Then Almitra spoke, saying, We would ask now of Death.

And he said:

You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond;

And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow, your heart dreams of spring .

Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.

Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd when he stands before the king whose hand is to

be laid upon him in honour.

Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling, that he shall wear the mark of the king?

Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling?

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountaintop, then you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

- Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

When I was very young, someone once
told me (or I read somewhere) never to step
on the cracks in the sidewalk; to do so was
certain bad luck ...

So now,
Wherever I go,
I make it a point to step over the cracks.

So now,
I do my crazy dance of good luck wherever I go,
Pirouetting madly across the cracks of misfortune.

... And I am now unknown to those
around me, except as a strange man, dancing
all the time.

- K. J. Bissett

As I was walking along,
I looked up at the nighttime sky.
I was passing under a tree,

But, rather than having the tree
Moving past the stationary sky,
I imagined that the night sky was moving:
Pulled along by unseen chariots,

With white horses
Or strong-armed, burly men
Or brilliant, blue seagulls.

For a split second,
The sky was a huge, blue tapestry;
Perforated with tiny holes;
Illuminated from above by some unseen light.

-K. J. Bissett

The
Sacred Heart
Church
December 28
1988

Greetings & Opening Prayer...

Letters of Ken's Uncle John, Brett
Chenkin, Sara Keating...

Scripture Reading & Homily...

Intercessions...

Letters of David Didato, Matthew
Murray, Michael Nicholas,
Jonas Lee...

Candle Lighting Ceremony with
a Reading of an Essay by Ken Bissett...

The Lord's Prayer...

Parting Words & Blessings.

Kenneth John Bissett

(1967-1988)