Act of Remembrance

They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Afterglow

I’d like the memory of me to be a happy one.
I’d like to leave an afterglow of smiles
when life is done.
I’d like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways.
Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
I’d like the tears of those who grieve,
to dry before the sun.
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

All Is Well

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you:
whatever we were to each other that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
speak to me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone;
wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort,
without the ghost of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was;
there is absolutely unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near just round the corner.
All is well. Nothing is past; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before - only better,
ininitely happier and forever.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

DADS
A father is an ordinary man doing his best to stand in for Superman.
A source of good but usually expendable advice.
A very nearly expert ... a man who knows but should like to look it up, just to be on the safe side.
A man who goes down fighting.
Dads are most ordinary men turned by love into adventurers, storytellers, singers of songs.
Dads can do anything. The youths of Dads was packed with excitement and their minds are packed with anecdotes. They have sound views on politics, dogs, sport and saving the environment.
They have drawers and boxes and sheds full of valuable junk. And string. And stuff.
They can tell unforgettable stories.
There really is a touch of magic in a Dad.
They are no longer ordinary men. They are special.
We love them for all the things they are and the love they give unconditionally.
Dads know more about things than you'd credit.
Only its best to check before you hand it in as homework!

Do not Grieve
Song
When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember;
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember;
And happy may forget.
Christina Rossetti

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.
The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night -
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene, Death.
W E Henley

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must,
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

William Shakespeare
Birth is a beginning
And death a destination
But life is a journey
A going - a growing
From stage to stage
From childhood to maturity
And youth to age.
From innocence to awareness
And ignorance to knowing,
From foolishness to discretion
And then perhaps, to wisdom.
From Weakness to strength
Or strength to weakness
And, often, back again.
From health to sickness
And back we pray, to health again.
From offense to forgiveness,
From loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude,
From pain to compassion,
And grief to understanding -
From fear to faith.
From defeat to defeat to defeat -
Until, looking backward or ahead,
We see that victory lies
Not a some high place along the way,
But in having made the journey, stage by stage,
A sacred pilgrimage,
Birth is a beginning
And death a destination,
But life is a journey,
A sacred pilgrimage -
Made stage by stage -
To life everlasting.

Poem

Our Grandad kept a garden, a garden of the heart;
He planted all the good things that gave our lives their start.
He turned us to the sunshine and encouraged us to dream;
Fostering and nurturing the seeds of self-esteem.
And when the winds and rain came, he protected us enough,
But not too much because he knew
we would stand up strong and tough.
His constant good example always taught us right from wrong;
Markers for our pathway that will last a lifetime long.
We are our Grandad's garden, we are his plants and trees,
We hold his dreams within us.
We are his legacy.
Closing Words

We have been remembering with love and with gratitude, a life that has ended. Let us now return to our homes and to our work, resolved that we who live on will use our lives more fully and to better purpose or for having known ............... and for having shared in h....... life.

The best of all answers to death is the whole-hearted and continuing affirmation of life, for the greater fulfilment of human-kind.

Friends, we have been remembering with love and humility/appreciation/affection/ a life now ended. Now we must each return to living our own lives, enriched by these memories, so that those who live may have life more fully.

Don't Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will, When the road you're trudging seems all up hill. When the funds are low and the debts are high And you want to smile, but you have to sigh. When care is pressing you down a bit, Rest, if you must but don't you quit. Life is tough with its twists and turns, As every one of us sometimes learns. And many a failure turns about, When he might have won had he stuck it out. Don't give up though the pace seems slow - You may succeed with another blow. Success is failure turned inside out - The silver tint of the clouds of doubt. And you never can tell how close you are, It may be near when it seems to far. So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit - It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.
A Celtic Blessing
from Anam Cara by John O'Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on our shoulders,
may the clay dance
to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the gray window
and the ghosts of loss
get in to you
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red green
and azure blue
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the curach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of
the earth be yours,
May the fluency of the ocean be yours
May the protection of the ancestors be yours

And so may a slow wind
work these words
of love around you,

Thanksgiving

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow,
Nearer the sky.
Dhammapada

One is not a learned one
Merely because one speaks much.
The one secure, without enmity, without fear,
Is called a "learned one".

One is not a dhamma-bearer
Merely because one speaks much,
But who, having heard even a little,
Sees dhamma for himself,
And dhamma does not neglect,
He, indeed, is a dhamma bearer.

One does not become an Elder
Because one's head is gray-head;
Ripened by his age,
"Grown old in vain" is he called.

In whom there is truth and dhamma,
Harmlessness, restraint, control,
Who has the stains ejected, and is wise,
He indeed is called "Elder".

Not because of speech making
Or by attractiveness of appearance
Does one, envious, avaricious, deceitful,
Become a commendable man.

But in whom this is extirpated,
Destroyed at its roots, abolished,
He, having ill will ejected, wise,
Is called "commendable".
Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas (1914-53)

To everything there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted.
A time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down and a time to build up.
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance.
A time to get and a time to lose;
a time to keep and a time to cast away.
A time to love and a time to hate;
a time of war, and a time of peace.
For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth
beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth,
so dieth the other; yea, they have all the breath; so that
man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity.

King James Bible: Ecclesiastes
Dry Your Tears

You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she’ll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all she’s left,

Your heart can be empty because you can’t see her
or you can be full of the love you shared,

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday,

You can remember her and only that she’s gone
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on,

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
or you can do what she’d want: smile, open your eyes,
  love and go on.

David Harkins

His laughter was better than birds in the morning,
  his smile
Turned the edge of the wind, his memory.
Disarms death and charms the surly grave.
  Early he went to bed, too early we
Saw his light put out; yet we could not grieve
  More than a little while,
For he lives in the earth around us, laughs from the sky.

However far back you go in your memory,
it is always in some external active manifestation of yourself
that you come across your identity - in the work of your hands,
in your family, in other people .... this is what you are.
This is what your consciousness has breathed and lived on
  and enjoyed throughout your life ....
your immortality, your life in others.
And what now? What does it matter to you if, later on,
it is called your "memory"?
This will be you - the real you
  - that enters the future and becomes a part of it.
Desiderata

Go placidly
Amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence
As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons
Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others; even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.
Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit.
If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.
Keep interested in your own career, however humble; this is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery.
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;
Many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.
Be yourself.
Especially do not feign affection.
Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.
Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
But do not distress yourself with imaginings.
Many fears are borne of fatigue and loneliness.
Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.
You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars; you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.
Therefore be at peace with God in whatever your labours and aspirations;
In the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul.
With all its sham and drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.
Be careful.
Strive to be happy.

Lines from a Jewish Memorial Service

“If some messenger were to come to us with the offer that death should be overthrown, but with the one inseparable condition that birth should also cease....... that never again would there be a child, or a youth, or first love; never again new persons with new hopes..... could the answer be in doubt?”
Poem - Entirely

If we could get the hang of it entirely
It would take too long,
all we know is the splash of words in passing
And falling twigs of song,
And when we try to eavesdrop on the great
Presences it is rarely
That by a stroke of luck we can appropriate
Even a phrase entirely.
If we could find our happiness entirely
In somebody else's arms
We should not fear the spears of the spring nor the city's
Yammering fire alarms
But, as it is, the spears each year go through
Our flesh and almost hourly
Bell or siren banishes the blue
Eyes of Love entirely.
And if the world were black or white entirely
And all the charts were plain
Instead of a mad weir of tigerish waters
A prism of delight and pain
We might be surer where we wished to go
Or again we might be merely
Bored but in brute reality there is no
Road that is right entirely.

