

The dos and don'ts of burying me

by [Bill Stadick](#) in the [January 3, 2018](#) issue

Let goods and kindred go.

Don't, my townspeople, hype the hyphen,
Those fill-in-the-blah-blah-blank years
Between some b and its subsequent d.
No prattling on of how I scribble-shilled for salaries,
Of how I shuttled my several offspring thither

After quick stops at some hither or other,
Of how I ballpointed almost-subversive verse
Around potluck save-the-dates
In Baptist bulletins. None of that
Celebration of life la-tee-da I'm dead now.

Neither gush how much I loved wife,
Daughter, son, daughter, son, Son
Of God and the 2016 Chicago Cubs with
Intermittently appropriate intensities.
No need to whitewash *this* tomb.

But do, my townspeople, articulate
The doctrine of alien righteousness
Over my corpus so lucidly
Lucifer can't conceal
A lingering scowl and Luther

Gets one last jowl- jiggling laugh
As he Oktoberfest-sings, *The just*
Shall LIVE, shall LIVE, shall LIVE by faith.
Likewise, all of you sing *My hope is built*
On nothing less than Jesus' blood

And righteousness and mean it
As much as I did at 16,
By which happy birthday
I'd already made a hash of mine own.
Next, do stand together and sing
And in and out of tune
In Christ Alone. Last
Read Hebrews 6:13-20
Loud as a street preacher
And know I made eternal book
On the existence / promise / oath
Of this God and it's my pre-
Destined *we are beggars* 'tis true
Moment to see how this celebration
Of afterlife hallelujahs out.