

GATHERING SONG

ON EAGLES WINGS

WORDS OF WELCOME

OPENING PRAYER

REFLECTIONS

A couple of days after Katie passed away; we found a poem she had written on top of her desk in her room. We discovered as we reviewed many of Katie's works, that much of her writing focused on loss, as though she knew she was only going to be here with us for a short time. In the first piece we would like to share Katie's vision of death.

Death

by Katie Enos

In the second poem, *The Eighth Day*, Katie talks about finding her way home. I remember asking her when she shared it with me "why eight days" and she told me she really didn't know why she had just written it that way. Ed and I realized after Katie was gone that it was eight days between her death and her funeral.

The Eighth Day

by Katie Enos

Read by Emily Valante

MEMORIAL BLESSING

By Fr. Peter

The holy water being used to bless the memorial was used at Katie's sacramental last rites at Children's Hospital in Boston

CLOSING SONG

LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH



THE EIGHTH DAY

by Katie Enos

For seven days and seven nights,
I sat upon a hill.

For seven days and seven nights,
I was very still.

For seven days and seven nights,
I watched the lonely Doe.

For seven days and seven nights,
The grass, it warmed my toes.

For seven days and seven nights,
The wind, it brushed my hair.

For seven days and seven nights,
The rain was always there.

For seven days and seven nights,
The cool breeze made me slight.

For seven days and seven nights,
The sun, it gave me sight.

For seven days and seven nights,
I sat a silent vigil,

And found that in my solitude,
I had many friends.

But on the eighth day,
I found myself alone.

Because, my friends,
I had found my way home.

December 2009

DEATH

By Katie Enos

Death is like that moment
right before Sunset.
At first it's dark, and scary,
and you feel utterly alone.
But slowly, as the sun rises,
you come to the realization,
that death is just another
form of life.
And what you left behind
is only temporarily lost.

THE FOREST

By Katie Enos

Leaves, billowing about softly,
Pine sap, thick throughout the forest,
Winds whistling gently around me,
Rough bark beneath my fingers,
Dinner, hot and fresh wafting from the window,
I'll stay here forever.

January 2009

The Enos family would like to thank our neighbors of Vinebrook for this wonderful and lasting memorial to our daughter Katie. We would also like to thank all of our family and friends who came today to celebrate this memorial bench dedication.

MEMORIAL BENCH DEDICATION SERVICE

DEDICATED TO
KATHERINE DELIA ENOS



NOVEMBER 27TH 2010