

I am reminded at this point of a fellow I used to know whose name was Henry. Only to give you an idea of what an individualist he was, he spelled it H-E-N-3-R-Y. The three was silent, you see.

Henry was financially independent, having inherited his father's tar and feather business, and was therefore able to devote his full time to such intellectual pursuits as writing. I particularly remember a heartwarming novel of his about a young necrophiliac who finally achieved his boyhood ambition by becoming coroner. The rest of you can look it up when you get home.

In addition to writing, he indulged in a good deal of philosophizing. Like so many contemporary philosophers, he especially enjoyed giving helpful advice to people who were happier than he was. And one, one particular bit of advice which I recall, which is the reason I bring up this whole dreary story, is something he said once before they took him away to the Massachusetts State Home for the Bewildered. He said, "Life is like a sewer. What you get out of it depends on what you put into it."

It's always seemed to me that this is precisely the sort of dynamic, positive thinking that we so desperately need today in these trying times of crisis and universal brouhaha. And so with this in mind, I have here a modern, positive, dynamic, uplifting song in the tradition of the great old revival hymns. This one might more accurately be termed a survival hymn. It goes like this.

We will all go together when we go

Tom Lehrer (1928–2025)

Eschatologically

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Freely Fm

When you attend a funeral, it is

mf