

Eulogy for Paul

I still can't believe that Paul has passed away. Oh, I know he's been battling the cancer for four years, and the specialist told him it was terminal over two years ago, and we could see him fade from visit to visit, but... I can't imagine a world without big brother there to spread his loving protective mantle over everyone he came across. The doctor has said, self-satisfied fool, that Paul had done well to last this long. How well is it to die at 32? Come on!

A eulogy at a funeral is supposed to cherry-pick all the good things. With Paul, I'd need to search far and wide to find anything else. Big brother was always, always there to protect us from bullying. I remember, I once forgot to take my lunch with me to school. He insisted on giving me his and stood over me until I ate it all. When I was worried about failing some of my exams, he stayed up till 2 a.m. studying subjects that were strange to him, just so he could coach me.

Sorry for the tears. I'll... I do have more to say, somehow.

He was the best man at my wedding, and godfather to Li'l Paul. Three guesses why we named our son that.

OK. Yeah, sure, he and I had a special connection. But he had a special connection to anyone who This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered to charities. I remember a not starving. I don't need to sleep on the streets.

There is a cliché about the good dying young... Sorry. I've just got to go.

Tears tracking down his face, Kevin Morrissey stumbled off the stage, made it as far as the front row of seats and plopped down next to Julia, with Li'l Paul on her lap. The five-year-old reached out his arms toward him, and Kev hugged him close.

Dad was now speaking, but Li'l Paul said, quite loudly, "It's OK Daddy, I'll look after you now!"

Dad stopped, and led the friendly laughter by the fifty or so people in the hall. The old man spoke into the microphone, "You see, it goes with the name. Kev is right: even as a tiny tot, Paul always put his own needs last. He nursed injured animals back to health, as a twelve-year-old got it into his head to regularly visit the nursing home near our house to read to the oldies who had no family, and his chosen profession of social worker is one of constant giving." Dad took off his glasses, wiped his eyes with a handkerchief, then replaced the glasses and looked