

A Letter from Heaven

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see;
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me.

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today;
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me
As much as I love you;
And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

When tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.

Loving God, we thank you for the gift of Victor. As we hold him in our hearts, help us to support one another through this time, to cherish the gift of life each day, and to treat others with the same kindness, care, and respect as he gave us.

We gather here today to give thanks for the life of Victor, who shared his life with us. It is in his memory that we gather and for his life that we are thankful.

Eternal spirit, before whom generations rise and pass away, we find that even in the face of death, our words can be those of thanksgiving. We are thankful for one who shared his life with us... For the struggles of life, and for the triumph of character over trial, of courage over difficulty, of faith over sorrow, we give thanks.

God grant us such strength in the memory of our friend that we might be thankful for the gift of life that is given to each of us, and in our hearts, may the loss of Victor be balanced by thanksgiving for the life that was shared with us. Amen.

A reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:

A time to be born and a time to die,

A time to plant and a time to uproot,

A time to kill and a time to heal,

A time to tear down and a time to build,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,

A time to mourn and a time to dance,

A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,

A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,

A time to search and a time to give up,

A time to keep and a time to throw away,

A time to tear and a time to mend,

A time to be silent and a time to speak,

A time to love and a time to hate,

A time for war and a time for peace.

And so, what is today a time for? Why are we here today? Today is a time to celebrate Victor's life, to honor his memory, to share his story, to embrace his love, and to return him to the good God, our loving creator who gave us the gift of Victor in the first place.

The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars... the house... the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard; are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left that still can be rearranged.

To be less quick to anger and show appreciation more and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile... remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you lived your dash?

Eulogy by Alan Hammond

Thank you all for coming today to celebrate Victor Kubly's life.

There is not much I can tell you that you do not already know about Victor, but I can tell you this, Vic would be thrilled to be here with all of you because even though Victor liked his solitude, the one thing he really cherished more, were visits from all of you. Especially if he had no idea you were coming. When he was surprised with a visit, within minutes of his guests leaving he would phone me and tell me; "so and so just stopped by" and express his joy that they came.

I met Vic through Ray's mom, many years ago. I remember the big glasses, and that waxed end moustache that he sported back then, and his quiet demeanor. Always a smile, often not saying much. Years later Vic and Ina married and after Ray moved to Florida, I would visit them about once a month, play some Cribbage and share stories. They would often talk about bumping into my mom at the casino or at Fallon Clinic. Those visits to see Ina and Vic became more frequent when Ina got ill, and Victor tried so hard to keep her at home and comfortable, even though it took a heavy toll on him.

In true Victor Kubly fashion, he never complained. He would take advantage of those visits I made to make the run for food or medication for Ina knowing that both he and Ina could use a break. Around that point in time, we started our weekly glass (or two) of wine together.

After Ina passed, I continued to visit Vic, the cribbage games stopped, but the stories flowed with the wine. We talked about everything under the sun, and Victor would try to teach me about antiques. He loved collecting them, probably more than selling them. Everything had a story or some significance, and even though I was not a fan of antiques, I enjoyed hearing him tell where he got something, what made it unique or valuable. Occasionally, if I was at a yard sale or estate sale, I would call him to describe something I found and ask if he was interested in it. I lucked out on a few such sales and Victor was happy to place those items on sale at his consignment booth.

With the help of Donna LaRochelle, Vic recently started selling off his collections but was disappointed that collectors were becoming rare. The disappointment was not because of the money, but because Vic wanted things to go to people that would share his love for the items. A unique porcelain nativity collection that he had sold to a collector in Texas got destroyed by the shipper and Vic was more upset that the person was now not able to complete his collection than he was at the loss of a sale.

We all know Victor loved his antiques and collectibles, but he was also an avid Red Sox fan. Something we both enjoyed. From time-to-time Vic would even call me after an exceptional play just to ask if I was watching the game, and could I believe that play that just happened. He took pleasure in simple joys.

Vic's younger days revolved around his brother David, his sister Denise, and his mother Helen. After his siblings married, Victor stayed with his mother, taking care of her in the house he

helped build in Auburn. Though Vic never felt close ties to family, he was fond of his brother-in-law William Nurney, who kept him informed on the well-being of Denise after she became ill.

Vic also appreciated the regular calls from his nephew Stephen.

Another thing that brought him immense pleasure was his great grand-daughters Cecelia and Collette. He loved seeing them and hearing all the news of how big they were getting and all that they were doing. He enjoyed calls from grandsons Lee, Neil, Ross, and looked forward to their calls and visits.

