



Meaningful Words

A collection of Poems, Quotes & Prayers for Eulogies

Eulogy Package

Each pack includes:

- A deluxe box
- Personalised box sleeve
- 4 page A5 booklet based on your choice from our existing templates
- Attendance cards (110mm x 90mm)
- Remembrance cards (110mm x 90mm, kept by funeral guests)

All items are printed on quality 250gsm satin card
Standard deluxe design, comprising of 2 pictures and text supplied by you



Individual Pieces

... Eulogy, A5, 4 pages inc cover

... Eulogy, A5, 4 pages inc cover

... Small Cards, 4 pages inc cover

... Bookmark

... Bookmark

Contents

<i>General Quotes</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>Longer Quotes Suitable for Eulogies</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>General Poems.....</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Poems for Children and Young People.....</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Poems for Those Who Have Been Unwell.....</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Poems for Soldiers and Returned Servicemen.....</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>Poems for Mum and Grandmother</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Poems for Her</i>	<i>24</i>
<i>Poems for Fathers and Grandads.....</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>Poems for Him</i>	<i>26</i>
<i>A Poem for a Husband</i>	<i>27</i>
<i>Poems for Those Who Have Taken Their Own Life.....</i>	<i>27</i>
<i>Miscellaneous Poems.....</i>	<i>27</i>
<i>Christian Prayers Suitable for Funerals.....</i>	<i>30</i>
<i>Bible Readings Suitable for a Christian Funeral</i>	<i>31</i>

1. Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great.

Mark Twain

2. When one door of happiness closes, another opens but we often look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one which has been opened for us.

Anon

3. It is far easier to be wise for someone else than to be wise for oneself.

Anon

4. As long as they did it to us remains part of our thinking, we won't find the identity and joy and satisfaction in life we are seeking.

Anon.

5. To move ahead requires that we not only let go of our anger but that we distance ourselves from others who are angry, accusatory and who have made themselves victims of their own beliefs.

Anon

6. It takes a special type of courage to face what we have to face.

Anon

7. We have to stop playing the role of poor us and create a new model for ourselves - that of a loving, creating powerful and abundant adult.

Anon

8. The only thing we can safely trust is our ability to handle what ever anyone says or does to us.

Anon

9. We may run, walk, stumble, drive, or fly, but let us never lose sight of the reason for the journey, or miss a chance to see a rainbow on the way.

Gloria Gather

10. If we perceive our mates as human beings who don't always follow our script, we can keep an open heart. If we have fairy tale expectations, our hearts will be broken and it is hard to fix them again.

Anon

11. Pointing a finger is a powerless act - the only real power lies in taking control of our reactions to whatever life hands us.

Anon

12. What ever happens in life, I'll handle it.

Anon

13. No one has the power to irritate me unless I allow it. I focus my mind upon my highest good and feel this inspire me.

Anon

14. All men and women are born, live suffer and die; what distinguishes us one from another is our dreams, whether they be dreams about worldly or unworldly things, and what we do to make them come about.

Anon

15. We do not choose to be born. We do not choose our parents. We do not choose to die; nor do we choose the time and conditions of our death. But within the realm of choicelessness, we do choose how we live.

Joseph Epstein

16. The secret of health for both mind and body is not to mourn for the past, not to worry about the future, or not to anticipate troubles, but to live in the present moment wisely and earnestly.

Buddha

17. Anything that tries to burn my heart will be denied and anything and all that weighs me down I will gladly cast aside.

Anon

18. Your success is only limited by your desires.

Anon

19. Do not blindly believe what others say. See for yourself what brings contentment, clarity and peace. That is the path for you to follow.

Anon

20. A man becomes what he thinks about most of the time.

Anon

21. More learning translates into more earning.

Anon

22. I have seen the enemy and he looks just like me.

Anon

23. If you believe that you can do a thing, or if you believe you can not, in either case you are right.

Anon

24. If you went to make enemies, try to change something.

Pres. Woodrow Wilson

25. A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something.

Anon

26. Anybody can become angry. That is not difficult: but to be angry with the right person and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose and in the right way: that is not within everybody's capability and it is not easy

Aristotle

27. To live is to suffer, to survive is to find meaning in the suffering.

Victor Frankl

38. There are as many nights as days, and the one is just as long as the other in the years course. Even a happy life cannot be without a measure of darkness, and the word 'happy' would lose its meaning if it were not balanced by sadness. It far better to take things as they come along with patience and equanimity"

Jung

39. Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.

" Mark Twain, 1835-1910 American Author

40. The highest wisdom is kindness.

The Talmud

41. There comes a time in some relationships when no matter how sincere the attempt to reconcile the differences or how strong the wish to recreate a part of the past once shared, the struggle becomes so painful that nothing else is felt and the world and all it's beauty only add to the discomfort by providing cruel contrast.

David Viscott

42. Existence is pure joy, and if one does not see that, one's perception is wrong.

Anon

43. To recount the journey of someone's life, to do them justice, you really have to have traveled with them.

Anon

44. It is my hope that when you face your own death, or the death of someone you love, you will take enough time to slow down.

Carolyn Pogue

45. We don't need more money, we don't need greater success or fame, we don't need the perfect body or even the perfect mate. Right now, at this very moment, we have a mind, which is all the basic equipment we need to achieve complete happiness.

Dalai Lama

46. Unless we can hear each other singing and crying, unless we can comfort each others failures and cheer each others victories, we are missing out on the best that life has to offer. The only real action takes place on the bridge between people.'

Anon

47. In our daily lives, we must see that it is not happiness that makes us grateful but gratefulness that makes us happy. -

Albert Clarke

48. Is this who I am, what would love do now?

Neale Donald Walcsh

49. If we are to teach real peace in this world, and we are to carry on a real war against war, we shall have to begin with the children.

Mahatma Gandhi

40. Life begins at the end of your comfort zone

Neale Donald Walcsh

41. Don't be afraid in your life to s-t-r-e-t-c-h, Reach higher than your grasp. It may seem scary at first but you'll come to enjoy it.

Neale Donald Walcsh

42. It may be that when we no longer know what to do, we have come to our real work, and when we no longer know which way to go, we have begun our real journey."

Wendell Berry

43. No one can persuade another to change. Each of us guards a gate of change that can only be opened from the inside. We cannot open the gate of another, either by argument or by emotional appeal.

M Ferguson

44. Between stimulus and response, man has the freedom to choose.

Victor Frankl

45. Response-ability, the ability to choose your response.

Anon

46. I am what I am today because of the choices I made yesterday.

Anon

47. It's not what happens to us but our response to what happens to us that hurts us. Of cse things can hurt us physically or economically, and can cause sorrow, but our character, our best identity, does not have to be hurt at all.

Steven Covey

48. You cannot talk yourself out of problems you have behaved your way into.

Steven Covey

49. The most important ingredient we put into any relationship is not what we say or do, but who we are.

Steven Covey

50. One person's mission is another persons minuitia.

Anon

51. Action will change your attitude, motion will change your emotions, movement will change your moods.

Anon

52. It's not what you do the same as everyone else that matters its what you do differently.

Anon



53. Often the difference between success and failure is not one's better abilities or ideas, but the courage that one has to bet on his ideas, to take the calculated risk and to act.
Dr Maxwell Maltz
54. It's your attitude not your aptitude that determines your altitude.
Zig Zigler
55. A rut is just a coffin with the ends knocked out.
Anon
56. Flow around obstacles, don't confront them. Don't struggle to succeed. Wait for the right moment.
Lao Tsu.
57. Pushing through fear is less frightening than living with the underlying fear that comes from the feeling of helplessness.
Susan Jeffers.
58. Fear is an indicator that you are reaching your limits. It is a green light to keep going. If you are not feeling any fear, you may not be growing. Don't delay the trepidation, but take the step anyway. Ships are not designed to stay in the harbor.
Susan Jeffers
59. Often the difference between a success and failure is not one's better abilities or ideas, but the courage that one has to bet on his ideas, to take the calculated risk and to act
Dr Maxwell Maltz.
60. You must re-educate yourself to accept fear as a necessary part of growth, then move on. 90% of what we worry about never eventuates.
Anon
61. Leadership is the capacity to translate vision into reality.
Warren G. Bennis
62. Vision without action is merely a dream. Action without vision just passes the time. Vision with action can change the world.
Joel Barker.
63. One of the biggest fears that keeps us from moving ahead with our lives is our difficulty in making decisions. The irony of course is that by not choosing we are choosing.
Susan Jeffers.
64. If you don't create your own future, someone else will.
Anon
65. Remember, there are never any traffic jams on the extra mile.
Anon
66. Truth can be denied but it can't be avoided.
Anon
67. Your life only gets better when you get better.
Anon
68. Confidence....thrives only on honesty, on honor, on the sacredness of obligations, on faithful protection and on unselfish performance. Without them, it cannot live.
Franklin D. Roosevelt
69. I learned that good judgment comes from experience and that experience grows out of mistakes.
Omar Bradley
70. I have yet to find the man, however exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than under a spirit of criticism.
Charles Schwab
71. Brave people apologise - weak people don't.
Anon
72. Keep on going and the chances are you will stumble on something, perhaps when you are least expecting it. I have never heard of anyone stumbling on something sitting down.
Charles F. Kettering
73. I have learned over the years that when one's mind is made up, this diminishes fear; knowing what must be done does away with fear.
Rosa Parks
74. When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost.
Billy Graham
75. If you don't take time for being healthy, you'll eventually have to make time for being sick.
Wayne Dwyer
76. Optimism means expecting the best, but confidence means knowing how to handle the worst. Never make a move if you are merely optimistic.
The Zurich Axioms
77. The state of your life is nothing more than a reflection of your state of mind.
Dr. Wayne Dyer
78. Where are my thoughts taking me? You can't escape the accumulated effect of your attitude. It is to let the past overwhelm you rather than let it instruct you.
Anon
79. A grateful person is a powerful person, for gratitude generates power. All abundance is based on being grateful for what we have.
Elizabeth Kubler Ross.

