

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 boldly 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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