

Poems, Psalms, Prose, Hymns, Song Selection

# NEVER FORGOTTEN

Before it's too late. A **Forever Legacy. For** Future Generations.

**Professor Michael Good AO, FASM FRACP FQA FTSE**

“A number of people would know certain things about you, however no one person has all the knowledge. NEVER FORGOTTEN removes all the guess work honouring one's Forever Legacy.”

**Dr John DeGroot B.A, LL.B Ph.D., Accredited Succession Law Specialist cites,**  
“An invaluable resource providing everyone peace of mind and a compassionate gift for families, for future generations.”



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*“The song is ended, but the melody lingers on” (Irving Berlin)*

## *Funeral Music*

One way of selecting a song for your funeral service is browsing the funeral music directory on internet sites such as Funeral Helper who offer a collection of funeral music divided into various categories and genres.

<http://www.funeralhelper.org/funeral-music.html>

They have embedded video/audio from YouTube with all the funeral music lyrics linked to a download pdf icon or print icon.



## *Frank Sinatra My Way Lyrics*

And now, the end is here  
And so I face the final curtain  
My friend, I'll say it clear  
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain  
I've lived a life that's full  
I traveled each and ev'ry highway  
And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Regrets, I've had a few  
But then again, too few to mention  
I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption  
I planned each charted course, each careful step along the byway  
And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew  
When I bit off more than I could chew  
But through it all, when there was doubt  
I ate it up and spit it out  
I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way

I've loved, I've laughed and cried  
I've had my fill, my share of losing  
And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing  
To think I did all that  
And may I say, not in a shy way,  
"Oh, no, oh, no, not me, I did it my way"

For what is a man, what has he got?  
If not himself, then he has naught  
To say the things he truly feels and not the words of one who kneels  
The record shows I took the blows and did it my way!

Yes, it was my way



## *Danny Boy*

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.  
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.



*“When you are born, you cry, and the world rejoices.  
When you die, you rejoice, and the world cries.”*

## *Hymns*

### *Lord Of All Hopefulness*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,  
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,  
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace.  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord,  
At the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,  
At the end of the day.



## *Make Me A Channel Of Your Peace*

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there is hatred let me bring your love;  
Where there is injury your pardon, Lord;  
And where there's doubt true faith in you.

Refrain:

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console;  
To be understood as to understand;  
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;  
Where there is darkness, only light;  
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Refrain

Make me a channel of your peace.  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
In giving to all men that we receive;  
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Refrain



## *Going Home*

William Arms Fisher and Ken Bible

Going home, going home,  
I'm just going home.  
Quiet-like, slip away-  
I'll be going home.  
It's not far, just close by;  
Jesus is the Door;  
Work all done, laid aside,  
Fear and grief no more.  
Friends are there, waiting now.  
He is waiting, too.  
See His smile! See His hand!  
He will lead me through.

Morning Star lights the way;  
Restless dream all done;  
Shadows gone, break of day,  
Life has just begun.  
Every tear wiped away,  
Pain and sickness gone;  
Wide awake there with Him!  
Peace goes on and on!  
Going home, going home,  
I'll be going home.  
See the Light! See the Sun!  
I'm just going home.





## *Be Still, My Soul*

Jane Laurie Borthwick

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on your side;  
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;  
Leave to your God to order and provide;  
In every change he faithful will remain.  
Be still, my soul; your best, your heavenly friend  
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul; your God will undertake  
To guide the future as he has the past.  
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake;  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul; the waves and wind still know  
His voice who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul; though dearest friends depart  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears;  
Then you will better know his love, his heart,  
Who comes to soothe your sorrows and your fears.  
Be still, my soul; your Jesus can repay  
From his own fullness all he takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on  
When we shall be forever with the Lord,  
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,  
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.  
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.



## *Morning Has Broken*

Eleanor Farjeon

Morning has broken,  
Like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken  
Like the first bird;  
Praise for the singing,  
Praise for the morning,  
Praise for them springing  
Fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall,  
Sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall  
On the first grass;  
Praise for the sweetness,  
Of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness  
Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,  
Mine is the morning,  
Born of the one light  
Eden saw play;  
Praise with elation,  
Praise every morning,  
God's re-creation  
Of the new day.



## *Abide With Me*

Henry Francis Lyte

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
when other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's dark sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



## *Be Not Afraid*

Bob Dufford

You shall cross the barren desert,  
but you shall not die of thirst.  
You shall wander far in safety,  
though you do not know the way.

You shall speak your words in foreign lands,  
and all will understand,  
You shall see the face of God and live.

Be not afraid,  
I go before you always,  
Come follow Me,  
and I shall give you rest.

If you pass through raging waters  
in the sea, you shall not drown.  
If you walk amidst the burning flames,  
you shall not be harmed.

If you stand before the pow'r of hell  
and death is at your side,  
know that I am with you, through it all

Be not afraid,  
I go before you always,  
Come follow Me,  
and I shall give you rest.

Blessed are your poor,  
for the Kingdom shall be theirs.  
Blest are you that weep and mourn,  
for one day you shall laugh.

And if wicked men insult and hate you, all because of Me,  
blessed, blessed are you!

Be not afraid,  
I go before you always,  
Come follow Me,  
and I shall give you rest.



## *The Old Rugged Cross*

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross  
The emblem of suffering and shame  
How I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world  
Has a wondrous attraction for me  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

Then He'll call me some day to my home far away  
Where His glory forever I'll share

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown



## *O Lord My God When I In Awesome Wonder*

### **(How Great Thou Art)**

O LORD my God! When I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made;  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed:

Refrain:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:

Refrain

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin:

Refrain

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God how great Thou art!

Refrain



## *The Day Thou Gavest*

John Ellerton

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.



## *The Lord's My Shepherd I'll Not Want*

23rd Psalm

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill:  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.





## *Amazing Grace*

Full Version by John Newton 1779

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me,  
his word my hope secures;  
he will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The world shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun refuse to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Shall be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we'd first begun.



## *Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven*

Henry Francis Lyte

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
to the throne thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
evermore God's praises sing.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise the Lord for grace and favor  
to all people in distress;  
praise God, still the same as ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious now God's faithfulness.

Fatherlike, God tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame God knows;  
motherlike, God gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet God's mercy flows.

Angels in the heights, adoring,  
you behold God face to face;  
saints triumphant, now adoring,  
gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.



## *All Things Bright And Beautiful*

Cecil Frances Alexander

Refrain;

All things bright and beautiful,  
all creatures great and small,  
all things wise and wonderful,  
the Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
each little bird that sings,  
he made their glowing colors,  
he made their tiny wings.

Refrain

The purple-headed mountain,  
the river running by,  
the sunset, and the morning  
that brightens up the sky.

Refrain

The cold wind in the winter,  
the pleasant summer sun,  
the ripe fruits in the garden,  
he made them every one.

Refrain

He gave us eyes to see them,  
and lips that we might tell  
how great is God Almighty,  
who has made all things well.

Refrain



*“If we have been pleased with life, we should not be displeased with death, since it comes from the hand of the same master”.*  
*(Michelangelo)*

## *Funeral Poetry*

### *Life*

Life - Mother Teresa

Life is an opportunity, benefit from it.

Life is beauty, admire it.

Life is bliss, taste it.

Life is a dream, realize it.

Life is a challenge, meet it.

Life is a duty, complete it.

Life is a game, play it.

Life is costly, care for it.

Life is wealth, keep it.

Life is love, enjoy it.

Life is mystery, know it.

Life is a promise, fulfill it.

Life is sorrow, overcome it.

Life is a song, sing it.

Life is a struggle, accept it.

Life is tragedy, confront it.

Life is an adventure, dare it.

Life is luck, make it.

Life is too precious, do not destroy it.

Life is life, fight for it.



### *That Man - Cliff Sargeant*

When I was born that man was there,  
Tall and strong and fair of hair.  
He watched my mother give me birth,  
As I fought my way onto this Earth.  
That man would rock me off to sleep,  
Would wipe my tears when I did weep.  
He watched me go from crawl to walk,  
And smiled with pride when I learned to talk.  
That man taught me to ride a bike,  
And even how to fly a kite.  
He taught me to know wrong from right,  
When to run and when to fight.  
That man was made of many parts  
A teacher of lifes skills and arts  
Full of love and full of care  
With much to give, and much to share.  
As I grew older so did he,  
But that man was always there for me  
His love, unspoken ,but strong and clear,  
Of that I have no doubt or fear.  
Time passed, that man grew old and frail,  
No longer strong, but weak and pale.  
Now I helped him, as he'd helped me  
A debt to repay, no charge, no fee.  
And now that man has left this life,  
No longer parted from his wife  
Memories are all that we have left  
Of that man who was the best.  
Who was that man, you may well ask?  
To tell you now is my last task.  
It makes me proud, it makes me glad,  
To tell you that man, he was my dad.



## *My Pole Star*

Standing on your grave  
I mourn the present and the future only  
the past knew you.

And I'm struggling to catch a breath  
under the sheets  
that death has covered me with.

Myriads of thoughts  
crowding my brain -  
Are we to meet again?  
Am I to see you  
somewhere where  
pain doesn't dwell?

Watching you suffer  
tore my heart into bits and pieces,  
but I *was* selfish  
and wanted you  
to be the Pole Star  
of my life  
forever.

Loosing a parent is unlike any other human experience-  
Is there anything for me to wish for now?  
(Except for you to come back)



### *No Coward Soul Is Mine - Emily Bronte*

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.  
O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life - that in me hast rest,  
As I - Undying Life- have power in Thee!  
Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,  
To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.  
With wide-embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears  
Though Earth and moon were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou wert left alone,  
Every Existence would exist in Thee.  
There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou - Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.



## *Your Path to Eternity*

Death leaves bland taste -  
But its fruit remarkably intertwines  
with human blood  
and then runs through one's body  
hence spreading venom even through the smallest cells of life.

I was poisoned the moment you died.  
This venom of death found its way in me  
and planted the seed of sadness  
which bore only tears and emptiness.  
I was poisoned the moment you died.

Death leaves nothing –  
but us  
who are supposed to destroy its seed  
although we feel helpless  
against eternity.  
I will not forget your smile,  
never,  
not even for a second –  
This is my victory over venomous ages  
and your path to eternity.





### *Little Snowdrop - Author Unknown*

The world may never notice  
If a Snowdrop doesn't bloom,  
Or even pause to wonder  
If the petals fall too soon.  
But every life that ever forms,  
Or ever comes to be,  
Touches the world in some small way  
For all eternity.  
The little one we longed for  
Was swiftly here and gone.  
But the love that was then planted  
Is a light that still shines on.  
And though our arms are empty,  
Our hearts know what to do.  
For every beating of our hearts  
Says that we love you.



## *Ray of Sunshine*

The heartbeat of your torment  
reverberates through my memory.

You saved yourself  
from never-ending anguish,  
clutched onto your only solution.

Even though I'll never  
accept that you  
are at peace,  
I praise every second  
spent with you.

You burned too bright  
for this folly world.

I believe that you're looking at us  
at this moment of grief  
and smiling protectively,  
as you always did.

I know that death didn't take you,  
it couldn't –  
you are still here, in my heart  
you are too bright, too strong.

“Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.”



*From - Break, Break, Break - Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me  
And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
and the sound of a voice that is still.



## *With Arms Wide Open*

I wait for death to take me to you.  
What is existence without the woman  
who gave me life?

Mere survival,  
endless days and nights  
spent for the sake of  
what?

Pangs of sadness  
are my constant reminders  
of what happened. They  
come in spasms  
and turn my eyes  
into void,  
into the inside of a tomb.  
With arms wide open  
I salute  
your every word,  
every breath,  
every single heart-beat.

I couldn't save you from death,  
But I *can* and *will* save you from oblivion.



*Those Who Love - Author Unknown*

It's always those who love the most  
Who most miss the one they love,  
When comes the parting of the ways,  
And clouds loom dark above;  
But tears will pass, your skies will clear  
Then will you smile again,  
And comfort find in memories,  
Which now bring bitter pain.



## *On Losing You*

Hands that held, protected me once,  
Now lay frozen, unprotected amidst  
The cradle of death, time to bade goodbye—  
Once and for all, here you are, ready to go!

Always had you with me, my savior;  
Fearless to slip, as I always did  
Land in your arms, whenever I did fall;  
Your assurance made me feel complete, always...

Days that we once laughed together are lost  
Somewhere, without any trace,  
But are reminiscences alive, deep inside;  
And now, they perforate my heart and soul...

Sacrificed everything for me and my career,  
Worked day and night to see me happy;  
And now, that valor is ready to fly  
As angels stand and wait for your shine!

You have created a history in my wordless life,  
Inspired and motivated me for everything;  
Encouraged when I felt weak, embraced me when I cried,  
Wiped my tears with assurance, every time!

And now, I have to wipe my own tears as hands  
That rubbed my cheeks now lay frozen,  
Unprotected amidst the cradle of death,  
And it is time, time to say goodbye!



### *Time Will Ease The Hurt - Author Unknown*

The sadness of the present days  
is locked and set in time,  
and moving to the future  
is a slow and painful climb.  
But all the feelings that are now  
so vivid and so real  
can't hold their fresh intensity  
as time begins to heal.  
No wound so deep will ever go  
entirely away  
yet every hurt becomes  
a little less from day to day.  
Nothing can erase the painful  
imprints on your mind  
but there are softer memories  
that time will let you find.  
Though your heart won't let the sadness  
simply slide away  
the echoes will diminish  
even though the memories stay



### *Here Ends the Waiting*

Budding winter is melting  
Deep down my frozen soul,  
Which craves for yours as I  
Stand helpless and restless!

You have crushed my heart by leaving me all alone,  
And now it finds no peace in its countless pieces—  
Lethargic feelings yield incessantly,  
Where you have smiled cheerfully, during those days...

Loved me like no other,  
You have taught me everything;  
And have held my trembling body  
And taught me how to walk and run.

A master, philosopher, teacher and a parent you were—  
The genius that my mind will always miss and remember;  
You have blown away my life's intricate paths,  
And now you have left me here, all alone.

You have waited for my return, back home  
For hours, and in those lonely hours—  
Now here I stand, with your cold body,  
And now I have no one to wait back home!





### *His Journey's Just Begun - Ellen Brenneman*

Don't think of him as gone away  
his journey's just begun,  
life holds so many facets  
this earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting  
from the sorrows and the tears  
in a place of warmth and comfort  
where there are no days and years.

Think how he must be wishing  
that we could know today  
how nothing but our sadness  
can really pass away.

And think of him as living  
in the hearts of those he touched...  
for nothing loved is ever lost  
and he was loved so much.



## *You are here to Stay*

The moor, beyond those hills  
Will now miss your footsteps;  
Lanes and roads will be the same  
But without you, and time will fade away...

There will be no tomorrow for you,  
Unlike yesterday and day before;  
But life will keep going, man will keep moving—  
And deeds, words are here forever to stay!

Unforgettable days will keep haunting  
As long as I stay here, in this world,  
Past will, no wonder, torment my present—  
Wish I could fight death and bring you here!

Gloomy clouds will now overwhelm  
The shadow of my soul, in every way,  
Even when you are not here and far away,  
I can still feel your presence around, and will always!



### *Each Day - Graham Allaway*

Each day since we first lost you  
Life is not the same,  
Each day we search for reasons  
Each day we call your name.  
Each day we feel the pain  
And the hurt that will not heal,  
Each day we ask the sky  
To please make this not real.  
Each day we look for answers  
To the endless questions why,  
Each day we bow our heads  
With another tear to cry.  
But each day we're reminded  
Of the joy that you would bring,  
Each day we still remember  
How you brightened everything.  
Each day we hear you laughing  
With that smile upon your face,  
Each day we hear you playing  
And your spirit we embrace.  
So each day we live on  
We will never be apart,  
For in each day that passes  
You're forever in our hearts.  
Sweet dreams little one, sleep tight.



## *Time for You to Sleep*

Unfortunate hour arrived and you had to go,  
God needed another divine soul and he chose you  
To add beauty in his Eden garden with incredible glow—  
Your beautiful eyes are at rest, in angels' arms!

You were the strength and the epitome of valor,  
I felt safe when I slept in your lap,  
Reassurance kissed my forehead whenever you touched it,  
Your fingers tinkled my stomach as I laughed...

It is hard for me to hold my tears back,  
And to see you like this in angels' arms;  
The beauty of your smile, my mother, still is visible  
Even when your eyes can never open...

Come to me now...let me sing mellifluous lullaby,  
The way you sang when I was a child,  
Come sweet mother, come to me...  
Now, it is time for you to sleep!



## *Dusky Light*

When your eyes mourn  
your loved one  
with each and every teardrop  
by drop.

When you can see the pain  
but cannot reach it;  
And your hands want to touch  
but the non-existing touch  
burns so much  
already.

When you see the numb emptiness  
in his eyes  
but refuse to acknowledge that we all have that day written in the stars –

The day when everything and nothing  
are exactly alike;  
When love hurts completely the same as hate;  
When a smile can denote pain  
and when everything except fate is vain.

That was the day, my dear, when I realized  
this sadness of mine could never subdue  
the light you emanated.



### *Because I Could Not Stop For Death - Emily Dickinson*

Because I could not stop for death  
He kindly stopped for me  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And immortality.  
We slowly drove - he knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For his civility  
We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess - in the ring  
We passed the fields of gazing grain  
We passed the setting sun  
Or rather - he passed us  
The dews drew quivering and chill  
For only gossamer, my Gown  
My tippet - only tulle  
We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground  
The roof was scarcely visible  
The cornice - in the Ground  
Since then - 'tis centuries - and yet  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity



## *You Meant So Much - Cassie Mitchell*

You meant so much to all of us  
You were special and that's no lie  
You brightened up the darkest day  
And the cloudiest sky  
Your smile alone warmed hearts  
Your laugh was like music to hear  
I would give absolutely anything  
To have you well and standing near  
Not a second passes  
When you're not on our minds  
Your love we will never forget  
The hurt will ease in time  
Many tears I have seen and cried  
They have all poured out like rain  
I know that you are happy now  
And no longer in any pain.