Farewell My Friends

It was beautiful
As long as it lasted
The journey of my life.
I have no regrets whatsoever
Save the pain I'll leave behind.
The strong arms that held me up
When my own strength let me down.
At every turning of my life
I came across good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when the time raced me by.
Farewell, farewell My friends
I smile and bid you goodbye.
Shed no tears
For I need them not
All I need is your smile.
If you feel sad
Do think of me.
For that is what I'll like
When you live in the hearts of those you love
Remember then
You never die.
Traditional Prayer

Eternal rest grant unto them
Whose earthly lives are past
Perpetual light shine on them
May they rest in peace at last

Eternal life grant unto them
Whose laughter now I’ve lost
Whose presence and whose smiles I miss
    But never mind the cost

Eternal joy grant unto them
Whose sufferings now are through
Their pain and illness finally gone
    Their minds and hearts renew

Eternal peace grant unto them
My friends and foes together
Forgive them all their trespasses
    May they rest in peace for ever
Footprints

One night I had a dream.
I dreamed I was walking along the beach with God,
and across the sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand, one
belonged to me and the other to God.

When the last scene of my life flashed before us
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at times along the path of life
there was only one set of footprints.

I also noticed that it happened at the very lowest
and saddest times of my life.
This really bothered me and I questioned God about it.
“God, you said that once I decided to follow you,
you would walk with me all the way,
but I noticed that during the most troubled times
in my life there is only one set of footprints.
I don’t understand why in times when I needed you most,
you would leave me.”

God replied, “My precious, precious child,
I love you and I would never, never leave you
during your times of trial and suffering.
When you see only one set of footprints
it was then that I carried you.”

The Garden at Dusk
In the cool of a garden
when evening draws in
Serenity waits where the
shadows begin.
In the fragrance of dusk
and the murmur of clover
The cares that we carry
pass peacefully over.
Flowers in the fullness
shed blessing about
And the turmoil of living
fades quietly out.
Hope glimmers through
with the evening star
And anxieties shrink to
the size that they are.

Gardens bring back memories.
The thought of bygone hours -
Mingles with the present
As you walk amongst the flowers ... They stir the recollection of some
unforgotten place -
and call to mind out of the past
a scene, a voice, a face.

Patience Strong
God looked around his Garden
and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon his earth
and saw your loving face.
He put his arms around you
and lifted you to rest.
His garden must be beautiful,
he always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering,
he knew you were in pain.
And knew that you would never get well
on earth again.
He saw your path was difficult,
he closed your tired eyes,
He whispered to you "Peace be Thine"
and gave you wings to fly.
When we saw you sleeping
so calm and free of pain,
We would not wish you back to earth
to suffer once again.
You've left us precious memories,
your love will be our guide,
You live on through your children,
you're always by our side.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
but you did not go alone.
For part of us went with you
on the day God called you home.

Grandmother
The bright needles clicked
the old woman’s hands
quick, dextrous and expert
were a blur of colour
“Your new gloves are finished”
she eased them on to
my short plump fingers
“Now you can play in the snow”
I ran into the street, excited
the gloves soft, warm, dry
were a magical source
of safety and love.
Time drew on
my winters grew colder
the snow fell thicker
today my gloves
are faded and thread-bare.
Her needles are silent
and my hands are cold.
Grieve not for me
Nor mourn the while,
For happier would I be
To see you smile

Let no tears fall
Since I have passed away
But miss me and
Remember me each day.

Live your lives
As I would want you to,
And treat your fellowman
As I would do.

And when the time has come,
Your lives be through,
I shall be waiting here
For each of you

Prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen
Happy the Man (John Dryden 1631 - 1700)

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.

Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;

Envy and caiumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.

He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light ..........
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely ........

Hail Mary,
full of grace,
the Lord is with you.

Blessed are you among women
and blessed is the fruit of your womb.

Holy Mary, mother of God,
pray for us sinners
now and at the hour of our death.

Her Journey's Just Begun

Don't think of her as gone away -
Her journey's just begun;
Life holds so many facets - This earth is only one.
Just think of her as resting From the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.
Think how she must be wishing That we could know today
How nothing but our sadness Can really pass away.
And think of her as living
In the hearts of those she touched
For nothing loved is ever lost -
And she was loved so much
Ellen Brenneman


**Hugs from Heaven**

When you feel a gentle breeze  
Caress you when you sigh  
It's a hug sent from Heaven  
From a loved one way up high.

If a soft and tender raindrop  
Lands upon your nose  
They've added a small kiss  
As fragile as a rose.

If a song you hear fills you  
With a feeling of sweet love  
It's a hug sent from Heaven  
From someone special up above.

If you awaken in the morning  
To a bluebird's chirping song  
It's music sent from Heaven  
To cheer you all day long.

If tiny little snowflakes  
Land upon your face  
It's a hug sent from Heaven  
Trimmed with Angel lace.

So keep the joy in your heart  
If you're lonely my dear friend  
Hugs that are sent from Heaven  
A broken heart will mend.  
Charlotte Anselmo


**I Am Not Gone**

Even though I am dead, I am not gone,  
I am still near you as life goes on.  
I am beside you although you cannot see,  
I will not go away as you were a friend to me.  
When you turn to look I am just out of sight,  
When you look left I duck to the right.  
I will be there for you every step of the way,  
I will be helping you every single day.  
Don't worry because I will always be near,  
One day you will see me again, don't worry,  
and don't fear.  
Wherever you go I'll be there at your side,  
Even though you think that I have died.  
You will soon see me it won't be long,  
So just remember that I am not gone.  

Conor O'Sullivan
I have not gone but just passed through a door into another room.  
I still can feel your love and send my love to you.  
I will always listen to your thoughts and listen to you talking to me, as if the wind blows them into my ear.  
When you are alone, I am there with you.  
When you cry, my arms are around you.  
I live on, not only in your hearts but with God.  
Do not cry for me, be happy.  
When it is your turn to come home to God, I will be waiting for you.  
Do not despair, I will love you always.

I love all beauteous things  
I seek and adore them  
God hath no better praise  
and man in his hasty days is honoured for them.

Robert Bridges

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.  
I'm following the path God has laid, You see.  
I took His hand when I heard His call.  
I turned my back and left it all.  
I could not stay another day.  
To laugh, to love, to walk or play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way.  
I found the peace at the close of day.  
If my parting has left a void, then,  
Fill it with remembered joys.  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Oh yes these things too I miss.  
Be not burdened with times of sorrow.  
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
My life's been full, I savoured much;  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.  
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your hearts and peace to thee.  
God wanted me now, He set me free.
If I be the first of us to die,
Let grief not blacken long your sky.
Be bold yet modest in your grieving.
There is a change but not a leaving.
For just as death is part of life,
The dead live on forever in the living.
For all the gathered riches of our journey
The moments shared, the mysteries explored,
The steady layer of intimacy stored,
The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,
The joy of sunlit snow or first unfurling of the spring,
The wordless language of look and touch,
The knowing,
Each giving and each taking,
These are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
Nor are they stone
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.
For all the gathered riches of our journey
The moments shared, the mysteries explored,
The steady layer of intimacy stored,
The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,
The joy of sunlit snow or first unfurling of the spring,
The wordless language of look and touch,
The knowing,
Each giving and each taking,
These are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
Nor are they stone
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.

