**Sample Eulogy One: Eulogy for Malcolm**

**Background notes:**

Malcolm and his wife, Margaret 'retired' into our neighborhood. Both were extremely quiet people who spent most of their time making their house and garden beautiful.

Malcolm was a little man physically but large in generosity. He had been a hard working builder, the ultimate 'do-it-yourself'  guy. Over the years he transformed their little patch and we spent many happy times swapping gardening hints and plant cuttings.

Malcolm's service respected his wishes. It was simple and non-religious.

**The text of the eulogy I wrote for Malcolm**

We heard Malcolm before we met him. And that was an irony as we later found out.

He and Margaret had scarcely moved into our street before the concrete mixer started growling. It went and went as Malcolm transformed his back yard into what would become a showcase for his flowers and vegetables.

Our cat 'Ever-Ready' engineered the introduction bringing us together. She was small, black and ever-ready for a feed or a cuddle. During that time there was no-one at home through the day and Ever-Ready roamed. She inevitably found Malcolm and Margaret. It was true love. She had a second home and was utterly spoiled. There were special treats of milk and more. They called her ‘our little girl’ and I got regular updates of her daily adventures.

When she became very ill, it was Malcolm and Margaret who accompanied me to the vet for her final visit.

But what I cherished most about Malcolm was his love of plants and in particular flowers. He spent hours growing them outside and embroidering them inside. His hands, so capable with a concrete mixer or a shovel, could also turn out fine needlework. I have several cross stitched blooms and treasure them.

To me they represent his patience, perseverance and quiet endurance. Toward the end, even in severe pain, he worked on creating these little beauties.

Malcolm called me the Flower–Fairy, a name given because when I went past their letterbox for my evening walk I often dropped in a flower from what ever was blooming in my garden.

In return I now call him the Flower–Elf. I know I won’t sit down to embroider as he did so instead I offer up a thought posy.

Here’s rosemary sweet and aromatic for remembrance.  
A snip of pale pink rosebuds for friendship  
A collection of pansies for loving thoughts   
Some larkspur signifying a beautiful spirit

And lastly because, I know you’ll remember the alstroemeria I gave you: how it invaded your garden and how hard you worked to get rid of it, some of that too. It stands for ‘aspiring’ and I know it will make you smile.

Thank-you Malcolm for your gentle love, friendship and kindness. We will   
remember.

**Sample Eulogy Two: For my sister  Elizabeth**

**Background notes to this eulogy:**

Rather than write a formal 'sentence by sentence' eulogy, I chose to take 'snapshots' of our childhood featuring the two of us.

Despite the eulogy being segmented it does have a three-part structure. It opens with her birth and the qualities she brought with her. The middle section is devoted to she and me. The ending returns to the start with a summary of her qualities. The repetition of her name throughout was to reinforce her being made up of many individual parts even though all of them were called 'Elizabeth'.

I've asterisked parts of this sample eulogy that you may need further explanation for in order to understand them.

**Eulogy for Elizabeth**

**Elizabeth:** an enormous capacity and will to live.  
Our mother spent many of the months bearing her in bed in order that she stayed put and grew. Even so she was impatient and arrived early.

**Elizabeth:** 'Mrs Me Too'. I did the talking. She simply said ‘Me too.’

**Elizabeth:** a whirl of arms and legs, turning cartwheels on the lawn with her skirt tucked into her knickers.

**Elizabeth:** determined to be a marching girl and practicing up and down the path to the clothesline.

**Elizabeth** and I having been to see the movie**\***South Pacific singing to the garden under the kitchen window. We snapped our fingers in time and danced: ‘Walky, Walky Talky Holly Hocks, Talk about things you like to do…’

**Elizabeth** and I having elaborate doll’s tea parties under the buddlia trees. Their perfume still reminds me. We gave the dolls pink nail polish fingers and toes. A moment of inspiration later they had splendid sets of nipples too.

**Elizabeth** and I wearing hand knitted pale blue fluffy boleros and the other kids picking at the fluff.

**Elizabeth** and I in our **\***‘show’ dresses. Hers was white with red spots. When it rained the dye ran. She cried but later won a kewpie doll on a stick which brought back a smile.

**Elizabeth** and I playing music. She on the piano and me on the violin.   
Bach's Minuet in G getting faster and faster until the notes slid into each other and our Mother shouted for peace.

**Elizabeth** trying to teach me to do a handstand and I kept falling over.

**Elizabeth:** a tumult of passions, sensitivities, hopes, fears and abilities.  
The qualities I know to be true, despite the numbing rumble of daily life, were her deep desire to understand, her striving for peace, love and to honor and use her abilities creatively.

**Elizabeth** was and *is* a highly intelligent, articulate, courageous and   
adventurous woman.