80. The quality of my life is the quality of your personal communications with yourself and others.
Tony Robbins.
81. 7% of communications is words, 38% is toneality, 55% is physioglogy - facial expressions, body language.
Tony Robbins.
82. Being defeated is often a temporary condition. Giving up is what makes it permanent.
Marilyn Vos Savant
83. Patience and perseverance have a magical effect before which difficulties disappear and obstacles vanish.
John Quincy Adams
84. In the middle of difficulty lies opportunity.
Albert Einstein
85. If you let conditions stop you from working, they'll always stop you.
James T. Farrell
86. Our only limitations are those which we set up in our minds or permit others to establish for us.
Elizabeth Arden
87. The Big Shots Are only the Little Shots Who keep on Shooting.
Christopher Morley
88. We must either find a way or make one.
Hannibal
89. The universe is full of magical things, waiting for our wits to grow sharper.
Eden Philpotts
90. Success is never final and failure never fatal. It's courage that counts.
Anon
91. Everyone has the need to contribute. It is one of the six human needs. If you give from your heart, it will come back to you tenfold.
Tony Robbins
92. Courage is going from failure to failure without losing enthusiasm.
Winston Churchill
93. In life it is hard. You're either in a problem, heading toward one or just left one.
Anon
94. Every single life only becomes great when the individual sets upon a goal or goals which they really believe in, which they can really commit themselves to, which they can put their whole heart and soul into.
Brian Tracy
95. Fail to plan?.....then plan to fail.
Anon
96. The successful always has a number of projects planned, to which he looks forward. Anyone of them could change the course of his life overnight.
Mark Caine
97. I believe that persistent effort, supported by a character-based foundation, will enable you to get more of the things money will buy and all of the things money won't buy.
Zig Ziglar
98. When the WHY gets stronger, the how gets easier.
Jim Rohn
99. Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.
Anon
100. Money talks...but chocolate sings!
Anon
101. I'd rather take action and fail at something than do nothing, and succeed.
Anon
102. You move in the direction of your most positive thoughts.
Anon
103. If the only exercise you get is from jumping to conclusions, then go join a gym.
Anon
104. Think the perfect result for long enough and it will come.
Anon
105. No one who is good at making excuses is also good at making money. The skills are mutually exclusive.
Anon
106. To celebrate life you have to live it. To live life you have to experience all of it.
Erin Devore
107. Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Willing is not enough; we must do.
Johann Goethe
108. Whatever may be said in praise of poverty, the fact remains that it is not possible to live a really complete or successful life unless one is rich.
Wallace D. Wattles
109. Your enemy and what you retaliate against, are actually products of your own mind
Dalai Lama
110. Without inner mental stability, or the right mental attitude, one cannot be happy, calm or at peace, even if one is surrounded by the best of friends or the best of facilities.
Dalai Lama

111. You can't do good business with a bad man.
Zig Ziegler
112. 'Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was'
Hebrew proverb
113. 'Yesterday is a memory, tomorrow is a mystery and today is a gift, which is why it is called the present'
Anon
114. 'What the caterpillar perceives is the end, to the butterfly is just the beginning'
Anon
115. 'Everything that has a beginning has an ending. Make your peace with that and all will be well'
Buddist saying
116. 'There was never yet an uninteresting life. Such a thing is an impossibility. Inside of the dullest exterior there is a drama, a comedy and a tragedy'
Mark Twain, The refuge of the Derelicts 1905
117. Sometimes, when one person is missing, the whole world seems depopulated.
Lamartine
118. The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.
Harriet Beecher Stowe
119. As men, we are all equal in the presence of death
Publilius Syrus
121. When you were born, you cried and the world rejoiced. Live you life in a manner so that when you die the world cries and you rejoice.
Native American Proverb
122. Though Heaven & Earth divide us and the distance seems a lot there is a flower that bloomed between us its called the Forget-me-not
Anon
123. Let us so live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.
Mark Twain
124. It is not length of life, but depth of life.
Ralph Waldo Emerson
125. Death is more universal than life; everyone dies but not everyone lives.
A.Sachs
126. Do not fear death so much, but rather the inadequate life.
Bertolt Brecht
127. There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.
George Santayana
128. They say such nice things about people at their funerals that it makes me sad to realize that I'm going to miss mine by just a few days.
Garrison Keillor
129. It's only when we truly know and understand that we have a limited time on earth -- and that we have no way of knowing when our time is up, we will then begin to live each day to the fullest, as if it was the only one we had.
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
130. It is not the end of the physical body that should worry us. Rather, our concern must be to live while we're alive, to release our inner selves from the spiritual death that comes with living behind a facade designed to conform to external definitions of who and what we are.
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
131. The grave is but a covered bridge, leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
132. For those who seek to understand it, death is a highly creative force. The highest spiritual values of life can originate from the thought and study of death
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
133. Death is the great clarifier; it shows us what is important.
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
134. For any culture which is primarily concerned with meaning, the study of death, the only certainty that life holds for us must be central, for an understanding of death is the key to liberation in life.
Stanislav Grof
135. For a man who has done his natural duty, death is as natural as sleep.
George Santayana
136. Good men must die, but death cannot kill their names.
The Bible
137. Death is simply a shedding of the physical body like the butterfly shedding its cocoon. It is a transition to a higher state of consciousness where you continue to perceive, to understand, to laugh, and to be able to grow.
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
138. I've told my children that when I die, to release balloons in the sky to celebrate that I graduated. For me, death is a graduation.
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
139. We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.
Nathaniel Hawthorne

140. Because I could not stop for death, He kindly
stopped for me; The carriage held but just
ourselves and immortality.

Emily Dickinson

141. Death comes to all. But great achievements
build a monument which shall endure until the
sun grows cold.

George Fabricius

142. Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love
leaves a memory no one can steal.

Anon

143. The beauty of the soul shines out when a man
bears with composure one heavy mischance after
another, not because he does not feel them, but
because he is a man of high and heroic temper.

Aristotle

144. The courage of life is often a less dramatic
spectacle than the courage of the final moment;
but it is no less a magnificent mixture of triumph
and tragedy.

John F. Kennedy

145. The length of your education is less important
than its breadth, and the length of your life is less
important than its depth.

Marilyn vos Savant

146. The question is not whether we will die, but how
we will live.

Joan Borysenko

147. In the great scheme of things, what matters is
not how long you live, but why you live, what you
stand for, and what you are willing to die for.

Paul Watson

148. No one's death comes to pass without making
some impression, and those close to the
deceased inherit part of the liberated soul and
become richer in their humanness.

Hermann Broch

149. Those who love deeply never grow old; they
may die of old age, but they die young.

A. W. Pinero

150. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Clyde Campbell

151. Yesterday is a memory, tomorrow is a mystery
and today is a gift, which is why it is called the
present.

Anon

152. What the caterpillar perceives is the end, to the
butterfly is just the beginning.

Anon

153. Everything that has a beginning has an ending.
Make your peace with that and all will be well.

Buddist saying

154. There was never yet an uninteresting life. Such a
thing is an impossibility. Inside of the dullest exterior
there is a drama, a comedy and a tragedy.

Mark Twain

155. When we come into contact with the precarious
nature of this life we also see its preciousness and
then it makes us not want to waste a moment.

Anon

156. 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.

Old Irish Toast

157. If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be
a hundred minus one day, so I never have to live
without you.

Winnie the Pooh

158. And I have learned that there is not much
difference in the storms. But the difference is in
the power to withstand, to rise up again and to
move onto a higher level than you were before
the storm hit you. So we're not victims when we
live by faith, never! We become the conquerors.

R Schuller

159. While we are mourning the loss of our friend,
others are rejoicing to meet him behind the veil.

J Taylor

160. You can clutch the past so tightly to your chest
that it leaves your arms too full to embrace
the present.

J Gildewell

161. Memory is a way of holding onto the things you
love, the things you are, the things you never
want to lose.

Anon

162. It's so curious: one can resist tears and 'behave'
very well in the hardest hours of grief. But then
someone makes you a friendly sign behind
a window, or one notices that a flower that
was in bud only yesterday has suddenly
blossomed, or a letter slips from a drawer... then
everything collapses.

Collete

163. No matter how rich you become, how famous
or powerful, when you die the size of your funeral
will still pretty much depend on the weather.

M Pritchard

164. Give sorrow words. The grief that does not
speak, whispers the o'er fraught heart and bids
it break.

W. Shakespeare.

165. The song is ended, but the melody lingers
on...

Irving Berlin

164. Grief is not forever but love is. *Anon*
166. Death ends a life, not a relationship. *Jack Lemmon*
167. Every man dies. Not every man really lives. *William Wallace*
168. If man hasn't discovered something that he will die for, he isn't fit to live. *Martin Luther King, Jr.*
169. Neither fire nor wind, birth nor death can erase our good deeds. *Buddha*
170. For what is to die, but to stand in the sun and melt into the wind? And when the Earth has claimed our limbs, then we shall truly dance. *Kahlil Gibran*
171. How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and strong. Because someday in your life you will have been all of these. *George Washington Carver*
172. It is not death, but dying, which is terrible. *Henry Fieldin*
173. It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens. *Woody Allen*
174. I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death. *Francis Bacon*

Longer Quotes Suitable for Eulogies

1. In the presence of death, we must continue to sing the song of life. We must be able to accept death and go from it's presence better able to bear our burdens and to lighten the load of others. Out of our sorrows should come understanding. Through our sorrows, we join with all of those before who have had to suffer and all of those who will yet have to do so. Let us not be gripped by the fear of death. If another day be added to our lives, let us joyfully receive it, but let us not anxiously depend on our tomorrows. Though we grieve the deaths of our loved ones, we accept them and hold on to our memories as precious gifts. Let us make the best of our loved ones while they are with us, and let us not bury our love with death. *Seneca*
2. When I am dead, cry for me a little, think of me sometimes, but not too much. It is not good for

you to allow your thoughts to dwell too long upon the dead. Think of me now and again as I was in life, at some moment which is pleasant to recall, but not for too long. Leave me in peace, as I shall too leave you in peace. While you live, let your thoughts be with the living. *Anon*