I am standing on the seashore,
A ship sails and spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
And starts for the ocean.
She is an object of beauty and I stand watching her till at last
She fades on the horizon, and someone at my side
Says “she is gone”.
Gone where?
Gone from my sight that is all.
She is just as large in the masts, hull and spurs,
as she was when I saw her,
and just as able to bear her load of living freight
to its destination.
The diminished size, the total loss of sight is in me not in her,
and just at the moment when someone at my side
Says “She is gone”
There are others who are watching her coming,
and other voices take up the glad shout.
“here she comes.”
And that is DYING.

Bishop Brent
I Have Lived and I Have Loved

I have lived and I have loved;
I have waked and I have slept;
I have sung and I have danced;
I have smiled and I have wept;
I have won and wasted treasure;
I have had my fill of pleasure;
And all these things were weariness,
And some of them were dreariness.
And all of these things - but two things
   Were emptiness and pain;
And Love - it was the best of them;
And Sleep - worth all the rest of them.
   Anon

Because You Have Lived

To laugh often and much.
To win the respect of intelligent people, and
   the affection of children.
To earn the appreciation of honest critics.
   To appreciate beauty.
To find the best in others.
To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child,
   or a garden patch.
To know even one life has breathed easier because you
   have lived.
This is to have succeeded.

The Tree of Life

The human race is the trunk and branches of this tree,
   and individual men and women are the leaves,
which appear one season, flourish for a summer, and then die.
I too am like a leaf of this tree, and one day I shall be torn off
by a storm, or simply decay and fall - and become part of the
earth about its roots. But, while I live, I am conscious of the
tree's flowing sap and steadfast strength. Deep down in my
consciousness is the consciousness of a collective life, a life of
which I am part, and to which I make a minute but unique
contribution. When I die and fall the tree remains, nourished to
some small degree by my manifestation of life.
Millions of leaves have preceded me and millions will follow
me, but the tree itself grows and endures.

Adapted from Herbert Read
John 14

Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way where I am going’

Thomas said to him, ‘Lord, we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?’ Jesus said to him, ‘I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but by me.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives do I give you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.’

The Dash Between
by Ron Tranmer©

I stood there near the headstone of one I loved, and cried. Beneath his name was there engraved, date of birth - and date he died.

The thought came quickly to my mind, these years leave much unseen. Far more meaningful it seems is the dash - which lies between.

The years within that little dash live on in memory, and represent the precious life of one who’s dear to me.

In time I too shall pass away and in the ground I’ll lie. Will those I love and leave behind stand at my grave and cry?

Our life here upon the earth can end in but a flash. Are we wisely using the time within our dash?

Do we look for opportunities to do a kindly deed, and show love and understanding to those who are in need?

For If our hearts are full love throughout the time we’re here, we’ll be loved by all who knew us, and our memory they’ll hold dear.

And there upon our headstone, shining ever bright and bold, that little dash between our years will be a dash of gold.
JOYCE GRENFELL’S POEM

“If I should go before the rest of you,
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone,
Nor, when I’m gone, speak in a Sunday voice,
But be the usual selves That I have known.
Weep if you must:
Parting is hell,
But life goes on
So...sing as well!”

Legacy of Love

A wife, a mother, a grandma too,
This is the legacy we have from you.
You taught us love and how to fight,
You gave us strength, you gave us might.
A stronger person would be hard to find,
And in your heart you were always kind.
For all of us you gave your best,
Now the time has come for you to rest.
So go in peace, you've earned your sleep,
Your love in our hearts, we'll eternally keep.

Lord God, may the light of Your presence shine on us as we gather here, our hearts bowed down by the loss of ........................................... whom You have gathered to Yourself. Accept in Your great mercy the earthly life which has now ended and shelter with Your tender care this soul that is so precious to our hearts.

Love's Tranquility

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a better bargain driven.
My true love hath my heart and I have his.
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him, his thought and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own:
I cherish his, because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554 - 1586)

The Moving Finger writes;
and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it

OMAR KHAYSAM
### Make holy this ground
Send your angel to look over ............
For all time may here be
A piece of sanctuary, peace and hope
To all who return to remember
Above all grant .....................
Eternal peace and rest here and hereafter.

### May the Road rise with you
May the winds be always at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And the rains fall softly into your fields
Until we meet again may your god
hold you in the hollow of his hand.

### Missed by
One and all
Though
Her presence
Ever Remains

"The Butler"

### Many a Mile
I look down the road that winds in the distance
And wonder where it might lead
I only know it makes no difference
As long as you walk with me

Many a mile we will travel
Many a dream we will share
Many a time we will gladly take the long way there
With every step we will draw closer
With every step our love will grow
Take my hand, we have many a mile to go

True love is not a destination
But one day we will arrive
This is the journey we will be taking
The rest of our lives
There will be days we're missing
All the places our love has been
There will be joy in knowing the best
Is still around the bend
With every step we will draw closer
That every turn our love will grow
Take my hand, we have many a mile to go

Author unknown
Moments in Life
There are moments in life when you miss someone so much that you just want to pick them from your dreams and hug them for real!
When the door of happiness closes, another opens; but often times we look so long at the closed door that we don't see the one, which has been opened for us.
Don't go for looks; they can deceive.
Don't go for wealth; even that fades away.
Go for someone who makes you smile, because it takes only a smile to make a dark day seem bright.
Find the one that makes your heart smile.
Dream what you want to dream; go where you want to go; be what you want to be, because you have only one life and one chance to do all the things you want to do.
May you have enough happiness to make you sweet enough trials to make you strong, enough sorrow to keep you human and enough hope to make you happy.
The happiest of people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the most of everything that comes along their way.

The brightest future will always be based on a forgotten past; you can't go forward in life until you let go of your past failures and heartaches.

When you were born, you were crying and everyone around you was smiling.
Live your life so at the end, you're the one who is smiling and everyone around you is crying.

Please share this message with those people who mean something to you; to those who have touched your life in one way or another; to those who make you smile when you really need it; to those who make you see the brighter side of things when you are really down; to those whose friendship you appreciate; to those who are so meaningful in your life.

Don't count the years - count the memories ........
Memories

I met you in the summertime when we were young and free.
We fell in love as lovers do, but now it's just me.

I miss your smile, your lazy ways, your kindness I recall.
We hadn't much when we were wed but now I know we had it all.

Sleep well, my love, your rest was due.
We'll meet again and our love renew.

And when I am called to rest awhile
I know you'll meet me with a smile.

And once more we'll walk hand in hand.
Happy together, in the promise land.

Nature Boy

There was a boy ....
A very strange enchanted boy,
They say he wandered very far, very far
Over land and sea
A little shy and sad of eye
But very wise was he.

And then one day, One magic day he came my way,
And while we spoke of many things,
Fools and kings,
This he said to me,

"The greatest thing you'll ever learn
is just to love and be loved in return".

- interlude -

"The greatest thing you'll ever learn
is just to love and be loved in return".
My Memories

On the road that all must tread
You have traveled on ahead.
Out into the morning light
Out of reach and out of sight.
But never very far away
For every night and every day.
On the wings of memory
Something brings you back to me.
Some simple and familiar thing
Will start my heart remembering.
The times we had, the good the bad
The days, the years, sweet things and sad.
A tune, a joke, a cup of tea
Something brings you back to me.

Miss Me But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road,
and the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room,
why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little but not too long
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared
miss me but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
and each must go alone
It’s all a part of the Master’s plan
a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds,
Miss me, but let me go.
Mother

You only have one Mother
So patient kind and true
No other friend in all the world
Will be the same as you

When other friends forsake you
To her you can return
For all her loving kindness
She asks nothing in return

As we look upon her picture
Sweet memories we recall
Of a face so full of sunshine
And a smile for one and all

Her life was love and labour
Her love for the family - True
She did her best for everyone
And now says:-
God Bless you

Now You've Gone

There's a quietness now you've gone
Where I used to hear your voice
I wanted you to stay with me
But I know you had no choice.

