

Anna Marie Rittmiller

Funeral Project

Religion 120

11/28/2012

# Part I

## Obituary

### Anna Marie Rittmiller

April 26, 1991 – May 18, 2013

Anna Marie Rittmiller, 22, died tragically on Saturday in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

She was a 2009 graduate of Mid-West High School in Middleburg, PA and was a recent 2013 graduate of Lycoming College in Williamsport, PA. She earned a dual Bachelors of Arts degree in Business Administration (Marketing) and Corporate Communications. While attending Lycoming, she participated in United Campus Ministries, Dance Club, Choir, Chamber Choir, Tour Choir, Gamma Delta Sigma, Institute for Management Studies, Delta Mu Delta, Lambda Pi Eta, Gamma Sigma Alpha, Order of Omega, and was the student assistant to the Academic Resource Center.

Anna Marie was born in Kingston, New York to Kurt J. Rittmiller and Denise E. Rittmiller (Walters), and she moved to Middleburg with her family in the fall of 1993 where they resided until her death. Along with both her parents, surviving is her younger brother, Jon “Woody” Rittmiller of Middleburg, PA, and her paternal grandmother, Blanche M. Rittmiller of Saugerties, NY.

A viewing will take place from 2:00-4:00PM and 6:00-8:00PM on Tuesday, May 21, at Allen and Redmond Funeral Home, 331 Elmira Street, Williamsport, PA. The funeral service will be held at 11:00AM on Wednesday, May 22, at Grace Covenant Community Church, 99 Café Lane, Middleburg by Pastor Alan Potter. Following the funeral, there will be a graveside service at Glendale Cemetery, Market Street, Middleburg. All family and friends are welcome to attend.

Condolences may be sent to 64 West Hollow Road, Middleburg, PA 17842.

## Mode of Death

On May 18, 2013 at 2:00PM, my family has planned a graduation party for me that is being held at the Bullfrog Brewery on 4<sup>th</sup> Street in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. My job is to drive to Lycoming College to pick up my younger brother, an Accounting major who is taking a May Term class there. While I am driving on Route 15 and nearing South Williamsport, I pull out my iPhone in order to update my Facebook status to inform my friends to not forget to come to my graduation party. As I am typing, I forget to pay attention to the road and my speed, and before I know what is happening, my car swerves off the road and runs straight into a tree. The paramedics show up about 10 minutes later, but I died on impact. I am declared dead at 1:42PM.

## Location and Cemetery Cost

Cemetery: Glendale Cemetery  
Location: Market Street, Middleburg, PA 17842  
Costs: Gravesite plot: \$1500  
Engraved Tombstone: \$1000

## Cost Analysis

Basic Services of Funeral Director and Staff	\$3,095.00
Transfer of Remains to Funeral Home	\$475.00
Embalming	\$925.00
Other Preparation of Remains	\$595.00
Memorial Service at facility	\$1,670.00
Funeral Ceremony at facility other than funeral home	\$1,670.00
Graveside Ceremony	\$765.00
Hearse to Final Disposition	\$485.00
Plain Concrete Burial Vault	\$995.00
Laurel Maple Hardwood Casket	\$2,475.00
Death Certificate copies (7 copies at \$9 each)	\$63.00
Memorial Cards (200)	\$325.00
Thank You Cards (100)	\$245.00
Custom Printed Guest Register	\$45.00
<b>TOTAL COST OF SERVICES</b>	<b>\$13,828.00</b>

# Part II

## Viewing

The viewing was held on May 21, 2013 – 3 days after my tragic death. Because I died near Williamsport and attended school there, my family decided to use the services of and have the viewing at Allen and Redmond Funeral Home on 331 Elmira Street, Williamsport. To accommodate my family and allow visitors enough time to arrive in Williamsport, the viewing had two separate time slots from 2:00-4:00PM and 6:00-8:00PM.

The funeral director, Louis C. Sibula, dressed me in my favorite dress with a pearl necklace and earrings and put on mascara and blush. According to the wishes of my family, my cousin Cori Smith, a cosmetologist, did my hair and painted my fingernails. Within the coffin, my family placed Lamby, a stuffed lamb that I've had since the day I was born.