*Dearest,*

when you left this place  
and drifted away  
into emptiness -  
I died as well.

I can't help thinking  
about the life we led,  
about things I should have said,  
about you - watershed  
of my life.

Our first kiss  
was the moment of sheer bliss.  
It is a reminiscent of how much I miss  
you.

Never again will you touch  
my hand  
and put a kiss on my lips –  
but I loved and love you still;

Our affection is invulnerable.





*With Rue My Heart Is Laden - A.E. Housman*

With rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.  
By brooks too broad for leaping  
The lightfoot boys are laid;  
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade



### *Someone So Dearly Loved - Jacqueline Ryan*

Someone so dearly loved  
So popular with his friends  
We should not cry forever,  
For this is not the end.  
His memory lives amongst us,  
Times we both laughed and cried,  
I cannot bare to lose him,  
But one day, we all must die  
I hear his voice within me,  
and his funny little laugh  
So many things remind me;  
Of times that are now gone past.  
I knew of no-one who hated him,  
He was the apple of every eye  
Any conflicts, we all once had  
are now by the by.



## *To My Loving Husband*

Death

penetrated its claws into you  
and then swallowed everything  
but the memory.

When you put your hand  
right next to mine  
for the first time  
I felt only joy –  
Joy filled my life  
and made me believe  
in felicity,  
in love –  
Love was my blood  
all these years –  
The years I have spent with you.

For knowing you  
I am grateful;  
For loving you  
I am grateful;  
For losing you  
I am devastated.

They say that time heals everything  
but the emptiness in my heart is irremediable.



## *The Unknown Shore - Elizabeth Clark Hardy*

Sometime at Eve when the tide is low  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away  
With no response to a friendly hail  
In the silent hush of the twilight pale  
When the night stoops down to embrace the day  
And the voices call in the water's flow  
Sometime at Eve When the water is low  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.  
Through purple shadows  
That darkly trail o'er the ebbing tide  
And the Unknown Sea,  
And a ripple of waters' to tell the tale  
Of a lonely voyager sailing away  
To mystic isles  
Where at anchor lay  
The craft of those who had sailed before  
O'er the Unknown Sea  
To the Unknown Shore  
A few who watched me sail away  
Will miss my craft from the busy bay  
Some friendly barques were anchored near  
Some loving souls my heart held dear  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear  
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail  
In mooring sheltered from the storm and gale  
And greeted friends who had sailed before  
O'er the Unknown Sea  
To the Unknown Shore



*A Late Lark Twitters From The Quiet Skies - W. E. Henley*

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, grey 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.



### *Where are you, my love?*

You lost your way  
and I still need you to  
breathe,  
to touch,  
to make me feel alive;

I'll have the rest of my life to mourn,  
but that's not enough this  
sadness of mine  
runs bone deep.

It shaped my face  
and filled my cranium.  
My eyes are a dark void  
without you.

For me, the only thing left is to weep.

Seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!



### *Because I Could Not Stop For Death - Emily Dickinson*

Because I could not stop for death  
He kindly stopped for me  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And immortality.  
We slowly drove - he knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For his civility  
We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess - in the ring  
We passed the fields of gazing grain  
We passed the setting sun  
Or rather - he passed us  
The dews drew quivering and chill  
For only gossamer, my Gown  
My tippet - only tulle  
We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground  
The roof was scarcely visible  
The cornice - in the Ground  
Since then - 'tis centuries - and yet  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity



### *Always in my heart*

Wind blows and pierces my lonesome heart,  
Where you resided once within—  
Now a hole dwells, where it used to be that part,  
And lolls your essence, always, herein...

Arid leaves crave for your dainty feet's blows,  
Where our love blossomed years ago  
These lips long for your tender brows,  
I, now, ask my heart— where I should go?

Summers will now remind me of your laughter  
And how you embraced me in your special ways;  
Snow freezes my soul now— what a disaster!  
Chilly nights now will be forlorn, always...

Steps I have to take alone, down the lane,  
My shadow has disappeared from my life;  
I am now in indefinable and excruciating pain,  
Charm has vanished, forever, and it cuts like a knife!

With time, years have vanished  
But reminiscences are eternal,  
Surge of tears is tarnished,  
But my love, like my love, your soul is immortal!





*Epitaph Upon A Child That Died - Robert Herrick*

Here she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood:  
Who as soon fell fast asleep  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Give her strewing's, but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her.



## *Love Will Never End*

It was time when sky showered  
Its blissful and joyful tears,  
And the sky was covered with  
Dark clouds, when you embraced me!

Your lips whispered in my ears—  
'I love you, and will always be there,  
Forever, no matter what will occur'—  
But now what happened to your promise?

I miss that head on my chest,  
Helpless fingers crave for your hair,  
Where they rolled through;  
Tormented chest can still feel your heart,  
Arid lips still can feel your tender and sweet lips...

Your warmth in those cold nights,  
Will now be lonely and haunted  
By painful memories, those once were sweet;  
No more can these tears take pain, my heart,  
No more can my soul stay in my body, my love!

Now, you are in beautiful celestial gardens,  
Swinging with angels with marvellous laughter;  
Look down; you should not, never into my eyes—  
Baby, I will live and survive  
With the love that you have left for me inside!



*I Do Not Think My Song Will End - Johnny Hathcock*

I do not think my song will end  
While flowers, grass and trees  
Abound with birds and butterflies  
For I am one with these.  
And I believe my voice will sound  
Upon the whispering wind  
So long as even one remains  
Among those I call "friend."  
I shall remain in hearts and minds  
Of loved ones that I knew,  
And in the rocks and hills and streams  
Because I love those, too.  
So long as love and hope and dreams  
Abide in earth and sky,  
Weep not for me, though I be gone.  
I shall not really die.



*Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live - Author Unknown*

Not how did he die, but how did he live?  
Not what did he gain, but what did he give?  
These are the units to measure the worth  
of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

Not, what was his church, nor what was his creed?  
But had he befriended those really in need?  
Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer,  
to bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,  
but how many were sorry when he passed away



### *Why did you Leave?*

It was just you and me,  
Far away from crowd;  
The crazy world was out of our reach,  
And you held my hand innocently...

Why? Why did you have to leave  
Me in this world all alone?  
Was my love not enough?  
Was my care not enough?

Give my life back now,  
Why did you have to take it?  
Turn back to me now and please smile—  
The world is eating me up now...

My baby, will you come back?  
Will you smile once again?  
I know, you will not, never!  
And, now it is only me, just me—  
And you are far away...!



### *O Captain! My Captain! - Walt Whitman*

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red!  
Where on the deck my captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead  
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up-for you the flag is flung-for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths-for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here, Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.  
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.



### *Something Beautiful Remains - Unknown*

The tide recedes but leaves behind  
bright seashells on the sand.

The sun goes down, but gentle  
warmth still lingers on the land.

The music stops, and yet it echoes  
on in sweet refrains.....

For every joy that passes,  
something beautiful remains.



## *Inexpressible Grief*

Incarcerated in my own prison—  
My soul, now is chained with forlorn heart,  
Every moment digs past and agonizes present;  
I smell that fragrance whenever I breathe!

Old letters with lip-marks scream  
With faded words, feebly and dolefully;  
Cold breeze now cuts through my face,  
Unlike yesterday when we did enjoy!

Silent tears now freeze with my cold blood,  
As heart yearns for your body's heat;  
Meadows afar now seem cheerless  
As your footprints will never be there...

Mystique aura has morphed into eccentricity,  
Illusions and delusions are only solutions,  
As veracity seems futile — to this existence,  
And now, cannot leave or live!

Hysterical sensations now besiege my psyche,  
And the surge of murkiness lingers beneath  
My obscured realms, and there is no turning back,  
I know baby, there is no coming back!





*Turn Again To Life - A. Price Hughes & Mary Lee Hall*

If I should die and leave you here awhile,  
be not like others, sore undone, who keep  
long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.  
For my sake, turn again to life and smile,  
nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do  
something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.  
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine,  
and I perchance may therein comfort you.



### *Roads Go Ever Ever On - J.R.R. Tolkien*

Roads go ever ever on  
Over rock and under tree,  
By caves where never sun has shone,  
By streams that never find the sea.  
Over snow by winter sown,  
And through the merry flowers of June,  
Over grass and over stone,  
And under mountains in the moon.  
Roads go ever ever on  
Under clouds and under stars,  
Yet feet that wandering have gone  
Turn at last to home afar.  
Eyes that fire and sword have seen  
And horror in the halls of stone,  
Look at last on meadows green,  
And trees and hills they have long known.



## *My Fragile World*

scattered-

White water is starting to escalate  
& meet my cheeks  
on its way my  
way of dealing with numbness  
of the rest of my body.  
Pieces of glass in my stomach,  
its jagged edges  
splintering into my belly,  
like there's a broken part of me  
trying to cry itself out.

You were my poppy,  
my red, delicate flower;  
Too delicate to exist  
in this world.

You could fit so easily in my arms,  
like they'd been shaped just for you.  
From the moment you were born  
they were your cradle.

But the cradle was too weak  
to keep your tiny body safe  
from the raging storm.

You disappeared like everything else.



## *Epitaph Carved on My Heart*

Silence when I let out a piercing shriek –

Words would only  
make the pain seem  
imaginable,  
false -  
curable.

My child,  
the mirror image of my love  
gone –  
as the laughter in the house.

My love will never fade,  
my love will never cease,  
my child is always going to be the light of my path.

My bright-eyed angel is in a better place now.



*Code Poem For The French Resistance - Leo Marks*

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.



### *If I Should Go Tomorrow - Unknown*

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.



## *And Death Shall Have No Dominion - Dylan Thomas*

And death shall have no dominion.  
Dead men naked they shall be one  
With the man in the wind and the west moon;  
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,  
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;  
Though they go mad they shall be sane,  
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;  
Though lovers be lost love shall not;  
And death shall have no dominion.  
And death shall have no dominion.  
Under the windings of the sea  
They lying long shall not die windily;  
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,  
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;  
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,  
And the unicorn evils run them through;  
Split all ends up they shan't crack;  
And death shall have no dominion.  
And death shall have no dominion.  
No more may gulls cry at their ears  
Or waves break loud on the seashores;  
Where blew a flower may a flower no more  
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;  
Though they be mad and dead as nails,  
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;  
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,  
And death shall have no dominion.



## *Devoid*

of life's blessings;  
all my dreams washed away;  
sunk with your heart  
into the void.

I gave you life  
and then you gave it back to me  
the moment I saw those sparkling eyes  
I realized there was no happiness before you,  
there was *nothing* before you.

Now, I cry myself to sleep  
and then dream of having you  
in my arms  
again.  
As if I could bring you back,  
As if I could be happy once again –  
As if  
you weren't my everything.

There is no life without you --  
and you are not coming back.





### *Death Be Not Proud - John Donne*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure - then, from thee much more must flow;  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.  
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war and sickness dwell;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more. Death thou shalt die.



## *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night - Dylan Thomas*

Do not go gentle into that goodnight,  
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 have forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that goodnight.  
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 goodnight,  
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 goodnight.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.



## *You Were the Sun*

A parent alive  
and his child –  
gone.

I have to accept this,  
but the mere idea  
tears my being  
into fractions. When all my  
life is buried with you  
in this ghastly land  
am I

the chosen one to live?  
Oh, if I could trade my life  
for your!

God left me with your last breath,  
but who am I to live afterwards –  
if this is life and not living death.

Agony squeezed my throat  
and won't let go. It  
took my breath away  
after they declared... that you  
died.

But the pain is my only reminder  
that you were real  
and I need it  
because I need to  
remember –  
I want to remember every  
bit of your existence.

My Earth stopped revolving –  
You were the Sun.



*Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep - Mary Elizabeth Frye*

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  
I am the gentle Autumn rain  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quite 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



### *Flown Away...*

I endure anticipation and inquisitiveness  
Within my lonely heart and helpless soul—  
...and tears were filled with ecstasy, that day  
When god sent you to this world!

Your allure has forever made us sentient,  
And you had a thousand angels' smile,  
How you crawled and jumped,  
Those days, can I forget? No, never!

That struggle to gather words,  
And restiveness to grow fast;  
How you played every day,  
My child, I remember that all...

Dirt on little clothes,  
Your innocence and trepidation—  
How you convinced me for  
Your little mistakes— oh my child!

Time has wings, it flew away,  
And took you far from me—  
My child, your innocence will stay  
Within my mind, the way you will be!



### *As I Look Up To The Skies Above - Unknown*

As I look up to the skies above,  
The stars stretch endlessly--  
But somehow all those rays of light  
Seem dimmer now to me.  
As I watch the morning sun appear,  
The shadows still don't fade-  
As if the brightest light of all  
Was somehow swept away.  
Though I see the branches swaying,  
And watch their dancing leaves--  
The echoes carried on the wind  
Don't sound the same to me.  
As I listen to the morning birds  
Sing softly from afar--  
It seems to be a mournful tune  
That echoes in my heart.  
Another day has come again,  
As time moves surely on--  
But nothing now seems quite the same,  
To know that he is gone.  
The days and weeks and months ahead  
Will never be the same--  
Because a treasure beyond words  
Can never be replaced.  
The loss cannot be measured now,  
The void cannot be filled--  
And though someday the grief may fade,  
His mark will live on still.  
For even with my heavy heart,  
I know that I've been blessed  
To have been one who's life he touched  
With warmth so infinite.



### *The Final Goodbye*

Beach is covered with lost souls,  
Sand lays still, no footprints;  
Birds' cries pierce god's sky  
As it weeps with my pain!

Do I have to lose anything more,  
When I have lost you?  
My part of soul has flown away,  
By leaving my vulnerable body here...

Drowning in my own tears,  
I am burning in my loss;  
Your shadows dance and voice echoes,  
And are here to stay with me without an end!

God loves you and he took you away,  
But he cannot make me forget you—  
You are still mine, my sweetest child,  
Even when you have silently walked away!



### *Epitaph For A Darling Lady - Dorothy Parker*

All her hours were yellow sands,  
Blown in foolish whorls and tassels;  
Slipping warmly through her hands;  
Patted into little castles.  
Shiny day on shiny day  
Tumbled in a rainbow clutter,  
As she flipped them all away,  
Sent them spinning down the gutter.  
Leave for her a red young rose,  
Go your way, and save your pity;  
She is happy, for she knows  
That her dust is very pretty.





### *Epitaph On My Ever Honoured Father - Robert Burns*

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!  
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;  
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;  
The friend of man-to vice alone a foe;  
For "ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.



### *I Heard Your Voice In The Wind Today - Unknown*

I heard your voice in the wind today  
and I turned to see your face;  
The warmth of the wind caressed me  
as I stood silently in place.  
I felt your touch in the sun today  
as its warmth filled the sky;  
I closed my eyes for your embrace  
and my spirit soared high.  
I saw your eyes in the window pane  
as I watched the falling rain;  
It seemed as each raindrop fell  
it quietly said your name.  
I held you close in my heart today  
it made me feel complete;  
You may have died...but you are not gone  
you will always be a part of me.  
As long as the sun shines...  
the wind blows...  
the rain falls...  
You will live on inside of me forever  
for that is all my heart knows.



*Because He Lived - Edgar A. Guest*

Because he lived, next door a child  
To see him coming often smiled,  
And thought him her devoted friend  
Who gladly gave her coins to spend.  
Because he lived, a neighbor knew  
A clump of tall delphiniums blue  
And oriental poppies red  
He'd given for a flower bed.  
Because he lived, a man in need  
Was grateful for a kindly deed  
And ever after tried to be  
As thoughtful and as fine as he.  
Because he lived, ne'er great or proud  
Or known to all the motley crowd,  
A few there were whose tents were pitched  
Near his who found their lives enriched.



## *Gone Too Far*

Old portraits hang still,  
In your lonely room;  
Your body is gone  
With charm that you had once!

My lap is deserted with nobody  
To play there, nobody to jump,  
And nobody to touch my cheeks  
With little tender hands...

What have you done to me?  
Will you come back and explain?  
Alas! I know, you will never,  
My child, you have gone too far!

If I ever, in life, get a chance,  
For sure, I will turn back this time—  
To those days when you laughed and played,  
When you talked for hours and hours!

Obscured hour, glum moment is this—  
Now I have to bury you, here;  
And see this inert body...  
Once I gave birth to the same!



### *Our Father Kept A Garden - Unknown*

Our Father 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 Fathers garden,  
We are his legacy.  
Thank you Dad we love you.



### *My Mother Kept A Garden - Unknown*

My Mother kept a garden.  
A garden of the heart;  
She planted all the good things,  
That gave my life it's start.  
She turned me to the sunshine,  
And encouraged me to dream:  
Fostering and nurturing  
The seeds of self-esteem.  
And when the winds and rains came,  
She protected me enough;  
But not too much, she knew I'd need  
To stand up strong and tough.  
Her constant good example,  
Always taught me right from wrong;  
Markers for my pathway  
To last my whole life long.  
I am my Mother's garden,  
I am her legacy.  
And I hope today she feels the love,  
Reflected back from me.



### *Epitaph On A Friend - Robert Burns*

An honest man here lies at rest,  
The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, and guide of youth:  
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;  
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
If there is none, he made the best of this.



### *The Lonely House*

Wind roars with its fierceness,  
Gloomy, sharp claws swing towards  
My moist eyes as I stand still—  
Over your body, my sweet kid!

Last Christmas you have promised  
That you will surprise me in Easter—  
I wondered about it— Day and night,  
And now, it went away with your soul!

Tranquility has no meaning left,  
And since you have left, there is no peace...  
My eyes still hope to see you around,  
The way I did yesterday and before!

Should I wait for your return?  
Or should I come to you?  
Come to me in dreams, every night,  
But you have taken my sleep with you!





