

RITUALS OF GRIEF

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November 2006. We enter the dark half of the year with memories of the holocaust of New Orleans still fresh in our minds. It has been a year of tragic images: genocide in the Sudan, cluster bombs in Lebanon, orphans and martyrs in Palestine, suicide bombings in Iraq, Shri Lanka and Afghanistan – and everywhere, grieving survivors. Those terrible images evoke others. New York City firemen on 9/11/2001 and for weeks afterwards frantically searching for the bodies of the dead, especially their own dead. Relatives of the victims who were grateful for anything – even a bone fragment – that might represent the body of a loved one; something to which they could give

proper burial.

Such scenes stir other memories (for those of my generation) from the Vietnam War of soldiers risking their own lives – and often losing them – attempting to recover the dead bodies of friends. Many questions arise: Why, thirty years since the end of the war, does the search for bodies continue? What else are the survivors searching for? Why does the memorial to the dead of that war remain the most visited shrine in America? Why do victors commonly desecrate (“to destroy the sacredness of”) the dead bodies of the enemy?

What exactly do people mean when they wish that deceased souls should “rest in peace”? How do we define or describe that state of rest – and what if they are not at peace? What is the value in

“paying our last respects” (respect = “to look again”)? Why do we have to *pay*? In recent years we have often heard the term “closure,” but is there any real agreement about its meaning? Why do we appear to agree on the value of closure – and why do we so rarely achieve it?

The inability to acknowledge suffering and achieve emotional closure haunts us. Looking backwards at the charred ruins of the twentieth century, I note several factors that contribute to the characteristically American denial of death. First: the old mythic pattern of resolution of dispute through violence – and very often it is high-tech violence *at a distance* – that emotionally insulates Americans from the consequences of our behavior. Second, the cult of heroic, masculine control that denies men the ability to shed tears.

As many war veterans have eloquently admitted: “...if one were to let only a little out, the floodgates might be flung open and it might never end.”ⁱ Third: the massive (there is no other word for it) *karmic* weight of the ungrieved histories of genocide and slavery. And fourth: the myth of American innocence that justifies the crimes of empire with an ideology of God-inspired good intentions: *we had to destroy the village in order to save it.*

Desensitized by movie violence, separated from the Old World and its wars by two oceans and shielded from the human pain of conflict by a compliant media, we have been able to ignore the corpses. How else would the shameful images of Abu Ghraib fade so quickly from the public memory? Is it any wonder that (white) Americans, relative to almost every society on

earth with the possible exception of the British, show so little emotion at *actual* funerals?

Anthropologists Richard Huntington and Peter Metcalf, in *Celebrations of Death*, write, “So thoroughly have Americans sealed themselves off from death that many have never seen a corpse. Others have seen one only in the carefully stage-managed context of the funeral parlor, the body elaborately packaged and beautified.”ⁱⁱ

Visitors from traditional societies such as West African shaman Malidoma Some´ have spoken of the tremendous weight of unexpressed grief carried by the typical American, and how conducive to illness such a pattern is on the individual level. He argues that the inability to fully grieve results in a corresponding inability to experience joy as well: “People who do not know

how to weep together are people who cannot laugh together.”ⁱⁱⁱ

We may find some answers to our questions in the beliefs of indigenous people, many of whom claim that death is not the opposite of life, but the opposite of *birth*. Or, as the Irish say, “Death is only the middle of a long life.” In the tribal imagination the souls of the dead go neither to heaven nor to a nameless void, but to the other world, or the underworld. In mythic terms we may think of those souls as journeying first through a liminal period – betwixt and between the worlds of the living and the dead. *Liminal* comes from the Greek word for threshold, which also gives us the word *Limbo*. We imagine those souls in a mysterious transition prior to rebirth into some new state of being. But the completion

of the transformation, as in all initiations, requires the intercession of a greater community of beings who can facilitate the burial – both literal and symbolic – of the old before the appearance of the new.

Proper burial is a fundamental theme found throughout Greek myth. *The Iliad* includes many examples of warriors fighting to the death – just as in Vietnam – simply to reclaim the corpse of one of their own friends. After his death, the ghost of Patroklos comes to his friend Achilles in a dream and begs him to complete the cremation and burial of his corpse because the residents of Hades will not receive him; they have forced him to wander until the rites are completed.^{iv} When Zeus admits that he is powerless to cancel the fated death of his mortal son Sarpedon, he whisks

the freshly killed body back to Sarpedon's home of Lycia, where at least it can receive the proper rites.