3. To laugh often and much, to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and to 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 even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded. *(Ralph Waldo Emerson)*
4. We all suffer some unavoidable losses. People we love die, close friends move away, and, despite our best efforts, some of the venture we undertake don't work out. What's a person to do when he or she suffers a bad break? We can complain, but fussing doesn't change anything. If we accept our losses, we grieve by crying about them. Crying doesn't help either. that's why we cry - because nothing helps. but grieving does allow us to bury our dead and to get beyond our disappointments. This leaves room in our hearts that we may be able to fill with love for someone else or hope for some new undertaking, but we cannot hurry our pain to rush our willingness to begin anew. We need to move on in our lives in search of whatever is available that makes us happy, but a major loss leaves a hole in our hearts - a hole that can never be completely refilled. *Sheldon Kopp*
5. The human race is alone; but individual men need not be alone, because we have each other. We are brothers without a father; let us all the more for that behave brotherly to each other. ...The finest chievement for humanity is to recognize our predicament, including our insecurity and our coming extinction, and to maintain our cheerfulness and love and decency in spite of it, to prosecute our ideals in spite of it. We have good things to contemplate and high things to do. Let us do them. *Richard Robinson*

The River

In the early days of our great country, a father and his young son were making a journey into the nearby village to acquire some tools and supplies. Starting early in the morning, the two set forth on their assignment. To reach their destination, they had to cross a narrow stream and proceed through the woods, the countryside, and finally into the center of town. After completing their mission,

they began their return trip home. As they walked along, a severe thunderstorm erupted. With the heavy downpour of water, the stream that was virtually nonexistent in the morning swelled to twice its size, and the waters swirled viciously against tree roots and rocks and rolled furiously downstream. Fear rose within the child and the wise father offered to carry his son. Into the open arms of the father climbed the youngster, and experiencing safety and security, he quickly fell asleep in his father's strong and protective arms. On arriving home, the father placed the sleeping child into bed. In the morning, with the sun shining through the windows, the youngster awoke in pleasant and comfortable surroundings. Safe, comfortable and content, no longer fearful, he inquired, "Am I home? Did my father carry me across the raging waters?" His mother responded with, "Yes, my child, your father brought you safely home. You are in your room in your father's house, snug and unharmed." So it will be with each of us as we cross "the river" and awaken in a special room in a very special house.

Author Unknown

Friends

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 and 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

The Truth About Failure

Failure doesn't mean you are a failure . . . it does mean you haven't succeeded yet. Failure doesn't mean you have accomplished nothing . . . it does mean you have learned something. Failure doesn't mean you have been a fool . . . it does mean you had a lot of faith. Failure doesn't mean you have been disgraced . . . it does mean you were willing to try. Failure doesn't mean you don't have it . . . it does mean you have to do something in a different way. Failure doesn't mean you are inferior . . . it does mean you are not perfect. Failure doesn't mean you've wasted your life . . . it does mean you've a reason to start afresh. Failure doesn't mean you should give up . . . it does mean you should try harder. Failure doesn't mean you'll never make it . . . it does mean it will take a little longer. Failure doesn't mean God has abandoned you . . . it does mean God has a better idea!

Robert Schuller,

House Building

An elderly carpenter was ready to retire. He told his employer contractor of his plans to leave the house-building business and live a more leisurely life with his wife enjoying his extended family. He would miss the paycheck, but he needed to retire. They could get by. The contractor was sorry to see his good worker go and asked if he could build just one more house as a personal favor. The carpenter said yes, but in time it was easy to see that his heart was not in his work. He resorted to shoddy workmanship and used inferior materials. It was an unfortunate way to end a dedicated career. When the carpenter finished his work the employer came to inspect the house. He handed the front-door key to the carpenter. "This is your house," he said, "My gift to you?" The carpenter was shocked! What a shame! If he had only known he was building his own house, he would have done it all so differently. So it is with us. We build our lives a day at a time often putting less than our best into the building. Then with a shock we realize we have to live in the house we have built. If we could do it over, we'd do it much differently. But we cannot go back. You are the carpenter. Each day you hammer a nail, place a board, or erect a wall. Life is a do-it-yourself project?" someone has said. Your attitudes and the choices you make today build the "house" you live in tomorrow. Build wisely!

Author unknown

An Echo . . . or Life

A son and his father were walking in the mountains. Suddenly, his son falls, hurts himself and screams, "Ahhhh!" To his surprise, he hears his voice repeating, somewhere in the mountains, "Ahhhh!" He looks to his father and asks, "What's going on?" His father smiles and says, "My son, pay attention." and he screams to the mountain, "I admire you. The voice answers: "I admire you." Again the man screams, "You are a champion?" The voice answers, "You are a champion?" The boy is surprised but does not understand. Then the father explains, "People call this an echo, but really this is life. It gives you back everything you say and do. Our lives are a reflection of our actions. If you want more love in the world, create more love in your heart. If you want competency in your team, improve your own competence. This relationship applies to everything, in all aspects of life: Life will give you back everything you have given to it?"

Author unknown

Which Are You Feeding?

An old Cherokee is teaching his grandson about life. "A fight is going on inside me," he said to the boy, "It is a terrible fight and it is between

two wolves. One is evil-he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego. The other is good-he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith. This same fight is going on inside you-and inside every other person, too." The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, "Which wolf will win?" The old Cherokee simply replied, "The one you feed."

Author unknown

A Living Sermon

I would rather see a sermon, than hear one any day. I'd rather one should walk with me, than merely show the way. I can soon learn how to do it, if you let me see it done. I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run. And the sermons you deliver, may be very good and true, But I'd rather learn my lesson, by observing what you do. I may not understand you, and the high advice you give. But there is no misunderstanding, how you ACT and how you LIVE.

Anon

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road your trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit, Rest if
you must but don't you quit. Life is queer with it's
twists and turns, As everyone of us sometimes
learns, And many a failure turns about, When we
might have won had we stuck it out. Don't give
up though the pace seems slow, You may well
succeed with another blow. Success is failure
turned inside out, The silver tint of the clouds of
doubt And you never can tell just how close you
are, It may be near when it seems so far. So stick
to the fight when your hardest hit, It's when things
seem worst that you must not quit.

Anon

I Wish You Enough

I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude
bright. I wish you enough rain to appreciate the
sun more. I wish you enough happiness to keep
your spirit alive. I wish you enough pain so that
the smallest joys in life appear much bigger. I
wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting. I
wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you
possess. I wish you enough hellos to get you
through the final good-bye.

Anon

General Poems

In Our Hearts

We thought of you with love today. But that is
nothing new. We thought about you yesterday.
And days before that too. We think of you in
silence. We often speak your name. Now all we
have is memories. And your picture in a frame.
Your memory is our keepsake. With which we'll
never part. God has you in his keeping. We have
you in our heart.

Author unknown

If Tomorrow Never Comes

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone young or
old alike, and today may be the last chance to
hold your loved one tight. So if you are waiting for
tomorrow, why not do it today? For if tomorrow
never comes, you will surely regret the day, you
did not take the extra time for a smile, a hug, or
a kiss. You were just too busy to grant them their
one last wish. So hold your loved ones close
today, whisper in their ear. Tell them how much
you love them and you'll always hold them dear.
And if tomorrow never comes, you will have no
regrets about today.

Anon

Angels

When you were born, an angel smiled, As you
became a child, an angel sat on your shoulder
When you became an adult, an angel held your
hand As you grew old, an angel walked down the
road with you, And, when you died, another angel
got their wings.

Unknown

Memories Build a Special Bridge

Our memories build a special bridge when loved
ones have to part to help us feel we're with them
still and sooth a grieving heart. Our memories
span the years we shared, preserving ties that
bind, They build a special bridge of love and bring
us peace of mind.

Emily Matthews

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold, Her hardest hue
to hold Her early leaf's a flower; But only so an
hour. Then leaf subsides to leaf. So Eden sank
to grief, So dawn goes down to day. Nothing gold
can stay.

Robert Frost (1875-1963)

Spring Thaw

Not that winter seemed so long, --
We were content together, --
Our home was warm with love, it could
Withstand the fiercest weather.
Yet sometimes we would speak of spring,
Anticipate the greening
On all the views we loved so well,
Now touched with greater meaning.
Today I walk in early spring
As memories come welling...
And oh, to see a crocus bloom
And you not here for telling!

Lee Avery Reed

1. In life there is no certainty, No guarantees are given at birth, No promise of longevity or fairness in our time on earth. Length in years is not a way to measure what a life is worth, The butterfly lives only days, but soars to heights with grace and mirth.

Anon

2. Hold onto what is good, even if it is only a handful of earth. Hold onto what you believe, even if it is a tree which stands by itself. Hold onto what you must do, even if it is a long way from here. Hold onto Life, even when it is easier letting go. Hold onto my hand, even when I have gone away from you.

Native American saying

Love Lives On

Those we love are never really lost to us - we feel them in so many special ways- through friends they always cared about and dreams they left behind, in beauty that they added to our days... in words of wisdom we still carry with us and memories that never will be gone... Those we love are never really lost to us - For everywhere their special love lives on.

A. Bradley

Farewell

Farewell to Thee! But not farewell To all my fondest thoughts of Thee; Within my heart they still shall dwell And they shall cheer and comfort me. Life seems more sweet that Thou didst live And men more true Thou wert one; Nothing is lost that Thou didst give, Nothing destroyed that Thou hast done.

Anne Bronte 1820-1849

3. Say not, they die, those splendid souls, Whose life is winged with purpose fine; Who leave us, pointed to the goals; Who learn to conquer and resign. Such cannot die; they vanquish time, And fill the world with glowing light, Making the human life sublime With memories of their secret might. They cannot die whose lives are part Of the great life that is to be; Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart, And throb with its high intensity. Those souls are great, who, dying, gave A gift of greater life to man; Death stands abashed before the brave; They own a life death cannot ban.

Anon

4. It must be borne in mind that the tragedy of life doesn't lie in not reaching your goal. The tragedy lies in having no goal to reach. It is not a calamity to die with dreams unfulfilled. But it is a calamity not to dream. It is not a disaster to be unable to capture your ideal, But it is a disaster to no ideal to capture. It is not a disgrace not to reach the stars. But it is a disgrace not to have stars to reach for. Not failure, but low aim is a sin.

Dr Benjamin Elijah Mays 1894-1984

The Broken Chain

I little knew that morning. God was going to call your name, In life I loved you dearly, in death I do the same. It broke my heart to loose you, you did not go alone, for part of me went with you, the day God called you home. You left me beautiful memories your love is still my guide, and though we cannot see you, you're always at my side. Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same, but as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again.

