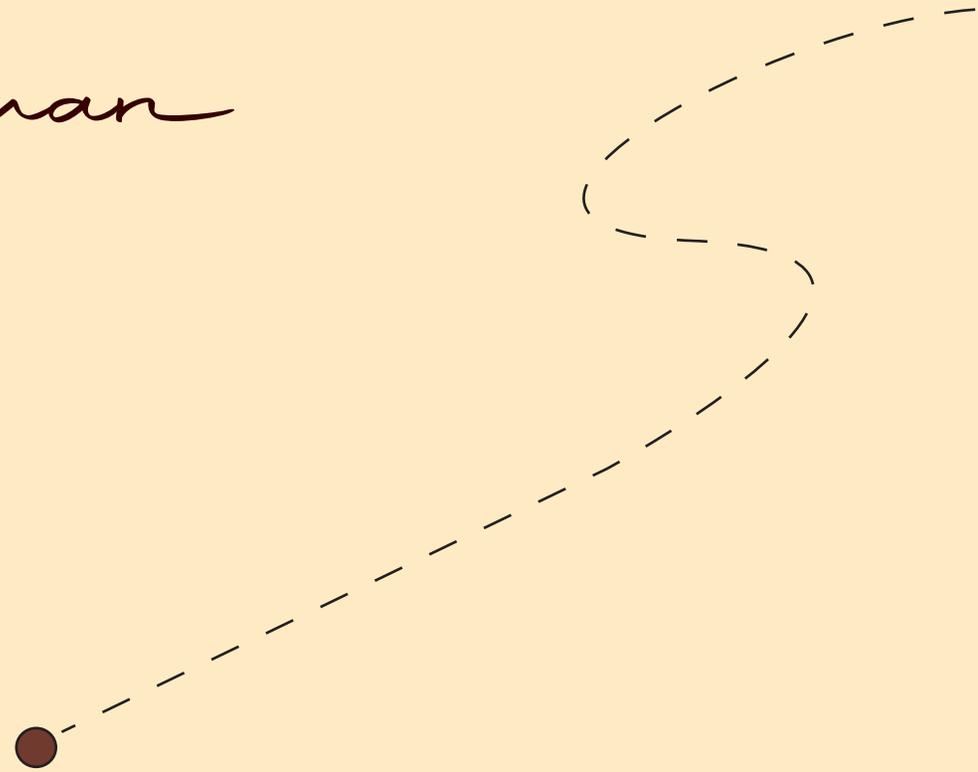
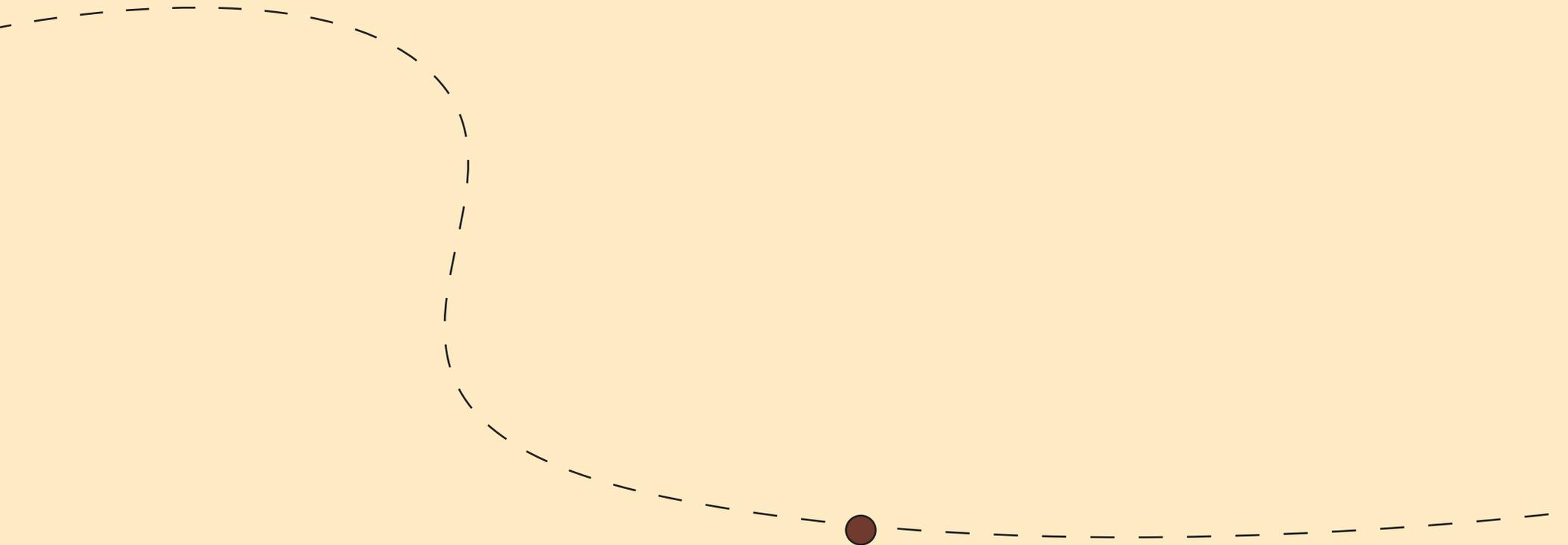