Perhaps the most remarkable and moving scene of the entire epic begins when the Trojan king Priam, escorted by Hermes – the Guide of Souls – crosses through the enemy lines at night in order to beg Achilles for the body of his son Hector. It concludes with the two implacable enemies grieving together and sharing a meal. *The Iliad* actually ends not with the popular account of the Trojan Horse and the destruction of Troy, but with a lengthy description of Hector's funeral. It is Western culture's most basic image of the death of the Hero (symbolically that part of our own "unripe" masculine identity) and the proper burial that is

necessary for a new identity to emerge.

Similarly, *The Odyssey* has many scenes in which the Greeks mourn the loss of their comrades (the Greek ideal of heroic masculinity allowed the shedding of tears). Before Odysseus visits the shades of the underworld, the goddess Circe instructs him to feed those ghosts sacrificial blood before they will be allowed to speak to him of his future. This scene is a reference to the old idea that there is a *reciprocal relationship* between the worlds. It implies that the beings on each side of the veil have needs that can only be met by those on the other side. The spirits and ancestors need humans for their work as much as humans need them. What is broken in one world is repaired in the other. “Each needs the other because each feeds the other.” writes Some’,

“Without the other, neither is complete ... our relationship with the spirit world is a two-way stream...There is a reciprocity here that really cancels out the whole sense of hierarchy.”^v

After his visit to the underworld, Odysseus cannot proceed homeward towards his destined reunion with his wife and son without first returning to Circe’s island and performing the proper burial rights for one of his dead crewman. In one of the final scenes, after killing the suitors who had been ruining his palace, Odysseus refuses to allow his maids to celebrate, telling them, “It is not piety to glory so over slain men.”^{vi}

Tragic drama focuses on this theme as well. Of the thirty-three works of the three major Athenian playwrights that have survived, nine of

them deal directly with the theme of the need for proper burial, or of burial refused by an enemy.

The myths reflected the belief that death was a process, rather than a single event in time; the dead required the focused acts of the living in order to complete their transition to the other world. But – of equal importance – the living needed this process to succeed as well, because souls who wandered in the liminal space between the worlds as ghosts would inevitably cause suffering for the living. Thus the unburied dead in particular were condemned to haunt their relatives – those who should have performed the appropriate rites.^{vii} Such souls were stuck, unable to conclude the last of life's initiatory processes, the welcoming "home" by their ancestors in the other world. Like some mentally ill people in our

world, they were “betwixt and between.”

Looking at funeral customs that have survived in the indigenous world, we observe the same pattern of belief – death is a process that requires deep commitment on the part of the survivors to be completed successfully. The dangerous period of liminality, which only begins with the funeral, can last for months; for example, in Japan and Tibet a series of rites for the deceased culminates on the 49th day after death. Jewish tradition also has extensively timed rites of mourning. It seems that older cultures have always understood the critical importance for health and stability – in both worlds – of complete *closure* in the fullest sense of the term.

We can think of ritual closure as an ideal of intention. It asks that people do all they can to ensure that the transition to the other world has been unambiguously completed, that no residue of unfinished business – that is to say, *unexpressed emotion* – remains. More importantly perhaps, the completion of their ritual responsibilities to the dead moves the living into a new phase of life as well. These are rites of passage for the living.

The opposite of ritual closure is a certain kind of denial. When those in mourning do not (or are not allowed to) give sufficient time and emotional expression to the grief process, the wounds of loss close too soon and remain in a sense infected. Thus, across the world we find various examples of the curious yet psychologically sophisticated practice of “secondary treatment,” in which the

condition of the corpse becomes a model for the condition of the soul, and the community inspects the decomposing remains for signs that the soul has moved on to the other world.