There's a stillness now you've gone
And I've tried to fill the time
With family, friends and loved ones
They've all been very kind.
There's a loneliness now you've gone
Which brings to mind the past
I'm glad I'm now there with you
My "Dearest ............" at last

Of all the days throughout our life
The saddest one has come
For life will never be the same
Without our loving Mum
And though our hearts are breaking
And will for quite a while
We remember all the love she gave
The radiance of her smile.
A mother's love provides the rock
We built our life upon
It stays with us forever
And it helps us carry on.
Near a shady wall a rose once grew,  
Budded and blossomed  
In God’s free light.
Watered and fed by morning dew,  
Shedding it’s sweetness day and night.  
As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,  
Slowly rising to loftier height,  
It came to a crevice in the wall,  
Through which there shone a beam of light.  
Onward it crept with added strength,  
With never a thought of fear or pride  
It followed the light  
Through the crevice-length,  
And unfolded itself on the other side.  
The light, the dew, the broadening view,  
Were found the same As they were before,  
And it lost itself in beauties new,  
Breathing it’s fragrance more and more.  
Shall claim of death Cause us to grieve,  
And make our courage faint or fall?  
Nay let us faith and hope receive -  
The rose still grows beyond the wall.....  
Scattering fragrance far and wide,  
Just as it did in days of yore,  
Just as it did on the other side,  
Just as it will for evermore.

Prayer

We thank You for all that was gentle and noble in his life.  
Through his name inspire us with strength and light.  
Help us to use our grief itself for acts of service and of love.

Everlasting God, help us to realise more and more that time and space are not the measure of all things. Though our eyes do not see, teach us to understand that the soul of our dear one is not cut off. Love does not die, and truth is stronger than the grave. Just as our affection and the memory of the good he did unite us with him at this time, so may our trust in You lift us to the vision of the life that knows no death.

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"One at Rest"
Think of me as one at rest,
for me you should not weep
I have no pain no troubled thoughts
for I am just asleep
The living thinking me that was,
is now forever still
And life goes on without me now,
as time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
because I've gone away
Dwell not long upon it friend
For none of us can stay
Those of you who liked me,
I sincerely thank you all
And those of you who loved me,
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,
as time went rushing by
I found some time to hesitate,
to laugh, to love, to cry
Matters it now if time began
If time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all,
and now I am at peace.

"Our Parents"
By Richard Eyre, Director, Royal National Theatre

Our parents cast long shadows over our lives.
When we grow up we imagine that we can walk into the sun,
    ahead of them.
We don't realise until it's too late that we have no choice in the
    matter, they're always ahead of us.
We carry them within us all our lives, in the shape of our face,
the way we walk, the sound of our voice, our skin, our hair, our
    hands, our heart.
We try all our lives to separate ourselves from them and only
    when they are passed on do we find that we are.
We grow to expect that our parents, like the weather, will al-
    ways be with us. Then they are gone, leaving a mark like a
hand print on wet glass or a kiss on a rainy day, and with their
    passing we are no longer children.

"Prayer for Patience"
Father, hear the prayer I pray,
Give me patience every day.
Teach me how to seek and find,
    Quiet hope and peace of mind.
Thoughtful in my words and deeds
Understanding other's needs.
    Father, let me always be
Patient as you are with me. Iris Hesselden
A PRAYER

“Turn Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear LORD
And let us sleep;
Grant us our portion of forgetfulness
Silent and deep.
Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes
To clear their sight;
Shut out the shining of the moon and stars
And candlelight.
Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad
The shades of grey;
The Fancies that so haunt the little hours
Before the day.
Quiet the time worn questions that are all
Unanswered yet;
Take from the spent and troubled souls of us
Their vain regret.
And lead us far into Thy silent land
That we may go;
Like children out across the field of dreams
Where poppies blow.
So all Thy saints and all Thy sinners too
Wilt Thou not keep;
Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
Thou givest sleep.”

The Last Voyage

Some time at dawn when tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.
A few who have watched me sail away,
Will miss my craft from the busy Bay.
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving soul that my heart held dear.
In silent sorrow will drop a tear,
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail,
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who sailed before.

Lizzie Clark Hardy
Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
who has blessed us all with the gift of this earthly life
and has given to our brother/sister N
his/her span of years and gifts of character.
God our Father, we thank you now for all his/her life,
for every memory of love and joy,
for every good deed done by him/her
and every sorrow shared with us.
We thank you for his/her life and for his/her death,
we thank you for the rest in Christ he/she now enjoys,
we thank you for giving him/her to us,
we thank you for the glory we shall share together.
Hear our prayers through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Most merciful God,
whose wisdom is beyond our understanding,
surround the family of ..... with your love,
that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss,
but have confidence in your goodness,
and strength to meet the days to come.
We ask this through Christ our Lord.
Remembering

Everybody loves to be remembered.
But if we want to be remembered,
we have a duty also to remember.
Memory is a powerful thing.
Wrongly used it can bring death
rather than life.
Rightly used it is a form of immortality.
It keeps the past alive.
Those we remember never die.
They continue to walk and talk with us.
Their influence is still felt among us.
There is nothing stronger or more helpful
than a good remembrance.

Rest

The memories and love I leave behind
Are yours to keep
I have found my rest; I have turned my face
To the sun, and now I sleep

The Pattern of my Life

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me;
I cannot choose the colours
He worketh steadily.

Oftentimes He weaveth sorrow
And I in foolish pride,
Forget that He seeth the upper,
And I the underside.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reasons why.

The dark threads are as needful
In the weaver’s skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.
Remember
Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember; do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.
Christina Rossetti

Remember Me
No pain beyond, no tears, no fear
No thought of death - for I'm still near.
No hugs I know, nor sweet caress
But I'm still close to love and bless.
No quiet word, nor gentle touch
But don't despair - I love you much.
No gesture kind to show I care
The veil is drawn but I'm, still there.
Be reassured we'll meet again.
Patricia Littlewood

Grieve not too long - but look around
In earthly things I shall be found.
A falling leaf, a growing tree
In every breeze you will feel me.
I walk in life, death holds no pain
Be reassured we'll meet again.

Sadness for a Rose
Whoever left it lying there - this rose of beauty past,
Surely, could have picked it up! Not left it on the grass!
This rose, in all its glory, had held its head so high!
Offering its sweetness, to all who passed there by.

Such exquisite beauty! Its velvet petals shone!
But now, no longer in its stem, its life was almost gone!
It lay there, crumpled, on the green - this rose of beauty past
I thought "How sad! This lovely flower, had not been made to last!"
It made me think that life is sweet, and we should be aware.
And love the things around us, while there's still time to care.
For we think, that life is endless - but time so swiftly goes!
And are we, not as fragile, as that lovely summer rose?
Christina Rossetti

Remember
Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
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The veil is drawn but I'm, still there.
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Patricia Littlewood
Revelations 21

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; the first heaven and the first earth had disappeared now, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the holy city, and the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, as beautiful as a bride all dressed for her husband. Then I heard a loud voice call from the throne, ‘You see this city? Here God lives among men. He will make his home among them; they shall be his people, and he will be their God; his name is God-with-them. He will wipe away all tears from their eyes; there will be no more death, and no more mourning or sadness. The world of the past has gone.

