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## THOMAS ALBERT HERN

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**Born: December 23, 1941**

**Died: May 30, 2019**

**UNCLE**

**GREAT UNCLE**

**PROFESSOR**

**MENTOR**

**FRIEND**

**COLLEAGUE**

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

**WORLD TRAVELER**

**BELOVED BY ALL**

Please join the family in this Celebration of His Life

**AGENDA FOR CELEBRATION OF LIFE OF THOMAS A. HERN**

Welcome – Bryan

Prayers – family member

Not, how did he die, but how did he live? – family member

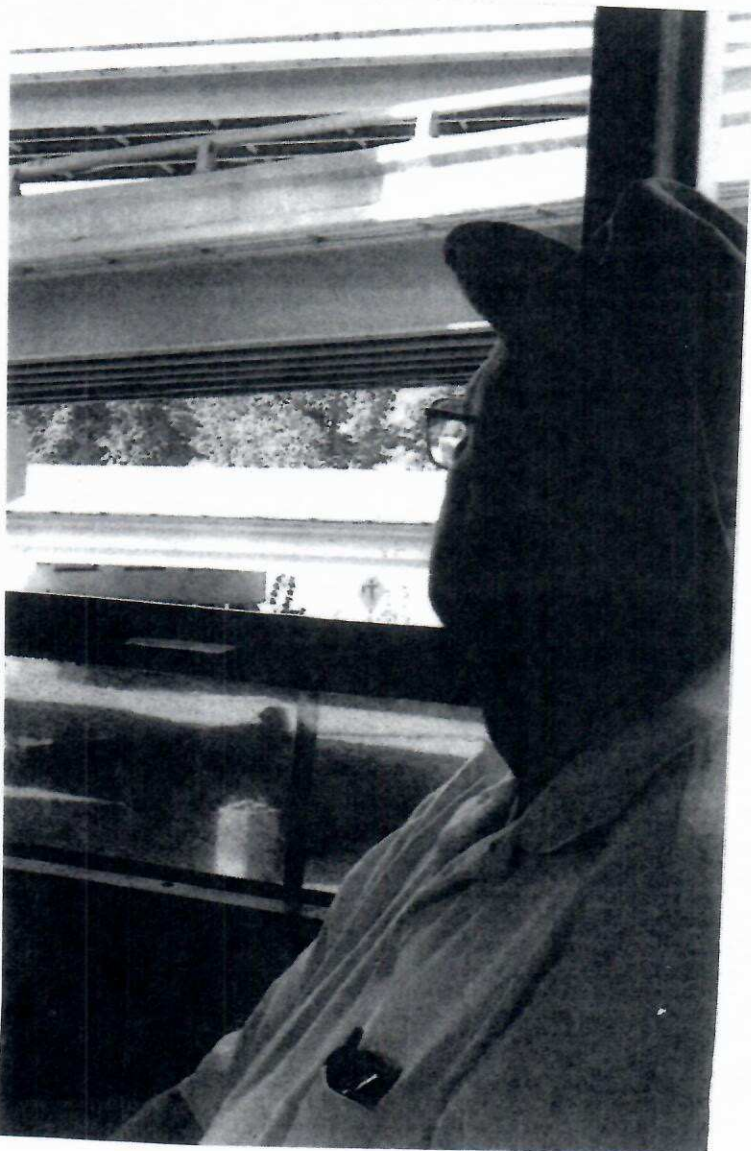
Kahlil Gibran – excerpt – family member

Time for Family/ Friends to speak of Tom

Don't cry for me today – Family member

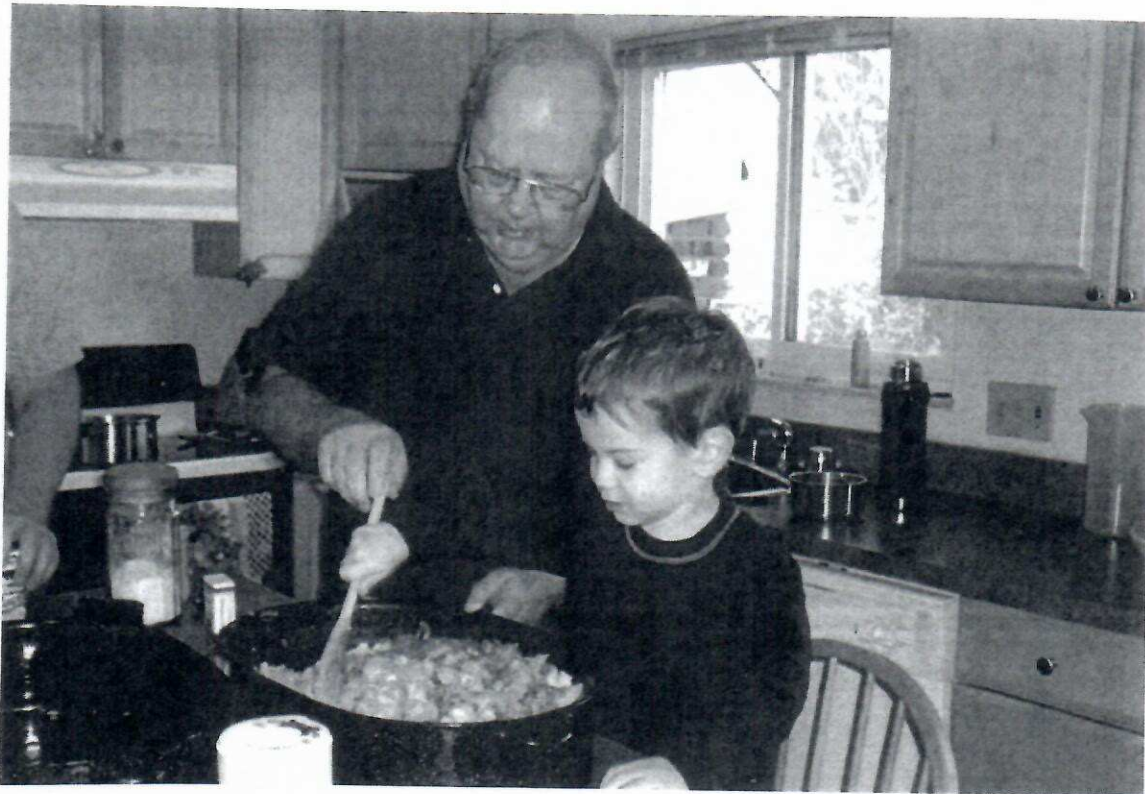
To Tom, from all of us... – Kevin

Closing remarks – Kevin



### Christian Prayer

Dear Father, We praise You, for Your love is perfect and You love us all perfectly. You set the stars in the sky and the oceans' borders in lace. Everything moves under Your omnipotent hand. There are those in our lives who suffer chronic pain and from that pain comes discouragement. When we are in pain, the world seems to stop. Every movement becomes more poignant, and dependent on strength above our own. Thank You for lending us Your power in times of weakness and sickness. Thank You for gluing us together when we are emotionally coming unwound. Thank You for Your perfect love. Let us never outlive our love for You. Amen



### Traditional Native American Prayer

O Great Spirit, whose breath gives life to the world, and whose voice is heard in the soft breeze: We need your strength and wisdom. Cause us to walk in beauty. Give us eyes ever to behold the red and purple sunset. Make us wise so that we may understand what you have taught us. Help us to learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. Make us always ready to come to you with clean hands and steady eyes, so when life fades, like the fading sunset, our spirits may come to you without shame.

Author Unknown

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?