Victor appreciated the company of Danny when he visited a few years back. Vic also enjoyed spending time in Florida visiting Ray and Candy, Tony and Donna. He particularly liked getting the individually created cards Donna would send.

Victor and I discussed doing a cruise again and he expressed an interest in also possibly doing another cruise with us, Ray and Candy, and other family members, but those hopes were sidetracked by Covid and then ended with his sudden illness.

Victor was thankful for the extended family he inherited after Ray & I married Candy & Cindy. He never quite got used to such a big family, but enjoyed going to holiday dinners at our house, or Curt and Laurie's, and was extremely grateful to Curt for coming over to his house on more than a few occasions to help bail him out with mechanical problems, or even fixing the garbage disposal. Vic use to say that Curt would never accept anything for his services, but I can tell you that Victor was glad to have his help, his company, and the opportunity to have a glass of wine with him.

These are some of many memories that I have, mostly from the stories shared as we sat down together on Wednesday afternoons to enjoy a glass, or two, of Pinot Grigio. It saddens me that we will share more Wednesdays, but as Vic used to tell me, he lived a long and good life, overall a heathy one too, and not many people can say that.

So today we are here in his memory, to share memories, and to express grief. Our grief will never end, for Victor Kubly was a good friend or member of the family and when we lose that person we feel a void. But we can cherish the memories of having had Victor in our lives.

Our grief is not weakness, it is the price of love, and though passage from this world into the next is part of life, it is still natural to grieve for our loss.

Victor Kubly, I am thankful for being part of your life, and thankful to have been your friend. I will miss our Wednesdays together and will think of you every time I raise a glass of Pinot Grigio.

Rest in Peace my friend

We Remember Him

When we are weary and in need of strength,

When we are lost and sick at heart,

We Remember Him.

When we have joy we crave to share,

When we have decisions that are difficult to make,

When we have achievements that are based on his,

We Remember Him.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,

We Remember Him.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer,

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,

We Remember Him.

At the rising of the sun and at it's setting,

We Remember Him.

As long as we live, he too will live, for he is now a part of us,

As We Remember Him.

Beauty Never Dies

Those who understand and have a clear vision of how a human life (indeed all living things) fits into the scheme of Creation – arching beyond our little planet, further than our solar system and the myriad of stars of our galaxy, to include all the reaches of the cosmos – are comforted and sustained by the dispassionate beauty of Creation that strangely stirs the passions of our hearts. This beauty, for those who see it, never dies. This is why our hearts and minds respond so well to the following words. These words seem so true when we remember the beauty of Victor's life. The beauty of his life was and is one with the beauty of creation – in life and in death.

Do not stand at my grave and weep –

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush,

Of quiet birds in circled flight,

I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there. I do not sleep.

Moment of Silence

In humility and awe, before death and nature, we stand in silence to show our respect and love for Victor.

Committal

In committing the remains of Victor to the hallowed ground of Earth and to the keeping of eternity, we do so with deep reverence for the body as a creation of the Divine – a unique expression of an eternal and abiding, though mysterious, love.

Under the round dome of eternity, the earthly remains of Victor shall rest in peace. This grave is consecrated by our memories of and our love for him, but even more by the person he was and the life he lived.

Spirit of life and love, the spirit of Victor that filled our world with love and delight has become one with your eternity. Grant to us who grieve his death a sense of comprehending compassion, and a meaning in which all things are understood and made whole. May the love in our hearts join us together in richer ways than before and, in time, lead us to the peace that passes understanding. We know that Victor's spirit will always be with us – his love for us and our love for him will never die.

Benediction

Please rise, as you are able, as we conclude this service of remembrance and affirmation for the life of Victor.

Humbly we stand in the face of death. Confidently we stand with life. Our strength is the strength of many. Indeed, it is the strength of all humanity throughout all time; because we share one fate and a great compassion.

May understanding go with us and peace, too, that we may live together in charity, compassion, peace, and joy. In this spirit let us – individually and together – go forth to live and to love.

A Final Farewell

We are glad Victor lived. We cherish his memory. We leave our dead to the keeping of this peaceful and consecrated plot of earth. With respect we say farewell to Victor. In love we will remember him forever. Thinking of Victor in this manner, let us all go in his quietness of spirit and live in charity with one another.

I weave a silence in my mind -I weave a silence on my lips -I weave a silence within my heart.

I close my ears to distractions – I close my eyes to temptations – I close my heart to fear.

Calm me, O Lord, as you stilled the storm – Clam me, O Lord, keep me from harm.

Let all the anxiety within me cease – enfold me, Lord, in your peace.

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one,

I like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd loke to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,
of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun,
of happy memories that I leave when life is done.