KaTrina Weyerman

Portfolio

Start





Business

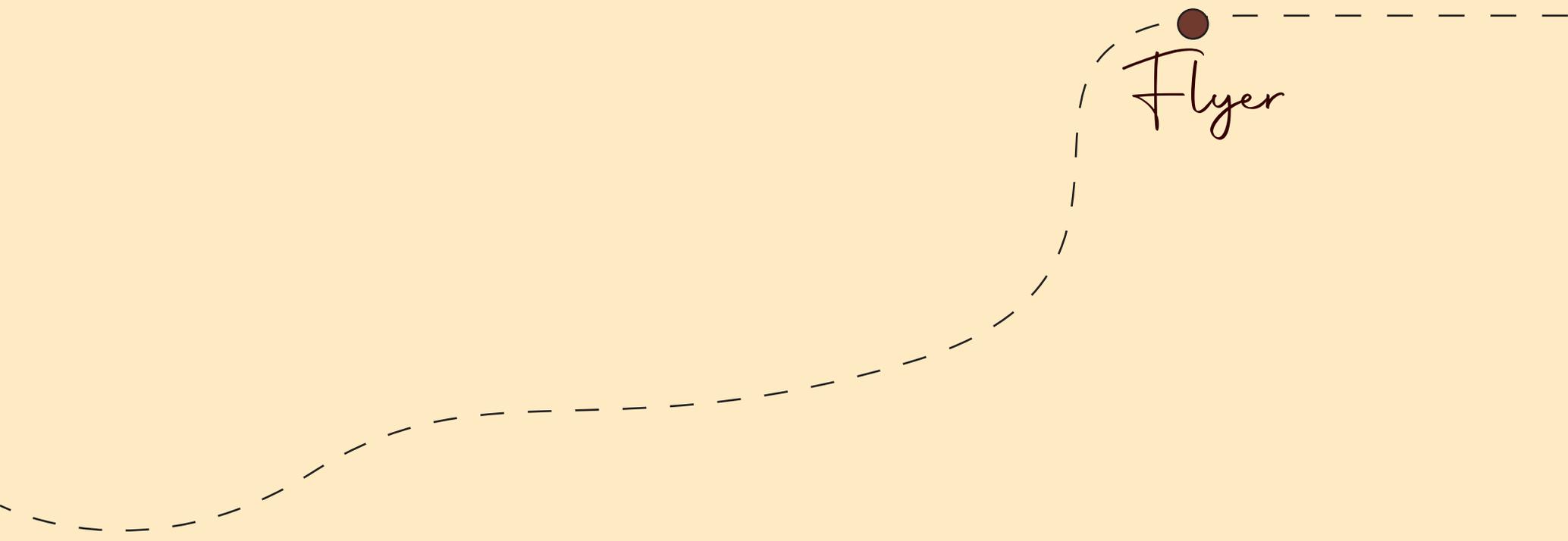
Card



KATRINA JACKSON

Assistant Manager

801.710.6463
kjackson@jacksonmusicschool.com
jacksonmusicschool.com



Flyer

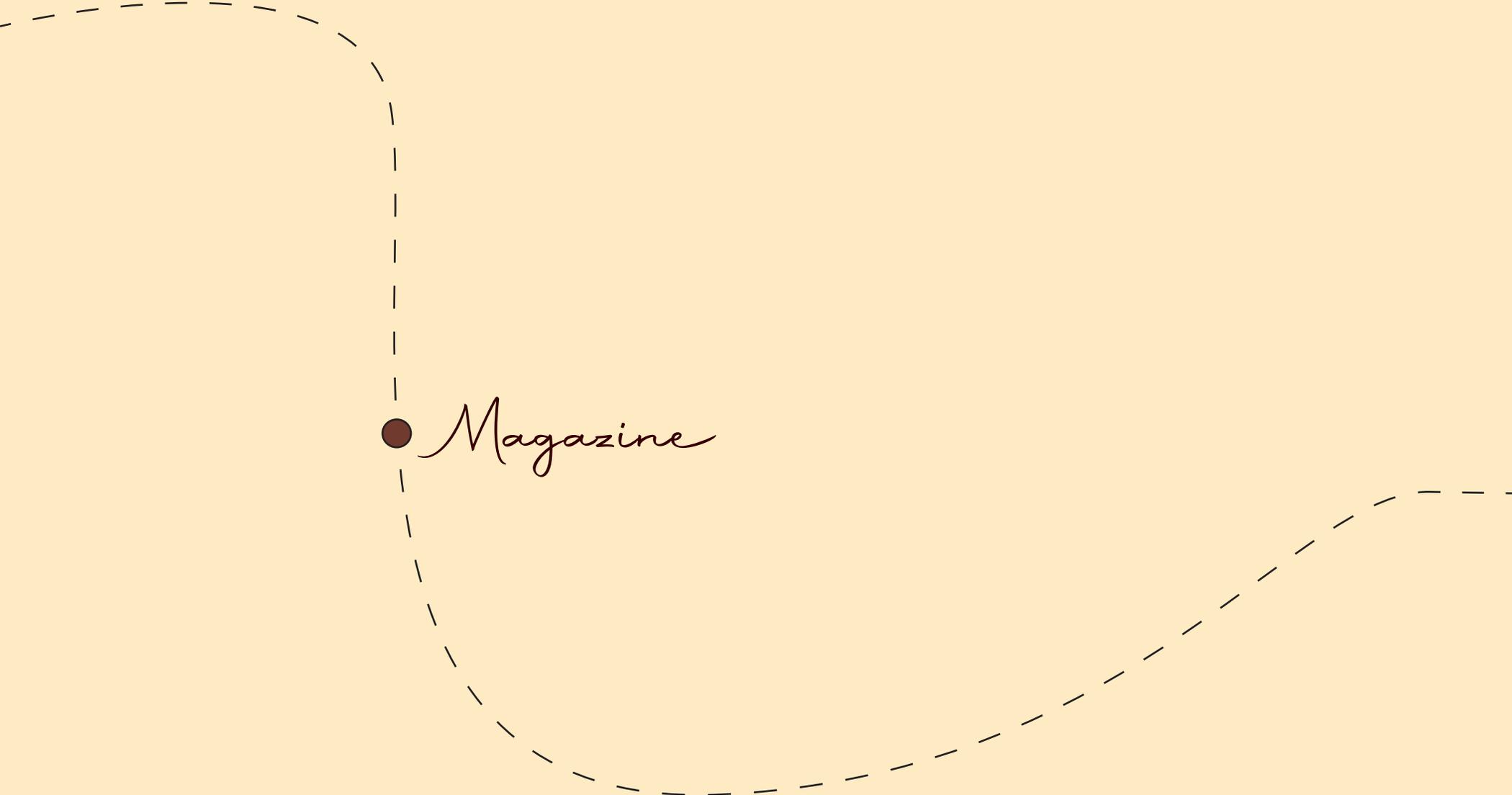


see your world with new eyes

a glimpse into the deaf world

a BYU ASL club event

Thursday, May 14
7:30 PM
WSC 3228



Magazine



*Return to
Nature*

Initially, the cemetery in Rhinebeck, New York, appears conventional: businesslike granite squares placed in rows, flags and silk flowers sticking up here and there, grass mowed tight all around. In one corner, however, a walking path roped off from vehicles invites visitors to stroll into the woods. The area looks wild, but it turns out to be part of the cemetery. A hardwood sign marks it the "Natural Burial Ground." Cherry, beech, and locust trees stretch tall. Ferns cover the ground. The sweetness of phlox, a purple wildflower, wafts in the air. The lawn portion suddenly looks as contrived as a golf course.