In some rural Greek villages, archaic pagan customs still underlie a thin veneer of Christian belief.^{viii} After a death, the community participates in ceremonies intended to serve the needs of the dead, to *feed* them, especially those who cannot enter Paradise without having had their sins forgiven. Long after the funeral, the women sing daily laments at the grave. Anthropologist Loring Danforth notes the similarity of these chants to wedding songs, a reminder of the mythic “marriage with death.”^{ix} After five years, the relatives exhume and inspect the bones of the deceased. If the body has not

completely decomposed, everyone assumes that the soul continues to wander as a ghost. So they re-inter the bones for another two years, at which point they again exhume them. Clean bones are evidence to all that the soul has been forgiven and has entered Paradise. The bones are then deposited in the *ossuary*, or bone-house. The empty grave becomes available for another – temporary – resident. The period of liminality for both the soul and the relatives ends, and everyone can move on, free of the weight of both grief and responsibility.

Forms of secondary burial occur in many other places, including Borneo, Madagascar, Spain, Celebes and Bali, where the bones of the dead are dug up (after the flesh has decomposed) and cremated in elaborate

ceremonies. To the Balinese, the recently deceased are dangerous, even demonic; but *after* the rituals of closure the people venerate the dead as ancestral gods. Having completed the passage to the other side, the souls of the dead have become potential allies for those who exist on this side of the veil.

This is the reciprocal relationship between the worlds. In exchange for being of help to the living, it is said among the Guatemalan Maya that the ancestors ask to be fed through two actions of the living. The first is continued full expression of the emotional life, especially mourning. The second is regular expression in art, ritual and eloquent language of *beauty*. The living feed the ancestors through an *aesthetic* response to the world, writes shaman Martin

Prechtel:

The Tzutujil (Mayans) believed that the dead rowed themselves to the other world in “a canoe made of our tears, with oars made of delicious old songs.” Our grief energized the soul of the deceased so that it could arrive intact onto the Beach of Stars... (of) the salty Grandmother Ocean...on this beach of star souls our dead were well received by the “last happy ancestor.”^x

The ancestors fed on grief. But when the community buried a person and truly felt grief was absent, or if that person had not been fully initiated, the soul could not complete the journey and was forced to turn back. It would then take

up residence in the body of a young person – often a grandchild. The ghost would “eat the life of that person” through violence, accidents and alcoholism until the community finally understood and completed the appropriate rites of mourning.

Writers such as Freud, Ernest Becker and Danforth have explained that these customs resolve the opposition of life and death by denying the finality of death through belief in the afterlife.^{xi} But by reducing ritual to psychology they do more than patronize tribal people; they miss a profound insight: these extended periods of emotional expression complete the ritual obligations to the ancestors and create closure to a degree almost inconceivable to the modern mind. Death is so common (a *daily* event, writes Some´)

in any Third World village that the regular occurrence of authentic funeral rituals ensures that a load of suppressed grief never builds up to toxic levels as it does in modern culture. Properly conducted – that is to say, *lengthy and emotionally cathartic* – funerals give everyone who attends (in West Africa, the entire village) the opportunity, indeed the responsibility, to confront any unfinished business they may have with their own dead, or with anyone else.

And thus, such people have the extraordinary capacity to live in the present moment. Perhaps this fact is the source of the common observation by Western travelers that Third World peasants, despite grinding poverty and political repression, are *happy*. Some´ writes that life in his village rotates around mourning and celebration of the

fact that the people have paid their dues to the dead: “The other side of real grief is real joy.”^{xii} And these regular descents into the chaos and emotional extremes of radical ritual allow continual rebirth of the community without recourse to violence.

Mexican poet Octavio Paz contrasted his own culture, which has always had a daily, intimate relationship to the dark side of existence, with ours: “A civilization that denies death ends by denying life.”^{xiii}

But even in this tragic paradox we have seen considerable movement in the past thirty years toward the cracking open of the American heart. One is the Vietnam Veterans’ Memorial (designed ironically by an Asian-American woman), our

first shrine that has not glorified war. It has served two primary purposes. The first is as a focal point for the national sense of sorrow for the lives wasted in that war, despite the efforts of politicians to put Vietnam behind us. Secondly, in its actual design, sinking implacably into the earth, it subtly reminds us of our collective responsibility to the dead and of the knowledge that can be found in the dark earth that we will all share eventually. “The wall coaxes everyone into the same ritual of descent,” writes Michael Ventura, “a ritual that the psyche can’t help but recognize.”^{xiv} The polished black marble surface reflects the viewer’s face behind the inscribed names, as if the viewer himself were in the land of the dead, surrounded by those names – each of them an individual who fell at a specific time –

looking back into his own eyes. The veil between the worlds is very thin here.

