

**The Rev. Linda M. Kaufman, Arlington**

**A Monument of Ashes**

When my obituary is written  
there will be no heroic moment  
or grand accomplishment  
to take your breath away.

There will just be, I hope,  
little moments of love,  
spilling over. In love.  
Maybe you caught,  
in a sermon,  
a glimpse of hope,  
so brief most missed it,  
but it stayed with you.

It may be that “kick ass” sermon  
at the Cathedral  
will be the one they remember  
but also let them see the love  
that filled that sermon,  
a friendship of almost forty years.

Let them see the scores  
of people funeralized with  
just a handful of staff  
who cared enough to ask  
me to make a moment of love.

I can do a funeral  
with my eyes closed.  
I know the deepest secret parts  
of this most beautiful rite.  
I can preach a sermon of love  
for the most lost souls.  
Then we all remember:  
even this person is loved.  
Even as am I.

Let them see the ashes of love  
interred under the scrubby

lawn in the ragged churchyard.

Let the soil enriched by  
soul after soul of ashy minerals  
be my monument.