

Waiting for Death

©Horace Kent Rappleye, 27 June 2018

(Written while waiting in vigil for the passing of his angel mother, Myrtle Hess Rappleye)

How quiet it is while waiting for Death.
There is the "thrush-bump" of the oxygen machine
And the whispered catch of breath that can
sometimes be heard for miles it seems.
But all in all, Death is very quiet while he is waiting.

How somber it is while waiting for Death.
Like dreading announcement of a judicial sentence,
Or sitting alone in the Principal's office.
Yes, Death is very quiet while he is waiting.

How surreal it is while anticipating Death.
Like straddling the chasm between two worlds
Trying to read the quivering lips of the almost
departed.
So soundless is Death as he approaches.

How voiceless the world is while waiting for Death.
Like watching the flickering scenes of a silent movie
Where countless expressions are captured
unheard.
How wordless indeed is Death while he is waiting.

How annoyingly patient is Death while He is waiting.
So disciplined and calculating without regard
To the hustle and bustle of the living's schedules.
How anxious are loved ones while waiting for
Death.

Oh, the "tum-tum, tum-tum" in the inner ear while
waiting for Death.
The sorrow that pools in the base of the heart
And the tears that swell and gush unbidden.
How eerie is Death while he is waiting.

How tranquil it is while waiting for Death.
Where trials and troubles just melt and dissolve
And cares and concerns have no meaning at all.
How peaceful is Death while waiting to call.

How quiet it is while waiting for Death.
How silent, how hushed, how muted, how still,
How reticent, lingering, prepared to fulfill;
Like snow when it's falling and blankets the earth.
Oh how Death waits and waits to give birth.
How quiet it is while waiting...waiting for Death.

EPILOGUE:

(Written 28 June – 2 July, 2018)

How surprising is Death when the waiting is
finished:

He's no specter. The terror's diminished
When sweetness and hope emerge through the veil
And loved ones long gone come and embrace the
once frail

And lead her along healthy, beautiful, strong;
To the arms of the Savior, Redeemer, and King,
The Word, and the Rock, the Judgement Supreme.

Life everlasting.

Life without bounds.

Life that's eternal.

Life through His wounds.

Joy understood.

Joy so complete.

Joy full to brimming.

Joy pure and so sweet.

How strange to consider when Death comes to call,

The waiting is hoping...to break free from the Fall.

The waiting is nothing, no, nothing at all.

IN LOVING MEMORY



MYRTLE HESS RAPPLEYE



NOVEMBER 26, 1920 – JUNE 29, 2018

HOLBROOK MORTUARY
3251 South 2300 East Salt Lake City, Utah
www.HolbrookMortuary.com
801-484-2045



FUNERAL SERVICE

July 6, 2018

Rosecrest 1st Ward

3101 South 2300 East – Millcreek, Utah

INTERMENT

Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park

1750 East 3300 South – Millcreek, Utah

Dedication of the Grave: Alan T. Rappleye – son

CASKET BEARERS – GRANDSONS

Michael A. Skousen	Adam R. Watson
Chad A. Rappleye	Joseph K. Rappleye
Aaron D. Watson	Hyrum N. Rappleye
Andy R. Watson	Jacob M. Rappleye

HONORARY CASKET BEARERS – GRANDSONS-IN-LAW

Eric Allen	Michael Murdock
Scott Driggs	Jeff Johnson
Chris Coleman	Brandon Epperson
Tyler Perry	

SERVICES

Officiating..... Bishop Thomas Monson
Family Prayer H. Kent Rappleye – son
Organist Rene Stevenson
Chorister Tom Helme
Opening Hymn Congregation
No.44 “Beautiful Zion, Built Above”

Invocation..... E. Michael Skousen – son-in-law
Obituary..... Michael A. Skousen – grandson
Speaker Caralyn Skousen – daughter
Vocal Solo Julie Murdock – granddaughter
“Savior, Redeemer of My Soul”
Accompanied by Shauna Petersen
Cello: Heidi Bastian

Speaker Arlene Rappleye – daughter-in-law
Speaker Alan T. Rappleye – son
Musical Number..... Grandchildren & Great-Grandchildren
“Love is Spoken Here”
Accompanied by Anali Rappleye – daughter-in-law
Chorister: Nancy Rappleye – daughter-in-law
Chorister: Karen Coleman – granddaughter

Speaker Nola Watson – daughter
Vocal Solo Aaron D. Watson – grandson
“Going Home”
Accompanied by Alayna Epperson – granddaughter

Speaker H. Kent Rappleye – son
Remarks..... Bishop Thomas Monson
Closing Hymn..... Congregation
No.308 “Love One Another”

Benediction..... David R. Watson – son-in-law