In *Beloved* Toni Morrison used “disremembered past” to describe that which is neither remembered nor forgotten, but is haunting the living as a ghost. The path to healing, for the soul and for the soul of the culture, goes through the recovery of memory – inviting the return of that which has been repressed – rather than through forgetting. We have a useful metaphor in the image of proper burial of the war dead. When the living acknowledge death’s reality superficially, then the “corpses” of a life end up only getting “covered over,” rather than properly buried.^{xv}

But authentic grief rituals can align the ego’s

intention for closure with the deeper intentions of the unconscious. This is depicted mythically when Priam risks his life to beg Achilles for Hector's body. For proper burial to occur, the king must confront both the corpse and the person – Achilles – who has killed it.

Acceptance of the facts at this level leads to real closure. And grieving together, as Priam and Achilles do, brings people, even enemies, together like nothing else.

The task is to remember and grieve, rather than to constantly re-enact the trauma.

Psychologist Jonathan Shay stresses that the best treatment for war veterans is “communalization” of the trauma; telling one's story in the safe container of a trusted community can “rebuild the ruins of character.” But for such healing to

occur, he writes, “a listener must be ready to experience some of the terror, grief and rage that the victim did. This is one meaning, after all, of the word *compassion*.” And this is precisely what Priam and Achilles share with each other.

The wound leads to the gift: the need for making meaningful narrative out of trauma leads to the search for – and the risk of – authentic community. From this perspective, writes Shay, both the veteran community and the greater public for whom they have suffered should meet together “face to face in daylight, and listen, and watch, and weep, just as citizen-soldiers of ancient Athens did in the theater at the foot of the Acropolis. We need a modern equivalent of Athenian tragedy.”^{xvi}

A second profoundly important phenomenon has been the AIDS Memorial Quilt, which regularly travels around the country. It brings the qualities of beauty and diversity with the thousands of separately designed segments; and it counters the right-wing attack on sexual minorities, by forcing the viewer to contemplate the massive numbers of actual, individual lives that were valued and loved by others.

A third factor is the revival on American soil of indigenous mourning rites. The huge influx of Latinos into the country in the last thirty years has brought with it two aspects of Latin American, especially Mexican, culture that have begun to profoundly influence Anglo-Saxon attitudes toward death and mourning. One is the tradition of erecting small roadside shrines

(“*descansos*”) of flowers, pictures and personal mementoes at the sights of car accidents.^{xvii} The new custom has spread to inner cities in all parts of the country, where young people especially seem to be intuiting – or remembering – very old ritual forms of dealing with the constant possibility of violent death.

Black people have also brought back the African tradition of pouring libations at the gravesite; only now the libations are poured in the city itself. An Oakland policeman occasionally saw such shrines in the 1980’s, but now, “every time there’s a murder, you see one.”^{xviii} By 2001, it seemed perfectly appropriate that images should appear across the media of spontaneous shrines in New York City for the victims of the 9-11 tragedy.

In addition to such stationary shrines, the past decade has seen the appearance of *moveable* shrines: the “R.I.P.” t-shirt phenomenon. This is another form of daily public mourning in the inner cities, in which family and friends wear t-shirts emblazoned with pictures of murdered young people, often with the letters “R.I.P.” Such displays are both public expressions of grief as well as a protest against the anonymity of urban violence.^{xix}

This revival of old forms reflects both an innate moral intelligence – the voice of the indigenous soul – in people who have long been denied other options in American Puritan culture, as well as a kind of permissiveness. People are finally getting the message that it is not a shameful act to mourn

in public. In Los Angeles Black and Latino activists have taken this insight to the next level with grief processions that cross the boundaries of gang territories and chant for peace wherever a young person has been killed. Such rituals identify the common losses felt throughout the community and lead to the possibility of reconciliation.^{xx}

Another Latino influence is the revival of the Days of the Dead – *Los Dias de los Muertos* – which occur at approximately the same time as Halloween. The secular children’s holiday has become a major festival of consumption, with dozens of theme parks and annual spending of 4-6 billion dollars.^{xxi} Halloween has grown so big that it has its own Internet search engine.^{xxii} Along with horror movies (and their curious theme of

the return of the dead), writes David Skal, Halloween gives us a space “where death reigns triumphant but no one ever has to grieve.”^{xxiii}