Anon

You're Free At Last

A brief candle; both ends burning An endless mile; a bus wheel turning A friend to share the lonesome times A handshake and a sip of wine So say it loud and let it ring We are all a part of everything The future, present and the past Fly on proud bird You're free at last.

C. Daniels

The Stranger

Death will the body And the body's hope of time; Death will undo Faith that depends upon another's word And has not felt the fire Credulity that passes for belief, The airy gallantry, the fantasies Of the enthusing spirit, Promise and pretension and pretences-- Death will undo all these. All these are gossamer. There yet remains

5. The indestructible principle, the stranger, Little regarded in the masque of life, But now, as blood turns cold, One by whose eye we see Essential things, One by whose nature We know ourselves undying, One by whose word, had we but heeded it, We might have understood much earlier What only now we know. Death frees the stranger in us. He is I.

Anon

If I Knew

If I knew it would be the last time That I'd see you fall asleep, would tuck you in more tightly and pray the Lord, your soul to keep. If I knew it would be the last time that I see you walk out the door, I would give you a hug and kiss and call you back for one more. If I knew it would be the last time I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise, I would video tape each action and word, so I could play them back day after day. If I knew it would be the last time, I could spare an extra minute to stop and say "I love you," instead of assuming you would KNOW I do. If I knew it would be the last time I would be there to share your day, Well I'm sure you'll have so many more, so I can let just this one slip away. For surely there's always tomorrow to make up for an oversight, and we always get a second chance to make everything just right. There will always be another day to say "I love you," And certainly there's another chance to say our "Anything I can do?" But just in case I might be wrong, and today is all I get, I'd like to say how much I love you and I hope we never forget. Tomorrow is not promised to anyone, young or old alike, And today may be the last chance you get to hold your loved one tight. So if you're waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today? For if tomorrow never comes, you'll surely regret the day, That you didn't take that extra time for a smile, a hug, or a kiss and you were too busy to grant someone, what turned out to be their one last wish. So hold your loved ones close today, and whisper in their ear, Tell them how much you love them and that you'll always hold them dear Take time to say "I'm sorry," "Please forgive me," "Thank you," or "It's okay." And if tomorrow never comes, you'll have no regrets about today

Author unknown

The Reaper and the Flowers

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death, And, with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the bearded grain? Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back again." He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his

sheaves. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The Reaper said, and smiled; "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child." "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear." And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, he Reaper came that day; 'T was an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers away.

H W Longfellow (1807-1882)

Every blade in the field

Every leaf in the forest Lays down its life in the season As beautifully as it is taken up

Thoreau

We never lose the ones we love,

For even though they've gone, Within the hearts of those who care, Their memory lingers on.

Author Unknown

Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. Be yourself Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all aridity and disappointment it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune, but do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars. You have a right to be here. And whether it is clear to you or not, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, And whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its sham and drudgery and broken dreams it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy

Max Ehrman

For What Is It To Die

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 reach the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

Kahlil Gibran

When I Am Gone

When I am gone, release me - let me go I have so many things to see and do. You must not tie yourself to me with tears Be happy that we had so many years. I gave you love, you can only guess, how much you gave me in happiness. I thank you for the love each have shown, but now it is time I travelled alone. So grieve awhile for me if grieve you must, then let your grief be comforted by trust It is only for a while that we must part so bless those memories within your heart. I will not be far away, for life goes on. so if you need me, call and I will come. Though you cannot see or touch me, I will be near and if you listen with your heart, you will hear All of my love around you, soft and clear. Then when you must come this way alone, I will greet you with a smile and "Welcome Home"

Anon

Poems in the First Person

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

Helen Steiner Rice

I Have a Place in Heaven

I have a place in heaven Please don't sing sad songs for me, Forget your grief and fears, For I am in a perfect place Away from pain and tears. It's far away from hunger And hurt and want and pride, I have a place in Heaven With the Master at my side. My life on earth was very good, As earthly life can go, But Paradise is so much more Than anyone can know. My heart is filled with happiness And sweet rejoicing, too. To walk with God is perfect peace, A joy forever new.

Author Unknown

Faith

You will not see me, so you must have faith. I wait for the time when we can soar together again, both aware of each other. Until then, live your life to its fullest and when you need me, just whisper my name in your heart, ...I will be there.

Emily Dickenson

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 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 quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry; I am not there. I did not die.

Anon

If I Should Go Tomorrow

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.

Anon

Life Goes On

If I should go before the rest of you Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone Nor when I am 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

Joyce Grenfell 1910-1979

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.

Mary Lee Hall

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free. I'm following the path God has laid you see. I took his hand when I heard Him call. I turned my back and left it all. I could not stay another day. To laugh, to love, to work, or play. Tasks left undone must stay that way, I found that peace at the close of the day. If my parting has left a void, then fill it with remembered joys. A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss, oh yes, these things I too will miss. Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow. My life's been full, I savored much. Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch. Perhaps my time seemed all too brief. Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your hearts and peace to thee. God wanted me now: He set me free.

Anon

Death is Nothing At All (Irish Funeral Poem)

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 still are. 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 always laughed at the little jokes we shared together. Let my name ever be 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 is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity. 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

Indian Prayer

When I am dead Cry for me a little Think of me sometimes But not too much. Think of me now and again As I was in life At some moments it's pleasant to recall But not for long. Leave me in peace And I shall leave you in peace And while you live Let your thoughts be with the living.

Anon

Living Bouquets

When I quit this mortal shore And mosey 'round this earth no more, Do not weep and do not sob; I may have found a better job. Don't go and buy a large bouquet For which you'll find it hard to pay, Don't mope around and feel all blue; I may be better off than you. Don't tell the folks I was a saint Or any old thing that I ain't. If you have jam like that to spread, Please hand it out before I'm dead. If you have roses bless your soul, Just pin one in my buttonhole While I'm alive and well today; Don't wait until I'm gone away.

Anon

Remember Me

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 cause 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.

David Harkins 1981

Afterglow

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

Author unknown

To Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still midnight, Shutting, with careful fingers and benign, Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light, Enshaded in forgetfulness divine: O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes, Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws Around my bed its lulling charities. Then save me, or the passed day will shine Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,— Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole; Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards, And seal the hushed casket of my Soul.

John Keats

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)

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. . . ut this I know: I loved you so. . . 'twas heaven here with you!

Isla Paschal Richardson.

Not In Vein

If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain: If I can ease one life the aching, Or cool one pain, Or help one fainting robin Unto his nest again, I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

I Have A Rendezvous With Death

I have a rendezvous with Death At some disputed barricade When Spring comes round with rustling shade And apple blossoms fill the air. I have a rendezvous with Death When Spring brings back blue days and fair. It may be he shall take my hand And lead me into his dark land And close my eyes and quench my breath; It may be I shall pass him still. I have a rendezvous with Death On some scarred slope of battered hill, When Spring comes round again this year And the first meadow flowers appear. God knows 'twere better to be deep Pillowed in silk and scented down, Where love throbs out in blissful sleep, Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath, Where hushed awakenings are dear . . . But I've a rendezvous with Death At midnight in some flaming town, When Spring trips north again this year, And I to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916)

To My Dearest Family

Some things I'd like to say but first of all to let you know that I arrived okay I'm writing this from Heaven where I dwell with God above where there's no more tears or sadness there is just eternal love Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight remember that I'm with you every morning, noon and night That day I had to leave you when my life on Earth was through God picked me up and hugged me and He said I welcome you It's good to have you back again you were missed while you were gone as for your dearest family they'll be here later on I need you here so badly as part of My big plan there's so much that we have to do to help our mortal man Then God gave me a list of things He wished for me to do and foremost on that list of mine is to watch and care for you And I will be beside you every day and week and year and when you're sad I'm standing there to wipe away the tear And when you lie in bed at night the days chores put to flight God and I are closest to you in the middle of the night When you think of my life on Earth and all those loving years because you're only human they are bound to bring you tears But do not be afraid to cry it does relieve the pain remember there would be no flowers unless there was some rain I wish that I could tell you of all that God has planned but

if I were to tell you you wouldn't understand But one thing is for certain though my life on Earth is o're I am closer to you now than I ever was before And to my very many friends trust God knows what is best I'm still not far away from you I'm just beyond the crest There are rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb but together we can do it taking one day at a time It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too that as you give unto the World so the World will give to you If you can help somebody who is in sorrow or in pain then you can say to God at night my day was not in vain And now I am contented that my life it was worthwhile knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile So if you meet somebody who is down and feeling low just lend a hand to pick him up as on your way you go When you are walking down the street and you've got me on your mind I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind And when you feel the gentle breeze or the wind upon your face that's me giving you a great big hug or just a soft embrace And when it's time for you to go from that body to be free remember you're not going you are coming here to me And I will always love you from that land way up above Will be in touch again soon P.S. God sends His Love

Author Unknown

To Those I Love and Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go. You 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 me in happiness. I thank you for the love you each have shown, but now it's time I traveled on alone. So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must. Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It's only a 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 hear. 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 clear. And then, when you must come this way, I'll greet you with a smile and say "Welcome Home".

Author Unknown

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away, Gone far away into the silent land; When you can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay. Remember me when no more day by day You tell me of our future that you planned: Only remember me; you understand It will be late to counsel then or pray. Yet if you should forget me for a while And afterwards remember, do not

grieve: For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had, Better
by far you should forget and smile Than that you
should remember and be sad. Christina

Georgina Rossetti 1830 - 1894

Song

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs
for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor
shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above
me With showers and dewdrops wet: And if thou
wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget. I shall
not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on as if in
pain: And dreaming through the twilight hat doth
not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply
may forget.

Author unknown

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 journey that we all
must take, And each must go alone. It's all a part
of the Master's plan, a step on the road to home.
When we are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the
friends we know, And bury your sorrows in doing
good deeds, Miss me, but let me go.

Anon

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. Hovering
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 windswept heights with easy grace, Where
never lark nor even eagle flew; And while, with
silent lifting mind I've trod The high, untrodden
sanctity of space Put out my hand and touched
the face of God.

