

## Brian's Burial Service

### Prayer:

Lord, you have called Brian, our brother, out of this world: lead him to your kingdom of love where your light and peace reign for all eternity. The Funeral Rites, p.29

### Life's Dream:

My brother Brian was a man of words. He painted with words a literary landscape of emotion, deep feelings, unspoken words, and colorings of thought. I am going to use some of the pictures he painted with the words he used and what his online literary friends shared about Brian.

Brian started his more serious work on computer web pages and more recently blogs when he could no longer work due to health problems. For Brian, in his own words, 'this work was a dream which, if realized, will long and long validate the deep worth of this outcast man [meaning himself] and the deep worth of every human; a dream which, if realized, will journey as yet another example of the positive fruits of adversity; a dream which, if not realized, will be for the man who dreamed it a wound from which recovery may be not possible.'

And again; 'The parable of the talents (Mt.25:14-30) tells us not to bury what we have been given but to nurture what we have been given so that not only will that survive and be of high value not at the first known. Be, therefore, ever vigilant, ever vibrant, ever more.'

The last year of his life Brian could no longer relate online with his friends. So he asked me to make the connections for him. He gave me one name, William Michaelian. Through William I was able to contact his other friends. Brian wanted their addresses so he could send each of them a note. Through William's blog the others were able to learn what was happening with Brian so I kept in contact with William through the year.

William posted, on his blog, a Farewell Tribute to Brian with one of Brian's poems, "About and About," posted by Brian May 29, 2009, in The Ghost in the Dumpster blog:

My whole life, Lord. My whole life.

...  
...

It's amazing I've accomplished  
what I have accomplished:  
I, so often on edge.

Before me is a poem:  
Maybe seven/versions of it.  
I do not like any of them.

And yet, I want to  
Salvage it... Why?

...

Such highs and lows today.  
Earlier, spurred by what  
I had been reading,

I drifted into wondering  
if there is such a thing  
as a perfect poem,

If it even matters—the words  
in it, and their order—  
given that the constant changes

In authors and audiences  
inevitably change whatever  
symbols constitute an artifact.

Oh, *O Westron Wind*  
came to me as a candidate  
for acceptable perfection,

and of course similar others  
pass through shadows about and  
about, their pleasing.

Still, none is perfect,  
and it seems to me  
near perfection resonates

with a more lasting force.  
So, what's to be done? As I forgive,  
forgive the sins of Brian (baj)

Along with this poem, William posted this comment:

“There are quite a few of us in the poetry community who have been concerned by Brian’s silence. Brian’s hunger for knowledge and understanding is a journey that takes him far and wide on the Web. I value his insightful comments and posts, and am especially impressed by the respectful way he presents his thoughts and ideas. His conduct is a model of grace. I feel lucky to have made his acquaintance, and, although we have never met, I’m pleased to count him as a friend.... Brian was a voracious reader and a knowledgeable participant in online poetic affairs. He will be missed.”

Mark Wallace's comment to the tribute states; "Brian's blog comments, to everyone, were always thoughtful and generous. His poem here is very fine, and I hope that more of his work becomes known."

Brian had stated on his web page; 'I wish that I might know the fullness of who I am and that that fullness be a blessing for humanity.'

Who am I?

Where is my heart?  
(my wonderful, beautiful, powerful heart so easily strayed)

Do I not understand  
the choices I make  
--toward good; toward evil—  
eternally matter?

Remember,  
every moment is God's moment.

"Be ye perfect,  
even as your Heavenly Father  
is perfect."

Yes, I know such perfection  
is beyond me;  
nonetheless, I still should be  
so inclined.

So  
should  
I be  
still  
.....in the spiritual mirror.

Brian,  
today, as you go forth,  
as you labor, as you exercise, as you rest,  
give, forgive, and  
pray  
.....with Jesus.

A Morning Reflection for Every Day, 2004

Brian also said; 'Do not place a premium on social acceptance, and never let the lack of it depress you or warp your psyche with a smoldering anger. Be: ever civil, ever creative, ever courageous, ever constant, and ever humble. If you must be a king, seek not to be

the king of thought but the king of effort. With deep motivation, then, dream, and test your dreams rigorously; yet never without a sense of humor pass the hours, for to paraphrase Dostoyevsky: it is our ability to laugh that makes us human.'

**Comments by other online poetry bloggers:**

Alberto: "But the words last forever, as well as the memories, as long as there are people, who give testimony of such a valuable existence."

Erin: "What we have is how we touch one another."

Jan: "Brian has left wonderful words, Brian has left a legacy, so in a way he continues on."

**Brian's Prayer for the World:**

Blessed Trinity

(Creator

Sustainer,

Redeemer

Sustainer,

Enlightener

Sustainer),

thank You

for each

human

[each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human,

each human].

Forgive each.

Deepen in

each of us:

wisdom, love,

serenity;

and courage,

and

determination;

and holy

creativity.

**Brian wrote:**

‘Consider what the best poems do. Are they not ways of capturing transient transcendence?’

‘Some days it is easy to miss God in action, especially where it involves a circumstance we are unhappy about. Definitely, if you want to see a revealed Jesus, Holy Spirit, Creator, you must be watchful, and that means you must be prepared even upon those moments your spirit was least prepared. Witness Peter upon his thrice denying knowing Jesus, and then when the cock crowed.’ 2003

And So There is Love

Hope  
Sailed out  
Like a life-saving  
Rope,  
Like the deep-seeing eye  
Of a telescope,  
Like a vigorous message from an envelope,  
Hope  
Sailed out.

And then there was love,  
Love, love, love.  
And then there was love.

Faith  
Reached in  
Like a heavenly  
Wraith,  
Like the heart-changing touch  
Of a power place,  
Like the rising-up music  
By a glory braced,  
Faith reached in.

And then there was love,  
Love, love, love.  
And then there was love.

And love  
Rose up  
Like a sudden white  
Dove,  
Like the resurrection

Of the Savior above,  
Like a hand of the Father  
For a tender shove,  
Love  
Rose up.

And so there is love,  
Love, love, love.  
And so there is love.

2001

**A comment Brian made in his Alden St. Cloud Journal:**

Creativity: angel of darkness, angel of light. If the need to create is in you, it will somehow out; and if each beginning born of it is knowledgeable and sensitively parented, that which outs will radiate, will stand mature, will live.

**Prayer:**

Lord, Those who die still live in your presence; their lives change but do not end. We pray in hope for Brian and for all the dead known to you alone. In company with Christ who died and now lives may they rejoice in your kingdom where all our tears are wiped away. Gather us there together again as one family to sing your praise forever and ever. Amen. The Funeral Rites, p.70

A Thank You Sonnet to the Blessed Trinity

For the music, to be able to hear;  
For the vision, to be able to see;  
For the textures, to be able to feel;  
For the flavors, to be able to taste;  
For the odors, to be able to smell;  
For the concepts, to be able to think;  
For the beauties, to be able to joy;  
For perfections, to be able to strive:

Thank you, Father Creator, Spirit, Lord,  
From whom the vital universes swing;  
From whom the virtues enter to transform;  
From whom the prayers through which you are adored;  
And back to whom my life and all I sing  
Imbuing each bright air, each blur, each storm...

**Prayer:**

We say farewell, but not good by for Brian is with us yet in the many variations of colorful thought, emotions and prayers that exist on his seven blogs. Just Google "Brian Salchert" and you can find whatever aspect of his legacy you would like to delve into.