"It's stark, isn't it?" Suzanne Kelly, the cemetery's administrator, says of the contrast. On a spring day, she's taking us on a tour of the natural section she helped establish in 2014. We step in and she starts describing the deer, wild turkeys, and songbirds that pass through. About 100 yards in, we start to see mounds and a few small fieldstones, some engraved with simple words like "Dear Nature, Thank You, Evelyn." These 10 acres have been permanently set aside for bodies to be buried without the chemical embalming, nonbiodegradable caskets, or concrete vaults that often accompany the modern American way of death.

Kelly is a thoughtful Gen X academic-turned-garlic-farmer-turned-green-burial-activist-and-expert. She remembers first feeling disconnected from standard funerals when her father died in 2000. She stared at the vinyl carpet covering his deep concrete vault and wondered what all the trappings of her dad's Catholic service were for.

"The idea of 'dust to dust' seemed to be missing," Kelly remembers. "Even though we were standing at the grave saying those words, we were not living those words."

Since the Civil War, American death rituals have become increasingly elaborate, complete with artificial embalming, concrete vaults, and satin-lined metal caskets. But in 1963, writer Jessica Mitford's witty exposé of the funeral industry, *The American Way of Death*,

The idea of 'dust to dust' seemed to be missing.

sold every copy the day it was published. (Spoiler: Plenty of material is wasted along the way, but lavishly buried bodies still decay, perhaps even more spectacularly than their pine-boxed counterparts.) The book changed the way Americans thought about funerals and contributed to the growth of cremation rates, from 2% then to more than 50% today.

Still, cremation has limitations in both cost and impact. In 2017, the median cost of an American funeral with viewing and vault was \$8,755, according to the National Funeral Directors Association. The median cost of a comparable cremation wasn't dramatically less, at \$6,260.

In the age of climate change, environmental concerns have also prompted more people to cremate. For example, a conventional burial contributes to the production of about 230 pounds of CO2 equivalent, according to Sam Bar, quality assurance and manufacturing engineer at Green Burial Council, a California-based nonprofit that advocates for "environmentally sustainable, natural death care." But burning isn't as eco-friendly as many assume. Cremation relies on fossil fuels, produces about 150 pounds of CO2 per body, and releases mercury and other byproducts into the air. Burning one body is equivalent to driving 600 miles. And scattering "cremains" isn't good for soil.

Then a couple decades ago, activists on both sides of the Atlantic came up with similar alternatives to the \$20 billion funeral industry: What if we returned to burial practices that allowed bodies to decompose naturally? And what if lands could be preserved in the process? The author and social innovator Nicholas Albery helped establish "woodland burials" in the United Kingdom in 1994. The first similar but in-dependently generated concept in the United States was Ramsey Creek Preserve, established in South Carolina in 1998. Billy and Kimberley Campbell are proud that it is now a dedicated Conservation Burial Ground, with a permanent land trust agreement. "Instead of wasting land, you're actually protecting ecologically important land," Billy says.

Whether next to a regular cemetery or on conserved land, there are now around 218 natural burial grounds in the U.S., up from around 100 just five years ago. The Green Burial Council certifies about one-third of them. (New Hampshire Funeral Resources, Education & Advocacy keeps a longer list that includes grounds not

It's about the big picture and how it affects people, the way we relate to death but also the way we relate to each other in life.

certified by the Green Burial Council, while other burial sites remain unreported.)

The Green Burial Council currently has three certification standards for green-burial grounds. Certified "hybrid cemeteries" are modern cemeteries that reserve space for burials without embalming or concrete vaults (each year, burials in the U.S. use more than 827,000 gallons of dangerous chemicals and 1.6 million tons of concrete, materials that can be toxic to produce and damaging to the environment). Certified "natural cemeteries" prohibit the use of vaults and toxic chemical embalming. And certified "conservation burial grounds" meet the other requirements of hybrid and natural cemeteries plus establish a land trust that holds a conservation easement, deed restriction, or other legally binding preservation of the land.

As private and municipal-run burial grounds fill up, they can't keep adding bodies, which means they have to dip into endowments to fund operations, Webster says. It's not uncommon for a private cemetery to be abandoned when it runs out of money, at which point a nearby municipality often takes over, stretching funds even thinner.

