**For Mr. Kay**

*July 1, 1986*

Drink a toast to Wendell.

Drink a toast to Justice.

Strike a blow for peace and freedom

As he lived to do.

Feel him here beside us.

Next to Mr. Peel and all

Those targets of the prosecution's wrath,

Helpless and accused.

Some men live for riches.

Monuments and power.

Feed that hunger they can't sate.

Forlorn and confused.

Bank accounts and armies.

Balance sheets and ticker tapes.

Crushing life's sweet flowers

With the need to have, consume,

Dominate, abuse.

Some men live for people.

Scorn the miser's lust.

Face their final hour

Not with ledgers, silks, or treasures

But with legacy of what

They strove for.

What was just.

Wendell was.

Wendell is.

Wendell will not pass.

Wherever Tyrants meet their Davids.

Wherever bias meets its bane.

There lives Wendell.

There is Wendell.

Wendell's love and touch will last.

What a blessing to have known him.

What a joy to breathe his presence.

Teaching by his very being.

Living, thinking, feeling, caring.

Simply knowing.

Simply doing.

That which heart and mind ordain.

Good-bye, Wendell.

Hello Wendell.

God we loved you.

Love you.

Felt you.

Knew you for the giant you were

And we always will.

Godspeed on your journey, comrade.

New beginning.

Start. Not end.

Somewhere. Sometime. Somehow. For certain.

We will laugh with you at sin.

Toast you man to man.

For now. Take solace.

Know till then.

We are doing what we can.

Like you did.

Like you taught us.

Speak the truth.

Take a stand.

Care for life.

Live for caring.

Scurry not from toil and strife.

Shrink not from hatred's flame.

Restraint and calmness.

Love and sharing.

Forgiveness for the ignorant.

Stolid to the pain.

Know the fallen on the road.

Take time. Take note.

Extend yourself.

A word. A smile. A hand.

Yes. You're with us.

Yes. We're with you.

We treasure what you've been.

Gentleman.

Lawyer.

Scholar.

Defender of the masses.

Father.

Trial attorney.

Ally.

Lover.

Teacher.

Brother.

Friend.

Of ours

And of

All mankind.

Wendell Kay.

What more to say?

Inspiration.

Essence of all men.

You move along.

But not away.

Thanks for being

You.

For being.

Leaving us with memories.

Not sad or mourning at your passing.

But joyful as we struggle here.

And eagerly await the day

We join with you again.

Heart to heart.

Mind to mind.

Soul to soul.

Hand in hand.