

A TRIBUTE TO MAY PURDY

It was on Oct. 20, 1949, that we gathered again, this time to pay our last respects to May Purdy. The funeral services were held at the Methodist Church in Pine City, after which thirty cars of people formed a procession to the Hustletown Cemetery. The day was dark and cloudy and occasional mist fell on the windshields of the cars. You wondered if it would turn to snow. Weather forecasts had mentioned that snow was falling in the western Dakotas and Montana.

Arriving at the cemetery, we got out of our cars and gathered around the grave. Her body was committed to the earth. Together, we all repeated Our Lord's prayer. As Rev. Miller spoke the final words, a wintry blast swept through the cemetery, over the bowed heads. With the final ceremonies finished, we turned to go back to our cars. A flock of geese was heard coming from the east. They could be heard but not seen through the heavy clouds. Gradually they came closer and finally they became distinguishable through the mist. They seemed to be heading toward the cemetery. They came quite close and when almost directly overhead, they ~~seem~~ seemed to hesitate and flounder as though they instinctively felt that they too, should pause on their journey and pay tribute to the one who had just passed away. Momentarily their lines broke, then turning at right angles, away from the cemetery, their lines again began to take form and in a V formation they headed south, soon passing from view in the clouds, their honking growing fainter and fainter. Winter was drawing nigh. Our feathered friends were heading south. Another season almost ended.