

FOUNDING CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY

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FUNERAL SERVICE

by L. Ron Hubbard

Our loss  
Is gain in other times.  
Our hopes on future bent  
Must then depend on incidents like these  
For bodies wear  
And in  
The fine grist mill of time  
Are spent in service such  
As yours  
And go, our time by smallest time  
Into the yesterday, wherein began  
The conquest of Eternity.  
What did we know

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When yesterday we wept?

What grip upon us had our ignorance

That we in our conceit did feel

That all of us were mortal here

And lives once led were spent

And wasted on our selfish selves.

How narrow is such scope

To feel that we

Should be eternally

The goal of all the toil

And wretchedness

From birth to death

And like a play

The curtain dropped

And left an empty stage.

How dull of us to feel that we

Were all the target of this strife

And that we lived but once

And living then did reconcile

The whole in one brief life.

Oh no, a wider drama here

Was planned and staged

And we with narrowness of mind

Did overlook the plan.

We said that all is

Mortal flesh

The spirit just a thing

To send, for pence

To some strange heaven

There to waste its skill

Or had we not the price

To some deep other place

To pain, and waste again

The life.

To what dark depths

Were dropped our minds

To feel that flesh

Is capable of love or trust or

Livingness

To feel that fingernails and masks

Are all we need to dream.

To what deep place

Did our love go

That mass could recompense?

Anxieties that ruled our years

Were nurtured here

And we  
Made blind and dumb

By other greed  
Spanned down our lives  
To One.  
What waste!  
To feel that all our love  
Our work,  
Our gifts,  
Our knowledge and our  
Sighs  
Were meant  
To be consumed  
All in one  
Breath and flash  
And by one name?  
Today, come wiser now  
The chains gone weak  
The tyranny of cult  
Gone tired with the years  
We look  
We find we *live*  
Not once  
But on and on  
From body's birth to  
Body's grave and then  
To birth again  
And yea to grave again  
So to dispose possessions  
Oft come undone  
With livingness.  
From century to century  
From age to age and on  
We go in march along  
The path that leads  
Forever up the countless  
Tick of time.  
We crawl, we walk, we fly  
We win  
From here and evermore  
The heritage of all our lives  
And spend it once again.  
Why this is no sad and  
Bleakish look  
No sorrowed thing  
This life.  
This is an adventure pure  
Where without knife or  
Provender we leap  
Aloft into eternity

And span forever in a breath.

This is adventure where

We step from tie to

Body tie

And go

Our way.

Our suff'ring is

Self centred here

For we have lost

In truth

The smile,

The touch,

The skill and happiness

We gained

From (deceased),

Who gave to us

From his/her past

Ability to live

And fare against

The tides and storms of fate

It's true we've lost

His/her shoulder

Up against the wheel

And lost as well his/her counsel

And his/her strength

But lost them

Only for a while.

He/she goes

Not with the dismal roll drum

But with a whisper like

A Faery's sigh

To smooth the way

For when we come.

He'll/she'll be in some good

Future time

And future place

His/her smile

His/her touch

His/her skill

Invested there to make

A way of life.

True, true we may not

Know him/her then and

Only know his/her work

But still

If we sent not ahead

Our vedettes into time

We would not have

A race.  
And so, branched off from  
This Genetic Line  
And into some new  
Corner or new world  
We've sent you, (deceased)  
And there there'll be  
We know it now,  
A smile,  
A touch,  
A happiness for us  
And you  
You could not find  
On earth  
And so it turns  
The day, the year,  
The age.  
And so we go  
With banners furled  
And quietly  
Upon our way.  
But now we know  
And now we'll find  
The Way.  
Into the dark  
Has come the Light  
Into tomorrow  
Enters night  
Into heaven  
Go no more  
Into life our  
Spirits soar  
Conquering ever  
Wisdom's store  
We do not tremble  
Faced with death  
We know that living  
Is not breath.  
Prevail!  
Go, (deceased)  
And take  
The life  
That offers now  
And live  
In good expectancy  
That we  
Go, (deceased)

You can control

That which you must.

Our loss

is gain

In wisdom and in skill

To future dates and other smiles

And so we send into the

Chain of all enduring time

Our heritage

Our hope

Our friend.

Goodbye, (deceased).

Your people thank you for having lived

Earth is Better for your having lived

Men, women and children are alive today

Because you lived.

We thank you for coming to us.

We do not contest your

Right to go away.

Your debts are paid.

This chapter of they life is shut

Go now, dear (deceased) and live once

more

In happier time and place.

Thank you, (deceased).

And now here lift up

Your eyes and say to

Him/her

Goodbye.

(Congregation): Goodbye.

Goodbye, our dear

Goodbye.

We'll miss you, you know.

Let the body now

Draw away

To be consumed to ashes

And to dust

In earthly and in cleanly fire

To be no more, no more.

And that is done.

Come friends,

He/she is all right

And he/she is gone.

We have our work

To do. And he/she has his/hers.

He/she will be welcome there.

To Man!

We of the Church believe:

That all men of whatever race, colour or creed were created with equal rights.

That all men have inalienable rights to their own religious practices and their performance.

That all men have inalienable rights to their own lives.

That all men have inalienable rights to their sanity.

That all men have inalienable rights to their own defence.

That all men have inalienable rights to conceive, choose, assist and support their own organisations, churches and governments.

That all men have inalienable rights to think freely, to talk freely, to write freely their own opinions and to counter or utter or write upon the opinions of others.

That all men have inalienable rights to the creation of their own kind.

That the souls of men have the rights of men.

That the study of the mind and the healing of mentally caused ills should not be alienated from religion or condoned in non-religious fields.

And that no agency less than God has the power to suspend or set aside these rights, overtly or covertly.

And we of the Church believe:

That man is basically good

That he is seeking to survive

That his survival depends upon himself and upon his fellows and his attainment of brotherhood with the Universe.

And we of the Church believe that the laws of God forbid Man:

To destroy his own kind

To destroy the sanity of another

To destroy or enslave another's soul

To destroy or reduce the survival of one's companions or one's group.

And we of the Church believe:

That the spirit alone may save or heal the body.

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