

# EULOGY

**GIVEN BY BARBARA LARKIN (DAUGHTER)  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1996  
IN MEMORY OF MONROE MANSELL REED (FATHER)  
[June 14, 1916 – November 14, 1996]**

Good afternoon.

I just wanted to share a few of my reflections about my life with my father and some of the valuable lessons I learned from him.

As Reverend Johnson mentioned, my father was a hard worker and had a strong sense of responsibility toward his family. We did not always get everything we wanted, but we always got everything we needed. He seemed to know what was in my best interest. He knew I was shy, so he would encourage me to go to social events, such as the record hops he often chaperoned when he was involved with the Key Club, an offshoot of the Kiwanis Club, of which he was an active member for as long as I can remember.

My father had a quiet strength. He drew out the best from me; not by demanding it, but by quietly expecting me to give my best effort and trusting me to do the right thing. He set high standards for himself and, through his example, I learned to set high standards for myself.

There was nothing phony or pretentious about my father. He was very down-to-earth and his word was his bond. I learned, from the example he set, the lessons of honesty and integrity.

He trusted me with responsibilities at an early age by having me work in his 5 & 10 Cent store. I learned, through hands-on experience, everything involved in running a business, such as bookkeeping, budgeting, inventory control, marketing, selling, handling money, and customer service. This experience has helped me immensely throughout my life. I credit my strong work ethic and my pride in a job well done to my upbringing.

The best thing my father ever did for me was knowing when to let go – to guide and advise me, but to basically let me make my own choices and learn from my own life experiences. He trusted me to make the responsible choice and I usually did. I learned to expect of myself no less than what my father knew all along I was capable of accomplishing. My father was a very wise man.

Although he was somewhat reserved, he had a tender side. I remember awakening from a bad dream and he picked me up and comforted me. I knew everything would be all right, simply because he assured me it would be. When I was sick in bed, he brought me a little doll or toy to cheer me up and spoon-fed me honey to sooth my sore throat when I awoke coughing in the middle of the night.

Active in the church and community oriented, my father was well-liked and respected by everyone. He had a sharp mind and a quick wit.

What I will remember most about my father was his marvelous sense of humor and how he loved to laugh. I will always remember, with a smile, the night we were watching Johnny Carson's antics as "Carnac The Magnificent." When Johnny Carson, in his big blue Carnac turban, tripped on the stage platform on the way to his chair, my father laughed so hard he was doubled up, holding his sides, and tears were running down his cheeks. He had a hearty laugh, and when he laughed, he laughed with his whole body and soul.

Dad, I will miss hearing your laughter, seeing you smile, and observing the sparkle of life in your clear blue eyes.

Yet, I will not be sad, for I know that, although the body your spirit inhabited while you were here on earth grew old and weary and is laid to rest, your spirit lives eternal and will never die. You will always be as near as a thought of you away; for to live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.

Surrounded by love, may you go in peace toward the light as your soul makes the transition from this world of time and space restrictions, to a world of eternal freedom, and love, and light, and peace.

I love you.

Your daughter,  
Barbara



## *I DID NOT DIE*

*Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there  
I do not sleep  
I am a thousand winds that blow  
I am the diamond glint on snow  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain  
I am the gentle autumn rain  
When you awake in the morning hush  
I am the swift, uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight  
I am the soft starlight at night  
Do not stand at my grave and cry  
I am not there  
I did not die*

*...Author Unknown*