John Gillespie McGee 1922-1941

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me, And I'm not
there to see; If the sun should rise and find your
eyes All filled with tears for me; I wish so much
you wouldn't cry The way you did today, While
thinking of the many things, We didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me, As much as I

love you, And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too; But when tomorrow
starts without me, Please try to understand, That
an angel came and called my name, And took
me by the hand, And said my place was ready,
In heaven far above, And that I'd have to leave
behind All those I dearly love. But as I turned to
walk away, A tear fell from my eye, For all my life,
I'd always thought, I didn't want to die. I had so
much to live for, So much yet to do, It seemed
almost impossible, That I was leaving you. I
thought of all the yesterdays, The good ones
and the bad, I thought of all the love we shared,
And all the fun we had. If I could relive yesterday,
just even for awhile, I'd say goodbye and kiss
you And maybe see you smile. But then I fully
realized, That this could never be, For emptiness
and memories, Would take the place of me. And
when I thought of worldly things, I might miss
come tomorrow, I thought of you, and when I
did, My heart was filled with sorrow. But when
I walked through heaven's gates, I felt so much
at home. When God looked down and smiled at
me, From His great golden throne, He said "This
is eternity, And all I've promised you." Today for life
on earth is past, But here it starts anew. I promise
no tomorrow, But today will always last, And since
each day's the same day There's no longing for
the past. But you have been so faithful, So trusting
and so true. Thought there were times you did
some things, You knew you shouldn't do. But you
have been forgiven And now at last you're free.
So won't you take my hand And share my life with
me? So when tomorrow starts without me, Don't
think we're far apart, For every time you think of
me, I'm right here, in your heart.

D. Romano

If I Go While You're Still Here And If I Go While
You're Still Here... know that I still live on, vibrating
to a different measure behind a thin veil you
cannot see through. You will not see me, so you
must have faith. I wait the time when we can soar
together again, both aware of each other. Until
then, live your life to the fullest and when you
need me just whisper my name in your heart I will
be there.

Colleen Hitchcock

To Remember Me

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. Take my bones, every muscle, every fibre
and nerve in my body and find a way to make a
crippled child walk. If you must bury something, let
it be my faults, my weaknesses 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.

Robert N. Test

Sleeping in the Forest

I thought the earth remembered me, She took
me back so tenderly, arranging her dark skirts,
her pockets full of lichens and seed. I slept as
never before, a stone on the riverbed, nothing
between me and the white fire of the stars but my
thoughts, and they floated light as moths among
the branches of the perfect trees. All night I heard
the small kingdoms Breathing around me, the
insects, and the birds who do their work in the
darkness. All night I rose and fell, as if in water,
Grappling with a luminous doom. By morning I had
vanished at least a dozen times into something
better.

Mary Oliver 1979

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
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---

Emily Dickinson

The Funeral

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much that subtle wreath of hair
about mine arm; The mystery, the sign you must
not touch, For 'tis my outward soul, Viceroy to
that which, unto heav'n being gone, Will leave this
to control And keep these limbs, her provinces,
from dissolution. For if the sinewy thread my brain
lets fall Through every part Can tie those parts,
and make me one of all; Those hairs, which
upward grew, and strength and art Have from a
better brain, Can better do 't: except she meant
that I By this should know my pain, As prisoners
then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to
die. Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me, For
since I am Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry If
into other hands these reliques came. As 'twas
humility T' afford to it all that a soul can do, So 'tis
some bravery That, since you would have none
of me, I bury some of you.

John Donne 1573-1631

Poems for Children & Young People.

1. When You Lose A Parent You Lose Your Past
When You Lose A Spouse You Lose Your Present
When You Lose A Child You Lose Your Future

Anon

2. A wife who loses her husband is called a widow. A
husband who loses his wife is called a widower. A
child who loses their parents is called an orphan.
But there is no word for a parent who loses a
child... That's how awful the loss is.

Anon

Dora

She knelt upon her brother's grave, My little girl
of six years old— He used to be so good and
brave, The sweetest lamb of all our fold; He used
to shout, he used to sing, Of all our tribe the little
king— And so unto the turf her ear she laid, To
hark if still in that dark place he play'd. No sound!
no sound! Death's silence was profound; And
horror crept Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.
If this is as it ought to be, My God, I leave it unto
Thee.

Thomas Edward Brown

Jillian

It's hard to believe that Jillian is no longer here,
Taken from this earth in her seventeen year. With
a bright friendly smile and hair of perfection, And
eyes that shone full of affection, She fought a life
battle that set her apart, But that's not why she'll
stay in our heart. This plucky and very special
young girl, Will remain as treasured as an oyster's
pearl, But she's moved on to a heavenly life, Free
of troubles or woes, sickness or strife. It will be
hard for us who are left behind, Because we'll
miss that girl who was loving and kind, But we
have to remember this is God's special plan, And
right now Jillian's holding his hand

Anon

Infants' Graves

Infants' graves are steps of angels, where Earth's
brightest gems of innocence repose. God is their
parent, and 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 an 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 dewdrops 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 dewdrops
on heaven's amaranth bower, And tolled on
flowers as summer gales went by. They bowed
and trembled, and they left no sigh, And the sun
smiled to show their end was well. Infants have



naught 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 1793-1864

A Child Loaned

"I'll lend you for a little time A child of Mine." He
said. "For you to love the while he lives And mourn
for when he's dead. It may be six or seven year Or
twenty-two or three But will you, till I call him back
Take care of him for Me? He'll bring his charms to
gladden you And should his stay be brief, You'll
have his lovely memories As solace for your grief.
I cannot promise he will stay Since all from Earth
return, But there are lessons taught down there I
want the child to learn. I've looked this wide world
over In my search for teacher's true, And from
the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected
you; Now will you give him all your love, Nor think
the labour vain Nor hate Me when I come to call
And take him back again? I fancied that I heard
them say, "Dear Lord, They will be done, For all
the joy Thy child shall bring, For the risk of grief
we'll run. We'll shelter him with tenderness, We'll
love him while we may, And for the happiness
we've known, Forever grateful stay. But should
the angels call for him Much sooner than we
planned, We'll brave the bitter grief that comes
And try to understand."

Anon

Resignation

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there! There is no fireside,
howsoe'er defended, But has one vacant chair!
The air is full of farewells to the dying, And
mournings for the dead; The heart of Rachel,
for her children crying, Will not be comforted!
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions Not
from the ground arise, But oftentimes celestial
benedictions Assume this dark disguise. We see
but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid
these earthly damps What seem to us but sad,
funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.
There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the
life elysian, Whose portal we call Death. She is
not dead,—the child of our affection,— But gone
unto that school Where she no longer needs our
poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule. In
that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, By
guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe
from sin's pollution, She lives, whom we call
dead. Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air; Year after year, her
tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more
fair. Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives, Thinking that our

remembrance, though unspoken, May reach her
where she lives. Not as a child shall we again
behold her; For when with raptures wild In our
embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a
child; But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all
the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.
And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed, The swelling heart
heaves moaning like the ocean, That cannot be at
rest,— We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay; By silence sanctifying,
not concealing, The grief that must have way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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 (1716-1771)

3. The Master Gardener from Heaven above
Planted a seed in his garden of love. From there
it grew, a flower bud small That never had time to
open at all.

Anon

Special Angel In Heaven

There's a special Angel in Heaven that is a part
of me. It is not where I wanted her but where
God wanted her to be. She was here but just
a moment like a night time shooting star And
though she is in Heaven, she isn't very far. She
touched the hearts of many like only Angels can.
I would've held her every minute If I'd only known
God's plan. So I send this special message to the
Heavens up above. Please take care of my Angel
and send her all my love.

Anon

Little Child

Little child, you packed your toys, You no longer
wished to play. Then all alone - all by yourself, You
gave your life away. What were you thinking; what
were your thoughts? What was in your troubled
mind? Oh such confusion; no one knew, Why
so sad, dear child of mine? You gave up before
you started, Why so eager to depart? Honey,
just around the corner, Better things for you,
sweetheart. Could I have helped? You didn't ask.
How could I have been so blind? Such grown up
sadness in my baby, If only we'd had had more
time. Surely God was ready for you, That is what
I tell myself. But, why couldn't He have warned
me, In some way I might have helped. For such

a short time you were ours We loved you more each day. But, precious child, I'll always wonder, What made you put your toys away?

Anon

Precious Son

God, I know you gave your precious Son To give us life with You. But we didn't want our son to leave, Cause he was precious too. We all are special in your eyes And all to you return. We know our son will not come back, And for this our hearts still yearn. Our time on earth is for learning, And when our lessons are through, Our Lord will choose the time we leave, And we come back to you. Our precious son is with you, And there will be a day, That we too will leave this earth, And you will light our way. His arms will be wide open, And the wait will be worthwhile, When we see again our precious son, And the splendor of his smile.

Anon

Poems for Those Who Have Been Unwell

1. Come Along With Me God saw you getting tired, And a cure was not to be. So he put his arms around you, and whispered, "Come along with me." With tearful eyes we watched you slowly fade away. Although we loved you dearly, we knew you couldn't stay. A golden heart stopped beating, working hands were put to rest. God broke my heart to prove to us, he only takes the best.

Anon

Golden Memories

They say memories are golden, well, maybe that is true. I never wanted memories, I only wanted you. A million times I cried. If love alone could have saved you, you never would have died. In life I loved you dearly, in death I love you still. In my heart you hold a place no one else could fill. If tears could build a stairway and heartache make a lane. I'd walk the path to Heaven and bring you back again. Our family chain is broken, and nothing seems the same. But as God calls us back one by one, the chain will link again.

Anon

The Day God Took You Home

In tears we saw you sinking, And watched you pass away. Our hearts were almost broken, We wanted you to stay. But when we saw you

sleeping, So peaceful, free from pain, How could we wish you back with us, To suffer that again. It broke our hearts to lose you, But you did not go alone, For part of us went with you, The day God took you home.

Anon

Forever in our Hearts

A million times we needed you, A million times we cried, If love alone would have saved you, You never would of died. In life we loved you dearly, In death we love you still,

In our hearts you hold a place, No one can ever fill. A light from our household is gone, A voice from our love is stilled,

A place in our vacant home, Which never can be filled. Some may think you are forgotten, Though on earth you are no more, But in our memory you are with us, As you always were before. It broke our hearts to lose you,

But you did not go alone, A part of us went with you, The day God called you home. Your precious memories are for keepsakes, with which we never part,

God has you safely in his keeping, But we have you forever in our hearts

Anon

One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest, for me you should not weep I have no pain no troubled thoughts for I am just asleep

The living thinking me that was, is now forever still And life goes on without me now, as time forever will. If your heart is heavy now because I've gone away Dwell not long upon it friend

For none of us can stay Those of you who liked me, I sincerely thank you all

And those of you who loved me, I thank you most of all. And in my fleeting lifespan, as time went rushing by I found some time to hesitate, to laugh, to love, to cry Matters it now if time began If time will ever cease?