## *Homage to My Friend*

You are a fairytale  
that was never told,  
hidden emerald,  
melody that was never heard.

This pain I feel  
has a life of its own –  
It devours the happiness I feel  
for knowing you  
and plants the waterfalls  
which shed tears  
for your death.

You are a fairytale  
that was never told,  
hidden emerald,  
melody that was never heard.

I want to celebrate your life  
by reading these words  
and show my respect  
to the buds of sunshine  
you planted in the garden  
of my heart.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...  
You are a fairytale  
that was never told,  
hidden emerald,  
melody that was never heard.



### *My Lady Of Surpassing Beauty - M.V. Briones*

My lady of surpassing beauty  
Had laid down at my door  
Her head of white and gentle lily  
Lolled limply on my floor  
Lady, lovely white as lily:  
"Oh where has come this phantom guest?"  
To lady, lovely, love and beauty:  
"Your heart is weary, come and rest."  
Showered rose and purpling daisies  
Were littered on my floor  
Her palms so white with gentle lilies  
Were beckoned into a door  
"I left my love beyond that door,  
Garbed in black and gloomy gray.  
He leaves a flower on my floor  
And stands to wait forever more."  
I searched through time, eternity  
Through mists and worlds for memories  
To be with you beyond that door  
And love again forevermore.



### *Death On A Stroll - IquoUmoh*

Death takes a stroll  
And the bell chimes  
As a soul in passing  
Makes its phase a closing  
Life ends so briefly  
A decade, a century  
The years may be  
Yet death takes its stroll  
Sweeping the earth  
With its dark robe  
Raising the dust in swirls  
And cries that shrill  
Tearing the silence of the night  
Unsettling the calm of the day  
Caring not whom it greets  
Yea death takes its stroll  
When its time is done  
Darkness recesses is entered  
Awaiting once again  
When death comes out for a stroll



*Make My Death A Canticle For Peace - Nicholas Gordon*

Make my death a canticle for peace.  
Evil has no greater friend than anger,  
Making ready converts to its cause.  
On me think but of beauty as you pause,  
Remembering the service of a stranger  
In giving life to purchase your release.  
Armies live according to their art.  
Love of life at times requires death,  
Defending what would else find hungry jaws.  
As you enjoy the gift of every breath,  
Yet mourn for me with morning in your heart.



### *Gone Too Soon*

like a falling star,  
you brightened my sky  
and then faded away.

My dear friend,  
nothing is going to be the same  
without you even  
trying to remember how to breathe  
seems absurd  
now.

You inspired me  
in so many ways,  
taught me how to appreciate  
the optimistic note of life  
and widened my horizons.  
I owe you so much,  
I miss you so much.

Gone too soon,  
like a falling star,  
you brightened my sky  
and then faded away.

Your death killed me.



### *No Longer Mourn For Me - Sonnet 71 - William Shakespeare*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it, for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then you should make you woe.  
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.



### *Memorial For A Friend - M. V. Briones*

My lips aren't formed to say good-bye  
Or to break the silence  
With a sigh  
For there is much to say though words are gone  
And days, it seemed, have withered  
One by one.  
My heart's not shaped to pains of parting  
Or to break with each  
Of memory's calling.  
For there is much, too much to remember  
And there is much, too much  
To last forever.  
My eyes aren't made to shed a tear  
Or to close itself to reality  
Plain and clear.  
For though there are yet friendships that may seem new  
They won't be the same  
As I had with you.



### *Not Death But Love - Elizabeth Browning*

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,--  
"Guess now who holds thee!"--"Death," I said, But, there,  
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."





## *Corona*

I saw a total eclipse  
in your eyes.

You were on your deathbed  
but still smiled  
even though the pain  
must have been agonizing.

You held the darkness of emptiness at bay by seconds.  
I was holding your hand -  
it was like an amulet  
which I didn't want to lose.

And I still can't believe  
that God took my friend!  
This is a nightmare-  
I wish I could wake up, just snap out of it-

If you see me from above  
do look at the pain around me  
and tell me where to go now,  
what to do,  
I'm lost without you.



### *Time In A Bottle - Jim Croce*

If I could save time in a bottle  
The first thing that I'd like to do  
Is to save every day  
Till eternity passes away  
Just to spend them with you.  
If I could make days last forever  
If words could make wishes come true  
I'd save every day like a treasure and then  
Again I would spend them with you.  
If I had a box just for wishes  
And dreams that had never come true  
The box would be empty  
Except for the memory  
Of how they were answered by you



*Smile Upon Your Friend - A.E. Housman*

You smile upon your friend to-day,  
To-day his ills are over;  
You hearken to the lover's say,  
And happy is the lover.  
Tis late to hearken, late to smile,  
But better late than never:  
I shall have lived a little while  
Before I die for ever.



## *An Elegy*

Your death numbed me,  
it woke me up from  
my quotidian slumber.

The more I try to reconcile  
myself to the fact  
that you're gone,  
the more I overcast the happiness  
you brought into my life.

I refuse to mourn you,  
you would never  
desire that!  
I, thus, celebrate you,  
as a perfect gift,  
a refreshing breeze  
which brought heaven closer  
that anyone could imagine.

You will be remembered for your  
tenderness,  
purity and  
empathy qualities  
so unfamiliar to many.

You have all my love and friendship, as you always did.



### *Farewell, Sweet Dust - Elinor Wylie*

Now I have lost you, I must scatter  
All of you on the air henceforth;  
Not that to me it can ever matter  
But it's only fair to the rest of the earth.  
Now especially, when it is winter  
And the sun's not half so bright as he was,  
Who wouldn't be glad to find a splinter  
That once was you in the frozen grass?  
Snowflakes, too, will be softer feathered,  
Clouds, perhaps, will be whiter plumed;  
Rain, whose brilliance you caught and gathered,  
Purer silver have reassumed.  
Farewell, sweet dust; I never was a miser:  
Once, for a minute, I made you mine:  
Now you are gone, I am none the wiser  
But the leaves of the willow are as bright as wine.



### *Shine Never Dies*

Rays then emerged every day,  
The way they still do even today  
By slashing obscured dusk, by welcoming dawn—  
Where we have played in that old lawn

Shadows now are everywhere,  
And you are off for journey somewhere—  
Roads we walked once now lay deserted;  
My lovely friend, without you, I feel so dejected!

Your words still echo in my ears,  
And they passed like minutes— poor old years;  
Shared deepest secrets that we could,  
And now you are taking them away, with that wood!

Your eyes shine like eternal stars,  
You have always kissed my painful scars;  
My sweet friend, you now are travelling high,  
And we know that your shine will never die!



### *Where have you gone?*

We both have walked the thorny lanes,  
Filled with sorrows and pain;  
We both have laughed off agony together,  
And we have fought anguish and ache.

I cried on your shoulder every time,  
And you have supported me, made me smile;  
We have shared everything together,  
Time went by, and it is an enigma!

Long rides, those chilly nights  
With thrilling speed and mind-blowing fun,  
We had fights too, those silly fights,  
Filled with absurd words...

Like you, there will be no other,  
You were my only friend, the best!  
I have all those funny pictures,  
With your sweet and innocent face

Where have you gone now?  
I need your shoulder to cry upon,  
I am weeping for your loss,  
And have no one to console me,  
The way you did, my dear friend— Goodbye!



## *Frozen Moments*

Fettered with importunate sentiments,  
Old days pull me back by my hair,  
And thrust me towards vicious flames  
As I smoulder in those frozen moments!

Contemplation slits my subliminal mind,  
And reminds me of your impish smile;  
Cavernous trenches that we did dig are filled with my tears...  
Fragrance of flowers, which danced with us  
Now lay around you— all insensate!

You have made our world dance,  
To your elated tunes—  
And I have clapped and esteemed  
Every little thing that we have done!

Only reminiscences preoccupy now,  
As your tune is lost somewhere,  
But in my mind, I have saved it,  
Which invigorates my soul every time!

I know nothing about tomorrow,  
As you are not here today,  
But will shortly join your incessant realm,  
My friend... but let me finish some things  
That we both have started some day!





### *We'll Go No More A-roving - Lord Byron*

So, we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.  
For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And Love itself have rest.  
Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon



### *Absence - Elizabeth Jennings*

I visited the place where we last met.  
Nothing has changed, the gardens were well-tended,  
The fountains sprayed their usual steady jet;  
There was no sign that anything had ended  
And nothing to instruct me to forget.  
The thoughtless birds that shook out of the trees,  
Singing an ecstasy I could not share,  
Played cunning in my thoughts. Surely in these  
Pleasures there could not be a pain to bear  
Or any discord shake the level breeze.  
It was because the place was just the same  
That made your absence seem a savage force,  
For under all the gentleness there came  
An earthquake tremor: fountain, birds and grass  
Were shaken by my thinking of your name.



### *Afterglow - Unknown*

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.



### *Word - Unknown*

There is a word, of grief the sounding token.  
There is a word bejewelled with bright tears.  
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken,  
A little word that breaks the chain of years.  
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,  
The memories it crystals cannot die.  
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean,  
It is  
Goodbye.



## *After The Burial - James Rusell Lowell*

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;  
When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.  
And when over breakers to leeward  
The tattered surges are hurled,  
It may keep our head to the tempest,  
With its grip on the base of the world.  
But, after the shipwreck, tell me  
What help in its iron thews,  
Still true to the broken hawser,  
Deep down among seaweed and ooze?  
In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
When the helpless feet stretch out  
And find in the deeps of darkness  
No footing so solid as doubt,  
Then better one spar of Memory,  
One broken plank of the Past,  
That our human heart may cling to,  
Though hopeless of shore at last!  
To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
With its anguish of deathless hair!  
Immortal? I feel it and" know it,  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pang's very secret,-  
Immortal away from me.  
There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
But to me and my thought it is wider  
Than the star-sown vague of Space.  
Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your morals most drearly true;  
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,  
I keep hearing that, and not you.  
Console if you will, I can bear it;  
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;  
But not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made Death other than Death.  
It is pagan; but wait till you feel it, -  
That jar of our earth, that dull shock  
When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
Tears down to our primitive rock.



Communion in spirit! Forgive me,  
But I, who am earthy and weak,  
Would give all my incomes from dreamland  
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.  
That little shoe in the corner,  
So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
With its emptiness confutes you  
And argues your wisdom down.



### *Departed Comrade - Lucretius*

Departed comrade! Thou, redeemed from pain  
Shall sleep the sleep that kings desire in vain:  
Not thine the sense of loss  
But lo, for us the void  
That never shall be filled again.  
Not thine but ours the grief.  
All pain is fled from thee.  
And we are weeping in thy stead;  
Tears for the mourners who are left behind  
Peace everlasting for the quiet dead.



*PartaQuies - A.E. Housman*

Good-night; ensured release,  
imperishable peace,  
have these for yours,  
while sea abides, and land,  
and heaven endures.

When earths foundations flee,  
nor sky nor land nor sea  
at all is found.

Content you, let them burn:  
It is not your concern;  
Sleep on, sleep sound.





*Sonnet - Come Sorrow - John Fletcher*

Come, sorrow, come! bring all thy cries,  
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes!  
Burn out, you living monuments of woe!  
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow!  
Virtue is dead;  
Oh, cruel fate!  
All youth is fled;  
All our laments too late.  
Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er dying name,  
Oh, happy youth, to thy still growing fame,  
To thy long peace on earth, this sacred knell  
Our last loves ring - farewell, farewell, farewell!  
Go happy soul, to thy eternal birth!  
And press his body lightly, gentle earth!



*If I Should Go - Joyce Grenfell*

Often Called - If I Should Die

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.



### *Music - Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory-  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.



### *The Voice - Thomas Hardy*

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.  
Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,  
Standing as when I drew near to the town  
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown!  
Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness  
Traveling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,  
Heard no more again far or near?  
Thus I; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,  
And the woman calling.



### *At Castlewood - Emily Bronte*

The day is done, the winter sun  
Is setting in its sullen sky;  
And drear the course that has been run,  
And dim the hearts that slowly die.  
No star will light my coming night;  
No morn of hope for me will shine;  
I mourn not heaven would blast my sight,  
And I ne'er longed for joys divine.  
Through life's hard task I did not ask  
Celestial aid, celestial cheer;  
I saw my fate without its mask,  
And met it too without a tear.  
The grief that pressed my aching breast  
Was heavier far than earth can be;  
And who would dread eternal rest  
When labour's hour was agony?  
Dark falls the fear of this despair  
On spirits born of happiness;  
But I was bred the mate of care,  
The foster-child of sore distress.  
No sighs for me, no sympathy,  
No wish to keep my soul below;  
The heart is dead in infancy,  
Unwept - for let the body go.



## *Cymbeline - William Shakespeare*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winters 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 o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrants stoke;  
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 finish'd joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.  
No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave.



## *You Are With Me, Always*

I know it is time for you to go,  
I am not crying, I know it hurts  
You to see me in tears...  
Look, I am not in tears, my friend!

I know, I will never be alone,  
You are not far from me  
As you have promised to stay by my side,  
And to fight for me and my happiness!

Even though you are departing,  
You are taking my heart with you—  
I know, you will keep it safe,  
Far from this world, in your serene world!

I will not miss you, never  
Because you are with me, always—  
I am not here to say goodbye  
But to welcome your presence,  
My dear friend, once more in my world!



### *Invictus - Unconquered - W.E. Henley*

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeoning's of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.  
It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.





### *I am Not Dead*

Lay I, amidst the onlookers,  
Who weep for their loss...  
These eyes can see you all,  
Which now are forever shut!

Heart still beats within my lost soul,  
Whilst I lay underneath this earth—  
Am I dead? No, but have only taken new birth,  
Into a new world, and 'they' wait for me!

You must not weep for me,  
Here I am not, only physically—  
But always I am with you,  
As my words are here to stay...

Though I am gone, I am still here;  
Can feel you all, your everything!  
Hurt me not by weeping, I love you all...  
And I will always live in your hearts!



*Death Is A Door - Nancy Byrd Turner*

Death is only an old door  
Set in a garden wall  
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk  
When the thrushes call.  
Along the lintel are green leaves  
Beyond the light lies still;  
Very willing and weary feet  
Go over that sill.  
There is nothing to trouble any heart;  
Nothing to hurt at all.  
Death is only a quiet door.  
In an old wall.



### *Those Who Love Me - Unknown*

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 happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love, you can only guess  
How much you gave to me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love you have shown  
But now it's time I travel on alone.  
So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for a little while 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 can't see or touch me, I'll be near.  
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear  
All of my love around you soft and dear.  
And then, when you must come this way alone  
I'll greet you with a smile and  
"Welcome Home."



### *Requiem - Robert Louis Stevenson*

Under the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be;

Home is the sailor, home from the sea

And the hunter home from the hill.



### *Legacy Of Love - Unknown*

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.  
You fought for us all in one way or another,  
Not just as a wife not just as a mother.  
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.



*There Is No Death - A. Perry*

There is no death.

The dust we tread shall change between the showers

To golden grain or rainbow tinted flowers.

And ever near us though unseen,

The Immortal spirits tread

Through all the boundless universe in life

There are no dead



*If Death Is Kind - Sara Teasdale*

Perhaps if death is kind, and there can be returning,  
We will come back to earth some fragrant night,  
And take these lanes to find the sea, and bending  
Breathe the same honeysuckle, low and white.  
We will come down at night to these resounding beaches  
And the long gentle thunder of the sea,  
Here for a single hour in the wide starlight  
We shall be happy, for the dead are free.



### *A Daddy's Love - Leah Wells*

A fathers touch, A daddy's kiss  
A grieving daughter, you're greatly missed.  
An empty house, an empty chair  
A fathers love, no longer there.  
A broken heart, tear filled eye  
Another soul to fill the sky.  
Many memories in my mind  
Some I laugh, some I cry.  
The times we shared, the laughs we had  
Things I miss when I think of you dad.  
Realizing that's all I have to hold on too  
Only memories, of what once was you.  
Missing your laugh, I will never again hear  
That is the reality that fills me with so much fear.  
No more smile on your face  
No more warmth of your embrace.  
The last hug, the last kiss  
The last 'goodbye' leaves me with one last wish.  
To have you dad, here today,  
Never to leave your daughter this way.  
A Father's touch, a daddy's kiss  
A grieving daughter, you're greatly missed.





### *Grandad - Dick Underwood*

Grandad, you were just a lad,  
So many years ago.  
You had your loves and had your dreams,  
You watched us come and go.  
You watched us make the same mistakes,  
That you had made before,  
But that just made you hold us tight,  
And love us all the more.  
We haven't always thought about  
The things that you have seen.  
To us you've just been 'Grandad',  
No thought of who you've been.  
But we remember now in love,  
Your life from start to end,  
And we're just glad we knew you,  
As Grandad, and as Friend.



*Warm Summer Sun - Mark Twain*

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;  
Warm southern wind, blow softly here;  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;  
Good night, dear heart, good night, good night



### *Grandmother - Unknown*

We had a wonderful grandmother,  
One who never really grew old;  
Her smile was made of sunshine,  
And her heart was solid gold;  
Her eyes were as bright as shining stars,  
And in her cheeks fair roses you see.  
We had a wonderful grandmother,  
And that's the way it will always be.  
But take heed, because  
She's still keeping an eye on all of us,  
So let's make sure  
She will like what she sees.



### *One At Rest - Unknown*

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.



### *A Toast - Unknown*

Here's to those, and such as those,  
And those that we love best.  
They're not here that should have been here,  
So here's to all the rest.  
If they'd been here that should have been,  
Our hearts they would be light.  
So here's to all the company,  
That wont be here tonight!



*Gone - Susie Marcol*

Of late, it seems I miss you more,  
When quietly I lay  
Upon the bed that we two shared---  
Occasionally by day.  
Our hopes and dreams inspired once  
By the union of our souls.  
Are nought but happy memory's,  
Which between us two unfurled.  
All the things we planned to do,  
The things we said we must.  
Are now just like you my love,  
Gone,- and shortly turned to dust.