But behind Halloween lie the Catholic holidays of All-Saint’s Day and All-Soul’s Day, and behind *them* lies the far older Celtic New Year, *Samhain*, the point at which the light half of the year changes into the dark half on November first.^{xxiv} These events reflect the common indigenous belief that at certain times of the year the veil between the worlds briefly becomes very thin and the spirits of the dead return, to be fed by the living. The Romans held their Days of the Dead in February, the Greeks on five Saturdays spread across the year.. The Germanic tribes did so at Yule time, the Japanese and Aztecs in August. Like the Celts, the Egyptians celebrated

theirs on November first. The Catholic Church, acknowledging that it could never stamp out the pagan tradition, established November 1st as All Saints' Day in the eighth century and All Soul's Day (November 2nd) in the tenth.

Spanish conquerors brought their traditions to the New World, where they fused with indigenous customs, moving the Aztec holiday to November. The Mexican tradition involves the construction of home altars (*ofrendas*), "dinners for the dead" (on the assumption that it is better to feed the dead with food they loved when they were alive than to feed them with more death), and all-night graveyard vigils. In the San Francisco area in particular it has lead to an annual public procession involving thousands of people as well as countless art exhibits and other

rituals that combine mourning with humorous, imaginative confrontation with the reality of death.

The African imagination emphasizes the importance of mourning in a natural setting. Nature, as the dwelling place of ancestral spirits who have registered every harmful thing done to the Earth, is seen as “a vast field of grief.”^{xxv} Thus nature is the place where the real work of healing – balancing the dark and light aspects of the world – takes place. Many indigenous grief rituals – and contemporary re-creations – involve the literal vocalization and symbolic expulsion of emotions that are considered toxic if held inside. But such toxins, like the end products of digestion, are believed to be nutritious to the

spirits of the Earth, which will gladly absorb and eventually transform and recycle them.

In the American climate of denial, however, it is difficult to achieve ceremonies of communal mourning, particularly in the case of the war in Iraq. President Bush has not appeared at a single funeral for a slain soldier, and the corporate media, consistent with the American tradition of denying death, generally refuse to show images of their coffins. In response, many people have turned to the Internet to share their grief, creating many websites that memorialize the fallen soldiers.^{xxvi} These sites include portraits of the dead and allow visitors to add their own memorial statements; thus they serve as a kind of electronic “wall” on the model of the Vietnam Memorial. However, these flag-bedecked

websites usually carry the patriotic theme of sacrifice in the name of freedom. This is unfortunate, and not simply for political reasons. Justifying the harsh reality of death in terms of *any* ideology is a subtle means of denial, and thus it can subvert the possibility of real closure.

But such attempts at mourning can reveal the underlying myths to us. They refer to the original willing sacrifices of Abraham / Isaac and God / Christ for the sins of the world. But they also gather their energy from a shadow version of those stories, which is more fundamental to patriarchal civilization: the killing of the children. As a face of the divine, Christ re-enacts the annual death of the world, like Dionysus and Osiris before him. But as a *human*, Jesus, like Isaac before him, asks his father why he has forsaken

him and whether there is any meaning whatsoever in this murder. There is no closure, and the crimes of the fathers are passed on to the sons.

But the “real” thing continues to bubble up from the margins of American culture – those areas where the indigenous soul still has a home. The African imagination of ritual closure has long taken root in the Jazz funerals of New Orleans. The traditional funeral parade has two sections: the “first line,” consists of the grand marshals (otherwise known as ritual elders), musicians, the family of the deceased, and pallbearers; the “second line” is local people who follow the mourners.

After the church service the procession moves to the cemetery, while the band plays slow hymns and dirges. This is the first stage of the universal, three-part ritual format. The second stage is the actual internment of the deceased at the cemetery, where both the dead and the living briefly share liminal space, outside of time. The third stage is the procession home. Now the second line takes over and the overall spirit changes from melancholy to joyful celebration. The band shifts into high-spirited tunes, and the mourners change from their earlier, slow cadence into wild dancing, or “second lining.” The return to the neighborhood becomes a celebration of the life of the deceased; and in making ritual closure with the dead the mourners achieve re-integration into their community.