I was here, I used it all, and now I am at peace.

Anon

God Took Him To His Loving Home

God saw him getting tired, a cure was not to be. He wrapped him in his loving arms and whispered 'Come with me.' He suffered much in silence, his spirit did not bend. He faced his pain with courage, until the very end. He tried so hard to stay with us but his fight was not in vain, God took him to His loving home and freed him from the pain.

Anon

Poems for Soldiers and Returned Servicemen.

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.

Lt Col John McCrae

For The Fallen

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children, England mourns for her dead across the sea. Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of spirit, Fallen in the cause of the free. Solemn the drums thrill: Death August and royal Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres. There is music in the midst of desolation And a glory that shines upon our tears. They went with songs to the battle, they were young, Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow. They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted, They fell with their faces to the foe, They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them. They mingle not with laughing comrades again; They sit no more at familiar tables of home; They have no lot in our labour of the day-time; They sleep beyond England's foam. But where our desires are and our hopes profound, Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight, To the innermost heart of their own land they are known As the stars are known to the Night; As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust, Moving in marches

upon the heavenly plain, As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness, To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon

Memorial Day

The bugle echoes shrill and sweet, But not of war it sings to-day. The road is rhythmic with the feet Of men-at-arms who come to pray. The roses blossom white and red On tombs where weary soldiers lie; Flags wave above the honored dead And martial music cleaves the sky. Above their wreath-strewn graves we kneel, They kept the faith and fought the fight. Through flying lead and crimson steel They plunged for Freedom and the Right. May we, their grateful children, learn Their strength, who lie beneath this sod, Who went through fire and death to earn At last the accolade of God. In shining rank on rank arrayed They march, the legions of the Lord; He is their Captain unafraid, The Prince of Peace . . . Who brought a sword.

J. Kilmer

Remembrance Day

Eleven O'Clock The crowd is gathered Blood stained lapel In a silence of white crosses The granite monument inspires Bronze men, stand up! The people commemorate your sacrifice Paraded from the horrific maelstrom All wars mistaken Memory engraved with the chisel of war Outpourings of feelings In a wreath of poppies A mother offers the last lament Of a son fallen for his country O murderous war! When will you drop your guns?

D.B. Mercier

Tears In His Eyes

I begged my father not to go He looked at me and walked to the door so slow. Tears filled his eyes as she bade my mother goodbye I began to cry. He opened his arms to me "I must protect my country you see." I hugged him once and kissed him twice He wrapped his arms around me, it felt so nice. Rain started to wail, she looked so frail And I knew my emotions would fail. But instead of breaking down and making things worse My words came out slow without a curse. I dried my tears and she looked at me "Father will be back some day, you will see." Then as we all cried, my mother took my hand And she led us to a place where we must hide. It has been six years That the war has hammered in my ears. But now it is done And news has come. Father is dead, but I

am free As free as I want to be. So let's stand for
a minute with our hearts put in it. And remember
those father, mothers and brother that died so we
could be free

L Krahn

Thanks For Your Life

They fight to live They fight to die To give us
freedom From land to sky. They gave us a chance
To rule on our own Now we live to show them
How strongly we've grown. Thanks for your fight
Thanks for your life We now live in Peace Day
and night.

J Pike

The Healers

In a vision of the night I saw them, In the battles of
the night. 'Mid the roar and the reeling shadows
of blood They were moving like light, Light of the
reason, guarded Tense within the will, As a lantern
under a tossing of boughs Burns steady and still.
With scrutiny calm, and with fingers Patient as
swift They bind up the hurts and the pain-writhen
Bodies uplift, Untired and defenseless; around
them With shrieks in its breath Bursts stark from
the terrible horizon Impersonal death; But they
take not their courage from anger That blinds the
hot being; They take not their pity from weakness;
Tender, yet seeing; Feeling, yet nerved to the
uttermost; Keen, like steel; Yet the wounds of the
mind they are stricken with, Who shall heal? They
endure to have eyes of the watcher In hell, and
not swerve For an hour from the faith that they
follow, The light that they serve. Man true to man,
to his kindness That overflows all, To his spirit
erect in the thunder When all his forts fall, This
light, in the tiger-mad welter, They serve and they
save. What song shall be worthy to sing of them
Braver than the brave?

Laurence Binyon

The Pride Of Victory

One morning, bright and radiant, As the sun
rose in the sky, A drumbeat sounded through
the hills, And echoed far and high. One lone
drumbeat o'er the hills, Sounds like a cannon's
roar. The creatures dive for shelter, For, the beat
precedes a war. A shout rings from the hillsides,
And the soldiers stampede down. One young,
tiny drummer boy, Gets trampled to the ground.
As the human waves collide, And the first shot
rings aloud, A soldier falls in battle; The flowers
form his shroud. Both sides mix together, Here
their colours blend and clot. But, the soldiers
keep on fighting, And unity stands for naught. As
the last gunshots fall silent, All the forms dead
on the earth. Two enemies stand in stillness, As
they turn to face their dearth. Clouds turn the sky
to black, And rain falls all around. A light shines
through the darkness, Cleansing bloodstained
ground. They stand there in the silence, Gaze

through the other's heart, Link hands in grievous
quiet, Piercing hatred, as a dart. As the smoke
fades in the distance, The hurt souls find release,
The price too high for victory, They both agree to
peace.

A. Atkinson

The Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier

A young man left his life one day, To fight a war
yet far away, Fighting to let peace be known, He
thought one day he would come home. He left
his love, said with a smile, "I'm coming home, in
a short while." He never knew his time was near,
He left to fight, without a fear. The scene was
gray and bleak, A win, a loss, a gain, a fall, The
fighting went on, week after week They wanted
to end it all. By the time the war was won, The
bloodshed over, the battles done, One hundred
thousand, and 16 more, Canadians dead, that
was the score. The brave young man that left
his love, Was gone to face the lord above, His
human body never found, With poppies blowing,
there came a sound. A service to remember
them, Who came before, the brave young men,
A cannon booms, a bugle sounds, The tomb of
those whose life it crowns. We remember with
a Tomb of Stone, For the soldiers still unknown,
All those who fought and died before, And those
who'll fight in future wars. Through many wars,
o'er many years, Men and women looked past
their fears, This tomb remembers all of them, The
Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

J. McKay

Poems for Mum & Grandmother.

If Roses Grow in Heaven

If roses grow in Heaven Lord Please pick a bunch
for me. Place them in my Mother's arms and tell
her they're from me. Tell her I love her and miss
her, and when she turns to smile, Place a kiss
upon her cheek and hold her for a while. Because
remembering her is easy, I do it everyday, But
there is an ache within my heart That will never go
away.

Anon

Thank You, Mom

Sometimes I know the words to say, Give thanks
for all you've done, But then they fly up and
away, Just as quickly as they come. How could I
possibly thank you enough? The one who made
me whole, The one to whom I owe my life, The
forming of my soul. The one who tucked me in at
night, The one who stopped my crying, The one
who was the expert, At picking up when I was lying.
The one who made such sacrifices, To always
put us first, Who let me test my broken wings,
In spite of how it hurts. Who painted the world

a rainbow, When it's filled with broken dreams,
Who explained it all so clearly, When nothing was
what it seemed. Are there really words for this? I
find this question tough.... Anything I want to say,
Just doesn't seem enough. What way is there
to thank you, For your heart, your sweat, your
tears, For ten thousand little things you've done,
For oh-so-many years. For never giving up
on us, When your wits had reached their end,
For always being proud of us, For being our best
friend. And so I've come to realize, The only way
to say, The only thank you that's enough, Is clear
in just one way. Look down at us before you, See
what we've become? Do you see yourself in us?
The great job that you've done? Thank you for
the gifts you gave, For everything that was you,
But thank you, Mom, most of all, For making our
dreams come true.

Author Unknown

Mom Lived Her Life For Love

Mom lived her life for love of friends and family,
Neither asking for nor wanting a return. Her days
became a sunlit homily; With others' joy her joy
and main concern. When we were ill, she also
became sick; When we were cut, she, too,
began to bleed. Of our oil lamp she was the wick,
Drawing her bright flame from our need. Some
say that such behavior's out of date; That self-
fulfillment is the way to race. But Mom, without
much choice, then chose her fate, Finding greater
truth in an embrace. She lives on in the sparkle in
our eyes: Laughing, quiet, gentle, loving, wise.

Author Unknown

Your Mother Is Always With You.

Your Mother is always with you. She's the whisper
of the leaves as you walk down the street. She's
the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers
you pick and perfume that she wore. She's the
cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling
well. She's your breath in the air on a cold winter's
day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to
sleep. The colors of a rainbow. She is Christmas
morning. Your Mother lives inside your laughter.
And she's crystallized in every tear drop. A mother
shows every emotion..... happiness, sadness,
fear, jealousy, love, hate, anger, helplessness,
excitement, joy, sorrow..... and all the while,
hoping and praying you will only know the good
feelings in life. She's the place you came from.
She is your first home, and she's the map you
follow with every step you take. She's your first
love, your first friend, even your first enemy. But
nothing on earth can separate you. Not time, not
space....not even death!

Anon

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.'

Anon

Wonderful Mother

God made a wonderful mother, A mother who
never grows old; He made her smile of the
sunshine, And He molded her heart of pure gold;
In her eyes He placed bright shining stars, In her
cheeks fair roses you see; God made a wonderful
mother, And He gave that dear mother to me.

Anon

A Mother's Message From Heaven

I see you my darlings, all the time, I know everything
you do. Would you believe, my dearest children
I'm even closer now to you! I can see inside your
minds, Indeed, inside your hearts, I even know
you better now, Than I did before, sweethearts.
I've always loved you - you know that, But maybe
now I love you more, I love the adults that you've
become, Just as I loved the child before. I know
how much you miss me, Well, I surely miss you,
too. I miss our talking and our laughing, And all
we used to do. Whether you are six or sixty, You'll
always be my precious child. You're the babies

that I carried And the adults that helped me smile.
What you need to understand, Though death
has taken me away, Is that I've not left you, my
darlings. I am still with you today. My family, I could
never leave you; God, of course, would not want
that. Physically, we are apart, But our hearts are
still attached. I love you all the time, You cannot
get away from me. That's the way a Mother is
Right until eternity. Every day I'm with you I see
you from above, And I want for you to know How
very much you're dearly loved.

