

## DO WHAT SHE WOULD DO

Another precious sister slain  
Her heart now free of earthly pain,  
Her final battle, she controlled the odds.  
We're trying not to take it wrong,  
To keep our loving spirits strong,  
It helps to know her soul's at peace with God's.

### CHORUS

*And what is there for us to do,  
But pick up where her life left off  
And DO WHAT SHE WOULD DO.*

Reduced to playing solitaire,  
A Church that mocked with "double-dare,"  
The demon of despair had lots to say.  
We're angry at a world that drives  
Folks to the edge, to take their lives,  
We're sorry that she lost her will, her way.

### CHORUS

How many of us never know,  
The suffering that lies trapped below,  
A pain too great to speak of or to claim.  
And when the world is cold to touch,  
The journey seems to cost so much,  
It's hard to answer "yes" and play the game.

### CHORUS

Her life was like a shooting star,  
It radiated deep and far,  
She sorta took this old world by surprise.  
Her strident walk, her ready smile,  
She did her thing in shameless style.  
She burned her blessed vision in our eyes.

### CHORUS

(Repeat 1<sup>st</sup> verse)

### CHORUS

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*Dorie's notes: This song was written soon after I heard of the suicide of Phyllis Jean Kinheart Athey (Jan 23, 1957-May 23, 1988). Phyllis tried twice, unsuccessfully, to become ordained within the United Methodist Church. Because she was an open lesbian, she was not allowed to serve in the capacity she felt called by God to do.*