

The Wood

At death, we are placed in a wood box our bodies will stay in while others mourn. This particular box has many important pieces in it. Many memories made in the crafting of these pieces and more to reflect on as the man made this box in preparation of his death.

The largest piece being from his wedding kneeler that lived in his house for many years, the other half being in his wife's box. Parts of their crib in which all their children once slept, as a memorial of sleepless nights in which he will lay his final rest. Wood from their bed frame which was the altar of their love and held them through many joys and sorrows through the years. Most notably the handle being from his very night stand in which he would open for her in need of the night, a secret place of love letters that were frequently read now the handle between the world and him. Small pieces from their old record player filled in the open cracks just as music filled in their lives as joy in the hardened sorrows of their marriage. A beat up piece of wood from an old floor board which served as a hiding spot for presents either for her or the children, 'surprises of love' he called them. A misshapen piece stood out as it was a piece of railing where they would watch the sunrise over the lake. A common looking board from the overhang of the front door where a priest came every January to dedicate the house and family to the Lord's protection. On the top marked the cross that hung in their room, the wood they followed after with their love.

The wood here will be no more than ashes, so let ashes as they be. For this man gave his life on wood and even though he is buried in it in death, it bore life to his soul. At death, we are placed in wood. A box our bodies will stay in while others mourn, yet he rejoices for this wood brought him love and is what he brings to His love.

{Mark 15: 42-46, The Burial of Jesus}

"No one greater love than this, to lay down one's life for one's friends"

{John 15: 13}

"Where you go I will go,

Wherever you lodge I will lodge.

Your people shall be my people

and your God, my God.

Where you die I will die,

there I will be buried.

May the Lord do thus to me, and more, if even death separates me from you!"

{Ruth 1: 16-17}

“Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm;
For Love is strong as Death,
longing is fierce as Sheol.
Its arrows are arrows of fire,
flames of the divine.
Deep waters cannot quench love,
nor rivers sweep it away.
Were one to offer all the wealth of his
house for love,
he would be utterly despised.”
{Song of Songs 8: 6-7, True Love}