Anon

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.

Author Unknown

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
mother'd me.

Author Unknown

Poems for Her

The Ship

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 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 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 that moment when someone
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!"

Henry Van Dyke 1852-1933

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.

David Harkins

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.

Anon

Poems for Fathers and Grandads.

Until We Meet Again

We think about you always, we talk about you
still, you have never been forgotten, Dad and you
never will. We hold you close within our hearts,
and there you will remain, To walk and guide us
through our lives until we meet again.

Anon

Memories of Dad

I will take this special moment To turn my thoughts
to Dad Thank him for the home he gave For all the
things we had. We think about the fleeting years
Too quickly, gone for good It seems like only
yesterday I'd go back if I could. A time when Dad
was always there, No matter what the weather.
Always strong when things went wrong He held
our lives together. He strived so hard from day
to day And never once complained. With steady
hands, he worked so hard And kept the family
name. He taught us that hard work pays off,
You reap just what you sow. He said that if you
tend your crops, Your field will overflow. My life
has been bountiful He taught me how to give In
his firm and steadfast way He taught me how to
live. Dad dwells among the angels now He left us
much too soon He glides across a golden field
Above the harvest moon. I see him in the summer
rain, He rides upon the wind And when my path is
beaten down He picks me up again.

Anon

Our Dear Dad

Although we are apart now
You're always in our hearts,
In every single thing we do,
You play the biggest part.
When we have to make decisions
And we don't know what to do,
Our thoughts, we find
Will go right back to you.
We think of how you'd handle it
And try to work it out,
It's at times like this we'll really miss
Having you about
Not only for this reason
When things are going bad,
There's a million different reasons
Why we'll miss you Dad.

Anon

Epitaph on my Ever Honored Father

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.

Robert Burns

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night.

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

Dylan Thomas

Shifting the Sun

When your father dies, say the Irish, you lose your umbrella against bad weather. May his sun be your light, say the Armenians
When your father dies, say the Welsh, you sink a foot deeper into the earth. May you inherit his light, say the Armenians.
When your father dies, say the Canadians, you run out of excuses. May you inherit his sun, say the Armenians.
When your father dies, say the French, you become your own father. May you stand up in his light, say the Armenians.
When you father dies, say the Indians, he comes back as the thunder. May you inherit his light, say the Armenians.
When your father dies, say the Russians, he takes your childhood with him. May

you inherit his light, say the Armenians. When your father dies, say the English, you join his club you vowed you wouldn't. May you inherit his sun, say the Armenians. When your father dies, say the Armenians, your sun shifts forever. And you walk in his light.

Diana Der-Hovanessian

A Father

A father is a person who is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic. He growls when he feels good and laughs very loud when he is scared half-to-death. A father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in a child's eyes. He is never quite the hero his daughter thinks . . . Never quite the man his son believes him to be. And this worries him sometimes. (So he works too hard to try to smooth the rough places in the road of those of his own who will follow him.) A father is a person who goes to war sometimes . . . and would run the other way except that war is part of his only important job in his life, (which is making the world better for his child than it has been for him.) Fathers grow older faster than people, because they, in other wars, have to stand at the train station and wave goodbye to the uniform that climbs onboard. And, while mothers cry where it shows, fathers stand and beam . . . outside . . . and die inside. Fathers are men who give daughters away to other men, who aren't nearly good enough, so that they can have children that are smarter than anybody's. Fathers fight dragons almost daily. They hurry away from the breakfast table, off to the arena which is sometimes called an office or a workshop. There, with callused hands, they tackle the dragon with three heads; Weariness, Works, and Monotony. And they never quite win the fight, but they never give up. Knights in shining armor; fathers in shiny trousers: There's little difference as they march away each workday. I don't know where father goes when he dies, but I've an idea that, after a good rest, wherever it is, he won't just sit on a cloud and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore. He'll be busy there too . . . repairing the stars, oiling the gates, improving the streets, smoothing the way.

Author Unknown

When God Created Fathers

When the good Lord was creating Fathers he started with a tall frame. And a female angel nearby said, "What kind of Father is that? If you're going to make children so close to the ground, why have you put fathers up so high? He won't be able to shoot marbles without kneeling, tuck a child in bed without bending, or even kiss a child without a lot of stooping." And God smiled and said, "Yes, but if I make him child size, who

would children have to look up to?" And when God made a Father's hands, they were large and sinewy. And the angel shook her head sadly and said, "Do you know what you're doing? Large hands are clumsy. They can't manage diaper pins, small buttons, rubber bands on pony tails or even remove splinters caused by baseball bats." And God smiled and said, "I know, but they're large enough to hold everything a small boy empties from his pockets at the end of a day...yet small enough to cup a child's face in his hands." And then God molded long, slim legs and broad shoulders. And the angel nearly had a heart attack. "Boy, this is the end of the week, all right," she clucked. "Do you realize you just made a Father without a lap? How is he going to pull a child close to him without the kid falling between his legs?" And God smiled and said, "A mother needs a lap. A father needs strong shoulders to pull a sled, balance a boy on a bicycle, and hold a sleepy head on the way home from the circus." God was in the middle of creating two of the largest feet anyone had every seen when the angel could contain herself no longer. "That's not fair. Do you honestly think those large boats are going to dig out of bed early in the morning when the baby cries? Or walk through a small birthday party without crushing at least three of the guests?" And God smiled and said, "They'll work. You'll see. They'll support a small child who wants to ride a horse to Banbury Cross, or scare off mice at the summer cabin, or display shoes that will be a challenge to fill." God worked throughout the night, giving the Father few words, but a firm authoritative voice; eyes that saw everything, but remained calm and tolerant. Finally, almost as an afterthought, he added tears. Then he turned to the angel and said, "Now, are you satisfied that he can love as much as a Mother?" The angel shutteth up.

Erma Bombeck

4. Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children is their father." - *Proverbs 17:7*

Memories

The love we have for Granddad Will never fade away. We'll think of him, our special friend Throughout each passing day. We'll walk into the room And see his empty chair; Although we know he's resting, We'll feel his presence there. The memories of his laughter, His warm and loving smile, His eyes so full of happiness, His heart that of a child. Memories are forever Be they laughter or of tears, Memories we will treasure Through all the forthcoming years.

Author Unknown

Poems for Him

He is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone, Or you can smile because he lived, You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back, Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left. Your heart can be empty because you can't see him 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 him and only that he is gone Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on, You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your back, Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins 1959 -

Good Timber

The man who never had to toil, Who never had to win his share Of sun and sky and light and air, Never became a manly man But lived and died as he began. Good timber does not grow in ease; The stronger the wind, the tougher the trees; The farther the sky, the greater the length; The more the storm, the more the strength; By sun and cold, by rain and snows, In tree and man, good timber grows.

Author Unknown

Memories of The Heart

Feel no guilt in laughter, He knows how much you care. Feel no sorrow in a smile That he's not here to share. You cannot grieve forever, He would not want you to. He'd hope that you would carry on The way you always do. So talk about the good times And the ways you showed you cared. The days you spent together, All the happiness you shared. Let the memories surround you, A word someone may say Will suddenly recapture A time, an hour, a day. That brings him back as clearly As though he were still here, And fills you with the feelings That he is always near. For if you keep those memories You will never be apart And he will live forever Locked safe within your heart.

Anon

A Poem for a Husband

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.

Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672)

Poems for Those Who Have Taken Their Own Life.

1. Let Me Not See Old Age Let me not see old age: Let me not hear The proffered help, the mumbled sympathy, The well-meant tactful sophistries that mock Pathetic husks who once were strong and free, And in youth's fickle triumph laughed and sang, Loved, and were foolish; and at the close have seen The fruits of folly garnered, and that love, Tamed and encaged, stale into gray routine. Let me not see old age; I am content With my few crowded years; laughter and strength And song have lit the beacon of my life. Let me not see it fade, but when the long September shadows steal across the square, Grant me this wish: they may not find me there.

D.R Geraint Jones

I Am.

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows? My life forsakes me, like a memory lost. I am the self-consumer of my woes; They rise and vanish, an oblivious host, Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost. And yet I am--I live--though I am tossed Into the nothingness of scorn and noise, Into the living sea of waking dream, Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys, But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem And all that 's clear. Even those I loved the best Are strange--nay, they are stranger than the rest. I long for scenes where man has never trod, For scenes where woman never smiled or wept There to abide with my Creator, God, And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept, Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie, The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

John Clare

Miscellaneous Poems.

Trout Fishing

Give me a rod of the split bamboo, a rainy day and a fly or two, a mountain stream where the eddies play, and mists hang low o'er the winding way, Give me a haunt by the furling brook, A hidden spot in a mossy nook, No sound save hum of the drowsy bee, or lone bird's tap on the hollow tree. The world may roll with it's busy throng, And phantom scenes on it's way along, It's stocks may rise, or it's stocks may fall, Ah! What care I for it's baubles all? I cast my fly o'er the troubled rill, Luring the beauties by magic skill, With mind at rest and a heart at ease, And drink delight at the balmy breeze. A lusty trout to my glad surprise, Speckled and bright on the crest arise, Then splash and plunge in a dazzling whirl, Hope springs anew as the wavelets curl. Gracefully swinging from left to right, Action so gentle- motion so slight,. Tempting, enticing, on craft intent, Till yielding tip by the game is bent Drawing in slowly, then letting go Under the ripples where mosses grow Doubting my fortune, lost in a dream, Blessing the land of forest and stream.

Eunice Lamberton

Traditional Gaelic blessing

May the road rise up to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face; the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand. It must be borne in mind that the tragedy of life doesn't lie in not reaching your goal. The tragedy lies in having no goal to reach. It is not a calamity to die with dreams unfulfilled. But it is a calamity not to dream. It is not a disaster to be unable to capture your ideal, But it is a disaster to no ideal to capture. It is not a disgrace not to reach the stars. But it is a disgrace not to have stars to reach for. Not failure, but low aim is a sin.

