

Making Light of Goodbye . . .
[a eulogy for my father]

I've felt my father's presence most these past few days in those moments where the lovely light of dawn slowly rises out of the darkness . . . and says, "Here we are – a brand new day." Much like this place and the story we all ponder, it's a light, which, for all its scientific 'know how,' simply passeth understanding.

All of us here were touched by my father, a man who awakened that light within us.

It was a life lived and a life lived fully, and yet the reason I keep this short is I can hear my humble father saying, "enough already, let's go eat fried catfish together, mingle, find some love to give and receive and, oh yes, along the way -- be sure to do the important things, like teach a young shy kid how to wiggle their ears." That would be *me* but I know him . . . it would be a million others . . . all of you out there have your own stories.

The only way to continue loving and regarding such a spirit is to go out there and keep the stories going and live life to the fullest in his honor and our own; forgiving ourselves when we fall, when we fail, and just knowing in our hearts it's best to try for the good. Unlike God's way of accomplishing these things, for us humans it takes a lot of discipline and hard work. We are God's most complex handiwork in action, and Dad always believed we could do it — sometimes in the face of insurmountable odds.

It's curious the path he chose as his profession as I look back on it. My father took a pin, nails, some tools and collaborated with others to repair those parts of us that were broken; those parts that enable us to walk . . . and made them walk again. And yet for all his successes, he always emphasized his humanity, his failures, his humbleness before a larger and higher power . . . which brings me to his favorite song and quote by Leonard Cohen:

*Ring the bells that still can ring; forget your perfect offering.
There's a crack in everything; that's how the light gets in.*

My father taught me how to live but he also did the harder thing; he taught me how to die, with grace, dignity, humor . . . strangely, it seems to be the key to living . . .

We are all but dust, and yet, some dust is simply finer than others.

Thank you Dad. I'll miss you.

Roz Dimon
Memorial for Dr. Joseph H. "Skoot" Dimon, III
St. Anne's Church, Atlanta, Georgia
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