WHERE HAS THE PINE BOX GONE?

Only as an observation do I attempt to dwell on the subject. I mean no disrespect to anyone's loss of a loved one. Each do as their conscience tells them, In the passing of a loved person going to the great beyond. I cannot fathom some of the finery at some funerals. Some of the caskets are a great work of art, Made of the finest wood with much care. Some are so heavy each pallbearer thinks only them are carrying the body. What really struck me, the elaborate boxes people take with them. I suppose at best the departed ones resting place is on display for a very short time before the earth swallows it up. Put in a dug hole with all it's splendor, It can only be that those that remain paying their respects. Yes, there can be simple observations for the departed. Seems as though undertakers do offer many services to the dead. The world will little know or long remember pomp and ceremony, I really wonder at whose expense. To honor the departed the remaining loved ones have the say. What I have observed is you can take it with you when you go. But, the journey has ended for the departed. What was done in a lifetime on earth has passed on. The expectations of the place for the soul to dwell Will come to each without fail. Life will speak for itself, no matter the style. Many a soul has gone to their grave with no box at all. What really matters is Judgment Day for those departed, Not the box you are laid to rest in. It only holds the mortal remains, not the soul of the departed.