

In Loving Memory of

DAVID CHARLES MIDDLETON


February 26, 1941 - January 25, 2025



"Unable are the loved to die, for love is immortality"

-Emily Dickenson

February 15, 2025 ~ 1:30pm ~ Hartson Funeral Home



Family

Sharon Kay Middleton (Jorgensen) ~ Wife of 61 years

Children

Amy Ellison & Brian Ellison

Lisa Middleton

Peter Middleton & Christa Middleton

Grandchildren

Mia Imperl & Mark Klamik

Arianna Imperl & Aabhas Singh


Hal Imperl

Lauren Ellison

Maya Middleton

Sophie Middleton

“miss you, miss you, miss you”





In Memory & Celebration of a Life Well Lived

Welcome

Children share

Memories

Reading: Viktor Frankl, Man's Search for Meaning

Grandchildren share

Reading by Hal -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Memory & Reading by Mia -- ee cummings

Memory by Mark

Memory by Aabhas

Memory & Reading by Arianna -- Sonnet 60, William
Shakespeare

~

Memory by Meg Ziegelmann

Invitation to others to share memories

Closing





Readings

How each of us chooses to view the experience called life is, perhaps more than anything else, a matter of choice, an exercise in free will.

We inherit the reality we choose.

~ Viktor Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning*

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest criticism and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty and find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived—this is to have succeeded.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

to be nobody but yourself
in a world which is doing
its best night and day
to make you just like everyone else
means to fight the greatest
battle there is to fight
and never stop fighting

~ ee cummings

Like as the waves make towards the pebb'l'd shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

~ William Shakespeare

