

## memorial service

*In Memory of  
Kenneth Bissett  
1967 - 1988*

Then Almitra spoke, saying, We  
would ask now of Death.

And he said:

You would know the secret of  
death.

But how shall you find it unless  
you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes  
are blind unto the day cannot unveil the  
mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the  
spirit of death, open your heart wide  
unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even  
as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and  
desires lies your silent knowledge of the  
beyond;

And like seeds dreaming beneath  
the snow, your heart dreams of spring .

Trust the dreams, for in them is  
hidden the gate to eternity.

Your fear of death is but the  
trembling of the shepherd when he  
stands before the king whose hand is to

be laid upon him in honour.

Is the shepherd not joyful  
beneath his trembling, that he shall  
wear the mark of the king?

Yet is he not more mindful of his  
trembling?

For what is it to die but to stand  
naked in the wind and to melt into the  
sun?

And what is it to cease breathing,  
but to free the breath from its restless  
tides, that it may rise and expand and  
seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the  
river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the  
mountaintop, then you shall begin to  
climb.

And when the earth shall claim  
your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

- Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

When I was very young, someone once  
told me (or I read somewhere) never to step  
on the cracks in the sidewalk; to do so was  
certain bad luck ...

So now,  
Wherever I go,  
I make it a point to step over the cracks.

So now,  
I do my crazy dance of good luck wherever I go,  
Pirouetting madly across the cracks of misfortune.

... And I am now unknown to those  
around me, except as a strange man, dancing  
all the time.

- K. J. Bissett

As I was walking along,  
I looked up at the nighttime sky.  
I was passing under a tree,

But, rather than having the tree  
Moving past the stationary sky,  
I imagined that the night sky was moving:  
Pulled along by unseen chariots,

With white horses  
Or strong-armed, burly men  
Or brilliant, blue seagulls.

For a split second,  
The sky was a huge, blue tapestry;  
Perforated with tiny holes;  
Illuminated from above by some unseen light.

-K. J. Bissett

The  
Sacred Heart  
Church  
December 28  
1988

Greetings & Opening Prayer...

Letters of Ken's Uncle John, Brett  
Chenkin, Sara Keating...

Scripture Reading & Homily...

Intercessions...

Letters of David Didato, Matthew  
Murray, Michael Nicholas,  
Jonas Lee...

Candle Lighting Ceremony with  
a Reading of an Essay by Ken Bissett...

The Lord's Prayer...

Parting Words & Blessings.

Kenneth John Bissett

(1967-1988)