### *No Funeral Gloom - Ellen Terry*

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,  
Corpse-gazing, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness.  
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,  
Yours still, you mine,  
Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest,  
And so to where I wait come gently on.



### *Sonnet 60 - William Shakespeare*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the florish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand.  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand





*From The Antique - Christina Rossetti*

The wind shall lull us yet,  
The flowers shall spring above us:  
And those who hate forget,  
And those forgot who love us.  
The pulse of hope shall cease,  
Of joy and of regretting:  
We twain shall sleep in peace,  
Forgotten and forgetting.  
For us no sun shall rise,  
Nor wind rejoice, nor river,  
Where we with fast-closed eyes  
Shall sleep and sleep for ever.



### *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 must all 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 of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss me - but let me go  
- Edgar A. Guest



## *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 I once had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.  
- Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894)



### *Gone from My Sight*

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white  
sails to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.  
She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.  
Then, someone at my side says;  
"There, she is gone!"  
"Gone where?"  
Gone from my sight. That is all.  
She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.  
And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"  
There are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;  
"Here she comes!"  
And that is dying.



## *Requiem*

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you gave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.  
- Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)



### *Epitaph on a Child*

Here, freed from pain, secure from misery, lies  
A child, the darling of his parents' eyes:  
A gentler Lamb ne'er sported on the plain,  
A fairer flower will never bloom again:  
Few were the days allotted to his breath;  
Now let him sleep in peace his night of death.  
- Thomas Gray (1716-177)



### *To Those I Love*

If I should ever leave you,  
Whom I love  
To go along the silent way. . .  
Grieve not.  
Nor speak of me with tears.  
But laugh and talk of me  
As if I were beside you there.  
(I'd come. . .I'd come,  
Could I but find a way!  
But would not tears and  
And grief be barriers?)  
And when you hear a song  
Or see a bird I loved,  
Please do not let the thought of me  
Be sad. . .for I am loving you  
Just as I always have. . .  
You were so good to me!  
There are so many things  
I wanted still to do. . .  
So many things I wanted to say  
to you. . . Remember that  
I did not fear. . . It was  
Just leaving you  
That was so hard to face.  
We cannot see beyond. . .  
But this I know:  
I loved you so. . .  
'twas heaven here with you



### *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 in a man,  
Compare with me, ye women, 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 aught by love from thee give recompense.  
Thy love is such I can no way reply;  
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.  
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,  
That when we live no more we may live ever.





*Songs of the Death of Children (Kindertotenlieder)*

You must not shut the night inside you,  
But endlessly in light the dark immerse.  
A tiny lamp has gone out in my tent--  
I bless the flame that warms the universe.



### *Turn Again to Life*

If I should die and leave you here a while,  
be not like others sore undone,  
who keep long vigil by the silent dust.  
For my sake turn again to life and smile,  
nerving thy heart and trembling hand  
to do something to comfort other hearts than thine.  
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine  
and I perchance may therein comfort you.



### *Old Irish Toast*

May you have food and raiment,  
A soft pillow for your head,  
May you be forty years in heaven  
Before the devil knows you're dead.



## *Do not Stand at My Grave and Weep*

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 softly falling snow,

I am the gentle showers of rain,

I am the field of ripening grain.

I am in the morning hush,

I am in the grateful rush

Of beautiful birds in circling flight.

I am the starshine of the night.

I am in the flowers that bloom.

I am in a quiet room.

I am in the birds that sing.

I am in each lovely thing.

So do not stand by my grave and cry.

I am not there.

I did not die.



### *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 binding 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.



### *After Great Pain*

After great pain, a formal feeling comes -  
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs -  
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?  
The Feet, mechanical, go round -  
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought -  
A Wooden way  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone -  
This is the Hour of Lead -  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow -  
First - Chill - then Stupor - then the letting go -



*from In Memoriam*

Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more -  
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far way  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.



*from On the Beach at Night*

Weep not, child,  
Weep not, my darling,  
With these kisses let me remove your tears,  
The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,  
They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars only in apparition,  
Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night,  
the Pleiades shall emerge,  
They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden shall shine out again,  
The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again, they endure.  
The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive moons shall again shine.





## *The Suicides*

It is hard for us to enter  
the kind of despair they must have known  
and because it is hard we must get in by breaking the lock if necessary  
for we have not the key,  
though for them there was not lock and the surrounding walls  
were supple, receiving as waves, and they drowned  
though not lovingly; it is we only  
who must enter in this way.  
Temptations will beset us, once we are in.  
We may want to catalogue what they have stolen.  
We may feel suspicion; we may even criticise the decor  
of their suicidal despair, may perhaps feel  
it was incongruously comfortable.  
Knowing the temptations then  
let us go in  
deep to their despair and their skin and know  
they died because words they had spoken  
returned always homeless to them.



### *Taking Leave of a Friend*

Blue mountains to the north of the walls,  
White river winding about them;  
Here we must make separation  
And go out through a thousand miles of dead grass.  
Mind like a floating wide cloud,  
Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances  
Who bow over their clasped hands at a distance  
Our horses neigh to each other as we are departing



### *Old Gaelic Blessing*

May the road rise to meet you.

May the wind be always at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face.

May the rains fall softly upon your fields until we meet again.

May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.



### *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 loved 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 should 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 friendship 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



## *Remember When*

Remember when you told me  
That you'll always stay by my side  
Remember when you told me  
Big girls never cry.  
Remember when you sang  
A sweet song in my ear  
Remember when you tucked me in  
And always said a prayer.  
Remember when you gave me  
A gift I would always treasure  
Remember when I held the doll tight  
She would always make me feel better.  
Remember when we smiled  
It was a loving touch  
Remember when I told you  
That I loved you so much.  
Remember when I prayed  
Now as you lay in God's care forever  
Remember when I told you  
That we'll always be together.



### *Those We Love*

Those we love don't go away,  
They walk beside us every day,  
Unseen, unheard, but always near,  
Still loved, still missed and very dear.



## *Going Home*

Go rest now precious one,  
Your life in eternity has just begun.  
Now you can walk, your legs are brand new.  
All of heaven is now in your view.  
Look all around, it's all in your sight,  
There will never be another dark night.  
Flowers and jewels, the street of pure gold,  
And all of the things that have been told.  
I can just imagine the smile on your face,  
as you walk all around in that beautiful place.  
Greeting our loved ones as you walk along,  
While singing heaven's most beautiful song.  
This is so very hard, but it will all be okay,  
it isn't goodbye, we'll see you one day.  
We love you and we'll miss you and at times it will be tough,  
but as with everything, God's grace will be enough.



### *In Flanders Fields*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders Fields.





### *It's the Veteran*

Backbone of liberty; fighting to keep us free,  
Sacrifice homeland safety; battles fought abroad.  
Our first Veterans, founding fathers,  
Gave to us our freedom's liberty.  
'Twas not the preacher, campus organizer,  
Who fought for religions free . . . free assembly.  
Veterans fight for your assembly, worship free.  
It was not the lawyer, politician,  
Who gave your right to vote . . . trials fair.  
Veterans fight for your voice, equal treatment.  
Nor was it the poet, reporter,  
That fought for free press . . . free speech.  
Veterans fight for unhindered news, talk. . . fear free.  
Saluting the flag under which he serves,  
Veteran's foundation sacrifice.  
Freedom mortared by brave blood spilt . . .  
Maintains our liberty rights.



### *I'd Like to Think*

I'd like to think when life is done  
That I had filled a needed post,  
That here and there I'd paid my fare  
With more than idle talk and boast;  
That I had taken gifts divine,  
The breath of life and manhood fine,  
And tried to use them now and then  
In service for my fellow men.



### *High Flight*

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew  
And, while the silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.



### *Requiem for One Slain in Battle*

Breathe, trumpets, breathe  
Slow notes of saddest wailing  
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled drums;  
Comrades, with downcast eyes  
And banners trailing,  
Attend him home,  
The youthful warrior comes.  
Upon his shield,  
Upon his shield returning  
Borne from the field of honor  
Where he fell;  
Glory and grief, together clasped  
In mourning, His fame, his fate  
With sobs exulting tell.  
Wrap round his breast,  
The flag his breast defended  
His country's flag,  
In battle's front unrolled:  
For it he died;  
On earth forever ended  
His brave young life  
Lives in each sacred fold.  
With proud fond tears,  
By tinge of shame untainted,  
Bear him, and lay him  
Gently in his grave:  
Above the hero write,  
The young, half-sainted,  
His country asked his life,  
His life he gave!



## *She is Gone*

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 will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left  
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
Or you can be full of the love that 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 is 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 would want:  
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.



## *Untitled*

Your smiles can brighten any moment,  
Your hugs put joy in all my days,  
Your love will stay with me forever  
And touch my life in precious ways...  
The values you've taught,  
the care you've given,  
and the wonderful love you've shown,  
have enriched my life  
in more ways than I can count.



### *Her Journey's Just Begun*

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 or 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.



## *Prospice*

Fear death?--to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so--one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!





## *Untitled*

If tears could build a staircase and memories a lane,  
I would walk right up to Heaven and bring you back again.  
No farewell words were spoken.  
No time to say Goodbye.  
You were gone before I knew it and God only knows why.  
My heart still aches with sadness and the secret tears still flow.  
What it meant to love you.  
No one can ever know.  
But now I know you want me to mourn for you know more.  
To remember all the happy times life still has in store.  
Since you'll never be forgotten  
I pledge to you today-  
A hollowed place within my heart is where you'll always stay.  
No matter what people think or people have to say  
Pam and I loved you each and every day  
all we ever wanted for you was the best in life could give.  
But in the end you got your wish to never leave Mantua.



### *His Epitaph*

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.



### *A Parting Guest*

What delightful hosts are they --  
Life and Love!  
Lingeringly I turn away,  
This late hour, yet glad enough  
They have not withheld from me  
Their high hospitality.  
So, with face lit with delight  
And all gratitude, I stay  
Yet to press their hands and say,  
"Thanks. --So fine a time! Good night."



## *Looking Back*

I might have been rich if I'd wanted the gold instead of the friendships I've made.  
I might have had fame if I'd sought for renown in the hours when I purposely played.  
Now I'm standing to-day on the far edge of life, and I'm just looking backward to see  
What I've done with the years and the days that were mine, and all that has happened to me.  
I haven't built much of a fortune to leave to those who shall carry my name,  
And nothing I've done shall entitle me now to a place on the tablets of fame.  
But I've loved the great sky and its spaces of blue; I've lived with the birds and the trees;  
I've turned from the splendor of silver and gold to share in such pleasures as these.  
I've given my time to the children who came; together we've romped and we've played,  
And I wouldn't exchange the glad hours spent with them for the money that I might have made.  
I chose to be known and be loved by the few, and was deaf to the plaudits of men;  
And I'd make the same choice should the chance come to me to live my life over again.  
I've lived with my friends and I've shared in their joys, known sorrow with all of its tears;  
I have harvested much from my acres of life, though some say I've squandered my years.  
For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy, and I think I have lived to my best,  
And I have no regret, as I'm nearing the end, for the gold that I might have possessed.  
- Edgar A. Guest



### *What I Call Living*

The miser thinks he's living when he's hoarding up his gold;  
The soldier calls it living when he's doing something bold;  
The sailor thinks it living to be tossed upon the sea,  
And upon this vital subject no two of us agree.  
But I hold to the opinion, as I walk my way along,  
That living's made of laughter and good-fellowship and song.  
I wouldn't call it living always to be seeking gold,  
To bank all the present gladness for the days when I'll be old.  
I wouldn't call it living to spend all my strength for fame,  
And forego the many pleasures which to-day are mine to claim.  
I wouldn't for the splendor of the world set out to roam,  
And forsake my laughing children and the peace I know at home.  
Oh, the thing that I call living isn't gold or fame at all!  
It's good-fellowship and sunshine, and it's roses by the wall;  
It's evenings glad with music and a hearth fire that's ablaze,  
And the joys which come to mortals in a thousand different ways.  
It is laughter and contentment and the struggle for a goal;  
It is everything that's needful in the shaping of a soul.  
- Edgar A. Guest



### *What Is Success?*

To laugh often and much;  
to win the respect of the intelligent people  
and the affection of children;  
to earn the appreciation of honest critics  
and endure the betrayal of false friends;  
to appreciate beauty;  
to find the best in others;  
to leave the world a bit better  
whether by a healthy child,  
a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition;  
to know that one life has breathed easier  
because you lived here.  
This is to have succeeded.  
- Ralph Waldo Emerson



*excerpt from The Mystic*

I have ridden the wind,  
I have ridden the force that flies  
With far intent thro' the firmament  
And each to each allies.  
And everywhere  
That a thought may dare  
To gallop, mine has trod --  
Only to stand at last on the strand  
Where just beyond lies God.  
- Cale Young Rice



### *Irish Funeral Prayer*

You can only have one mother  
Patient kind and true;  
No other friend in all the world,  
Will be the same to you.  
When other friends forsake you,  
To mother you will 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.  
Sweet Jesus, take this message,  
To our dear mother up above;  
Tell her how we miss her,  
And give her all our love.  
- Anonymous





*A Fragment from Mark Antony's Speech from Julius Caesar*

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"  
- William Shakespeare



### *Bite Off More Than You Can Chew*

Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it.

Plan more than you can do, then do it.

Point your arrow at a star, take your aim, and there you are.

Arrange more time than you can spare, then spare it.

Take on more than you can bear, then bear it.

Plan your castle in the air, then build a ship to take you there.

- Ella Williams



## *To Risk*

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool: laugh anyway.

To weep is to risk appearing sentimental; weep anyway.

To reach out for another is to risk involvement; get involved anyway.

To place your ideas and dreams before a crowd is to risk their loss; share your ideas anyway, and dream anyway.

To love is to risk being loved in return; risk love anyway.

To live is to risk dying; risk living anyway.

To hope is to risk failure; you must have hope anyway.

But risks must be taken. The greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing and do nothing - you will dull the spirit.

You may avoid suffering and sorrow, but cannot learn, feel change, grow, love and live. Chained by your attitude, you are a slave.

You have forfeited freedom.

Only if you risk are you free.

- William Arthur Ward



### *Crossing the Bar*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of 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 or farewell,  
When I embark;  
For tho' from out our bourne 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.  
- Alfred Lord Tennyson



### *Dirge without Music*

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.  
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:  
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned  
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.  
Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.  
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.  
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,  
A formula, a phrase remains,-- but the best is lost.  
The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,  
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled  
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.  
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.  
Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave  
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;  
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.  
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.  
- Edna St. Vincent Millay



*excerpt from The Ode to Immortality, Stanza IX*

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest--  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:--  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.  
- William Wordsworth



## *Funeral Blues*

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 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 forever; 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.  
- W. H. Auden



## *On Death*

You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond;

And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring.

Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.

Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd when he stands before the king whose hand is to be laid upon him in honor.

Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling, that he shall wear the mark of the king?

Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling?

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

- Kahlil Gibran





*We are such stuff as dreams are made on, The Tempest, III, iv*

Our revels are now ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded in a sleep.

- William Shakespeare



### *Infants' Graves*

Infants' grave mounds are steps of angels, where  
Earth's brightest gems of innocence repose.  
God is their parent, so they need no tear;  
He takes them to his bosom from earth's woes,  
A bud their lifetime and a flower their close.  
Their spirits are the Iris of the skies,  
Needing no prayers; a sunset's happy close.  
Gone are the bright rays of their soft blue eyes;  
Flowers weep in dew-drops o'er them, and the gale gently sighs.  
Their lives were nothing but a sunny shower,  
Melting on flowers as tears melt from the eye.  
Their deaths were dew-drops on heaven's amaranthine bower  
Was tolled on flowers as Summer gales went by.  
They bowed and trembled, yet they heaved no sigh,  
And the sun smiled to show the end was well.  
Infants have nought to weep for ere they die;  
All prayers are needless, beads they need not tell,  
White flowers their mourners are, Nature their passing bell.  
- John Clare



## *Mother:*

How do We Let a Mother Go

How do we let a mother go?

How do we say "I'm ready now to go on without you"?

How can we ever have a clue of what that really means?

And of a sudden the moment is upon us, and there's no turning back.

And then we know what grief is,... and guilt and love and things undone.

Try to prepare and we will fail in some way, be it subtle or looming....

But there is peace too. peace and acceptance and overwhelming love that we maybe weren't aware of. waves and waves of conflicting emotion,

And laughter too, and memories we hadn't bothered lately to recall come flooding back in shared company.. and it's all about you mum...

And there's gratitude.. so much of that, that we had you, such a wonderful mother...Bright and shining, nobody's fool, independent, but humble too;

Smart, and kind, and fun.

Adventurous..

A part of you has passed away, but much is carried everyday within us, and will as long as we are here.

This may be a final tribute,

A day to celebrate your life and say goodbyes;

But it's not final.

Every day I'll celebrate in some way, just by the virtue of how you shaped my life,

The absolute and incredible fortune that I knew you.

As a mother, a friend and a woman.

- Anonymous



### *The Magic of a Mother's Touch*

There's magic in a Mother's touch,  
and sunshine in her smile.

There's love in everything she does  
to make our lives worthwhile.

We can find both hope and courage  
Just by looking in her eyes.

Her laughter is a source of joy,  
her words are warm and wise.

There is a kindness and compassion  
to be found in her embrace,  
and we see the light of heaven  
shining from a Mother's face.