After entering the funeral home, friends and family first signed the custom printed guest book and then walked toward the main room. In the main room, my body laid in the Laurel Maple casket surrounded by flowers. On the TV screen in the main room, there was a picture slideshow celebrating my life. My mother, father, brother, and Nanna stood around my body, greeting visitors and accepting the condolences my friends and family gave them. After visitors made their last respects, they had the opportunity to move to the side room to view the memory boards filled with pictures of my life from birth until death. In this room, they were able to talk to each other to reminisce about me, which allowed my friends and family to first begin their grieving process.

Around 8:00PM, the viewing was officially over. However, directly following the viewing, there was a short ceremony to close my casket. Regardless of my friends or family's age, everyone who wished to attend was welcomed to witness the closing of my casket. My family and closest friends gathered around my casket, allowing themselves one last time to view my

face. Pastor Alan Potter, the lead pastor of Grace Covenant Community Church, read Romans 8:31-39:

*“Can anything ever separate us from Christ’s love? Does it mean he no longer loves us if we have trouble or calamity, or are persecuted, or hungry, or destitute, or in danger, or threatened with death? As the Scriptures say, ‘For your sake we are killed every day; we are being slaughtered like sheep.’ No, despite all these things, overwhelming victory is ours through Christ, who loved us. And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from God’s love. Neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither our fears for today nor our worries about tomorrow—not even the powers of hell can separate us from God’s love. No power in the sky above or in the earth below—indeed, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.”(NLT)*

After the reading of the verse, my family and friends laid hands on my mother, father, brother, and Nanna as the four of them closed my casket for the last time. When the casket was closed, the funeral director wheeled my casket away while my family walked out of the main room.

## Funeral Service

The funeral was held the day after the viewing on May 22, 2013 at 11:00AM. The service was held at Grace Covenant Community Church in Middleburg, PA, the church of which I was a member. Upon entering the church, my friends, family, and fellow church members signed the guest book and received programs from my two closest friends, Josiah Farnsworth and Monica Rozelle. In the lobby area before the entrance to the sanctuary, people had the opportunity to greet one another and take a last look at the picture boards that were at the viewing. In the sanctuary, my closed casket sat near the stage that serves as the altar. Flower bouquets laid on the stage around my casket, as well as the casket spray which sat on top. Also on top of the casket rested a framed picture of me.

At 11:00AM, Pastor Alan Potter walked down the main aisle and took his place beside the casket. Following Pastor Potter were my mother, father, brother, and Nanna who sat in the front row on the left. Standing beside the coffin, Pastor Alan Potter said, “Church, we come

together to praise God as we celebrate the life of Anna Marie Rittmiller. Today, we grieve the loss of our beloved daughter, sister, niece, cousin, and friend. Although our earthly pain remains, we are comforted in knowing we will see her again. May God grant us comfort and let His peace fill us today.”

After Pastor Potter was finished speaking, he said a prayer. Then, the church worship leader, Jeff Crossgrove, led the congregation in singing “Untitled Hymn (Come to Jesus)” by Chris Rice:

*Weak and wounded sinner  
Lost and left to die  
O, raise your head, for love is passing by  
Come to Jesus  
Come to Jesus  
Come to Jesus and live!*

*Now your burden's lifted  
And carried far away  
And precious blood has washed away the stain, so  
Sing to Jesus  
Sing to Jesus  
Sing to Jesus and live!*

*And like a newborn baby  
Don't be afraid to crawl  
And remember when you walk  
Sometimes we fall...so  
Fall on Jesus  
Fall on Jesus  
Fall on Jesus and live!*

*Sometimes the way is lonely  
And steep and filled with pain  
So if your sky is dark and pours the rain, then  
Cry to Jesus  
Cry to Jesus  
Cry to Jesus and live!*

*O, and when the love spills over  
And music fills the night  
And when you can't contain your joy inside, then  
Dance for Jesus*

*Dance for Jesus  
Dance for Jesus and live!*

*And with your final heartbeat  
Kiss the world goodbye  
Then go in peace, and laugh on Glory's side, and  
Fly to Jesus  
Fly to Jesus  
Fly to Jesus and live!*

