

Singing.....

As a singer I sing at many funerals and I was recently asked by a funeral director to play and sing at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery out in the country.

As I was not familiar with the area, I got lost.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw that the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.

I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I sang like I've never played before for this homeless man.

As I sang and played "Amazing Grace", the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my keyboard and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I've never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

Apparently, I'm still lost.