If we combine two concepts – Greek Tragedy and New Orleans Funerals – the implications for the healing of America are simply enormous. Imagine mass public rituals attended by the citizenry and political leaders, in which warriors and civilians, rich and poor, women and men, white and dark, gay and straight, healthy and disabled and mad and “normal” confront the impossible paradoxes and crimes of our history and *suffer together*. Can we imagine an American President standing at the center of this container, begging forgiveness for his country from a descendent of a slave? Can we imagine the community pouring out grief for all those who died as soldiers, victims and activists, and even for the animals and the forests that once covered the entire continent? Can we imagine the sense of relief at having finally shed tears together as a

mosaic of uncommon peoples sharing this land – and the gratitude bordering on ecstasy with which an entire community dances the “second line” on its way back home?

Ultimately, the ritual transformation of the American denial of death and grieving will require the work of individuals who feel a calling for this work. We may discover a new meaning of the idea of the *scapegoat* – that ancient image of sacrifice for the sins of the community. The new scapegoat would commit to a life of intentional awareness and facilitation of mourning of the tragic side of life without resorting to any easy form of resolution. But rather than dying for the world like a Christ, he or she would live all the more fully *for* it, like a Bodhisattva. There is much work to be done in facilitating the

emergence of public rituals of mourning. And certain individuals will need to hear and heed the call – consciously – to become, like Pentheus (in *The Bacchae* by Euripides) the boy-king whose name means “man of sorrows...acquainted with grief.”^{xxvii}

ⁱ Jonathan Shay. *Achilles In Vietnam* (NY: Simon & Shuster, 1995, p. 193).

ⁱⁱ Richard Huntington and Robert Metcalf. *Celebrations of Death, The Anthropology of Mortuary Ritual* (Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985, p. 3).

ⁱⁱⁱ Malidoma Some´. *Ritual: Power, Healing and Community* (Portland: Swan Raven & Co., 1993, p. 96).

^{iv} Homer. *The Iliad*. Trans. by Robert Fitzgerald. (Anchor Doubleday, 1974, Book XXIII, line 80).

^v Malidoma Some´. *The Healing Wisdom Of Africa* (NY: Tarcher/Putnam, 1998, p. 312, 62).

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- ^{vi} Iliad (Book XXII, line 412)
- ^{vii} Robert Garland. *The Greek Way Of Death* (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1985, p. 101).
- ^{viii} L.M. Danforth. *The Death Rituals of Rural Greece* (Princeton Univ. Press, 1982).
- ^{ix} *Ibid*, p. 74
- ^x Martin Prechtel. *Long Life, Honey In The Heart* (NY: Tarcher/Putnam, 1999, p. 7).
- ^{xi} *The Death Rituals of Rural Greece*, p. 66.
- ^{xii} *Ritual: Power, Healing and Community*, p. 96-126.
- ^{xiii} Octavio Paz. *The Labyrinth Of Solitude: Life And Thought In Mexico* (Grove Press, 1961, p. 60).
- ^{xiv} Michael Ventura. *Letters at Three A.M.: Reports On Endarkenment* (Dallas: Spring Pubs., 1993, p. 169).
- ^{xv} Murray Stein. In *Midlife, A Jungian Perspective* (Dallas, Spring Pubs. 1983, p. 38-44).
- ^{xvi} *Achilles In Vietnam*, p. 194.
- ^{xvii} Clarissa Pinkola-Estes. *Women Who Run With The Wolves* (NY: Ballantine, 1992, p. 364-6).

^{xviii} Kelly St. John. "Sidewalk Shrines of Teddy Bears, Liquor" (San Francisco Chronicle, 8/5/03)

^{xix} Meredith May. "R.I.P. Shirts Become an Urban Tradition" (San Francisco Chronicle, 10/24/04, p. 1).

^{xx} Luis Rodriguez. *Hearts And Hands: Creating Community In Violent Times* (NY: Seven Stories Press, 2001, p. 226).

^{xxi} David Skal. *Death Makes A Holiday* (NY: Bloomsbury, 2002).

^{xxii} www.hauntworld.com

^{xxiii} *Death Makes A Holiday*, p. 185.

^{xxiv} Jean Markale. *The Pagan Mysteries of Halloween* (Inner Traditions, 2000).

^{xxv} *The Healing Wisdom Of Africa*, p. 54-5.

^{xxvi} www.fallenheroesmemorial.com

^{xxvii} Isaiah 53:3

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