The throne of God and of the Lamb will be in its place in the city; his servants will worship him, they will see him face to face, and his name will be written on their foreheads. It will never be night again and they will not need lamplight or sunlight, because the Lord God will be shining on them. They will reign for ever and ever.

1 Corinthians 13 (New International Version)

1 Corinthians 13

Love

1 If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. 2 If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. 3 If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing.

4 Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. 5 It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. 6 Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. 7 It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. 8 Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. 9 For we know in part and we prophesy in part, 10 but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. 11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me. 12 Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

13 And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love
Safely Home
I am home in heaven dear ones,
   Oh so happy and so bright.
There is perfect joy and beauty,
   In this everlasting light.
All the pain and grief is over,
   Ever restless tossing passed.
I am now at peace forever,
   Safely home in heaven at last.

Did you wonder why I so calmly,
   Trod the valley of the shade.
Oh but Jesus' love illuminated,
   Every dark and fearful glade.
And he came himself to rescue me,
   In that way too hard to tread.
Could I have one doubt? or dread?
Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still.
Try to look beyond the shadows,
   Pray to trust our Father's will.
There is work still waiting for you,
   So you must not idly stand.
Do it now while life remaineth,
   You shall rest in Jesus' hand.
When that work is all completed,
   He will gently call you home.
Oh the rapture of that meeting,
   Oh the joy to see you come.

To the Child in my Heart
O precious, tiny, sweet little one
   You will always be to me
So perfect, pure and innocent
Just as you were meant to be.
We dreamed of you and your life
   And all that it would be
We waited and longed for you come
   And join our family.

We never had the chance to play
   To laugh, to rock, to wiggle
We long to hold you, touch you now
   And listen to you giggle.
She'll always be your Mother
   I'll always be your Dad
You will always be our child
   The child that we had.

But now you're gone .. but yet you're here
   We'll sense you everywhere
You are our sorrow and our joy
   There's love in every tear.
Just know our love goes deep and strong
   We'll forget you never -
The child we had, but never had
   And yet will have forever.
Seasons of my Heart

Each time I hear spring raindrops fall
Softly to the ground,
And smell the sweet geraniums
I'll know that you're around.

Whenever summer breezes whisper
Gently through my hair,
And sunbeams warm my aching heart
I'll know that you are there.

As I watch the autumn leaves
Falling from the tree,
And the fireworks light up the sky
I'll know you are with me.

And every time the winter snowflakes
Drift both far and wide,
And frost glistens on rooftops
I'll know you're by my side.

So with each passing season
And at each new year's start
You'll never be forgotten
Because you're always in my heart.

Poem by Harry Hayes ... about young love

Sixteen

Lightly tread they - arm linking waist to waist
Hearing only the sweet song of each others voices from their presence swirls the spring
Each sixteen - the yellows and greens will nere be so bright again -
Nor skies - cloud chased so blue
Those diamonds bouncing on cobbles - will some day fall as rain.

Tears

Please dry your tears and laugh again,
Let go your hurt, release your pain.
Accept that my time on earth is complete,
My lessons all learned, some bitter some sweet.
Envisage the me, who was healthy and strong,
Don't hold the memory of me, where it went wrong.
Know that the place where I am feels right,
I'm surrounded by love and bathed in white light.
Don't cling onto heartache and think I'm afar,
For I stand by your side wherever you are.
In your joy and your sorrow every night every day,
I'm there with my love, just one thought away.
Step into the sunshine, come out of the rain,
For me dry your tears, for me laugh again.

Author unknown 2001
**A Shilling Life**

A shilling life will give you all the facts  
How Father beat him, how he ran away.  
What were the struggles of his youth, what acts  
Made him the greatest figure of his day.  
Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night  
Though giddy, climbed new mountains: named a sea.  
Some of the last researchers even write  
Love made him weep his pints like you and me.  

With all his honours on, he sighed for one  
Who, say astonished critics, lived at home.  
Did little jobs about the house with skill  
And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still.  
Or potter round the garden; answered some  
Of his long marvellous letters but kept none.  

W H Auden

**Thy Will Be Done**

You left quietly without a fuss  
You always had a smile to share  
A laugh, a joke  
A time to care  
A wonderful nature  
Warm and true  
These are the memories  
I have of you  

A beautiful life  
Came to an end  
You died as you lived  
Everyone’s friend  

You gave me year’s of happiness  
Then sorrow came with tears  
You left me lovely memories  
I will treasure through the years
Such a place holds no-one except for one so dear.
Such a place can't be entered within our heart right here.

Such a place is held Special and brims with overflowing love.
Such a place can't be touched it's God's gift from heaven above.

Such a place can't be broken nor battered with life's pains.
And this such a place on it's own will always eternally reign.

Such a place even marriage, friendship and love cannot take
Such a place is locked, bound with chains no man can break.

Such a place can't be lost and makes us feel happy and glad
Just such a place within our heart is held just for our Dad.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin built there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats 1892
The Best
God saw you getting tired,
And a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around you
And whispered “Come to Me”.
With tearful eyes we watched you,
and saw you pass away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.
A Golden Heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best
A Submariners Prayer
O Father hear our prayer to Thee
From a humble crew beneath the Sea.

In deepest ocean as oft we stray
So far removed from night and day.
We ask Thy guiding light to glow
To make our journey safe, below.

May ours be clarity of mind, and
let the darkness not us blind.
Give us strength when we go deep
Charge our batteries when we sleep.

For homes and loved ones far away
We beg Thy gentle care each day.
Pray we Thy guiding hand to show
Course, speed and depth that we should go.

Until we surface, once again
To breath Thine air, and feel Thy rain.
On each occasion, Lord, we dive
May we later, on the roof arrive.

Till a final ballast blow is due
When let us, watches Red, White and Blue.
Join the Saints in Thy spare crew.
Amen

The more you give the more you get
The more you laugh the less you fret.
The more you do unselfishly, the more you live abundantly
The more of everything you share, the more you'll always have to share.
The more you love, the more you'll find
That life's good, friends are kind.
For only what we give away, enriches us from day to day.

The Railway Children
When we climbed the slopes of the cutting
We were eye-level with the white cups
Of the telegraph poles and the sizzling wires.

Like lovely freehand they curved for miles
East and miles west beyond us, sagging
Under their burden of swallows.

We were small and thought we knew nothing
Worth knowing. We though words travelled the wires
In the shiny pouches of raindrops.

Each one seeded full with the light
Of the sky, the gleam of the lines, and ourselves
So infinitesimally scaled.
We could stream through the eye of a needs.
Seamus Heaney (b.1939)
The Rose Beyond the Wall
A rose once grew where all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And, as the days passed swiftly by,
it spread its branches, straight and tall.
One day, a beam of light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide -
The rose bent gently toward its warmth
then passed beyond to the other side ....
Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted - the rose blooms there -
It's beauty even greater now,
nurtured by God's own loving care.

The Sailor's Psalm
The Lord is my Pilot, therefore I shall not drift.
He lightest me over dark waters.
He steereth me in the deep channels; He keepeth my log.
He guideth me by the Star of Holiness for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I sail through the thunders and tempests
of life, I shall dread no danger, for Thou art
with me, thy love and thy care they shall shelter me.
Thou preparest a harbour before me in the homeland
of eternity;
Thou anointest the waves with oil, my ship ridest calmly.
Surely, sunlight and starlight shall favour me on the
voyage I take and I will rest in the Port of my God
for ever.