When the song was over, Jon Rittmiller, my brother, read John 14:1-3 from the Bible at his request:

*"Don't let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, and trust also in me. There is more than enough room in my Father's home. If this were not so, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a place for you? When everything is ready, I will come and get you, so that you will always be with me where I am. And you know the way to where I am going." (NLT)*

As my brother took his seat, my boyfriend Tyler Wuerthner walked to the front and read my favorite poem, "The Rainy Day" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

*The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.*

*My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.*

*Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.*



Following the poem, the worship leader led the congregation in singing "I Still Believe"  
by Jeremy Camp:

*Scattered words and empty thoughts  
seem to pour from my heart  
I've never felt so torn before  
seems I don't know where to start  
But it's now that I feel Your grace falls like rain  
from every fingertip, washing away my pain*

*I still believe in Your faithfulness  
I still believe in Your truth  
I still believe in Your holy word  
even when I don't see, I still believe*

*Though the questions still fog up my mind  
with promises I still seem to bear  
even when answers slowly unwind  
it's my heart I see You prepare  
but it's now that I feel Your grace fall like rain  
from every finger tip, washing away my pain*

*I still believe in Your faithfulness  
I still believe in Your truth  
I still believe in Your holy word  
even when I don't see, I still believe*

*The only place I can go is into your arms  
where I throw to you my feeble prayers  
in brokenness I can see that this was your will for me  
Help me to know You are near*

*I still believe in Your faithfulness  
I still believe in Your truth  
I still believe in Your holy word  
even when I don't see, I still believe*

After the song ended, Pastor Bob Landis, my uncle, read Psalm 23 from the Bible:

*"The LORD is my shepherd; I have all that I need.  
He lets me rest in green meadows;  
he leads me beside peaceful streams.*

*He renews my strength.  
He guides me along right paths, bringing honor to his name.  
Even when I walk through the darkest valley,  
I will not be afraid for you are close beside me.  
Your rod and your staff protect and comfort me.  
You prepare a feast for me in the presence of my enemies.  
You honor me by anointing my head with oil.  
My cup overflows with blessings.  
Surely your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me  
all the days of my life,  
and I will live in the house of the LORD forever.”(NLT)*

After the verse, my cousin Cori Smith had requested to perform a song in my honor. She walked to the piano and sang “I Can Only Imagine” by Mercy Me:

*I can only imagine  
What it will be like  
When I walk  
By Your side  
I can only imagine  
What my eyes will see  
When Your face  
Is before me*

*I can only imagine  
I can only imagine*

*Surrounded by Your glory, what will my heart feel?  
Will I dance for You Jesus or in awe of you be still?  
Will I stand in Your presence or to my knees will I fall?  
Will I sing hallelujah, will I be able to speak at all?  
I can only imagine  
I can only imagine*

*I can only imagine  
When that day comes  
And I find myself  
Standing in the sun  
I can only imagine  
When all I will do  
Is forever  
Forever worship You*

*I can only imagine  
I can only imagine*

*Surrounded by Your glory, what will my heart feel?  
Will I dance for You Jesus or in awe of You be still?  
Will I stand in Your presence or to my knees will I fall?  
Will I sing hallelujah, will I be able to speak at all?*

*I can only imagine  
I can only imagine  
(repeat)  
I can only imagine  
When all I will do  
Is forever,  
forever worship you*

*I can only imagine*

When the song had ended, my father's sister, Aunt Paula Sirc, walked to the front to read my Eulogy:

*"Our family stands before this gathered crowd, our pain exposed and raw, seeking solace and a measure of comfort as we lay our beloved Anna Marie to rest. My brother and sister-in-law – our entire family – would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many people who took the time over these last few numbing days to stop in and tell us how Anna Marie touched their lives. There were so many happy stories. And they were matched, of course, with so very many tears.*

