

# AND THERE WAS AN EMPTINESS

A Eulogy

by  
Hazel Moseley



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

AND THERE WAS AN EMPTINESS  
A Eulogy

Hazel Moseley

Copyright 1963 by the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

The day began in an easy way--this day which was to writhe and twist with ugliness and hatred. It began with a jaunty step and a smile and a laugh. It began with an eagerness to the sky and the dawn of a new day in a dynamic life. It began and went on swiftly and happily and no one knew. For that is usually the way tragedy begins--no one knew. Did I say no one? That is not so, for there was one who planned and waited. There was an ugliness which laid in wait, which stirred with a restless impatience. The gods of evil laughed and watched; the circumstances fell into place.

A wave to the crowd, and quick remarks of happiness. Faces turned and smiled back--but not all. For there was one--high in a lonely building. One who smiled to himself and felt big and above everything with what he was going to do, for he knew that a nation would change that day. And he struck quickly and without warning.

The stage was set. A swift streak across the sky. A cry of terror, a head bowed, unknowing, and already beginning to fade. Arms cradling and asking, "Why?" and saying, "No!" with the lips as well as the heart. Speed crashing through a motor, and anxious arms reaching to help and knowing deep within that there was no hope--but trying with knowledge and sincerity and--love.

And finally, a dullness--for there was no life--there was no life where once there had been brightness, vitality, and strength. And there was emptiness.

And this emptiness was felt around the world.

People stared and laughed and said, "You're kidding. It can't be true." And then the laughter died as reality struck--like the stroke of a mighty hammer crushing and pounding and making it hard to breathe. And dreams faded, incredulity stared, and, for a time, one wondered. A nation so large--how could it be? But it WAS! That would not go away. That was to stay and breathe through a darkened, leaden sky, when even heaven cried that day.

A nation watched and wept.

School children felt the touch of history being real, and remembered a handsome face, kind, smiling eyes, a mop of thick, luxuriant hair; and in their youth, they wept for that which they would never know of him, for he was gone.

And others wept for many reasons.

They wept because the days were tense and paths ahead stretched darkened and unknown, and he who led, could lead no more. They wept because a father never more would see a tiny face pressed upward to the sky, nor see the son grow proud and tall, a bit more somber because of things this day. They wept because a lovely wife could no more smile across a room, nor feel the swift, strong surge of pride and love they shared. They wept around the world because no orders would be given, and plans would change, and hopes must be reborn.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---