To advocates like Webster, land conversation is the future of green burial. "The way it's been approached has been to see it from a cemeterian's point of view rather than a conservation point of view," she says. "We're going back now to encourage more land trusts to participate in this and understand how burial can be a conservation strategy."

Others are going even further. In May, Washington became the first state to legalize body composting as an alternative to cremation or casket burial, a process pioneered by the Seattle-based company Recompose. Other companies offer still more unusual methods of handling human remains: You can have your body mummified, dissolved in water and lye, buried in a pod and planted

with a tree, "promessed" (frozen, vibrated into dust, dehydrated, and reintegrated into soil), or put into the ground with a burial suit embroidered with mushroom-spore thread.

Webster believes that body composting and other methods of reintegrating human remains into the environment are "the answer" for urban settings, where burial space is increasingly scarce. So why keep advocating for natural burial grounds like the one in Rhinebeck? It's the potential they hold for land conservation that's exciting, she says, and remembrance ceremonies can become new ways to engage with the land.

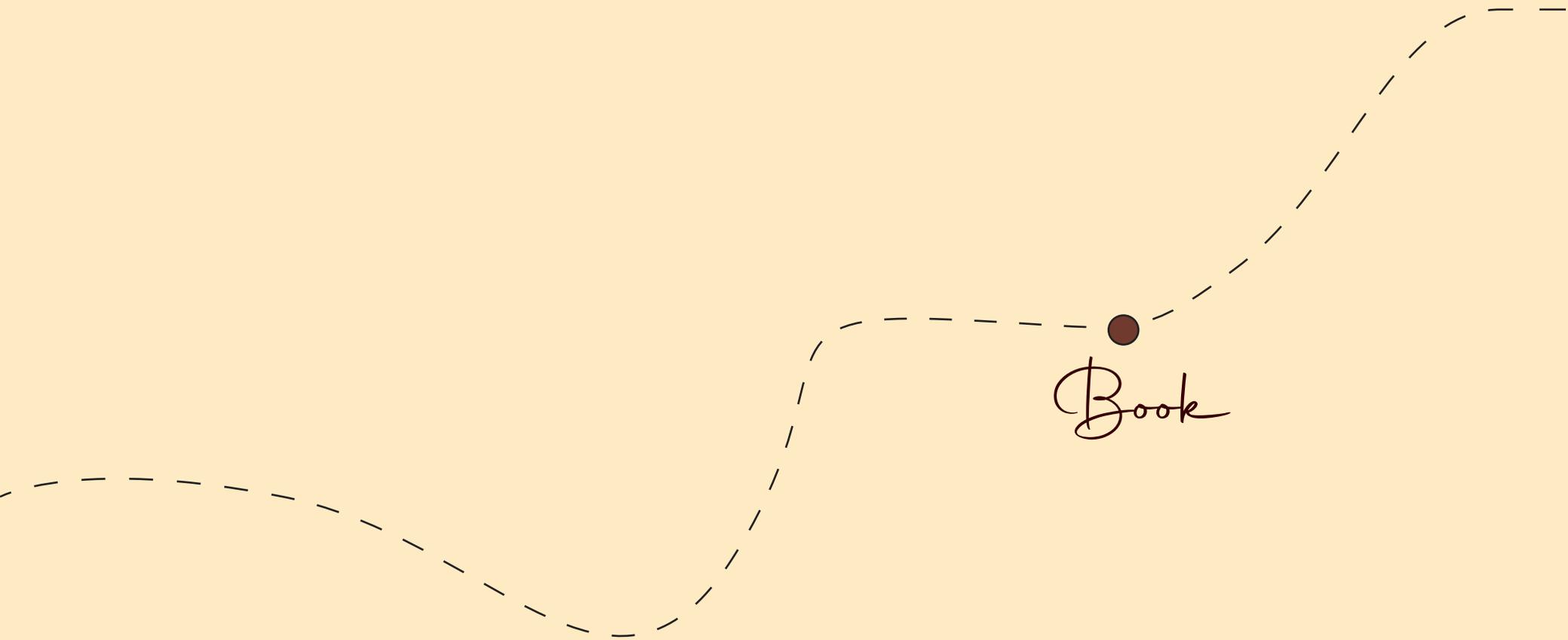
On the day we visited the Rhinebeck natural burial ground, two people bicycled on the pathway through the woods. Although they'd heard the site was a cemetery, they were using it as they'd use any public park.