*Anna Marie faced a future of shining promise and we deeply grieve that it will never be realized. As we struggle to make sense of this most senseless death, we seek universal meaning and are trying not to simply focus on the searing pain of our own loss. But, it's so very difficult. It's difficult because Anna Marie was a rare gift – she lived life with inimitable élan and distinctive vigor. I could list her many academic, theatrical, and civic accomplishments she achieved during her truncated life, but the mere fact that this room remains at overfill capacity and the line of mourners still snakes out the door and down the street, tells me that her biggest accomplishment is the joy she inspired in others.*

*I know I echo many people's thoughts today; we're all wondering how Anna Marie, who, by all accounts, made careful and reasonable decisions, could pay so dearly for a single moment of thoughtlessness – a simple text message that carried with it utterly devastating consequences. Rather than pointing to her tragic death as an example of how abruptly a budding life can be snuffed short, however, we ask that everyone remember Anna Marie for her joie de la vie and how she instilled that joy in others.*

*For me, Anna Marie's absence will be most palpable at family functions, especially Thanksgivings at my house, as her presence always added a particular lightness, and sense of levity, to the occasion. After pie was served, she would eagerly lend her artistic talents to*

*decorating the annual gingerbread house; it will be bittersweet to continue the tradition, but, Anna Marie, you will not be forgotten. I vow to always set a place in your memory at my Thanksgiving table.*

*I'd like to close with a stanza of an ee cummings poem that I dedicate to the memory of my beautiful niece, whose heart we now carry in our own.*

*'here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows  
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart*

*i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)'"*

At the conclusion of the eulogy, Pastor Potter invited my family and friends to share any memories or stories they shared with me while I was alive. After the last person wanting to speak had spoken, the congregation stood and sang from on the overhead projector screens the words to the hymn, "God Be with You 'til We Meet Again":

*God be with you till we meet again;  
by his counsels guide, uphold you,  
with his sheep securely fold you;  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*(Refrain:)*

*Till we meet, till we meet,  
till we meet at Jesus' feet;  
till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;  
'neath his wings securely hide you,  
daily manna still provide you;  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*(Refrain)*

*God be with you till we meet again;  
when life's perils thick confound you,  
put his arms unfailing round you;  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*(Refrain)*

*God be with you till we meet again;  
keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
smite death's threatening wave before you;  
God be with you till we meet again.  
(Refrain)*

Although my church is independent from a denomination, Pastor Potter concluded the service with a prayer from United Methodist Book of Worship 150: "Oh God, all that You have given us is Yours. As first You gave Anna Marie to us, now we give Anna Marie back to You. Receive Anna Marie into the arms of Your mercy. Raise Anna Marie up with all Your people. Receive us also, and raise us into a new life. Help us to love and serve You in this world that we may enter into Your joy in the world to come. Amen."

The funeral service officially came to an end at around 11:50AM when six pallbearers – Jon Rittmiller, Tyler Wuerthner, Josiah Farnsworth, Dominic Carmeci, Chris Ulrich, and Colton Kerstetter – carried my coffin back up the main aisle to the back of the sanctuary where a door leading outside was opened and the hearse was waiting. My casket was placed in the hearse which then led the guests in the funeral procession to Glendale Cemetery for the Committal.

## Committal

The committal service took place directly after the funeral service Glendale Cemetery. My pallbearers took my casket out from the hearse and placed it beside the open grave, on the plot my family had purchased. In front of my casket, my immediate family sat on chairs while the rest of my family and friends gathered around them. Pastor Alan Potter began the short service by reading 1 Corinthians 15:51-55:

*"Dear brothers and sisters, our physical bodies cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. These dying bodies cannot inherit what will last forever. But let me reveal to you a wonderful secret. We will not all die, but we will all be transformed! It will happen in a moment, in the blink of an eye, when the last trumpet is blown. For when the trumpet sounds, those who have died will be raised to live forever. And we who are living will also be*

*transformed. For our dying bodies must be transformed into bodies that will never die; our mortal bodies must be transformed into immortal bodies. Then, when our dying bodies have been transformed into bodies that will never die, this Scripture will be fulfilled: "Death is swallowed up in victory.*

*O death, where is your victory?*

*O death, where is your sting?"*

*For sin is the sting that results in death, and the law gives sin its power. But thank God! He gives us victory over sin and death through our Lord Jesus Christ." (NLT)*

After reading the verse, Paster Potter rested his hand on my casket and said, "Anna Marie is not here. She stands in the presence of Jesus Christ. The body that lies before us is an empty vessel. The body now returns to the earth, from which our bodies came. The spirit returns to God who gave it, waiting for the day when both spirit and body shall again be united at the coming of the Lord."