The Trees
The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The recent buds relax and spread,
Their greeness is a kind of grief.
It is that they are born again
And we grow old? No, they die too.
Their yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.
Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.
Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh. Philip Larkin (1922-85).

The Soldier
If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by the suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts a peace, under an English heaven.
Rupert Brooke
The Broken Chain

We little knew that morning that God was going to call your name,
    In life we loved you dearly, in death we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you, you did not go alone,
For part of us went with you, the day God called you home.
You left us peaceful memories, your love is still our guide,
    And though we cannot see you, you are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken, and nothing seems the same,
    But as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again.

The life that I have is all that I have
    And the life that I have is yours.
The love that I have of the life that I have
    Is yours and yours and yours.
A sleep I shall have
    A rest I shall have
Yet death will be but a pause,
For the peace of my years in the long green grass
    Will be yours and yours and yours.

W. H. Auden
Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
    Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
    Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
    Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
    Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
    My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
    I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
    Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
    For nothing now can ever come to any good.
Think of Me

Think of me from time to time,
   Lift not working,
   Stairs to climb.

Think of me sat in the pub,
   Pipe smoke rising,
   Ready rub.

Think of me that happy chap,
   Crisp white hankie,
   Neat flat cap.

Think of me as Christmas nears,
   Full of laughter,
   Festive cheers.

Think of me now gone to rest,
   Have a beer,
   And all the best.
Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
The old snows melt from every mountainside,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.
There are a hundred places where I fear
To go, - so with his memory they brim!
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face
I say "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

Time in a Bottle
If I could keep time in a bottle,
I know which times I would keep.
I would keep the times and the memories,
Some bitter and some sweet.
My first would be my marriage,
The day I said "I do".
The day when the world was ours,
For just an hour or two.
The second would be my children,
The joy and the pleasure they brought.
The ups and downs of their lives,
Which they thought their mum could sort.
The third would be my grandchildren,
Another generation is born.
To see them all as babies,
So tiny and perfectly formed.
I think I have been lucky,
And cherish each moment apart.
Because it isn't time in a bottle,
It's the memories you keep in your heart. Anon

To My Dear and Loving Husband
If ever two were one, then surely we,
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy with man,
Compare with me ye woman if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee gave recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray;
Then while we live, in love let's so persever,
Under Milk Wood

It is Spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courter's-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobbing sea. The houses are blind as moles (though moles see fine tonight in the snouting, velvet dingles) or blind as Captain Cat there in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock, the shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widow's weeds. And all the people of the lulled and dumbfound town are sleeping now.

Dylan Thomas

We will always remember your laughter
   We will always remember your smile
   You helped us walk our hard steps
   You always went that extra mile.

We want to thank you for all you have given us
   For teaching us all we know
   For if I'm as good a father as you
   Your grandchildren will surely grow.

Dad you were our hero
   Someone who made us proud
   And now you have been taken from us
   We want to cry out loud.

   Goodbye our darling father
   You have not gone alone
   Coz part of us came with you
   And part of you stayed home.

Went to see you on Wednesday,
   You were happy, felt OK.
   Went home and felt quite calm,
   Had dinner, sat down.
   The 'phone rang and it was bad,
   Five minutes later I was so sad.
   You'd gone and left us all,
   No fight, no fuss - your call.
   Went to see you laying there,
   At peace, no pain, not a care.
   Finally free of life's chains,
   Free as a bird to move again.
   The spirit is free as a bird
   That's the ticket - your word.
Under Milk Wood extended

It is Spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courtier's-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobbing sea. The houses are blind as moles (though moles see fine tonight in the snouting, velvet dingles) or blind as Captain Cat there in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock, the shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widow's weeds. And all the people of the lulled and dumbfound town are sleeping now.

Hush, the babies are sleeping, the farmers, the fishers, the tradesmen and pensioners, cobbler, schoolteacher, postman and publican, the undertaker and the fancy woman, drunkard, dressmaker, preacher, policeman, the webfoot cocklewomen and the tidy wives. Young girls
lie bedded soft or glide in their dreams, with rings and trowsers, bridesmaid by glow-worms down the aisles of the organplaying wood. The boys are dreaming wicked of the bucking ranches of the night and the jollyroddered sea. And the anthracite statues of the horses sleep in the fields, and the cows in the byres, and the dogs in the wet-nosed yeard; and the cats nap in the slant corners or lope sly, streaking and needling, on the one cloud of the roofs.

You can hear the dew falling, and the hushed town breathing.

Only your eyes are unclosed to see the black and folded town fast, and slow, asleep.
And you alone can hear the invisible starfall, the darkest-before-the-dawn minutely dewgrazed stir of the black, dab-filled sea where the Arethusa, the Curlew and the Skylark, Zanzibar, Rhiannon, the Rover, the Cormorant, and the Star of Wales tilt and ride.

Listen. It is night in the chill, squat chapel, hymning in bonnet and brooch and bombazine black, butterfly choker and bootlace bow, coughing like nannygoats, suckling mintoes, fortywinking hallelujah; night in the four-ale, quiet as a domino; is Ocky Milkman's lofts like a mouse with gloves; in Dai Bread's bakery flying like black flour. It is tonight in Donkey Street, trotting silent, with seaweed on its hooves, along the cockled cobbles, past curtained fernpot, text and trinket, harmonium, holy dresser, watercolours done by hand, china dog and rosy tin teacaddy. It is night nedding among the snuggeries of babies.

Look. It is night, dumbly, royally winding through the Coronation cherry trees; going through the graveyard of Bethesda with winds gloved and folded, and dew doffed; tumbling by the Sailors Arms.

Time passes. Listen. Time passes.
Come closer now.

Only you can hear the houses sleeping in the streets in the slow deep salt and silent black, bandaged night. Only you can see, in the blinded bedrooms, the combs and petticoats over the chairs, the jugs and basins, the glasses of teeth. Thou Shalt Not on the wall, and the yellowing dickybird-watching pictures of the dead. Only you can hear and see, behind the eyes of the sleepers, the movements and countries and mazes and colours and dismays and rainbows and tunes and wished and flight and fall and despairs and big seas of their dreams.

From where you are, you can hear their dreams.
Dylan Thomas
“To those I love and Those who love me”
When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do
You mustn’t tie yourself to me with tears
Be thankful for our many beautiful years.

I gave you my love. You can only guess
How much you gave me happiness
I thank you for your love you each have shown
But now it’s time for me to travel on alone.

So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust
It’s only for a time that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart.

I won’t be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you cannot see or touch me, I’ll be near
And if you listen with your heart you’ll hear
All my love around you, soft and dear.

And then when you must come this way alone
I’ll greet you with a smile and say
“Welcome Home”.

Sometimes
Sometimes things don’t go, after all,
from bad to worse. Some years, muscadel
faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don’t fail,
sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war;
elect an honest man; decide they care
enough, that they can’t leave some stranger poor.
Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go
amiss; sometimes we do as we meant to.
The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow
that seemed hard frozen: may it happen for you.

Sheenagh Pugh (b. 1950)

Why God Made Grandfathers
When God created grandfathers He made them kind and wise,
With a warm and happy twinkle In their laughter and their eyes.
God gave them strong but gentle hands To help a toddler walk,
And the patience just to listen When a youngster needs to talk.

With a smile, God gave grandfathers Happy memories that
would last, So that they could tell grandchildren
Wondrous stories of the past.

Then He gave mine understanding
And experience to be, A loving inspiration
To my sister and to me.
A beautiful memory left behind
of someone who was good and kind.

A life made good by kindly deeds
and generous thoughts for others needs.

