

**22 Nov 2009**

**I think I just finished the longest day I can remember. For those of you who could not attend, it went off beautifully. Pat and Kim did a wonderful job of choreographing his services. The church was beautiful, the music was grand (to borrow Maurie's line, two types, Country and Western), the parking was ample, the eulogy was witty and succinct, and as Tom T Hall said, "You couldn't get a tear in edgewise."**

**20 of our generation were there and more flowers than the funeral home had ever seen. I counted over 100 flowers. While we are on numbers, 300+ at the visitations, 150 at the funeral, 110 at the funeral dinner. The ladies at the Methodist Church submitted that it was the biggest funeral dinner anyone could remember.**

**Verle's immediate family filled two rows at the church and the rest of us scattered throughout the crowd. The pallbearers numbered 8, 3 his family, 3 his co-workers and 2 were friends. To add a Sawmill touch we picked our two best looking trucks and had them detailed and Doug and Chris drove them in the funeral procession as it wound its way on the 10 mile run to Farmington. Verle would have been proud, I had to drive 75 at one point to keep up.**

**Maurie delivered the main eulogy, Brad spoke about his experiences with Verle and I gave a 2 minute explanation of my brother as I saw him. A great story emerged about adoption. Duane and Christine loved it.**

**A bunch of us wound up at my house and like all Helle's we sat around and told stories and enjoyed the grandkids. Perhaps the biggest difference between the generations is that today we mix the kids in with the old folks more than when Walt and Sheldon, Lloyd and Joe would gather in the front room and Alice and Hazel, Opal and Nellie would gather in the kitchen and the kids would all play outside. But the preponderance of food present then as now. Some things never change.**

**Verle would have been proud. It was a grand funeral.**