

# Funeral

## Silent Civilian

Let me tell you about a man Tommy Collins

A veteran in country music who interrupted his career by his own choice  
To become a minister and by the way I understand he was very successful  
And during this period of his life Tommy pastured a small Baptist church

In the very small town of Lincoln California

And it was during this time that he was called upon to speak at a funeral

And the poem I want to recite for you now is a true experience of Tommy's

And it's simply called The Funeral  
A funeral is always a saddening thing for everybody is somebody to someone  
But some funeral scenes chill you to the bone and one day in our town we had one

A very young mother had died something that you just don't expect

And the shops and stores had all closed their doors they did it out of love and respect

And in the crowded funeral home that day with everyone present weeping

The sound of a little girl's voice was heard she said that's my mommie she's sleeping

Then I heard the sound of her little feet tap tap tap

As she made her way down the aisle

Her little purse dangled from her tiny wrist and it brushed her best Sunday dress

And she bolded asserted the confidence that little folks like her possess

To the life that has no final chapter there's no ending and no last mile

The preacher and the rest were petrified but on the little girl's face was a smile

She said wake up mommie wake up

And still not satisfied she reached out with her little hand

And touched her face and cried

Then the broken hearted daddy spoke with a gentleness and with power

And the words that issued from his lips was the sermon for the hour

In a child like faith he told her that the dead in Christ will rise

God gave us his word he said and we know he never lies

We can't wake up our sleeping mommie but we know someone who can

Baby only God can wake up mommie

Let's go home and leave her in his hands

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