

As Lee Would Put It

Buy books that are not in the library, or that you're never going to find for sale again.

Order the whiskey you haven't had before. Same for the main course.

When someone's computer crashes, don't say "what were you doing when it crashed?" – say "what was *going on* when it crashed?"

That "person being unreasonable" may have just had three glasses of wine and didn't want to hear about the issue right then.

Art should teach you how to live. Look at "Buffy the Vampire Slayer."

Let's not be the jerks that let all this pass out of memory.

Be busy living every day, like our feline-leukemia cat Pumpkin.

It's good to be able to write, cook, live in the city, and have cats.

A cat always wants the top of its head scratched.

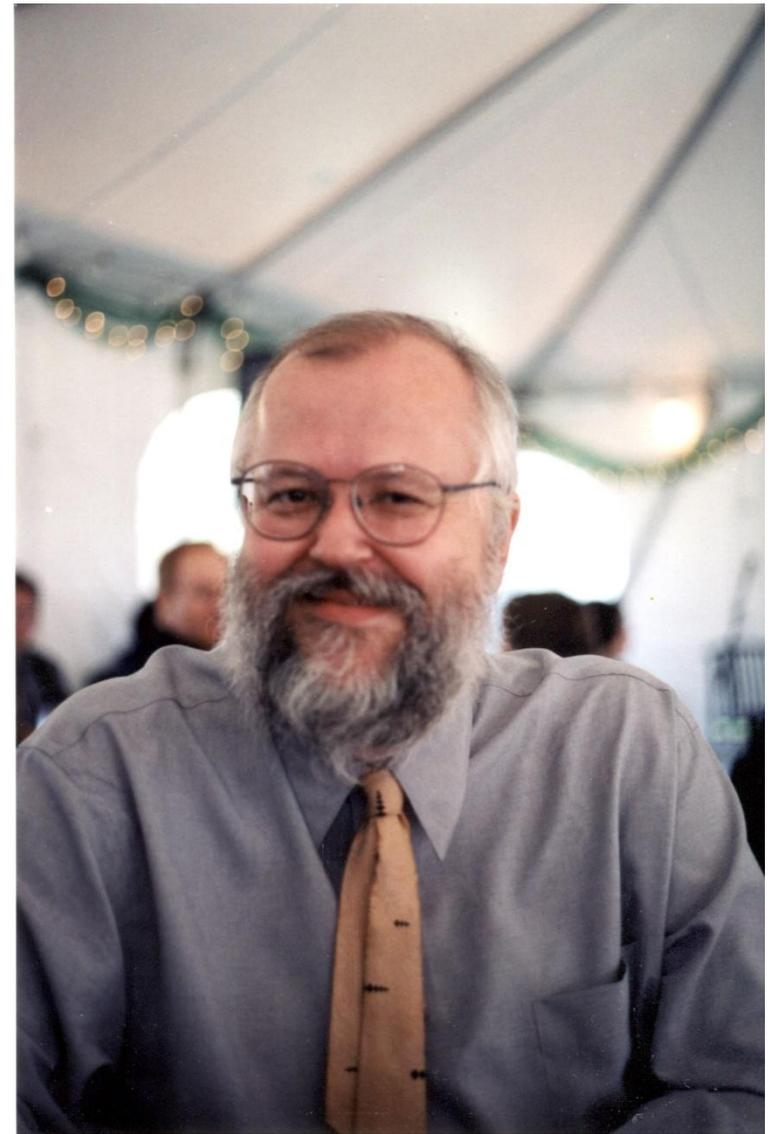
A good story always has a payoff at the end.

A narrative should open outward. (A story about a river that flows to the ocean is about things ending in death; but that is the correct way to flow.)

Don't kill a tree.



Portrait by Dmitry Samarov
Photo by Frank Blau



Lee Sandlin

Midwestern Storyteller
1956 – 2014

Graceland Cemetery Dedication, Chicago
August 17, 2019

Dedication of Lee Sandlin's Resting Place
Order of Service

Welcome	<i>Nina Sandlin</i>
Grounding us	<i>Laura Rericha</i>
Introduction	<i>Rev. Elizabeth A. Harding</i>
Reading from Lee's "Road to Nowhere" (1984)	<i>Beth Escott Newcomer</i>
Reading from "Song of Myself" by Walt Whitman	<i>David Cloud</i>
Prayer	<i>Rev. Elizabeth A. Harding</i>
Committal	<i>Rev. Elizabeth A. Harding</i>
Song "Down to the River"	<i>Dan Hyatt, John Soulé, Dave Lambert</i>
Benediction	<i>Rev. Elizabeth A. Harding</i>

Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them,
whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth.
They do not preach learning and precepts, they preach,
undeterred by particulars, the ancient law of life.
Herman Hesse

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Walt Whitman

But it may still come out some other way. The slow trickle of
qualitative changes may finally overflow the bowl – a moment
no one can predict, like the first atom at the heart of the
warhead that shatters into the nova. One day, somehow, you
wake to find the world redeemed.

Lee Sandlin

Afterwards, please come with us to share some memories, solidarity,
food and drink at Uncommon Ground, 3800 N. Clark Street, at
the corner of Clark and Grace, just 1,200 feet south of the
cemetery gate. Street parking.