THE FREEDOM TRAIL

Sensory Visions of Resting Places
for Cremated Remains

It matters not where my matter shall be…
Borne by currents in the atmosphere,
Embedded in generative soil,
Or submerged in a boundless sea.

Wherever in the universe my place of rest,
I have no other but one request.
Whether swirling in air,
Deeply immersed,
Or beneath a growing tree…
This is my hope,
This is my dream,
This is my fervent plea:
Keep me on earth or send me to the stars,

But LET MY SPIRIT BE FREE!

WAVE-ING GOODBYE

ACQUATIC DISPERSAL

Regardless of your current location, transport yourself momentarily to a wide expanse of glistening waters. Feel the sunshine as it reflects off of dancing waves. Watch and listen as gulls cavort and squawk above you. Fill your lungs with the pure, unadulterated air that surrounds you. Let the rocking motion of your vessel lull you into a meditative trance. Sense the calm. Let your wearied soul be soothed. Allow a countenance of authentic bliss to envelop you. Revel in the realization that this is a special place. Here, life goes on relentlessly in perpetual movement, its cycles unseen, yet stirring endlessly under the surface of the lively sea.

UPWARD MOBILITY

AERIAL DISPERSAL

Let your head fall backward in a welcome posture of relaxed retreat. Feel the feathery tickle of satiny breezes awakening you from oblivion. The vastness of an azure sky overtakes your vision while lifting your heart in gladness. Its wholeness is interrupted only by a landscape of fluffy, white, untainted globules of achromatic purity. In unidirectional drift, how swiftly these puffy coagula glide, as if in pursuit of yet another bright tomorrow. You sense attraction to the freedom they represent, so you want to draw yourself closer to them. For a moment, be like Jack (in the beanstalk, not in the box). Climb up above the

clouds. Hop aboard the wings of an errant bird to view from above this downy blanket of ivory isles. Like a billowy cushion bleached by the pureness of penetrating sunshine, it invites you to rest there. Like a soft afghan, this is where peace enfolds you.

SETTLING DOWN

LAND DISPERSAL

Think of the countless perceptions that make elements of the land feel like “home sweet home”... the sight of waving wheat fields, sparkling morning dewdrops on blades of shimmering grass, a male cardinal against a snowy landscape, a bud sprouting from a naked branch, a butterfly lilting over a garden, the mirroring calm of an emerald lake surrounded by tall trees... or the feel of tickling pine tree needles, velvety rose petals, cool breezes against overheated skin... or the sound of raindrops upon a roof, a babbling brook, autumn leaves rustling in the wind or crunching beneath footsteps... or the smell of freshly dug soil, a tomato on a vine, a lilac bush in bloom, or wood burning in a fireplace. Here familiarity is supreme.

Excerpt from the pre-planning book,
Pondering Leaves: Composing and Conveying Your Life Story's Epilogue
(no longer available)

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