"Conservation is about people needing and caring for land," Webster says. "They're going to conduct life-affirming activities: Getting married there, baptisms, confirmations, bird-watching, hiking, family picnics—all kinds of things are happening in these spaces because they're conservation spaces first. That's the value of it."

"It's not just that we're going to put people in the ground without concrete. It's about the big picture and how it affects people, the way we relate to death but also the way we relate to each other in life."

*Lynn Freehill-Maye
Phillip Pantuso*





Book



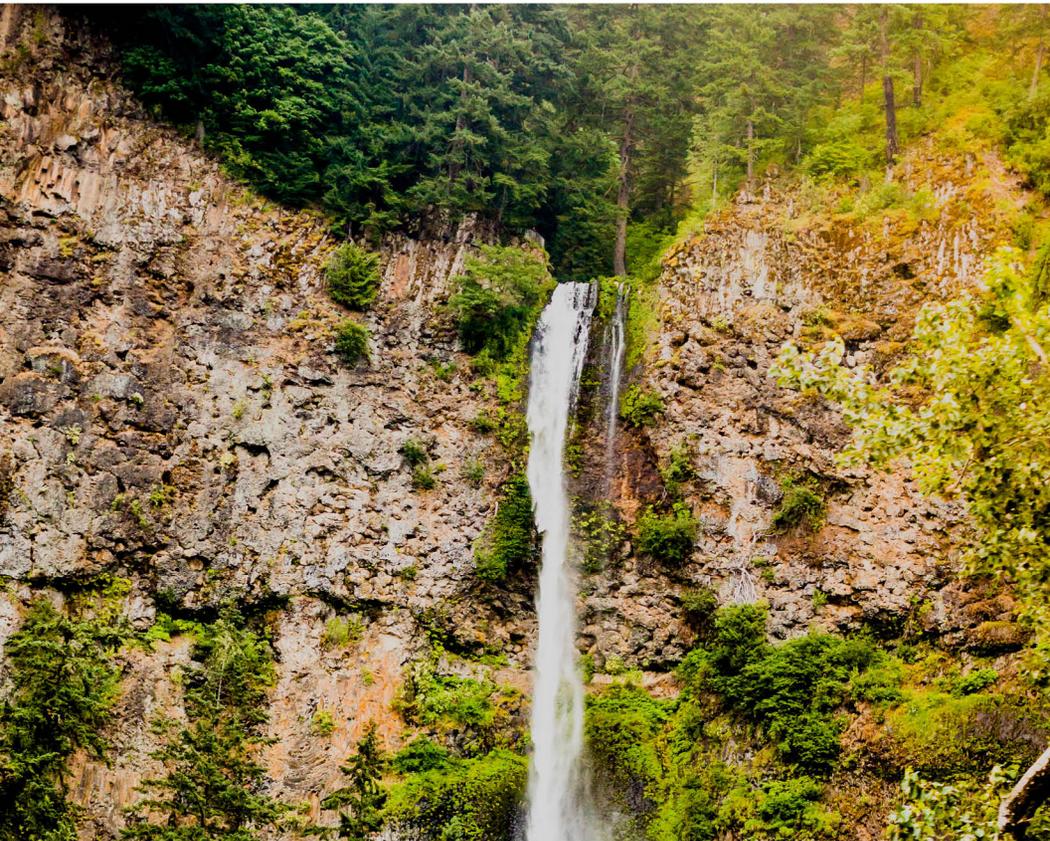
Creation
a visual poetry collection



Creation

a visual poetry collection

Poetry by K. H. Weyerman
Photography by Katarena Jenson



The Waterfall

As I walked through the woods,
I hear the birds singing,
the crickets chirping,
the bees buzzing,
then suddenly I hear a noise greater than them all.
It crescendos and I see crystal blue water flowing down
age old rocks topped with white foam.
It is one of God's most beautiful creations:
a waterfall.



Sweet, Sweet Sunshine

Sweet, sweet sunshine,
thy gentle light radiates
lighting my soul aflame.

Thy tender beams reflect
a warmth the cold earth seeks
that thaws the frosty paths.

Thy sweet golden rays
bringing life to weary hearts,
guiding mankind towards life.