Pastor Alan then concluded the service by asking everyone to bow their heads in prayer. He prayed, "Heavenly Father, we thank you today for Jesus, for the precious gift of eternal life, and for the comfort of your Holy Spirit. Despite of our earthly sorrow, we thank you for your grace and the promise of everlasting life. And in the face of separation, we thank you for the promise of eternal reunion. We thank you for Anna Marie's life here on earth, and we recognize that the body is not her, but rather is the vessel in which she lived. We know that Anna Marie is with you now, rejoicing in your presence. So Father, we now commit the body of Anna Marie to this earth, and we celebrate that her spirit is with you eternally. We look forward to the day when we are again reunited. We pray that you will strengthen and sustain Anna Marie's friends and family in the days, weeks, and months to come, and thank you that we are never without hope or comfort. In your name we pray, amen."

Before my casket was placed in the vault to be lowered into the grave, my mother took 22 flowers out of the casket spray in remembrance of me.

# Part III

## Funeral Meal

After the Committal service, my family and friends were invited back to Grace Covenant Community Church to partake in the post-funeral meal. Common Grounds Café, the café across the parking lot of the church and owned by Pastor Alan Potter's wife, Heidi, donated all the food on my behalf. The menu included ham and turkey wraps, chicken salad sandwiches, potato salad, fruit salad, and chocolate cake with peanut butter icing.

During the meal, friends and family reminisced about past memories with each other and me. Framed pictures of me with friends and family scattered the tables, helping to start conversations and allowing memories to be recalled. On a table by the door, there was a basket where guests were able to donate money if they so wished to help my family cover funeral costs. After the meal was over, my friends and family said their goodbyes and headed back to their homes.

## Organ Donor

Throughout all my life, I have had such a passion for helping and caring for other people. This was probably turned on my strong Christian upbringing. Because of this, my earthly body meant nothing to me after I died, which is why I had chosen to become an organ donor when I first got my driver's license at 16 years of age. I have made my wishes known to my parents many times since then, and they chose to honor my wishes when I died. After that car accident that resulted in my death, all of my functioning organs were harvested and given to people who needed them.

## Post-Funeral Care: Family

As soon as my church family and other friends heard about my fatal accident, they began cooking meals for my family so they wouldn't have to worry about cooking while planning for my funeral. When my funeral was over, they continued to provide meals to my family, as well as offering to help around the house, assist in outside chores, and lend a listening ear. My family was extremely appreciative and often accepted a friendly ear to talk to. Pastor Alan Potter stopped by the house a couple days after the funeral to pray a blessing over the house and healing for my family. A week later, my mother and father began attending grief sessions hosted by a program at my church. Here, my parents were able to talk about all of the wonderful moments we had together on earth and even discuss their anger over my death. These sessions helped to remind them that while they are allowed to miss me, everything happens for a reason and I am in a better place. They also helped my parents realize that no matter what they are feeling or going through, they are never alone. For the first month after my death, my parents visited my grave once a week and brought fresh flowers to place beside them.

## Post-Funeral Care: Lycoming College

Although his professors were understanding during the week of my viewing and funeral, my brother eventually returned to his May term class at Lycoming College. There, United Campus Ministries and Counseling Services provided individual grief counseling for him until he was done with class. Other grief sessions were held for any member of the college to attend as well. When Fall Semester started at the end of the summer, United Campus Ministries, led by Jeff Lecrone, held a small service in my honor for any student who could not make it to the funeral during the summer.