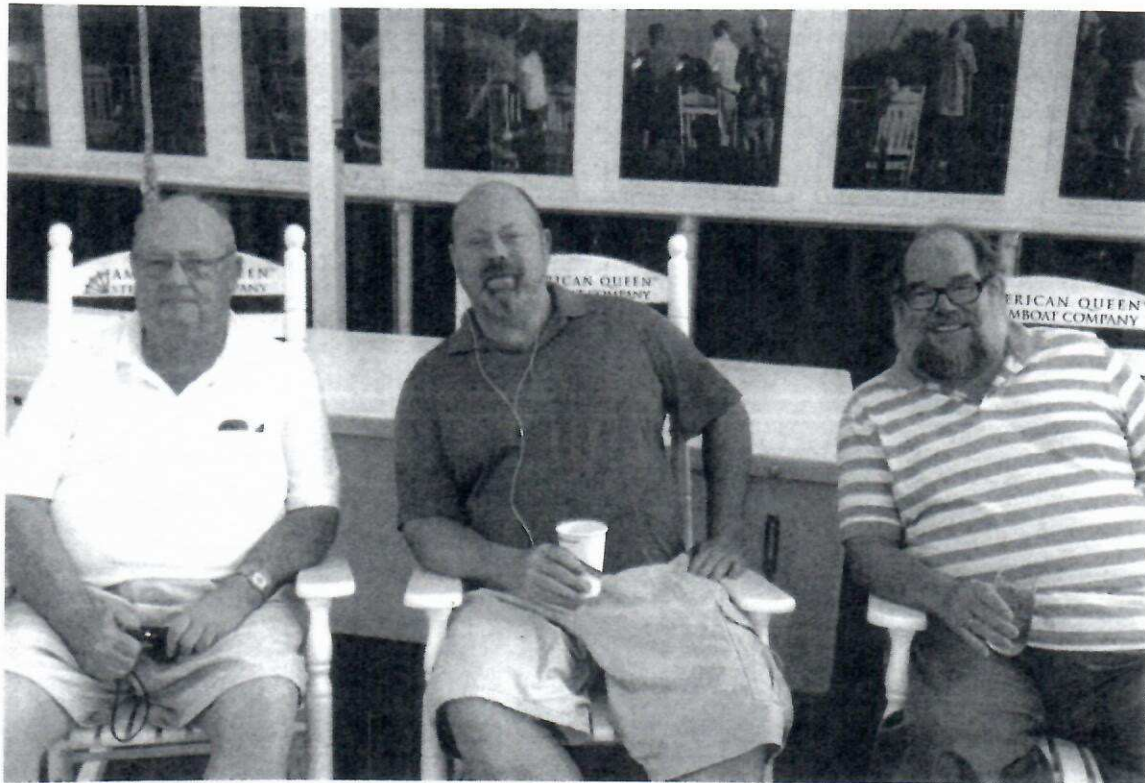
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?

These are the units to measure the worth  
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.

Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?  
But had he befriended those really in need?

Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,  
But how many were sorry when he passed away?



Kahlil Gibran

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance ....

## Don't Cry For Me Today

Don't cry for me today,  
I wouldn't want it this way.

Be strong and smile,  
for you will see me in a while.

I know you miss me,  
but now in Heaven I will be.

Do not keep your sad face.  
I am in a much better place.

Do not let your tears fall,  
for I cannot wipe them all.

Yes, my life wasn't long,  
But I'm begging you to be strong.

Live every moment as if it were your last.  
I won't forget any memories that have passed

Cherish life and love  
as I watch you from above.

As I remember all of the good things,  
I come to see I have gotten my wings.

It is time to go and fly.  
As your guardian angel I will try.

Don't cry for me today.  
I'm on my way.

Soaring through the sky,  
I watch all of you telling me goodbye.

I want no rites in a gloom filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free ?

I want everyone to enjoy the day  
And partake of a nibble or three

Indulging in sociable banter  
But you must talk about me



Ecclesiastical Prayer

To Tom, from all of us ....

Into the freedom of the wind and sunshine - We let you go

Into the dance of the stars and the planets - We let you go

Into the wind's breath and the hands of the star maker - We let you go

We love you, we miss you - We want you to be happy

Go safely, go dancing, go running home.



Mary Elizabeth Frye

**Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep**

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not here. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not here. I did not die.



Read at graveside by Kevin Hern and/or Jennifer Rhodes