

# Sacred Journey

How they do live on,  
those giants of our childhood  
and how well they manage to take even death in their stride  
because although death can put an end to them right enough,  
it can never put an end to our relationship with them.

Wherever or however else they may have come to life since,  
it is beyond a doubt they live still in us.

Memory is more than a looking back to a time that is no longer;  
it is looking out into another kind of time altogether  
where everything that ever was continues  
not just to be,  
but to grow and change with the life that is in it still.

The people we loved. The people who loved us.

The people who for good or ill taught us things.

...Who knows what the “communion of saints” means,  
but surely it means more than just  
that we are....haunted by ghosts  
because they are not ghosts, these people we once know,

not just echoes of voices that have years since ceased to speak,  
but saints in the sense that through them  
something of the power and richness of life itself  
not only touched us once long ago,  
but continues to touch us...

It is as if they carry something of us on their way  
as we assuredly carry something of them on ours...

Except from Sacred Journey by Frederick Buechner