# Part IV

## Theory

A ritual can be defined as a repeated behavior that becomes familiar in society that provides a sense of “supportive stability in times of personal or social disorientation” (Irion 160). It invites people to respond to a certain situation the way others have done in the past, which helps to conserve energy since behaviors do not need to be reinvented (Irion 161). A funeral is a ritual that’s purpose is not only to celebrate the life of the individual, but also to begin the grieving process of the surviving friends and family. The funeral and services aid the surviving family and friends both psychologically and spiritually. The celebration of life and the finality of the funeral is the beginning of the grief process, which is helped by grief work.

Instead of the old theory of dealing with grief where a mourner would confront the loss, work through it, and receive detachment, grief work provides tasks that a mourner goes through. Grief work also goes hand-in-hand with the Dual Process Model of Grief, which is how a mourner alternates between loss and normalization.

One of the ways the funeral shows loss is that it must deal with reality, which links to a task in grief work that says the mourner must have physical acceptance that the person has died. A way my funeral service helped show reality was that my body was present and shown during the viewing. The people that attended the viewing then physically knew that I was dead and no longer with them. Another way it showed reality was by using the words “dead” and “died” instead of “passed away” or any similar phrases. The funeral also must have people show emotion and express their grief in some way. This was shown in my funeral when the songs my loved ones sang and the poems they read in my honor. Although not written into my service, my friends and family would have expressed their grief at my death by crying. The funeral must be solely focused on the person who has died and they must be given the dignity they deserve. My funeral completely was focused on me and my life and the memories I left

behind. This was shown not only by the obituary my family had placed in our local newspaper, but also by my friends and family telling stories and sharing memories before, during, and after my service. Along with a focus on the person, the funeral should have a focus on preserving the memory of the deceased. Although surviving loved ones should learn to live on, the deceased can never be forgotten. At my funeral, there were memory boards with my photos and achievements, a slideshow provided by the funeral home, and pictures of me on the table at the post-funeral meal. These reminders, as well as retelling stories with me, help keep my memory alive in the hearts of my family and friends. The funeral must also present the death of a person with a sense of finality. The way this was shown was by the closing of the casket ceremony. When the casket closed for good, my family knew that it was the last time they would see my face apart from pictures. Another way to instill a sense of finality is to decrease the talk about life after death, even though it is difficult not to resort to that state of mind. Scholar Paul Irion states, "It is always tempting to focus funerals on the hope for new life rather than on the fact of death" (Irion 167). The person is dead and no matter how much people wish otherwise, they are never coming back.

One way that the funeral and the other services bring about normalization is by the funeral meal. At my funeral meal, my family and friends sat around talking and eating together – acts that are both normal activities. This is what facilitates the beginning of grief work. Another way normalization is brought is by the social support a death provides. This brings together both the public and private aspects of a funeral. The social support was shown by how as soon as my family and friends heard about my death and continuing well after my funeral, they minimized my grieving family's responsibilities by giving them food and offering to do chores and errands. The funeral also needs to provide a hope for the future and affirm that life goes on. The grief counseling and sessions my family was involved in helped to reaffirm that although they will always love and remember me, their lives will continue to move on. No matter how much they are grieving, time heals everything.

## Aspects of a Child's Death

Even though I died when I was 22 years old, my death would still be considered a child death since both of my parents are still living. An important task in grief work is learning that life goes on by reinvesting their energy into other relationships. However, it is very important that they do not have another child as my replacement. They will be filled with a different kind of guilt called "survivor guilt," which is when they wonder why they couldn't have died instead. Children are considered an extension of their parents, so when children die before their parents, they feel as though a piece of them has died too. My funeral offered many opportunities to aid my parents in their grieving process. For example, seeing my dead body at the viewing and then having the closing of the casket ceremony helped them accept that my death is final and real. The services and post-funeral care allowed for my parents to understand that no matter what they are feeling, others understand and they will never be alone. Also, my funeral heavily promoted that God has all situations under control and that He will bring healing and comfort to them.

## Bibliography

Hughes, Richard. Death and Dying. Lycoming College, Williamsport, PA. Lecture Notes.

Irion, Paul. 1991. "Changing Patterns of Ritual Response to Death." *OMEGA* 22:159-171.

The United Methodist Church. 2009. *The United Methodist Book of Worship*. Nashville: The United Methodist Publishing House.