- Anonymous



## *The Mother*

There will be a singing in your heart,  
There will be a rapture in your eyes;  
You will be a woman set apart,  
You will be so wonderful and wise.  
You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,  
As of one that wakes in Paradise,  
There will be a singing in your heart,  
There will be a rapture in your eyes.  
There will be a moaning in your heart,  
There will be an anguish in your eyes;  
You will see your dearest ones depart,  
You will hear their quivering good-byes.  
Yours will be the heart-ache and the smart,  
Tears that scald and lonely sacrifice;  
There will be a moaning in your heart,  
There will be an anguish in your eyes.  
There will come a glory in your eyes,  
There will come a peace within your heart;  
Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,  
Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.  
You will know that you have played your part;  
Yours shall be the love that never dies:  
You, with Heaven's peace within your heart,  
You, with God's own glory in your eyes.  
- Robert Service



### *A Mother's Love*

A Mother's love is something  
that no one can explain,  
It is made of deep devotion  
and of sacrifice and pain,  
It is endless and unselfish  
and enduring come what may  
For nothing can destroy it  
or take that love away . . .  
It is patient and forgiving  
when all others are forsaking,  
And it never fails or falters  
even though the heart is breaking . . .  
It believes beyond believing  
when the world around condemns,  
And it glows with all the beauty  
of the rarest, brightest gems . . .  
It is far beyond defining,  
it defies all explanation,  
And it still remains a secret  
like the mysteries of creation . . .  
A many splendored miracle  
man cannot understand  
And another wondrous evidence  
of God's tender guiding hand.  
- Helen Steiner Rice



### *What is a Mom?*

A mom is one of life's best gifts,  
Someone to treasure all life through,  
She's caring and loving,  
Thoughtful and true,  
Someone who is always a special part of your life,  
Someone who holds a prime place in your heart,  
She's a mentor, a confidant and also a friend,  
Someone on whose love you can depend.  
A mom always has your best interests at heart,  
She's someone so dear and so good,  
She's a blessing, she's a gift,  
She's a treasure like no other,  
She's someone that is truly wonderful.  
Wherever you go, and whatever you do,  
A mom's love will always see you through,  
A mom is truly invaluable,  
Indispensable and unforgettable.  
I wouldn't want anyone but you,  
And that's why I'm so grateful,  
that life picked you for me.  
- Anonymous



### *Untitled*

For all the times you gently picked me up,  
When I fell down,  
For all the times you tied my shoes  
And tucked me into bed,  
Or needed something  
But put me first instead.  
For everything we shared,  
The dreams, the laughter,  
And the tears,  
I love you with a Special Love  
That deepens every year.  
Thank You Mom  
- Anonymous





### *In Memory of My Mother*

You were a precious gift from God above,  
so much beauty, grace and love.

You touched our hearts in so many ways,  
your smile so bright even on the bad days.

You heard God's whisper calling you home,  
you didn't want to go and leave us alone.

You loved us so much, you held on tight,  
till all the strength was gone and you could no longer fight.

He had called your name twice before,  
you knew you couldn't make him wait anymore.

So you gave your hand to God and slowly drifted away,  
knowing that with our love we will be together again someday.

- Mary Estelle



### *Mothers are the Sweetest*

Our mother is the sweetest  
Most delicate of all.  
She knows more of paradise  
Than angels can recall.  
She's not only beautiful  
But passionately young,  
Playful as a kid, yet wise  
As one who has lived long.  
Her love is like the rush of life,  
A bubbling, laughing spring  
That runs through all like liquid light  
And makes the mountains sing.  
And makes the meadows turn to flower  
And trees to choicest fruit.  
She is at once the field and bower  
In which our hearts take root.  
She is at once the sea and shore,  
Our freedom and our past.  
With her we launch our daring ships  
Yet keep the things that last.  
- Nick Gordon



## *A Mother's Crown*

Heaven lit up with a mighty presence,  
as the Angels all looked down.  
Today the Lord was placing the jewels  
Into my mother's crown.  
He held up a golden crown,  
as my darling mother looked on.  
He said in His gentle voice,  
'I will now explain each one.'  
'The first gem,' He said, 'is a Ruby,  
and it's for endurance alone,  
for all the nights you waited up  
for your children to come home.'  
'For all the nights by their bedside,  
you stayed till the fever went down.  
For nursing every little wound,  
I add this ruby to your crown.'  
'An emerald, I'll place by the ruby,  
for leading your child in the right way.  
For teaching them the lessons,  
That made them who they are today.'  
'For always being right there,  
through all life's important events.  
I give you a sapphire stone,  
for the time and love you spent.'  
'For untying the strings that held them,  
when they grew up and left home.  
I give you this one for courage.'  
Then the Lord added a garnet stone.  
'I'll place a stone of amethyst,' He said.  
'For all the times you spent on your knees,  
when you asked if I'd take care of your children,  
and then for having faith in Me.'  
'I have a pearl for every little sacrifice  
that you made without them knowing.  
For all the times you went without,  
to keep them happy, healthy and growing.'  
'And last of all I have a diamond,  
the greatest one of all,  
for sharing unconditional love  
whether they were big or small.'  
'It was you love that helped them grow  
Feeling safe and happy and proud  
A love so strong and pure  
It could shift the darkest cloud.'



After the Lord placed the last jewel in,  
He said, 'Your crown is now complete,  
You've earned your place in Heaven  
With your children at your feet.'

- Anonymous



## *Remembering Mom*

I look at you my dear mom, Jeanne, and I remember,  
I see your hands and remember the touch that never failed to show your love,  
I see your eyes and remember your tenderness,  
I see your smile and remember all that you taught me,  
I see your face and remember your encouragement and strength,  
I will always remember you.

- Bernice McLaren, June, 2009

The above poem may be altered to fit your situation as follows:

I look at you my dear [role of deceased loved one] and I remember,  
I see your hands and remember the touch that never failed to show your [name a quality such as love, loving nature, or your own],  
I see your eyes and remember your [name a quality, such as, kindness, gentleness, thoughtfulness, tenderness, sincerity or humanity, or your own],  
I see your smile and remember all that you taught me,  
I see your face and remember your encouragement and strength ,  
I will always remember you.

- Bernice McLaren, 2009



### *Grandmother:*

To Grandmother with Love  
I had an angel here beside me,  
Sent to Earth to help and guide me,  
An angel always there for me,  
Sent to love and care for me.  
She did the things that angels should,  
She taught me what was bad and good.  
She gave me hope when no one cared,  
She held my hand when I was scared.  
She cheered me up when I was down,  
She could make a smile from a frown.  
She doctored me when I was sick,  
And many another angel trick.  
Today my angel earned her wings,  
Her halo, harp and other things.  
But today I'm lost and all alone,  
For today God called my angel home.  
- David Pawson



## *Grandma*

While we honor all our mothers with words of love and praise,  
While we tell about their goodness and their kind and loving ways,  
We should also think of Grandma, she's a mother too, you see....  
For she mothered my dear mother as my mother mothered me.  
- Anonymous



### *Father:*

Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live?

Not how did he die, but how did he live?

Not what did he gain, but what did he give?

These are the units to measure the worth

Of a man as man, regardless of birth.

Not what was his church, nor what was his creed?

But had he befriended those really in need?

Was he ever read, with word of good cheer.

To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,

But how many were sorry when he passed away.

- Anonymous





### *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.

- Anonymous



## *Promises*

You promised me you'd always be there.  
You sat there, in that chair and promised me.  
Large as life, ebullient, robust;  
they were the words that sealed your promise  
You stood by the shore  
As we laughed and squealed with delight as  
you picked up rocks and tossed them with ease  
Splashing us with expectations of your invincibility.  
You were invincible, weren't you Daddy?  
Or was it just a trick of time  
That made me believe that you could live forever?  
- David Chadwick



### *A Boy and His Dad*

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip  
There is a glorious fellowship!  
Father and son and the open sky  
And the white clouds lazily drifting by,  
And the laughing stream as it runs along  
With the clicking reel like a martial song,  
And the father teaching the youngster gay  
How to land a fish in the sportsman's way.  
I fancy I hear them talking there  
In an open boat, and the speech is fair;  
And the boy is learning the ways of men  
From the finest man in his youthful ken.  
Kings, to the youngster, cannot compare  
With the gentle father who's with him there.  
And the greatest mind of the human race  
Not for one minute could take his place.  
Which is happier, man or boy?  
The soul of the father is steeped in joy,  
For he's finding out, to his heart's delight,  
That his son is fit for the future fight.  
He is learning the glorious depths of him,  
And the thoughts he thinks and his every whim,  
And he shall discover, when night comes on,  
How close he has grown to his little son.  
A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip-  
Oh, I envy them, as I see them there  
Under the sky in the open air,  
For out of the old, old long-ago  
Come the summer days that I used to know,  
When I learned life's truths from my father's lips  
As I shared the joy of his fishing-trips-  
Builders of life's companionship!  
- Edgar A. Guest



### *Untitled*

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.  
- Henry Longfellow



*“It is a short journey from birth until death. Seek to enjoy the journey as much as you can. Savour the scenery and the people you meet en-route, for it is all there is.”*

## *Prayers / Psalms*

### *The Lords Prayer*

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
thy will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory.  
for ever and ever.  
Amen



## *Psalm 91*

O you who dwell in the shelter of the Most High  
and abide in the protection of Shaddai -  
I say of the LORD, my refuge and stronghold,  
my God in whom I trust,  
that He will save you from the fowler's trap,  
from the destructive plague.  
He will cover you with His pinions:  
you will find refuge under His wings;  
His fidelity is an encircling shield.  
You need not fear the terror by night,  
or the arrow that flies by day,  
the plague that stalks in the darkness,  
or the scourge that ravages at noon.  
A thousand may fall at your left side,  
ten thousand at your right,  
but it shall not reach you.  
You will see it with your eyes,  
you will witness the punishment of the wicked.  
Because you took the LORD - my refuge,  
the Most High - as your haven,  
no harm will befall you,  
no disease touch your tent  
For He will order His angels  
to guard you wherever you go.  
They will carry you in their hands  
lest you hurt your foot on a stone.  
You will tread on cubs and vipers;  
you will trample lions and asps.  
"Because he is devoted to Me I will deliver him;  
I will keep him safe, for he knows My name.  
When he calls on Me, I will answer him;  
I will be with him in distress;  
I will rescue him and make him honored;  
I will let him live to a ripe old age,  
and show him My salvation."



*Excerpt from Psalm 91*

"You will find refuge under Gods wings...you need not fear the terror by night...God's angels will guard you wherever you go and carry you in their hands."

Christian Psalms for Funeral Speeches:



## *Psalm 6*

O Lord, do not rebuke me in Your anger,  
Nor chasten me in Your hot displeasure.  
Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak;  
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are troubled.  
My soul also is greatly troubled;  
But You, O Lord-how long?  
Return, O Lord, deliver me!  
Oh, save me for Your mercies' sake!  
For in death there is no remembrance of You;  
In the grave who will give You thanks?  
I am weary with my groaning;  
All night I make my bed swim;  
I drench my couch with my tears.  
My eye wastes away because of grief;  
It grows old because of all my enemies.  
Depart from me, all you workers of iniquity;  
For the Lord has heard the voice of my weeping.  
The Lord has heard my supplication;  
The Lord will receive my prayer.  
Let all my enemies be ashamed and greatly troubled;  
Let them turn back and be ashamed suddenly.





### *Psalm 23*

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



## *Psalm 25 - A Psalm of David*

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be ashamed; let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed: they shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy loving kindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgement: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are loving kindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the land.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Consider mine affliction and my travail; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies, for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.



### *Psalm 32 - A Psalm of David.*

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,  
Whose sin is covered.  
Blessed is the man to whom the Lord does not impute iniquity,  
And in whose spirit there is no deceit.  
When I kept silent, my bones grew old  
Through my groaning all the day long.  
For day and night Your hand was heavy upon me;  
My vitality was turned into the drought of summer. Selah  
I acknowledged my sin to You,  
And my iniquity I have not hidden.  
I said, "I will confess my transgressions to the Lord,"  
And You forgave the iniquity of my sin. Selah  
For this cause everyone who is godly shall pray to You  
In a time when You may be found;  
Surely in a flood of great waters  
They shall not come near him.  
You are my hiding place;  
You shall preserve me from trouble;  
You shall surround me with songs of deliverance. Selah  
I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go;  
I will guide you with My eye.  
Do not be like the horse or like the mule,  
Which have no understanding,  
Which must be harnessed with bit and bridle,  
Else they will not come near you.  
Many sorrows shall be to the wicked;  
But he who trusts in the Lord, mercy shall surround him.  
Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, you righteous;  
And shout for joy, all you upright in heart!



## *Psalm 33*

Rejoice in the Lord, O you righteous. Praise befits the upright.  
Praise the Lord with the lyre; make melody to him with the harp of ten strings.  
Sing to him a new song; play skilfully on the strings, with loud shouts.  
For the word of the Lord is upright, and all his work is done in faithfulness.  
He loves righteousness and justice; the earth is full of the steadfast love of the Lord.  
By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all their host by the breath of his mouth.  
He gathered the waters of the sea as in a bottle; he put the deeps in storehouses.  
Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.  
For he spoke, and it came to be; he commanded, and it stood firm.  
The Lord brings the counsel of the nations to nothing; he frustrates the plans of the peoples.  
The counsel of the Lord stands forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.  
Happy is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people whom he has chosen as his heritage.  
The Lord looks down from heaven; he sees all humankind.  
From where he sits enthroned he watches all the inhabitants of the earth- he who fashions the hearts of them all, and observes all their deeds.  
A king is not saved by his great army; a warrior is not delivered by his great strength.  
The war horse is a vain hope for victory, and by its great might it cannot save.  
Truly the eye of the Lord is on those who fear him, on those who hope in his steadfast love, to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.  
Our soul waits for the Lord; he is our help and shield.  
Our heart is glad in him, because we trust in his holy name.  
Let your steadfast love, O Lord, be upon us, even as we hope in you.

### Psalm 34 - Praise for Deliverance from Trouble

I will bless the Lord at all times;  
his praise shall continually be in my mouth.  
My soul makes its boast in the Lord;  
let the humble hear and be glad.  
O magnify the Lord with me,  
and let us exalt his name together.  
I sought the Lord, and he answered me,  
and delivered me from all my fears.  
Look to him, and be radiant;  
so your faces shall never be ashamed.  
This poor soul cried, and was heard by the Lord,  
and was saved from every trouble.  
The angel of the Lord encamps  
around those who fear him, and delivers them.  
O taste and see that the Lord is good;  
happy are those who take refuge in him.  
O fear the Lord, you his holy ones,  
for those who fear him have no want.  
The young lions suffer want and hunger,  
but those who seek the Lord lack no good thing.



Come, O children, listen to me;  
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.  
Which of you desires life,  
and covets many days to enjoy good?  
Keep your tongue from evil,  
and your lips from speaking deceit.  
Depart from evil, and do good;  
seek peace, and pursue it.  
The eyes of the Lord are on the righteous,  
and his ears are open to their cry.  
The face of the Lord is against evildoers,  
to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.  
When the righteous cry for help, the Lord hears,  
and rescues them from all their troubles.  
The Lord is near to the broken-hearted,  
and saves the crushed in spirit.  
Many are the afflictions of the righteous,  
but the Lord rescues them from them all.  
He keeps all their bones;  
not one of them will be broken.  
Evil brings death to the wicked,  
and those who hate the righteous will be condemned.  
The Lord redeems the life of his servants;  
none of those who take refuge in him will be condemned.



## *Psalm 42*

As the deer pants for the water brooks,  
So pants my soul for You, O God.  
My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.  
When shall I come and appear before God?  
My tears have been my food day and night,  
While they continually say to me,  
"Where is your God?"  
When I remember these things,  
I pour out my soul within me.  
For I used to go with the multitude;  
I went with them to the house of God,  
With the voice of joy and praise,  
With a multitude that kept a pilgrim feast.  
Why are you cast down, O my soul?  
And why are you disquieted within me?  
Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him  
For the help of His countenance.  
O my God, my soul is cast down within me;  
Therefore I will remember You from the land of the Jordan,  
And from the heights of Hermon,  
From the Hill Mizar.  
Deep calls unto deep at the noise of Your waterfalls;  
All Your waves and billows have gone over me.  
The Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime,  
And in the night His song shall be with me-  
A prayer to the God of my life.  
I will say to God my Rock,  
"Why have You forgotten me?  
Why do I go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?"  
As with a breaking of my bones,  
My enemies reproach me,  
While they say to me all day long,  
"Where is your God?"  
Why are you cast down, O my soul?  
And why are you disquieted within me?  
Hope in God;  
For I shall yet praise Him,  
The help of my countenance and my God.



## *Psalm 46*

God is our refuge and strength,  
A very present help in trouble.  
Therefore we will not fear,  
Even though the earth be removed,  
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;  
Though its waters roar and be troubled,  
Though the mountains shake with its swelling. *Selah*  
There is a river whose streams shall make glad the city of God,  
The holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.  
God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved;  
God shall help her, just at the break of dawn.  
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved;  
He uttered His voice, the earth melted.  
The Lord of hosts is with us;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge. *Selah*  
Come, behold the works of the Lord,  
Who has made desolations in the earth.  
He makes wars cease to the end of the earth;  
He breaks the bow and cuts the spear in two;  
He burns the chariot in the fire.  
Be still, and know that I am God;  
I will be exalted among the nations,  
I will be exalted in the earth!  
The Lord of hosts is with us;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge. *Selah*



## *Psalm 62*

Truly my soul silently waits for God;  
From Him comes my salvation.  
He only is my rock and my salvation;  
He is my defence;  
I shall not be greatly moved.  
How long will you attack a man?  
You shall be slain, all of you,  
Like a leaning wall and a tottering fence.  
They only consult to cast him down from his high position;  
They delight in lies;  
They bless with their mouth,  
But they curse inwardly. *Selah*  
My soul, wait silently for God alone,  
For my expectation is from Him.  
He only is my rock and my salvation;  
He is my defence;  
I shall not be moved.  
In God is my salvation and my glory;  
The rock of my strength,  
And my refuge, is in God.  
Trust in Him at all times, you people;  
Pour out your heart before Him;  
God is a refuge for us. *Selah*  
Surely men of low degree are a vapour,  
Men of high degree are a lie;  
If they are weighed on the scales,  
They are altogether lighter than vapour.  
Do not trust in oppression,  
Nor vainly hope in robbery;  
If riches increase,  
Do not set your heart on them.  
God has spoken once,  
Twice I have heard this:  
That power belongs to God.  
Also to You, O Lord, belongs mercy;  
For You render to each one according to his work.  
Psalm 84.1-4- A Funeral Reading For a Child / Baby  
How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord Almighty!  
My soul yearns, even faints, for the courts of the Lord;  
my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.  
Even the sparrow has found a home, and the swallow a nest for herself,  
where she may have her young- a place near your altar,  
O Lord Almighty, my King and my God.





