

The Ship

What is dying?

I am standing upon the seashore.

A ship, at my side, spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.

I stand and watch her until, at length,
she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."

Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all.

She is just as large in mast, hull and spar
as she was when she left my side.

And, she is just as able to bear her
load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me – not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone says,
"There, she is gone!"

There are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout,
"Here she comes!"

And that is dying.



Celebrating

The Life of

LOWELL VERNON BRIDGE

June 21, 1939 ~ September 17, 2025

IN LOVING MEMORY
LOWELL VERNON BRIDGE

MEMORIES

Light the corners of my mind
Misty watercolor memories
Of the way we were

Scattered pictures
Of the smiles we left behind
Smiles we gave to one another
For the way we were

Can it be that it was all so
simple then?
Or has time rewritten every line?

If we had the chance to do it all
again
Tell me, would we?
Could we?

Memories
May be beautiful and yet
What's too painful to remember
We simply choose to forget
So it's the laughter
We will remember
Whenever we remember
The way we were
The way we were

We are sending off Lowell Vernon Bridge with much
admiration, appreciation, gratitude and love
from a life well lived.

Lynda Bridge ~ his soulmate and wife of 64 years

HIS CHILDREN

Kristi Bell (Randy-deceased)
Shauna Brown (Trevor)
Brian Bridge (Tiffany)

HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Aimee Bell
Brandon Bell
Chandler Brown
Gabriel Brown

HIS GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Malakai Hutchison
Azriel Hutchison