The old oak is gone -
how many days we gazed upon it,
smiled and climbed upon it, delighting in its leaves and acorns.
Felled long ago by the great winds
and lain on its side, yet still it grew,
tenuously linked to its fragmented roots.
This dear old tree always inspired hope,
a witness to how the storms of life
can cut down and against all odds still live.
Today the final severance of its great trunk
breaks me.
Like that so hard day when your silver cord snapped
separating us forever.
Now resting wearily on the old oak’s stump,
enveloped in tears,
I look to the earth and hope its deep roots
might nurture new life.
Perhaps the spring will bring new shoots,
the renewal of life and hope.
SUSANNE FROST

When I must leave you
for a little while.
Please do not grieve
and shed wild tears,
and hug your sorrow
to you through the years.
But start out bravely
with a gallant smile;
And for my sake and in my name
live on and do all things the same.
Feed not your loneliness
on empty days,
but fill each waking hour in
useful ways,
reach out your hand
in comfort and in cheer
and I in turn will comfort you
and hold you near;
And never, never be afraid to die,
for I am waiting
for you in the sky.

“To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die”
**When I grow too old to dream,**
I’ll have you to remember
When I grow too old to dream,
your love will live in my heart
So kiss me my sweet, and so let us part,
and when I grow too old to dream
that kiss will live in my heart

**When tomorrow starts without me**
and I am not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
are filled with tears for me,
I wish so much you wouldn’t cry, the way you did today
While thinking of the many things we didn’t get to say.
I know how much you loved me, as much as I loved you,
And each time you think of me I know you’ll miss me too,
But, when tomorrow starts without me,
please try to understand,
That angel came and called my name
and took me by the hand.
When tomorrow starts without me,
don’t think we’re far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I’m right there in your heart.

**You are my friend**
My family
And all the relationships I have ever known
You are my wisdom and my warmth
The ecstasy in every high my heart has ever flown
My pupil
My teacher
My eagle and my dove
you are the music and the words to every song my soul has heard
You are my love"

**You shared life with us:**
God give eternal life to you.
You gave your love to us:
God give his deep love to you.
You gave your time to us:
God give his eternity to you.
Go upon your journey dear soul
To love, light and life eternal.
We little knew that morning
that God was going to call your name,
In life we loved you dearly, in death we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you, you did not go alone,
For part of us went with you, the day God called you home.
You left us peaceful memories, your love is still our guide,
And though we cannot see you, you are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken, and nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again.

I'm thinking all the time of you and you alone;
for the greatest happiness that I have ever known.
I owe to you, my dear companion, clearly now I see,
the joy, the comfort that you have given me.
I am thinking, how could I forget,
you have filled our existence since the day that first we met;
and wherever I may be,
my heart will be with you till together
once again dear we start our lives anew.
Patience Strong?

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Up-Hill

by Christina Georgina Rossetti
(1830-1894)
You must remember this
   A kiss is still a kiss
   A sigh is still a sigh
The world will always welcome lovers
   As time goes by.
**Words for the loss of a child**

I’ll lend you, for a little time, a child of mine,” he said,
For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he’s dead.

It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

He’ll bring his charms to gladden you, and should his stay be brief,
You’ll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there, I want this child to learn.

I’ve looked the wide world over, in search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life’s lanes, I have selected you.

Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labour vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call, to take him back again?

I fancied that I heard them say, “Dear Lord, thy will be done!
For all the joys thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we’ll run.”

---

**Words for friends**

I pray for my friends, for my very dear friends
Whose memory I revere

I ask you Lord to be kind to them now
Who were always kind to me here

Please grant them Lord, a place of light
A place of peace and rest
A place where saints ring out their praise
A place among the blessed

Where sorrows sweeten into joy
Where tears are wiped away
Where everything becomes as new
For this, dear Lord, I pray

And is it too much, Lord, to ask
That I may join them there
That I, too, may rejoice with you
And in your glory share?
Sunset gilded o’er the meadows
In the west were gleams of gold
As the shepherd in the shadows
Drew his sheep within the fold
But his heart with pain was crossed
For one little lamb was lost
Jesus loves you deeply, dearly
Come, to his arms

In the heart of God, our father
With divine compassion burns
There is joy amongst the angels
When the wanderer returns
Saying all the journey through
Little lamb, I die for you
Jesus loves you deeply, dearly
Come, to his arms

Just a prayer from
The husband who loved you
Just a memory, fond and true
In my heart you will liver for ever
Because I thought the world of you

The parting glass
Oh all the time that e’er I spent
I spent it in good company
And any harm that e’er I’ve done
I trust it was to none but me
May those I’ve love through all the years
Have memories now they’ll e’er recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight, and joy be with you all

Oh all the comrades that e’er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the loved ones that e’er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should leave and you shout not
I’ll gently rise and I’ll softly call
Goodnight, and joy be with you all

Of all good times that e’er we shared
I leave to you fond memory
And for all the friendships that e’er we had
I ask you to remember me
And when you sit and stories tell
I’ll be with you and help recall
So fill to me the parting glass
God Bless, and joy be with you all
Thy Will Be Done
You left quietly without a fuss
You always had a smile to share
   A laugh, a joke
   A time to care
A wonderful nature
Warm and true
These are the memories
   I have of you
A beautiful life
Came to an end
You died as you lived
   Everyone’s friend
You gave me year’s of happiness
Then sorrow came with tears
   You left me lovely memories
I will treasure through the years

When death walks by
with quiet tread, to touch a loved one who's then led, away from sleep, away from pain, to wake in joy to live again.

Your'll hear him on a whispered breeze, a calling bird, in swaying trees. Do not weep long, but lift your eyes, you'll see his glory in God's skies.

He'll be there in a swallow's flight, his eyes in stars on a velvet night. His courage strong in every tree, his name carved well, for eternity.

Hide not your love within your heart, for he will always be a part of us and everything we do, for death is nought when love is true.
A Great–Grandpa to Me
By Frank Greg

This year was the first that you could gladly say
How you’d become a Great-Grandpa who’s more proud
everyday.
Though you’ve been gone for only a few days,
Still you’re loved just the same.
Now my daughter will be our legacy.
And as she grows she’ll want to know just how you used to be.
So I’ll sob then smile all the while that she’s upon my knee.
I’ll make it clear how very dear I hold your memory,
And hide the pain as I explain what a great Grandpa you were to me……..

Life is beautiful, my child
Though many things go wrong
And you may hear much sadness in
Its strange and lovely song,

Though friends and loved ones die, my child,
They’re never really gone
Nor more nor less than yesterday
In you they will live on.

They will live on in you, my child,
As everything you see
Though it must vanish, will remain
Alive in memory.

Alive in what you think and feel
And dream and say and do,
For all who ever were still are
Upon this earth in you.

Life is beautiful, my child.
A SAILORS PRAYER
CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea

But such a tide, as moving
Seems asleep too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark

For tho from out borne of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot, face to face
When I have crossed the bar

Song for the Unification of Europe

Though I speak with the tongues of angels,
If I have not love...
My words would resound with but a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophesy...
And understand all mysteries...
and all knowledge...
And though I have all faith
So that I could remove mountains,
If I have not love...
I am nothing.
Love is patient, full of goodness;
Love tolerates all things,
Aspires to all things,
Love never dies,
while the prophecies shall be done away,
tongues shall be silenced,
knowledge shall fade...
thus then shall linger only
faith, hope, and love...
but the greatest of these...
is love.
1Corinthians 13 adapted by Zbigniew Preisner
This life for me so quickly passed
loved you all till the very last
Weep not for me but courage take
And love each other for my sake

Because You Have Lived

To laugh often and much.
To win the respect of intelligent people, and
the affection of children.

