

FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

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Rev. Patricia Cleary

Pastor's Page – February 2015

Thank you for your kind expressions of sympathy following the death of my mother.

It has been ten days since she died. It is still quite new. Since she died I find I am thinking a lot about my mom, about death and about what happens after a person dies. It is this last I want to elaborate upon.

Through Mom's death, I've discovered that a person's death triggers a series of things needing attention. Nowadays it seems like people can't just die; they need to be "checked out" with or by the coroner, the government, Social Security, the bank, the health care facility. Her college and her church need to be informed. Plus I need to let friends (hers and mine) and family (her side, my dad's side, her second husband's side) know of her death. What should I do with her clothing, jewelry, furniture? What about a service – funeral or memorial? When, where and who?

Have I bored you yet? I would be bored, too, except that it is my mom and it's her stuff and therefore I want to do things properly. More than that, I believe God wants me to do things properly, too.

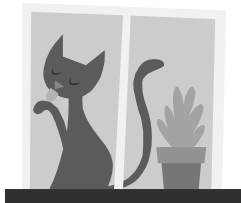
Two lessons I've learned thus far and pass along to you.

1. Have your affairs in order. My mother went to great lengths to make things would be as easy on us as possible. She did a good job. Get good advice from a lawyer and/or financial advisor and have things arranged to avoid as many headaches as possible for your heirs. It is the loving thing to do.

2. If you will be taking care of someone's affairs upon their death, familiarize yourself with your responsibilities. This may be a learn-as-you-go process. It has been for me. But it is a way to continue to love and respect the one who died as well as do the rest of the family a big favor.

It is by showing our love for one another, in life and *in death* that the spirit of Christ is made manifest in the world. That's what I've been thinking about recently.

Pastor Pat



MY PERSON DOESN'T LIKE MY DIRTY PAWS. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WHITE BUT FOR THE PAST MONTH AND A HALF THEY'RE A SHADE OF GRAY. SHE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE I'M GOING THAT MY PAWS GET THAT WAY. I KNOW. IT'S IN THE CELLAR. SHE'S THREATENED TO WASH MY PAWS BUT I THINK SHE KEEPS PUTTING IT OFF HOPING I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF. I KEEP MYSELF CLEAN FOR THE MOST PART. BUT A LITTLE THING LIKE DIRTY PAWS DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

- GEORGE, THE PARSONAGE CAT

