

# 2022 Homeless Persons' Memorial Vigil

## Eulogy by Randle Loeb

### "Surrender"

- SIMPLE BALANCE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS -

#### WE ARE HEARD AND THEN WE VANISH FROM SIGHT INTO DARKNESS

Remembering when you were here  
I stumbled you found me when I had passed out disappeared was lost from all touch  
how I wished that you were here still beside me  
beside rushing waters absolving me of my aching heart gasping for air breathing into me  
a trembling bleeding hearts  
your courage to rise regaining my balance my way caring for me as a sanctified gift from  
afar  
It is quiet outside as the chill of the dark deep winter begins to hover over everything there is  
The world is descending into the earth  
There is a point when everything stops and remains frozen  
In this time sound is muffled  
One feels the sense of dread and longing for a warm fire and company  
There are many who have few places to go sit down sing gather in preparation for the Winter  
Solstice that comes to the longest night  
In this time we bow down and remember those who have died who had to stay outside  
suffering indignities  
suffering from the solitude snowy night darkness that is impenetrable remember that  
once there was a home a place where each one belonged  
a person to whom one was connected throughout history  
a bright glint of embers of a yule log ascending into the frigid night reminding us of both how  
precious and vulnerable that everyone is  
reminding us of how we all always in all ways are connected  
in the shelter of one another we all dwell  
in this moment we're stirred to hold one another to hold on and grasp hands around waists  
sing dance moves together in rhythms in circles of bonds that held us from the beginning.  
We remember sitting together around the fire  
providing warmth as long as we snuggled in a loving embrace held one another shoulder to  
shoulder protecting all of us  
making sacred compassion  
caring  
a haven for all  
we all belong  
for all else that we are offered we give thanks we remember that we are infinitesimal -  
glints to the reflecting of light throughout our firmament  
our touch is a brief memory that is implanted in our presence in this moment we will always  
have a place  
we are born  
thrust into the wilderness of yearning  
following us always until we are free  
dissipating into beyond being heard from no more  
Remembering in loving memory of Bleeding hearts  
your presence

As long as memory persists We lift our eyes toward you

With adulation that you're here In our broken hearts