Blessed are those who dwell in your house; they are ever praising you.  
Selah



## *Psalm 90*

Lord, You have been our dwelling place in all generations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth,  
Or ever You had formed the earth and the world,  
Even from everlasting to everlasting, You are God.  
You turn man to destruction,  
And say, "Return, O children of men."  
For a thousand years in Your sight  
Are like yesterday when it is past,  
And like a watch in the night.  
You carry them away like a flood;  
They are like a sleep.  
In the morning they are like grass which grows up:  
In the morning it flourishes and grows up;  
In the evening it is cut down and withers.  
For we have been consumed by Your anger,  
And by Your wrath we are terrified.  
You have set our iniquities before You,  
Our secret sins in the light of Your countenance.  
For all our days have passed away in Your wrath;  
We finish our years like a sigh.  
The days of our lives are seventy years;  
And if by reason of strength they are eighty years,  
Yet their boast is only labour and sorrow;  
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.  
Who knows the power of Your anger?  
For as the fear of You, so is Your wrath.  
So teach us to number our days,  
That we may gain a heart of wisdom.  
Return, O Lord!  
How long?  
And have compassion on Your servants.  
Oh, satisfy us early with Your mercy,  
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days!  
Make us glad according to the days in which You have afflicted us,  
The years in which we have seen evil.  
Let Your work appear to Your servants,  
And Your glory to their children.  
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,  
And establish the work of our hands for us;  
Yes, establish the work of our hands.



### *Psalm 103.15-19*

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Psalm 116 - Thanksgiving for Deliverance from Death

I love the Lord, because He has heard

My voice and my supplications.

Because He has inclined His ear to me,

Therefore I will call upon Him as long as I live.

The pains of death surrounded me,

And the pangs of Sheol laid hold of me;

I found trouble and sorrow.

Then I called upon the name of the Lord:

"O Lord, I implore You, deliver my soul!"

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;

Yes, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserves the simple;

I was brought low, and He saved me.

Return to your rest, O my soul,

For the Lord has dealt bountifully with you.

For You have delivered my soul from death,

My eyes from tears,

And my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord

In the land of the living.

I believed, therefore I spoke,

"I am greatly afflicted."

I said in my haste,

"All men are liars."

What shall I render to the Lord

For all His benefits toward me?

I will take up the cup of salvation,

And call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows to the Lord

Now in the presence of all His people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord

Is the death of His saints.

O Lord, truly I am Your servant;

I am Your servant, the son of Your maidservant;

You have loosed my bonds.

I will offer to You the sacrifice of thanksgiving,

And will call upon the name of the Lord.



I will pay my vows to the Lord  
Now in the presence of all His people,  
In the courts of the Lord's house,  
In the midst of you, O Jerusalem.  
Praise the Lord!



### *Psalm 121*

I lift up my eyes to the hills --  
where does my help come from?  
My help comes from the Lord,  
the Maker of heaven and earth.  
He will not let your foot slip --  
He who watches over you will not slumber;  
indeed, He who watches over Israel  
will neither slumber nor sleep.  
The Lord watches over you --  
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;  
the sun will not harm you by day,  
nor the moon by night.  
The Lord will keep you from all harm --  
He will watch over your life;  
the Lord will watch over your coming and going  
both now and forever more.



### *Psalm 130*

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord,  
Lord, hear my voice! O let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.  
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?  
But with you is found forgiveness: For this we revere you.  
My soul is waiting for the Lord, I count on his word.  
My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.  
Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.  
Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption.  
Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.



### *Psalm 139*

O Lord, you have searched me and known me.  
You know when I sit down and when I rise up;  
You discern my thoughts from far away.  
You search out my path and my lying down,  
And are acquainted with all my ways.  
Even before a word is on my tongue,  
O Lord, you know it completely.  
You hem me in, behind and before,  
And lay your hand upon me.  
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;  
It is so high that I cannot attain it.  
Where can I go from your spirit?  
Or where can I flee from your presence?  
If I ascend to heaven, you are there;  
If I make my bed in Sheol, you are there.  
If I take the wings of the morning  
And settle at the farthest limits of the sea,  
Even there your hand shall lead me,  
And your right hand shall hold me fast.  
If I say, "Surely the darkness shall cover me,  
And the light around me become night,"  
Even the darkness is not dark to you;  
The night is as bright as the day,  
For darkness is as light to you.  
Search me, O God, and know my heart;  
Test me and know my thoughts.  
See if there is any wicked way in me,  
And lead me in the way everlasting.



## *Funeral Prayers*

### *Eternal Rest*

Eternal rest, grant unto them, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon them.  
May the souls of the faithful departed  
through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
Amen





*Lord God You Are Attentive*

Lord God, you are attentive to the voice of our pleading.

Let us find in your Son comfort in our sadness,

certainty in our doubt and courage to live.

Make our faith strong through Christ our Lord.

Amen



### *Memorare*

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary,  
that never was it known  
that any one who fled to your protection,  
implored your help or sought your intercession,  
was left unaided.

Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto you,  
O Virgin of virgins, my Mother.

To you I come, before you I stand,  
sinful and sorrowful;

O Mother of the Word Incarnate,  
despise not my petitions, but in your mercy  
hear and answer me.

Amen.



### *Soul Of Christ, Sanctify Me*

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.  
Body of Christ, save me.  
Blood of Christ, refresh me.  
Water from the side of Christ, wash me.  
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.  
O good Jesus, hear me.  
Within your wounds hide me.  
Let me never be separated from you.  
From the power of darkness defend me.  
In the hour of my death, call me  
and bid me come to you,  
that with your saints I may praise you  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.



### *Lord Of All We Praise You*

Lord of all, we praise you  
for all who have entered into their rest  
and reached the promised land where you are seen face to face.  
Give us grace to follow in their footsteps  
as they followed in the way of your Son.  
Thank you for the memory of those you have called to yourself:  
by each memory, turn our hearts from things seen to things unseen,  
and lead us till we come to the eternal rest  
you have prepared for your people,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.



### *A Prayer For The Dead*

God our Father,  
Your power brings us to birth,  
Your providence guides our lives,  
and by Your command we return to dust.  
Lord, those who die still live in Your presence,  
their lives change but do not end.  
I pray in hope for my family,  
relatives and friends,  
and for all the dead known to You alone.  
In company with Christ,  
Who died and now lives,  
may they rejoice in Your kingdom,  
where all our tears are wiped away.  
Unite us together again in one family,  
to sing Your praise forever and ever.  
Amen.



### *The Serenity Prayer - Reinhold Niebuhr*

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change;  
courage to change the things I can;  
and wisdom to know the difference.

Living one day at a time;

Enjoying one moment at a time;

Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;

Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it;

Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will;

That I may be reasonably happy in this life and supremely happy with Him

Forever in the next.

Amen.



## *Almighty God, In Your Great Love*

Almighty God, in your great love  
you crafted us by your hand  
and breathed life into us by your Spirit.  
Although we became a rebellious people,  
you did not abandon us to our sin.  
In your tender mercy  
you sent your Son  
to restore in us your image.  
In obedience to your will  
he gave up his life for us,  
bearing in his body our sins on the cross.  
By your mighty power  
you raised him from the grave  
and exalted him to the throne of glory.  
Rejoicing in his victory  
and trusting in your promise  
to make alive all who turn to Christ,  
we commend - - - - - to your mercy  
and we join with all your faithful people  
and the whole company of heaven  
in the one unending song of praise:  
glory and wisdom and honor  
be to our God for ever and ever.  
Amen.



### *Eternal God And Father*

Eternal God and Father,  
we praise you that you have made people  
to share life together  
and to reflect your glory in the world.  
We thank you now for - - - - - ,  
for all that we saw of your goodness and love in his/her life  
and for all that he/she means to each one of us.  
As we too journey towards death  
may we do so in the company of Jesus,  
who came to share our life  
that we might share the life of eternity.  
To him be glory with you and the Holy Spirit  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.





### *The Death Of Someone We Love*

The death of someone we love and care about  
Is like the death of part of us.  
No one else will ever call out from within us  
Quite the same responses, the same feelings or actions or ideas.  
Their death is an ending of one part of a story.  
Lord as we look back over -----'s life  
We ask what we have received, what we can appropriate  
And continue on in our own lives and what must be laid to rest.  
Our love for his/her reminds us that our sharing  
In one another's lives brings both support and pain.  
Our being parted from him/her reminds us of our own mortality  
And that your love is enduring.  
We thank you that our love for ----- draws us together  
And gives us a new appreciation of one another  
And of the beauty and fragility of relationships  
Which mirror your grace and goodness to us.  
Lord, time's tide may wash his/her footprints from the shore  
But not our love for him/her nor the influence of his/her life upon our own  
Nor the ways in which they will ever be a sign for us  
Of those things which really matter-which are eternal.  
Hear this prayer for your love's sake.  
Amen.



### *Lord God Creator Of All*

Lord God, creator of all,  
you have made us creatures of this earth  
but have also promised us a share in life eternal:  
receive our thanks and praise  
that, through the passion and death of Christ,  
your child - - - - , our brother/sister,  
whom we commend into your hands today,  
shares with your saints in the joy of heaven,  
where there is neither sorrow nor pain  
but life everlasting.  
Alleluia.  
Amen.



### *In Our Grief And Shock*

O God, who brought us to birth,  
and in whose arms we die,  
in our grief and shock  
contain and comfort us;  
embrace us with your love,  
give us hope in our confusion  
and grace to let go into new life;  
through Jesus Christ.  
Amen



### *Death Brings An Emptiness*

Father, the death of ----- brings an emptiness into our lives.

We are separated from him/her  
and feel broken and disturbed.

Give us confidence that he/she is safe  
and his/her life complete with you,  
and bring us together at the last  
to the wholeness and fullness of your presence in heaven,  
where your saints and angels enjoy you for ever and ever.  
Amen



### *Look With Pity*

O God, you do not willingly grieve or afflict your children.

Look with pity on the suffering of this family in their loss.

Sustain them in their anguish; and into the darkness of their grief bring the light of your love;  
through Jesus we pray.

Amen.



*O God Who Brought Us To Birth*

O God, who brought us to birth, and in whose arms we die,  
in our grief and shock contain and comfort us;  
embrace us with your love, give us hope in our confusion  
and grace to let go into new life; through Jesus Christ.  
Amen



### *Compassionate And Loving God*

Compassionate and loving God, yours is the beauty of childhood and yours is the fullness of years.  
Comfort us in our sorrow, strengthen us with hope, and breathe peace into our troubled hearts.

Assure us that the love we had for . . . . was not in vain

indeed make it a part of the store of goodness you are even now pouring out upon  
him/her in your eternal kingdom.

Indeed help us to bless you for the gift you gave us in him/her,

for the joy he/she gave all who knew him/her,

for the memories that will abide with us,

and for the assurance that he/she lives forever in the joy and peace of your presence.

Guide us through this time of sadness with the light of your love and the strength of your  
compassion

we ask it in the name of Christ Jesus.

Amen.



### *Father In Heaven*

Father in heaven, we praise your name  
for all who have finished this life loving and trusting you,  
for the example of their lives,  
the life and grace you gave them,  
and the peace in which they rest.  
We praise you today for your servant - - - - -  
and for all that you did through him/her.  
Meet us in our sadness  
and fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving,  
for the sake of our risen Lord, Jesus Christ.  
Amen.





### *God Be In My Head*

God be in my head,  
and in my understanding;  
God be in my eyes,  
and in my looking;  
God be in my mouth,  
and in my speaking;  
God be in my heart,  
and in my thinking;  
God be at my end,  
and at my departing.  
Amen.



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for the memories that will abide with us,

and for the assurance that he/she lives forever in the joy and peace of your presence.

Guide us through this time of sadness with the light of your love and the strength of your  
compassion

we ask it in the name of Christ Jesus.

Amen.



### *Day By Day*

Lord Jesus Christ, we thank you for all the benefits you have won for us, for all the pains and insults you have borne for us.

Most merciful redeemer, friend and brother, may we know you more clearly, love you more dearly, and follow you more nearly, day by day.

Amen.



### *Living God*

Living God, you have lit the day with the sun's light  
and the midnight with shining stars.

Lighten our hearts with the bright beams  
of the Sun of Righteousness  
risen with healing in his wings,  
Jesus Christ our Lord.

And so preserve us in the doing of your will,  
that at the last we may shine  
as the stars for ever;

through the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.



### *Prayer Of Saint Francis Of Assisi*

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy 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.



## *Sudden Death*

God of hope,  
we come to you in shock and grief and confusion of heart.  
Help us to find peace in the knowledge  
of your loving mercy to all your children,  
and give us light to guide us out of our darkness  
into the assurance of your love,  
in Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

*Death ends a life, not a relationship. (John Lemmon)*

## *Readings*

### *From - Journal Of A Soul - Death Is The Future For Everyone - Pope John XXIII*

Death is the future for everyone.  
It is the Last Post of this life and the Reveille of the next.  
Death is the end of our present life, it is the parting from loved ones; it is the setting out into the unknown.  
We overcome death by accepting it as the will of a loving God, by finding Him in it.  
Death, like birth, is only a transformation, another birth.  
When we die we shall change our state, that is all.  
And with faith in God, it is as easy and natural as going to sleep here and waking up there.



*From - Hamlet - William Shakespeare*

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.



### *If I Were Here What Would I Say? Lorraine Lehman-Jones*

Yes it is true that I never got to see all that this world holds.  
The flowers, the trees, grass - or a bright sunny day.  
Not even the smiling faces of my loving family.  
But in my heart I have seen all of these things, even in my short time.  
It is also true that I never got to feel the many things that you take for granted ...  
The heat on my face on a hot summer's day,  
Finger paints and crayons I will never hold in my hands.  
But I did feel the loving arms of my Mummy and Daddy cradling me gently.  
I never got to hear all the sounds that make most hearts sing,  
The laughter of a loved one, or the sweet song of a bird,  
Songs on the radio and the words "I love you" are to me a mystery.  
But the soft touch of my Mummy and Daddy's hands shouts to me all of this and more.  
I will never know the joy of running through a field of flowers,  
Never will I roll down the side of a hill, too dizzy to stand.  
Hide and seek, tag and catching ball I will have missed,  
But in my mind I will do all of these things and more.  
You all may see it as me missing out on all these things by leaving you so soon,  
But where I am going I will do, see and hear everything you do and more.  
I will only think of good things - for in my short existence that is all I have known.  
So don't cry for me, I will do all that you have wished for me and more.  
One thing I want you to hold on to is that I have not known how to hate, how to feel jealous, or  
anguish or any of those emotions that can eat away at your soul.  
My soul is set free with only one feeling - for in my short time here with you I only knew love.  
And that is what I take with me now.





## *A Life That Matters - Author Unknown*

Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end.

There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours, days.

All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten, will pass to someone else.

Your wealth, fame and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance.

It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed.

Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies will finally disappear.

So, too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will expire.

The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away.

It won't matter where you came from, or on what side of the tracks you lived.

At the end, whether you were beautiful or brilliant, male or female, even your skin colour won't matter.

So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought, but what you built; not what you got, but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success, but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned, but what you taught.

What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that enriched,empowered or encouraged others.

What will matter is not your competence, but your character.

What will matter is not how many people you knew, but how many will feel a lasting loss when you're gone.

What will matter is not your memories, but the memories that live in those who loved you.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident.

It's not a matter of circumstance but of choice.

Choose to live a life that matters.



### *It Is Right To Weep And Mourn - Author Unknown*

It is right to weep and mourn but not for thyself - for they have gone to a better place.

The tears release the tension: take courage - remember happy days you shared - and though you are sad, carry on as they would have you, living, loving, laughing, caring.

God is with you though you may not know it.

He will help you through your lonely days; just open your heart and let Him come in.



### *I Will Live Forever - Robert Test*

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital; busily occupied with the living and the dying.

At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine, and don't call this my deathbed, let it be called the bed of life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman.

Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain.

Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play.

Give my kidneys to the one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week.

Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weakness and all prejudice against my fellow man.

Give my sins to the devil.

Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you.

If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.



### *Threshold - Rabindranath Tagore - A Semi-Spiritual Funeral Reading*

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me.

And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.



*From - The Gardener - None Lives For Ever - Rabindranath Tagore*

None lives for ever, brother, and nothing lasts for long.

Keep that in mind and rejoice.

Our life is not the one old burden, our path is not the one long journey.

One sole poet has not to sing one aged song.

The flower fades and dies; but he who wears the flower has not to mourn for it for ever.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

There must come a full pause to weave perfection into music.

Life droops toward its sunset to be drowned in the golden shadows.

Love must be called from its play to drink sorrow and be borne to the heaven of tears.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

We hasten to gather our flowers lest they are plundered by the passing winds.

It quickens our blood and brightens our eyes to snatch kisses that would vanish if we delayed.

Our life is eager, our desires are keen, for time tolls the bell of parting.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

There is not time for us to clasp a thing and crush it and fling it away to the dust.

The hours trip rapidly away, hiding their dreams in their skirts.

Our life is short; it yields but a few days for love.

Were it for work and drudgery it would be endlessly long.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

Beauty is sweet to us, because she dances to the same fleeting tune with our lives.

Knowledge is precious to us, because we shall never have time to complete it.

All is done and finished in the eternal Heaven.

But earth's flowers of illusion are kept eternally fresh by death.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.



## *A Special Place - A Funeral Reading For A Baby*

"There is a special place in the heart of God and amongst the angels for the little ones of this world, just as there is a special place in our hearts today for - - - - - .