Thou glorious sunshine,
casting creation in splendor,
breathing hope into a dying world.

Not a Love Poem

I was asked to write a love poem.
Harder than it sounds, you know.
While I think of you, quite frankly
always—
poetry eludes me.
How can I accurately describe
the joy I feel every time I see you?
Or the sheer gratitude that fills my soul
when you serve by my side?

How can I ever express in petty, frivolous words
the way our hearts and hands intertwine as one?
Or the way your eyes always see my soul?
There are no words in all of creation
that can capture the magnitude of my affection.
No words can express
the depth of our promises,
and the plan we've chosen to follow.

If I'm being honest,
the words I'm searching for
you already know.

Carousel

Spinning a million miles an hour
on a carousel I can't escape.
Watching with horror as the world
spins faster and faster—
colors and sights and smells blend
into a frenzy of sensation,
Overwhelming taste touch sound life—
until it slows to a stop.
The world rights itself.
Up is still up and down is still down.

Breathing in deeply, I see—
the lights and colors of the circus
bright with excitement
seeking adventure—

I hear—
sounds of laughter from children,
first time at the circus,
young lovers talking excitedly
as the magic of the night washes over them—

I feel—
a gentle breeze caresses my face,
a feeling of release,
for letting go of the tornado,
and just enjoying the ride.

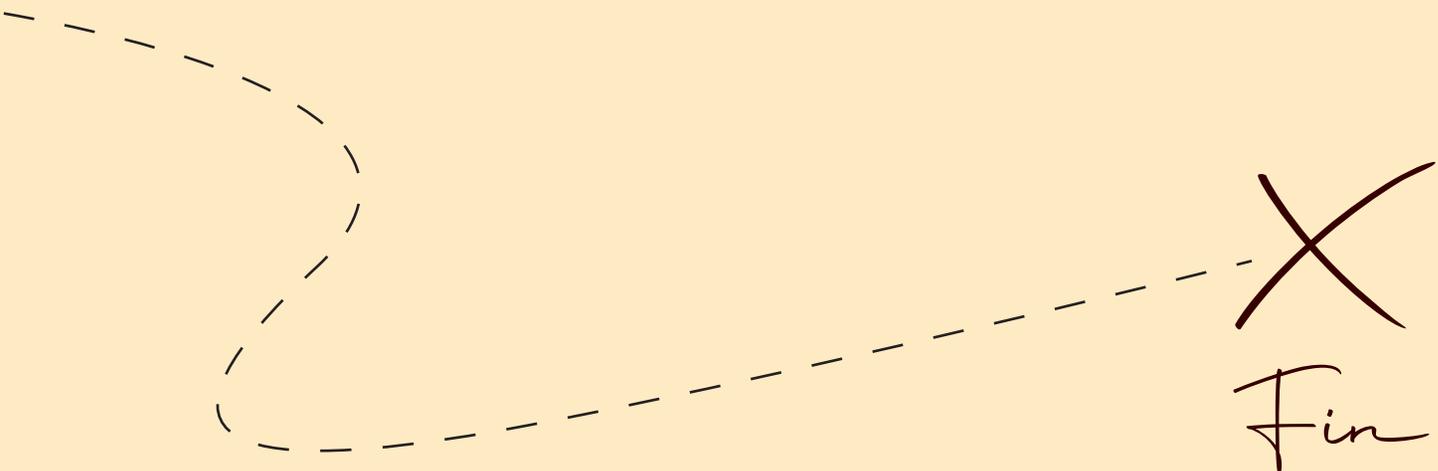
Creation

Imagine for a moment
That you're standing at the base of a roller coaster.
You gaze up at the wooden bars
That support the rails upon which people fly
Seemingly by magic.
Is this a creation?

Moments later, you hurl down the track,
Stomach spinning, hair whipping, laugh bubbling,
An exhilarating elixir of emotions:
Fear, nervousness, joy, excitement,
Sadness as it closes,
All conveyed and captured
In a special moment in time.
Is this a creation?

Imagine for a moment
That you're watching a darkened stage.
The lights come on, the first chords play,
As dancers twirl to their positions.
They glide and pivot, tap and jump,
And dance a jig in place.
They're twirled through the air and dipped with grace,
And leave the spectators speechless.
Is this a creation?





X

Fin