To earn the appreciation of honest critics.
To appreciate beauty.
To find the best in others.

To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, or a
garden patch.

To know even one life has breathed easier because you have
lived.

This is to have succeeded

I thought of you with love today but that is nothing new
I thought about you yesterday and days before that too,
I think of you in silence I often speak your name
All I have are memories and your picture in a frame
Your memory is my keepsake with which I’ll never part
God has you in His keeping I have you in my heart
Forget-Me-Not

We are the ones God chose to take
We are the ones you could not awake
We are the buds you see on a tree
We are the ones whose spirits runs free

We are the bulbs you may plant in spring
We are the sound when you hear the birds sing
We are the ones that could not cry
We are the ones he chose to die

Our tears are the tips of the morning dew
We are the ones that you never knew
We are the rain that's left on the grass
The test for life we did not pass

We are the bees you hear and hum
We had no voice to call you mum
We are the forest that fragrance the wood
To be with you if only we could

We are the sun, the clouds, the moon
We are the blooms that went too soon
We are the stars that shine above
We are the ones you could not love

Forget-me-not's that's what we are
We grow in your garden not very far
We are a heart broken in two
We are the ones who belong to you

We are the ones you could not share
We are the empty space you see there
So really you see in every way
Forget me not for every day

author: Lannette Lusk – 10/3/95

HOLY

God, we praise Thy Name
Lord of all we bow before Thee;
all on earth Thy scepter claim,
all in heaven above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
everlasting is Thy reign. HARK, the loud celestial hymn
angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim
in unceasing chorus praising,
fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord! LO, the Apostolic train
Join, Thy sacred name to hallow:
prophets swell the loud refrain,
and the white-robed Martyrs follow;
and, from morn till set of sun,
through the Church the song goes on. HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
undivided God we claim Thee:
and, adoring, bend the knee
while we own the mystery. THOU art King of glory, Christ:
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
for us sinners sacrificed,
and to death a tributary:
first to break the bars of death,
Thou has opened heaven to faith. FROM Thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
we believe that Thou shalt come
in the dreaded Doomsday morning;
when Thy voice shall shake the earth,
and the startled dead come forth. THEREFORE do we pray Thee, Lord:
help Thy servants whom, redeeming
by Thy Precious Blood out-poured,
Thou hast saved from Satan's scheming.
Give to them eternal rest
in the glory of the Blest. SPARE Thy people, Lord, we pray,
by a thousand snares surrounded:
keep us without sin today,
ever let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in Thee;
never, Lord, abandon me.
Holy God, we praise Thy Name
 Lord of all we bow before Thee;
 all on earth Thy scepter claim,
 all in heaven above adore Thee;
   Infinite Thy vast domain,
 everlasting is Thy reign. HARK, the loud celestial hymn
 angel choirs above are raising;
   Cherubim and Seraphim
 in unceasing chorus praising,
 fill the heavens with sweet accord;
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord! LO, the Apostolic train
 Join, Thy sacred name to hallow:
 prophets swell the loud refrain,
 and the white-robbed Martyrs follow;
 and, from morn till set of sun,
 through the Church the song goes on. HOLY Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
 While in essence only One,
 undivided God we claim Thee:
 and, adoring, bend the knee
 while we own the mystery. THOU art King of glory, Christ:
 Son of God, yet born of Mary;
 for us sinners sacrificed,
 and to death a tributary:
 first to break the bars of death,
 Thou has opened heaven to faith. FROM Thy high celestial
 home,

Judge of all, again returning,
 we believe that Thou shalt come
 in the dreaded Doomsday morning;
 when Thy voice shall shake the earth,
 and the startled dead come forth. THEREFORE do we pray
 Thee, Lord:
 help Thy servants whom, redeeming
 by Thy Precious Blood out-poured,
 Thou hast saved from Satan's scheming.
 Give to them eternal rest
 in the glory of the Blest. SPARE Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 by a thousand snares surrounded:
 keep us without sin today,
 never let us be confounded.
 Lo, I put my trust in Thee;
 never, Lord, abandon me.
A little boy asked his mother. "Why are you crying?"
"Because I'm a woman", she told him.
"I don't understand", he said
His Mum just hugged him and said, "And you never will".

Later the little boy asked his father
"Why does mother seem to cry for no reason?"
"All women cry for no reason", was all his dad could say.
The little boy grew up and became a man, still wondering why women cry.

Finally he put in a call to God.

When God answered, he asked
"God, why do women cry so easily"?
God said:

"When I made the woman she had to be special.
I made her shoulders strong enough to carry the weight of the world,
yet gentle enough to give comfort.

I gave her an inner strength to endure childbirth
and the rejection that many times comes from her children.

I gave her a hardness that allows her to keep going when everyone else gives up,

and take care of her family through sickness and fatigue without complaining.

I gave her the sensitivity to love her children under any and all circumstances,
even when her child has hurt her very badly.

I gave her strength to carry her husband through his faults
and fashioned her from his rib to protect his heart.

I gave her wisdom to know that a good husband never hurts his wife,
but sometimes tests her strengths and her resolve to stand beside him unalteringly.

And finally, I have her a tear to shed.
This is hers exclusively to use whenever it is needed.

You see, my son, said God
the beauty of a woman is not in the clothes she wears, the figure that she carries, or the way she combs her hair.

the beauty of a woman must be seen in her eyes, because that is the doorway to her heart - the place where love resides".
I once had a dear old Nan
who thought the world of me
if ever I was in trouble
she would sit me on her knee
that day that I sat crying
besides my Nan's bed
an angel came from heaven
and this is what he said

your Nan is tired and weary
a fighter to the end
Grandad now is waiting
with eternity she will spend

I know that Nan's are special gifts
that God can only lend
but she wasn't just a Nan to me
she was my greatest friend.

Four Candles
The first candle represents our grief.
The pain of losing you is intense
It reminds us of the depth of our love for you.

The second candle represents our courage.
To confront our sorrow,
To comfort each other,
To change our lives.

This third candle we light in your memory.
For the times we laughed,
The times we cried,
The times we were angry with each other,
The silly things you did,
The caring and joy you gave us.

Anon
If I Should Go
by Unknown Author

anon
If I should go tomorrow
It would never be goodbye,
For I have left my heart with you,
So don’t you ever cry.
The love that’s deep within me,
Shall reach you from the stars,
You’ll feel it from the heavens,
And it will heal the scars.

Stepping Stones

My life has been
like stepping stones,
Some stood together,
some stood alone.

As life like the water
rushed on by
Some stones made wet,
some stones stayed dry.

As years like the stones
came and went
Some stones were shakey,
some heaven sent.

As love like the snowflakes
fell from the sky,
Some touched the stones,
some floated by.

So now my journey's ended
and I've found dry land.
God is there as always
to reach and take my hand.
Written by Alan Sayer 16th January 2007

Those We Love
Author Unknown

Those we love don't go away;
They walk beside us every day.

Unseen, unheard but always near.
Sill loved, still missed, and very dear.

Wishing us hope in the midst of sorrow,
Offering comfort in the midst of pain, both today and tomorrow.
"How Do You Live Your Dash?"

I read of a man who stood to speak,
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on his coffin,
From the beginning.... to the end.

He noted that first came his date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
That he (Name) spent alive on earth...
And now only those who loved him
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own;
The cars... the house....the cash,
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.
Linda M. Ellis