And so we weep at what has happened.

And so too - God weeps with us.

What can be said that might ease the pain or assuage the grief that you - and all of us feel today?

There isn't much we can say that will help.

We can express our sympathy and sorrow.

We can offer words of love, care and concern.

We can say we will pray for you.

But other than that we don't know what to say about these things.

Maybe it is because people don't know what to say that they sometimes say the wrong things.

Some people may say that - - - - -'s death at this time was God's will. Don't believe them. The God we worship, the God who watches over us, doesn't will the death of babies or the pain of their parents. Many, many things that happen in this world are not the will of God. That is part of the price of the freedom we have been given by God.

Some people may say to you that God wanted - - - - - in heaven with him. While I am confident God has welcomed - - - - - into his kingdom, I am sure God did not want him/her to die right now so that He could have him/her there.

Some people may seek to comfort you by saying to you that you are young and that you can have other children. That may be true, but other children will not replace - - - - -. He/She was his/her own person. The empty place his/her death has left in your heart will not be filled simply because you have another child. Nor should it be. Every child is unique and precious.

I am sure the people who say things like this say them with a desire to comfort. They want to say something that will help. Bless them for it - but know that we are faced with a mystery - the mystery of life - and of death - in which there are no easy answers."



### *All Is Well - Henry Scott Holland*

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 same easy way which you always did,  
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 the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effect, without the shadow of a ghost on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity,  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am just waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well.



### *She Is Gone - David Harkins*

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 will come back  
or you can open your eyes and see all she has 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 would want:  
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.





### *Remember Me - David Harkins*

Do not shed tears when I have gone but smile instead because I have lived.

Do not shut your eyes and pray to God that I'll come back but open your eyes and see all that I have left behind.

I know your heart will be empty because you cannot see me but still I want you to be full of the love we shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live only for yesterday or you can be happy for tomorrow because of what happened between us yesterday.

You can remember me and grieve that I have gone or you can cherish my memory and let it live on.

You can cry and lose yourself, become distraught and turn your back on the world or you can do what I want - smile, wipe away the tears, learn to love again and go on.



### *Farewell My Friends - GitanjaliGhei*

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.

Those dear hearts who love and care, and the heavy with sleep ever moist eyes, the smile in spite of a lump in the throat and the strings pulling at the heart and soul,

The strong arms that held me up when my own strength let me down, each morsel that I was fed with was full of love.

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.

No, shed no tears, for I need them not, all I need is your smile, If you feel sad, do think of me, for that's what I'll like, when you live in the hearts of those you love, remember then..... you never die.



### *Today Is A Gift - Laszlo Kotro-Kosztandi*

Many people will walk in and out of your life,  
But only true friends will leave footprints in your heart  
To handle yourself, use your head;  
To handle others, use your heart.  
Anger is only one letter short of danger.  
If someone betrays you twice, it is your fault  
Great minds discuss events;  
Small minds discuss people.  
He who loses money, loses much;  
He who loses a friend, loses much more;  
He who loses faith, loses all.  
Beautiful old people are works of art.  
Learn from the mistakes of others  
You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.  
Friends, you and me ... You brought another friend ... and we started our group ... our circle of  
friends ... and like a circle ... there is no beginning or end ...  
Yesterday is history.  
Tomorrow is mystery.  
Today is a gift.



### *We Remember Him (Short Version)*

In the rising of the sun, and in its going down

We remember him

In the blowing of the wind, and in the chill of winter

We remember him

In the opening of buds, and in the warmth of summer

We remember him

In the rustling of leaves, and in the beauty of the autumn

We remember him

In the beginning of the year, and when it ends

We remember him.



### *What Is Dying - Bishop Brent*

I am standing upon that foreshore, a ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "there! she's gone!"

"Gone where?" "Gone from my sight, that's all", she is just as large in mast and spar and hull as ever she was when she left my side; just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment when someone at my side says, "there! she's gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "here she comes!"

And that is dying.



### *Let Us Be Contented - Winston Churchill*

Let us be contented with what has happened and be thankful for all that we have been spared.

Let us accept the natural order of things in which we move.

Let us reconcile ourselves to the mysterious rhythm of our destinies, such as they must be in this world of space and time.

Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows.

The glory of light cannot exist without its shadows.

Life is a whole, and good and ill must be accepted together.

The journey has been enjoyable and well worth making-----once.



## *Non-Religious Funeral Readings*

### *from The Rebecca Notebook*

The old adage, Time heals all wounds, is only true if there is no suppuration within. To be bitter, to lament unceasingly, 'Why did this have to happen to him?' makes the wound fester; the mind, renewing the stab, causes the wound to bleed afresh. It is hard, very hard, not to be bitter in the early days, not to blame doctors, hospitals, drugs, that failed to cure. Harder still for the woman whose husband died not by illness but by accident, who was cut short in full vigour, in the prime of life, killed perhaps in a car crash returning home from work. The first instinct is to seek revenge upon the occupants of the other car, themselves unhurt, whose selfish excess of speed caused the disaster. Yet this is no answer to grief. All anger, all reproach, turns inwards upon itself. The infection spreads, pervading the mind and body.

I would say to those who mourn - and I can only speak from my own experience - look upon each day that comes as a challenge, as a test of courage. The pain will come in waves, some days worse than others, for no apparent reason. Accept the pain. Do not suppress it. Never attempt to hide grief from yourself. Little by little, just as the deaf, the blind, the handicapped develop with time an extra sense to balance disability, so the bereaved, the widowed, will find new strength, new vision, born of the very pain and loneliness which seem, at first, impossible to master. I address myself more especially to the middle-aged who, like myself, look back to over thirty years or more of married life and find it hardest to adapt. The young must, of their very nature, heal sooner than ourselves.

- Daphne du Maurier (1907 - 89)



*from Ross*

I will not insult you by trying to tell you that one day you will forget. I know as well as you that you will not. But, at least, in time you will not remember as fiercely as you do now - and I pray that time may be soon.

- Terence Rattigan (1911 - 77)





## *Untitled*

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 in your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we have 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 effect without the trace of a shadow on it, Life means all that it ever meant. It was the same as it ever was; there is 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 waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well.

- Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918) Canon of St Paul's Cathedral



### *Out of Solitude*

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving much advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a gentle and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief or bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

- Henri Nouwen



*excerpt from Julius Caesar*

Cowards die many times before their death;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.  
- William Shakespeare



*excerpt from a Letter on the Death of John Keats*

Tell him that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Tell him that the most skeptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think that all who are of one accord in mind and heart, are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somehow or other again face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else, and that we are coming after him.

- Leigh Hunt



## *Untitled*

When you come to the edge of all that you have known, there will be two possibilities awaiting you:  
There will be something solid to stand on or you will be taught how to fly.

- Anonymous



*excerpt from The Book of Margins*

It is very hard to live with silence. The real silence is death...To approach this Silence, it is necessary to journey into the desert. You do not go into the desert to find identity but to lose it, to lose your personality, to become anonymous. You make yourself voiceless. You become silence. And then something extraordinary happens: you hear silence speak.

- Edmond Jabes



*excerpt from Romeo and Juliet*

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And we will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.?  
And every tongue that  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
- William Shakespeare



### *excerpt from The Dead*

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived itself, was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and father westward softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill... His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

- James Joyce





## *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.

- Anonymous



## *Non-religious Funeral Readings for a Child / Baby*

### *Untitled*

Suffering - no matter how multiplied - is always individual. "Pain is the most individualizing thing on the earth," wrote Edith Hamilton.

It is true that it is the great common bond as well, but that realization comes only when it is over. To suffer is to be alone. To watch another suffer is to know the barrier that shuts each of us away by himself. Only individuals can suffer.

Suffering is certainly individual, but at the same time it is a universal experience. There are even certain familiar stages in suffering, and familiar, if not identical, steps in coming to terms with it, as in the healing of illness or in coming to terms with death itself. To see these steps in another's life can be illuminating and perhaps even helpful.

What I am saying is not simply the old Puritan truism that "suffering teaches." If suffering alone taught, the entire world would be wise, since everyone suffers. To suffering must be added mourning, understanding, patience, love, openness, and the willingness to be vulnerable. All these and other factors combined, if the circumstances are right, can teach and can lead to rebirth.

But there is no simple formula, or swift way out, no comfort or easy acceptance of suffering. "There is no question," as Katherine Mansfield wrote, "of getting beyond it" - "The little boat enters the dark fearful gulf and our only cry is to escape - 'put me on land again.' But it's useless. Nobody listens. The shadowy figure rows on. One ought to sit still and uncover one's eyes."

...Courage is a first step, but simply to bear the blow bravely is not enough. Stoicism is courageous, but it is only a halfway house on the long road. It is a shield, permissible for a short time only. In the end, one has to discard shields and remain open and vulnerable. Otherwise, scar tissue will seal off the wound and no growth will follow. To grow, to be reborn, one must remain vulnerable - open to love but also hideously open to the possibility of more suffering.

- Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Sixteen years after the kidnapping and murder of her infant son).



### *Untitled*

Dream that my little baby came to life again; that it had only been cold, and that we rubbed it before the fire, and it lived. Awake and find no baby. I think about the little thing all day. Not in good spirits.

- Mary Wollstonecraft



## *The Unfinished*

We cannot judge a biography by its length,

Nor by the number of pages in it.

We must Judge it by the richness of its contents

Sometimes those unfinished are among the most poignant.

We cannot judge a song by its duration

Nor by the number of its notes

We must Judge it by the way it touches and lifts our souls

Sometimes those unfinished are among the most beautiful.

And when something has enriched your life

And when it's melody lingers on in your heart

Is it unfinished?

Or is it endless?

- Anonymous



### *A Special Place (for a baby)*

There is a special place in the heart of God and amongst the angels for the little ones of this world, just as there is a special place in our hearts today for - - - - - .

And so we weep at what has happened.

And so too - God weeps with us.

What can be said that might ease the pain or assuage the grief that you - and all of us feel today?

There isn't much we can say that will help.

We can express our sympathy and sorrow.

We can offer words of love, care and concern.

We can say we will pray for you.

But other than that we don't know what to say about these things.

- Anonymous



## *Light*

My little man, down what centuries of light did you travel to reach us here, your stay so short-lived;  
In the twinkling of an eye you were moving on, bearing our name and a splinter of the human cross  
we suffer; flashed upon us like a beacon, we wait in darkness for that light to come round, knowing  
at heart you shine forever for us.

- Hugh O'donnell



## *Water Bugs and Dragonflies*

Down below the surface of a quiet pond lived a little colony of water bugs. They were a happy colony, living far away from the sun. For many months they were very busy, scurrying over the soft mud on the bottom of the pond.

They did not notice that every once in a while one of their colony seemed to lose interest in going about with its friends. Clinging to the stem of a pond lily, it gradually moved out of sight and was seen no more.

'Look!' said one of the water bugs to another. 'One of our colony is climbing up the lily stalk. Where do you suppose she is going?' Up, up, up it went slowly. Even as they watched, the water bug disappeared from sight. Its friends waited and waited but it didn't return.

'That's funny!' said one water bug to another. 'Wasn't she happy here?' asked a second water bug. 'Where do you suppose she went?' wondered a third. No one had an answer. They were greatly puzzled.

Finally one of the water bugs, a leader in the colony, gathered its friends together. 'I have an idea. The next one of us who climbs up the lily stalk must promise to come back and tell us where he or she went and why.'

'We promise', they said solemnly.

One spring day, not long after, the very water bug who had suggested the plan found himself climbing up the lily stalk. Up, up, up he went. Before he knew what was happening, he had broken through the surface of the water, and fallen onto the broad, green lily pad above.

When he awoke, he looked about with surprise. He couldn't believe what he saw. A startling change had come to his old body. His movement revealed four silver wings and a long tail. Even as he struggled, he felt an impulse to move his wings. The warmth of the sun soon dried the moisture from the new body. He moved his wings again and suddenly found himself up above the water.

He had become a dragonfly.

Swooping and dipping in great curves, he flew through the air. He felt exhilarated in the new atmosphere.

By and by, the new dragonfly lighted happily on the lily pad to rest. Then it was that he chanced to look below to the bottom of the pond. Why, he was right above his old friends, the water bugs! There they were, scurrying about, just as he had been doing some time before.

Then the dragonfly remembered the promise: 'The next one of us who climbs up the lily stalk will come back and tell where he or she went and why.'

Without thinking, the dragonfly darted down. Suddenly he hit the surface of the water and bounced away. Now that he was a dragonfly, he could no longer go into the water.

'I can't return!' he said in dismay. 'At least I tried, but I can't keep my promise. Even if I could go back, not one of the water bugs would know me in my new body. I guess I'll just have to wait until they become dragonflies too. Then they'll understand what happened to me, and where I went.' And the dragonfly winged off happily into its wonderful new world of sun and air.

- Doris Stickney



### *From Mary Poppins*

Mary Poppins had gone. Jane read the note she had left. 'Mrs Brill!' she called. 'What does "Au Revoir" mean?' 'I think, Miss Jane dear, it means "To meet again".' Jane and Michael looked at each other. Joy and understanding shone in their eyes. They knew what Mary Poppins meant.

Michael gave a long sigh of relief. 'That's all right,' he said shakily. 'She always does what she says she will.'

He turned away.

'Michael, are you crying?' Jane asked.

He twisted his head and tried to smile at her.

'No I'm not,' he said 'it is only my eyes.'

- P. L. Travers





## *Stations*

Bradley and his family lived in a beautiful house that had big tall trees all around.

Bradley was getting ready for a trip. He didn't know where he was going but he knew that he was going to ride with his friend Thomas the Train.

Now Thomas, in his life, had taken people from all over to different places. He always got them to where they needed to go safe and sound.

Once on the train, Thomas took care of everything. There were bears on the train to help Thomas to do his job. Some bears looked after other bears; some bears played with other bears.

Bears were of every age and came from all over the world. No one was ever sick on the train; even those bears who were sick before weren't sick anymore. Every type of food--good stuff and junk stuff--was available twenty-four hours a day.

There were special things on Thomas for little bears -- lots of toys and a big playground like Disneyland. Little bears always got special treatment on Thomas because sometimes they travel alone. Thomas and the bears on the train that helped Thomas kept a special eye on little bears so that they were never lonely.

Soon Bradley was ready to go to the train station where Thomas was meeting him. Bradley's family took Bradley to the train station. They were sad and worried because he was such a little bear to be traveling on his own. But they knew and trusted Thomas because Thomas had been doing this job for a long time. They knew Thomas would take good care of Bradley and make sure he arrived safely to meet his family at the next train station.

Bradley hugged his family a temporary good-bye because Thomas promised to get Bradley to the next station where his family would meet him.

It was still very very hard to say good-bye because Bradley wanted his family to come and they wanted to come with Bradley. But this was a trip that Bradley had to take by himself and his family had lots of other things to do before they met Bradley at the next station.

Bradley and his family promised to think about each other often and to remember all the special memories and times they had together. Thomas promised the family that he would take extra good care of Bradley, just as Bradley's family promised Thomas that they would take good care of each other.

Lots of friends and family were there to wave Bradley off and the family and friends also promised to take good care of each other and Bradley's family.

As they cried and waved at Bradley on Thomas, they saw a rainbow. Someone said, a long time ago, that a rainbow is a promise waiting to happen and that a rainbow will always be over little Bradley until he sees his family at the next station and then they would travel the rest of the journey together forever.

- Awdry



### *If I Were Here What Would I Say?*

Yes it is true that I never got to see all that this world holds.  
The flowers, the trees, grass - or a bright sunny day.  
Not even the smiling faces of my loving family.  
But in my heart I have seen all of these things, even in my short time.  
It is also true that I never got to feel the many things that you take for granted ...  
The heat on my face on a hot summer's day,  
Finger paints and crayons I will never hold in my hands.  
But I did feel the loving arms of my Mummy and Daddy cradling me gently.  
I never got to hear all the sounds that make most hearts sing,  
The laughter of a loved one, or the sweet song of a bird,  
Songs on the radio and the words "I love you" are to me a mystery.  
But the soft touch of my Mummy and Daddy's hands shouts to me all of this and more.  
I will never know the joy of running through a field of flowers,  
Never will I roll down the side of a hill, too dizzy to stand.  
Hide and seek, tag and catching ball I will have missed,  
But in my mind I will do all of these things and more.  
You all may see it as me missing out on all these things by leaving you so soon,  
But where I am going I will do, see and hear everything you do and more.  
I will only think of good things - for in my short existence that is all I have known.  
So don't cry for me, I will do all that you have wished for me and more.  
One thing I want you to hold on to is that I have not known how to hate, how to feel jealous, or  
anguish or any of those emotions that can eat away at your soul.  
My soul is set free with only one feeling - for in my short time here with you I only knew love.  
And that is what I take with me now.

- Lorraine Lehman-Jones



## *Non-Religious Funeral Readings for an Unexpected Death*

### *Untitled*

Human existence is girt round with mystery: the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea. To add to the mystery, the domain of our earthly existence is not only an island of infinite space, but also in infinite time. The past and the future are alike shrouded from us: we neither know the origin of anything which is, nor its final destination.

- John Stuart Mill



## *Untitled*

Have courage for the great sorrows in life, and patience for the small ones; and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

- Victor Hugo



*excerpt from The Healing of Sorrow*

Our friend died at his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversities that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage and his strength. At last these adversaries overwhelmed him. And it appeared that he had lost the war. But did he? I see a host of victories that he has won!

"For one thing - he has won our admiration - because even if he lost the war, we give him credit for his bravery on the battlefield. And we give him credit for the courage and pride and hope that he used as his weapons as long as he could. We shall remember not his death, but his daily victories gained through his kindness and thoughtfulness, through his love for his family and friends... for all things beautiful, lovely and honorable. We shall remember not his last day of defeat, but we shall remember the many days that he was victorious over overwhelming odds. We shall remember not the years we thought he had left, but the intensity with which he lived the years that he had. Only God knows what this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul. But our consolation is that God does know, and understands.

- Norman Vincent Peale



*excerpt from Jack Ford's funeral reading*

The death of each of us is in the order of things. It follows life as surely as night follows day. We can take the tree of life as a symbol: The human race is the trunk and the branches of this tree, and individual men and women are the leaves, which appear one season, flourish for a summer, and then die. We too are like the leaves of this tree and one day we shall be torn off by a storm, or simply decay and fall, and mingle with the earth at its roots. But, while we live we are conscious of the tree's flowing sap and steadfast strength.

- Pamela Openshaw



## *Religious or Spiritual Funeral Readings:*

### *Footprints in the Sand*

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord. Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky. In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand. Sometimes there were two sets of footprints, other times there was one only. This bothered me because I noticed that during the low periods of my life, when I was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, I could see only one set of footprints, so I said to the Lord,

"You promised me Lord, that if I followed you, you would walk with me always. But I have noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there has only been one set of footprints in the sand. Why, when I needed you most, have you not been there for me?" The Lord replied, "The years when you have seen only one set of footprints, my child, is when I carried you."

- Mary Stevenson



*excerpt from The Mysterious Tao*

The six cardinal points, reaching into infinity, are ever included in Tao. An autumn spikelet, in all its minuteness, must carry Tao within itself. There is nothing on earth which does not rise and fall, but it never perishes altogether. The Yin and the Yang, and the four seasons, keep to their proper order. Apparently destroyed, yet really existing; the material gone, the immaterial left such is the law of creation, which passeth all understanding. This is called the root, whence a glimpse may be obtained of God.

Musings of a Chinese Mystic by Chuang Tzu





## *General Funeral Readings - Christian Bible:*

### *John 6.35-40*

Jesus said to them, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty. But I said to you that you have seen me and yet do not believe. Everything that the Father gives me will come to me, and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away; for I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me. And this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day. This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day."



### *John 11.17-27*

When Jesus arrived, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb four days. Now Bethany was near Jerusalem, some two miles away, and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them about their brother. When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary stayed at home. Martha said to Jesus, "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him." Jesus said to her, "Your brother will rise again." Martha said to him, "I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day." Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?" She said to him, "Yes, Lord, I believe that you are the Messiah, the Son of God, the one coming into the world."



### *John 14.1-6*

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place 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.



### *Romans 8.31-39*

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

"For your sake we are being killed all day long;  
we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered."

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.



### *From 1 Corinthians 15*

Now I would remind you, brothers and sisters, of the good news that I proclaimed to you, which you in turn received, in which also you stand, through which also you are being saved, if you hold firmly to the message that I proclaimed to you--unless you have come to believe in vain. For I handed on to you as of first importance what I in turn had received: that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve. Then he appeared to more than five hundred brothers and sisters at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to one untimely born, he appeared also to me. For I am the least of the apostles, unfit to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace toward me has not been in vain. On the contrary, I worked harder than any of them--though it was not I, but the grace of God that is with me. Whether then it was I or they, so we proclaim and so you have come to believe. Now if Christ is proclaimed as raised from the dead, how can some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not been raised; and if Christ has not been raised, then our proclamation has been in vain and your faith has been in vain. We are even found to be misrepresenting God, because we testified of God that he raised Christ--whom he did not raise if it is true that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, then Christ has not been raised. If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile and you are still in your sins. Then those also who have died in Christ have perished. If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied. But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have died. For since death came through a human being, the resurrection of the dead has also come through a human being; for as all die in Adam, so all will be made alive in Christ. But each in his own order: Christ the first fruits, then at his coming those who belong to Christ. Then comes the end, when he hands over the kingdom to God the Father, after he has destroyed every ruler and every authority and power. For he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death.

But someone will ask, "How are the dead raised? With what kind of body do they come?" Fool! What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And as for what you sow, you do not sow the body that is to be, but a bare seed, perhaps of wheat or of some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen, and to each kind of seed its own body.

So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body.

For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

"Death has been swallowed up in victory."

"Where, O death, is your victory?"

"Where, O death, is your sting?"

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.



### *1 Thessalonians 4.13-18*

But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.



### *Revelation 21.1-7*

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

"See, the home of God is among mortals.

He will dwell with them;

they will be his peoples,

and God himself will be with them;

he will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;

mourning and crying and pain will be no more,

for the first things have passed away."

And the one who was seated on the throne said, "See, I am making all things new." Also he said,

"Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true." Then he said to me, "It is done! I am the

Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.



### *Mark 10.13-16*

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.





*Isaiah 49.15-16*

Can a woman forget her nursing child,  
And not have compassion on the son of her womb?  
Surely they may forget,  
Yet I will not forget you.  
See, I have inscribed you on the palms of My hands;  
Your walls are continually before Me.



### *Jeremiah 31.15-17*

Thus says the Lord:

A voice was heard in Ramah,  
Lamentation and bitter weeping,  
Rachel weeping for her children,  
Refusing to be comforted for her children,  
Because they are no more.

Thus says the Lord:

Refrain your voice from weeping,  
And your eyes from tears;  
For your work shall be rewarded, says the Lord,  
And they shall come back from the land of the enemy.  
There is hope in your future, says the Lord,  
That your children shall come back to their own border.



### *Matthew 18.1-11*

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying,  
Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!

Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire.

And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you,

That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.



### *Apocalypse 7.9-10, 15-17*

After this I looked and there was an enormous crowd - no one could count all the people.

They were from every race, tribe, nation and language, and they stood in front of the throne and of the lamb, dressed in white robes and holding palm branches in their hands.

That is why they stand before God's throne and serve him day and night in his temple. He who sits on the throne will protect them with his presence. Never again will they hunger or thirst; neither sun nor any scorching heat will burn them, because the Lamb, who is in the centre of the throne, will be their shepherd, and he will guide them to the springs of life-giving water. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.



## *2 Corinthians 4.13-18*

And since we have the same spirit of faith, according to what is written, "I believed and therefore I spoke," we also believe and therefore speak, knowing that He who raised up the Lord Jesus will also raise us up with Jesus, and will present us with you.

For all things are for your sakes, that grace, having spread through the many, may cause thanksgiving to abound to the glory of God.

Therefore we do not lose heart.

Even though our outward man is perishing, yet the inward man is being renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we do not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.

For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal.



### *Jeremiah 1.4-8*

Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying:  
Before I formed you in the womb I knew you;  
Before you were born I sanctified you;  
I ordained you a prophet to the nations.

Then said I:

Ah, Lord God!

Behold, I cannot speak, for I am a youth.

But the Lord said to me:

Do not say, 'I am a youth,'

For you shall go to all to whom I send you,

And whatever I command you, you shall speak.

Do not be afraid of their faces,

For I am with you to deliver you, says the Lord.

Song of Solomon 2.10-13

My beloved spoke, and said to me:

Rise up, my love, my fair one,

And come away.

For lo, the winter is past,

The rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth;

The time of singing has come,

And the voice of the turtledove

Is heard in our land.

The fig tree puts forth her green figs,

And the vines with the tender grapes

Give a good smell.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,

And come away



## *2 Samuel 12.16-23*

David therefore pleaded with God for the child, and David fasted and went in and lay all night on the ground.

So the elders of his house arose and went to him, to raise him up from the ground.

But he would not, nor did he eat food with them.

Then on the seventh day it came to pass that the child died. And the servants of David were afraid to tell him that the child was dead. For they said, "Indeed, while the child was alive, we spoke to him, and he would not heed our voice. How can we tell him that the child is dead? He may do some harm!"

When David saw that his servants were whispering, David perceived that the child was dead.

Therefore David said to his servants, "Is the child dead?"

And they said, "He is dead."

So David arose from the ground, washed and anointed himself, and changed his clothes; and he went into the house of the Lord and worshiped. Then he went to his own house; and when he requested, they set food before him, and he ate.

Then his servants said to him, "What is this that you have done? You fasted and wept for the child while he was alive, but when the child died, you arose and ate food."

And he said, "While the child was alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, 'Who can tell whether the Lord will be gracious to me, that the child may live?'

But now he is dead; why should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."



### *Untitled*

In the most beautiful of gardens, even those tended by the most skilful of botanists, there is an occasional rose that buds, but never opens. In all respects the rose is like all the others, but something keeps it from blooming. It fades away - or disappears - without having reached maturity. What happens in nature's garden happens once in a while also in the garden of God's human family. A baby is born, beautiful, precious, but fails to come to its rightful unfolding. This child, like the bud that never fully opens, is gathered back into God's heavenly garden of souls - where all imperfections are made perfect; all injustices made right; all mysteries are explained; and all sorrows turned to happiness.

- Anonymous





*“As a well spent day brings happy sleep so life well used brings happy death” (Leonardo Da Vinci)*

### *Jewish Eulogy Quotes:*

In each incarnation we weave or unravel a few more stitches in the garment of life. At a certain point, one has finished and can go home.

- Rabbi Jonathan Omer

Say not in grief 'he is no more', but live in thankfulness that he was.

- Hebrew proverb

For dust you are, and to dust you shall return.

- Genesis 3:19



## *Christian Eulogy Quotes:*

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 one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Ecclesiastes 3:19,20

For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.

Ecclesiastes 9:5,6

He will swallow up death in victory: and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off faces, ...

Isaiah 25:8

If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

Romans 8:11

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:38,39

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?

1 Corinthians 15:55

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Revelation 14:13

I remember my affliction and my wandering,  
the bitterness and the gall.

I well remember them,  
and my soul is downcast within me.

Yet this I call to mind

and therefore I have hope:

Because of the LORD's great love we are not consumed,  
for his compassions never fail.

They are new every morning;

great is your faithfulness.

I say to myself, The LORD is my portion;

therefore I will wait for him.



The LORD is good to those whose hope is in him,  
to the one who seeks him;  
it is good to wait quietly  
for the salvation of the LORD.  
It is good for a man to bear the yoke  
while he is young.  
Let him sit alone in silence,  
for the LORD has laid it on him.  
Let him bury his face in the dust?  
there may yet be hope.  
Let him offer his cheek to one who would strike him,  
and let him be filled with disgrace.  
For men are not cast off  
by the Lord forever.  
Though he brings grief, he will show compassion,  
so great is his unfailing love.  
For he does not willingly bring affliction  
or grief to the children of men.  
To crush underfoot  
all prisoners in the land,  
to deny a man his rights  
before the Most High,  
to deprive a man of justice  
would not the Lord see such things?  
Lamentations 3 vv 19-36



## *Other Religious Eulogy Quotes:*

To be idle is a short road to death and to be diligent is a way of life; foolish people are idle, wise people are diligent.

- Buddha

Even death is not to be feared by one who has lived wisely.

- Buddha

On life's journey faith is nourishment, virtuous deeds are a shelter, wisdom is the light by day and right mindfulness is the protection by night. If a man lives a pure life, nothing can destroy him.

- Buddha

Death is a part of all our lives. Whether we like it or not, it is bound to happen. Instead of avoiding thinking about it, it is better to understand its meaning. We all have the same body, the same human flesh, and therefore we will all die. There is a big difference, of course, between natural death and accidental death, but basically death will come sooner or later. If from the beginning your attitude is 'Yes, death is part of our lives,' then it may be easier to face.

- Dalai Lama



## *Non-Religious Eulogy Quotes:*

The song is ended but the memory lingers on.

- Lyrics by Irving Berlin

That though the radiance which was once so bright be now forever taken from my sight. Though nothing can bring back the hour of splendor in the grass, glory in the flower. We will grieve not, rather find strength in what remains behind.

- William Wordsworth

Death is a stripping away of all that is not you. The secret of life is to "die before you die" - and find that there is no death.

- Eckhart Tolle

What the caterpillar perceives is the end, to the butterfly is just the beginning.

- Anonymous

He who has gone, so we but cherish his memory, abides with us, more potent, nay, more present than the living man.

- Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

The mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death.

- "author" Unknown

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind. And in it are enshrined the precious keepsakes, into which is wrought the giver's loving thought.

- H.W. Longfellow

What we have once enjoyed we can never lose. All that we love deeply becomes a part of us.

- Helen Keller

Grieve not, nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk of me as if I were beside you there.

- Isla Paschal Richardson

While both joy and sorrow are fleeting, and often intertwined, love has the power to overcome both. And love can last forever.

- Deb Plouse Fulton, in *A Second Chicken Soup for the Woman's Soul*

Photographs are precious memories ... the visual evidence of place and time and relationships ... ritual talismans for the treasure chest of the heart.

- Robert Fulghum, in *From Beginning to End*

To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.

- Thomas Campbell



Perhaps they are not stars in the sky, but rather openings where our loved ones shine down to let us know they are happy.

- Eskimo Legend

Life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.

- Rossiter W. Raymond

If I am to wear this mourning cloak, let it be made of the fabric of love, woven by the fine thread of memory.

- Molly Fumia, in *Safe Passage*,

What the heart has once known, it shall never forget.

- "author" unknown

Remembering is an act of resurrection, each repetition a vital layer of mourning, in memory of those we are sure to meet again.

- Nancy Cobb, in *In Lieu of Flowers*

Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It's the transition that's troublesome.

- Isaac Asimov

Even at our birth, death does but stand aside a little. And every day he looks towards us and muses somewhat to himself whether that day or the next he will draw nigh.

- Robert Bolt

For death is no more than a turning of us over from time to eternity.

- William Penn

I have died many a death in love, and yet, had I not loved I would never have lived at all.

- David Lasater

Love is stronger than death even though it can't stop death from happening, but no matter how hard death tries it can't separate people from love. It can't take away our memories either. In the end, life is stronger than death.

- Anonymous

The good die young - because they see it's no use living if you've got to be good

- John Barrymore

There are times when sorrow seems to be the only truth.

- Oscar Wilde, from *De Profundis*

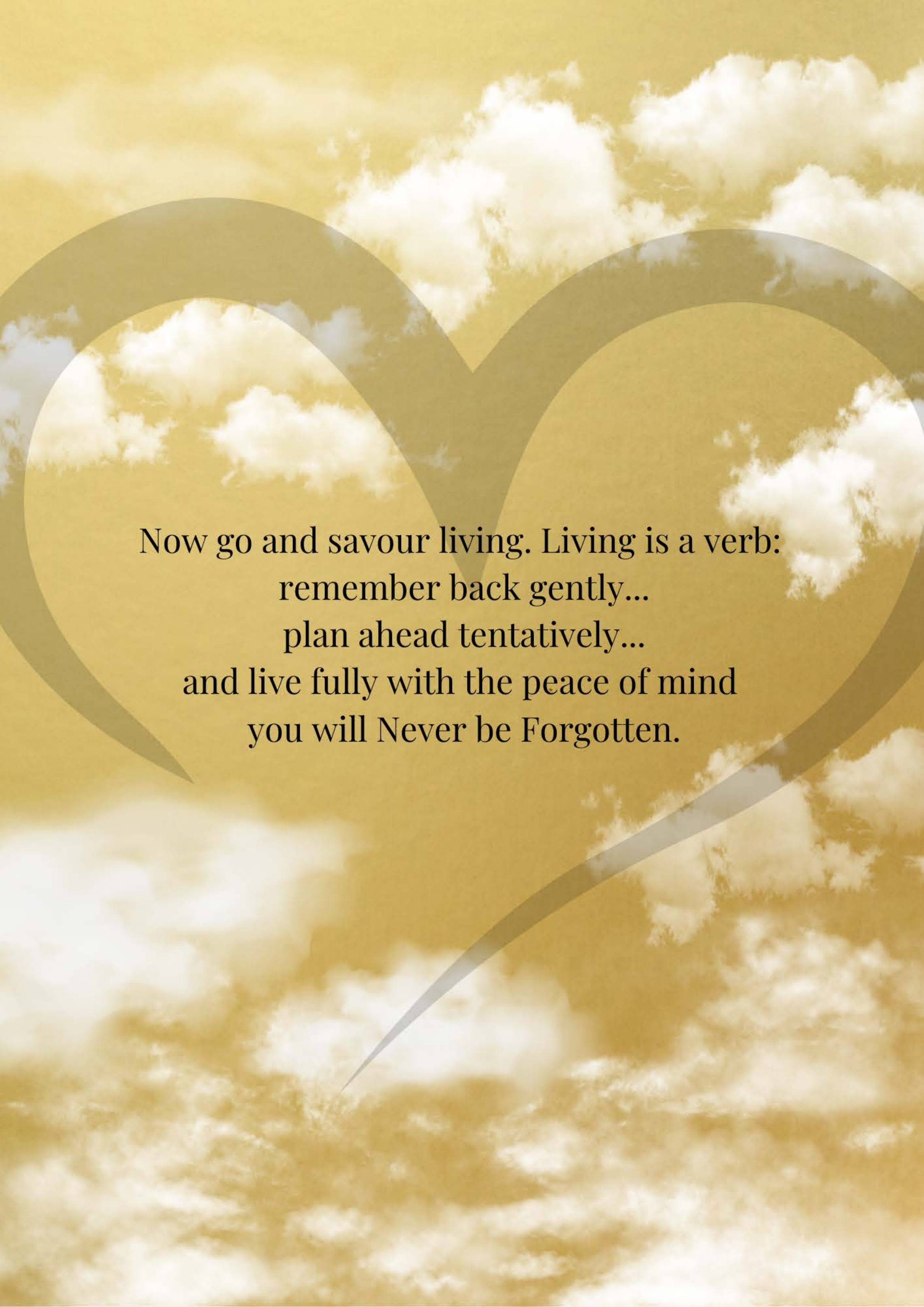
It is wrong to sorrow without ceasing.

- Homer



Death is not an ending, but a symbol of movement along the path which we all are traveling. As it may be painful to lose contact with the physical aspect of one we love, we have been and always will be a part of each other.

- John Denver



Now go and savour living. Living is a verb:  
remember back gently...  
plan ahead tentatively...  
and live fully with the peace of mind  
you will Never be Forgotten.