Dr Benjamin Elijah Mays 1894-1984

1. Do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there, I do not sleep I am a 1,000 winds that blow I am the diamond glints on snow I am the sun on ripened grain I am the gentle autumn rain When you awaken in the morning's hush I am the swift uplifting rush Of quiet birds in circled light I am the soft star that shines at night Do not stand at my grave and cry I am not there; I did not die.

Anonymous

All Is Well

Death is nothing at all, I have only slipped 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 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 shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity. 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

A Child Loaned

"I'll lend you for a little time A child of Mine." He said. "For you to love the while he lives And mourn for when he's dead. It may be six or seven year Or twenty-two or three But will you, till I call him back Take care of him for Me? He'll bring his charms to gladden you And should his stay be brief, You'll have his lovely memories As solace for your grief. I cannot promise he will stay Since all from Earth return, But there are lessons taught down there I want the child to learn. I've looked this wide world over In my search for teacher's true, And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected you; Now will you give him all your love, Nor think the labour vain Nor hate Me when I come to call And take him back again? I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, They will be done, For all the joy Thy child shall bring, For the risk of grief we'll run. We'll shelter him with tenderness, We'll love him while we may, And for the happiness we've known, Forever grateful stay. But should the angels call for him Much sooner than we planned, We'll brave the bitter grief that comes And try to understand."

Anonymous

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. Hovering 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 windswept heights with easy race, Where never lark nor even eagle flew; And

while, with silent lifting mind I've trod The high, untrampled sanctity of space Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Fl. Officer John Gillespie McGee 1922-1941

Farewell

Farewell to Thee! But not farewell To all my fondest thoughts of Thee; Within my heart they still shall dwell And they shall cheer and comfort me. Life seems more sweet that Thou didst live And men more true Thou wert one Nothing is lost that Thou didst give, Nothing destroyed that Thou hast done.

Anne Bronte 1820-1849

Life Goes On

If I should go before the rest of you Break not a flower Nor inscribe a stone Nor when I am 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

Joyce Grenfell 1910-1979

Indian Prayer

When I am dead Cry for me a little Think of me sometimes But not too much. Think of me now and again As I was in life At some moments it's pleasant to recall But not for long. Leave me in peace And I shall leave you in peace And while you live Let your thoughts be with the living.

Traditional

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.

Anon

He is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone, Or you can smile because he lived, You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back, Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left. Your heart can be empty because you can't see him 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 him and only that he is gone Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on, You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your back, Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins

2. I am standing on the sea shore, A ship sails in the morning breeze and starts for the ocean. She is an object of beauty and I stand watching her Till at last she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says: "She is gone." Gone! Where? Gone from my sight -m that is all. She is just as large in the masts, hull and spars as she was when I saw her And just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination. The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "She is gone", There are others who are watching her coming, and other voices take up a glad shout: "There she comes" - and that is dying. An horizon and just the limit of our sight. Lift us up, Oh Lord, that we may see further.

Bishop Brent 1862 - 1926

Remember

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

Christina Rossetti 1830-1894

Death Be Not Proud

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.

John Donne 1572-1631

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 not lightning they Do not go

gentle into that good night Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay, Rage, rage against the dying of the light. Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way, Do not go gentle into that good night. Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay, Rage, rage against the dying of the light. And you my father, there on the sad height, Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray. Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas 1914-53

But Not Forgotten

I think no matter where you stray, That I shall go with you a way. Though you may wander sweeter lands, You will not forget my hands, Nor yet the way I held my head Nor the tremulous things I said. You will still see me, small and white And smiling, in the secret night, And feel my arms about you when The day comes fluttering back again. I think, no matter where you be, You'll hold me in your memory And keep my image there without me, By telling later loves about me.

Dorothy Parker

Living Bouquets

When I quit this mortal shore And mosey 'round this earth no more, Do not weep and do not sob; I may have found a better job. Don't go and buy a large bouquet For which you'll find it hard to pay, Don't mope around and feel all blue; I may be better off than you. Don't tell the folks I was a saint Or any old thing that I ain't. If you have jam like that to spread, Please hand it out before I'm dead. If you have roses bless your soul, Just pin one in my buttonhole While I'm alive and well today; Don't wait until I'm gone away.

Anon

Christian Prayers Suitable for Funerals

1. The Resurrection Prayer:

I am the resurrection and the Life, Saith the Lord: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though his body be destroyed, yet shall I see GOD: whom I shall

see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD.

2. The Twenty-Third Psalm:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not be in want. He makes me lie down in green pastures, He leads me beside quiet waters, He restores my soul. He guides me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, They comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord -forever.

3. The Lord's 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 Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your Kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours. Now and for ever. Amen

4. The Serenity Prayer

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.

5. Peace:

Lord, Make me a channel of thy peace- That where there is hatred, I may bring love; That where there is wrong, I may bring the spirit of forgiveness; That where there is discord, I may bring harmony; That where there is error, I may bring truth; That where there is doubt, I may bring faith; That where there is despair, I may bring hope; That where there are shadows, I may bring light; That where there is

sadness, I may bring joy. Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort than to be comforted; To understand, than be understood; To love, than be loved. For it is by self-forgetting that one finds. It is by forgiving that one is forgiven. It is by dying that one awakens to find Eternal Life.

6. Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of Your Peace; Where there is hatred, let me sow Love; Where there is injury, pardon; Where there is doubt, faith; Where there is despair, hope; Where there is darkness, light; Where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may seek not so much 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.

7. Gracious God

You surround us all our days We walk and work in the light of your world and sleep and dream in the gentle dark you created. Now that our working and dreaming are done, Give us rest and a place to call home, within the great city of your love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

8. Father-Mother God,

We thank you for creating us in your own image, and giving us gifts and talents with which to share with all those whose lives we touch. We thank you for xxxxx, the years we shared with her, the good we saw in her, the love we received from her. We thank you that xxxxx no longer has to suffer pain or fear, and that for her limitations are ended, weakness is overcome, and death itself is conquered. As she passes from our earthly sight, we thank you for the years of her presence among us. And while we feel the pain of the parting, we rejoice in the faith that she has gone to be with you, for in your presence is the fullness of joy, at your right hand are pleasures for evermore. Bless those who had the care of xxxxx, especially the doctors, nurses and technicians. Guide and prosper all who are engaged in medical research and care of the elderly: may they never lose heart in their search to discover the way of health and healing. Grant that by their vision and courage we may advance in our understanding of the world and be better able to help those in need. Now give us the strength and courage to leave xxxxx in your care, confident in your promise of eternal life in the kingdom of God, Love, and Light Amen

9. To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; A time to weep,

and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

[Ecclesiastes Chapter 3, verses i-ii, iv, vi-viii]

10. Tomorrow is not promised to anyone young or old alike, and today may be the last chance to hold your loved one tight. So if you are waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today? For if tomorrow never comes, you will surely regret the day, you did not take the extra time for a smile, a hug, or a kiss. You were just too busy to grant them their one last wish. So hold your loved ones close today, whisper in their ear. Tell them how much you love them and you'll always hold them dear. And if tomorrow never comes, you will have no regrets about today.

11. Lord God, whose days are without end and whose mercies beyond counting, keep us mindful that life is short and the hour of death unknown. 76 Let your Spirit guide our days on earth in the ways of holiness and justice, that we may serve you in union with the whole Church, sure in faith, strong in hope, perfect in love. And when our earthly journey is ended, lead us rejoicing into your kingdom, where you live for ever and ever. Amen.

12. *Now I lay me down to sleep*

Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take.

13. *The Remembrance*

In a time of silence, let us make our personal thanksgiving to God For all the XXX has meant to us For his life and our memories we give thanks God our Father We thank you that you have made each of us in your own image And given us gifts and talents with which to serve you. We thank you for XXXX, the years we spent with him, the good we saw in him, the love received in him. Now give us strength and courage to leave him in your care Confident in your promise of eternal life Through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

14. *A Prayer*

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 Rose'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 her reminds us that our sharing In one another's lives brings both support and pain.

Our being parted from her reminds us of our own mortality And that your love is enduring. We thank you that our love for Rose 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 her footprints from the shore But not our love for her nor the influence of 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

Bible Readings Suitable for a Christian Funeral

1. *Wisdom of Solomon 4:7-15*

A righteous man, although he come to death, shall be in rest. For an honourable man, old age is not that of a long time, nor counted by the number of years; but seniority is the wisdom of a man, and the fullness of years is a spotless life. Having been pleasing unto God, he is beloved; and living among sinners he is translated to bliss. He is carried away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit mislead his soul. For the malice of evil obscureth good things, and the smoldering of passions doth undermine the innocent mind. Though he pass away in a short time, yet he hath the fullness of many years; For his soul hath been pleasing unto the Lord, and therefore he was hastened from among the wicked. And the people see this, but understand it not; neither do they keep it in their minds: That there is grace and mercy for His Saints, and visitation for His chosen ones.

2. *Isaiah 25:7-9*

7 And he will destroy on this mountain the covering that is cast over all peoples, the veil that is spread over all nations. 8 He will swallow up death for ever, and the Lord GOD will wipe away tears from all faces, and the reproach of his people he will take away from all the earth; for the LORD has spoken. 9 It will be said on that day, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, that he might save us. This is the LORD; we have waited for him; let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

3. *Daniel 12:1-13*

1 "At that time shall arise Michael, the great prince who has charge of your people. And there shall be a time of trouble, such as never has been since there was a nation till that time; but at that time your people shall be delivered, every one whose name shall be found written in the book. 2

And many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. 3 And those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament; and those who turn many to righteousness, like the stars for ever and ever. 4 But you, Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, until the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." 5 Then I Daniel looked, and behold, two others stood, one on this bank of the stream and one on that bank of the stream. 6 And I said to the man clothed in linen, who was above the waters of the stream, "How long shall it be till the end of these wonders?" 7 The man clothed in linen, who was above the waters of the stream, raised his right hand and his left hand toward heaven; and I heard him swear by him who lives for ever that it would be for a time, two times, and half a time; and that when the shattering of the power of the holy people comes to an end all these things would be accomplished. 8 I heard, but I did not understand. Then I said, "O my lord, what shall be the issue of these things?" 9 He said, "Go your way, Daniel, for the words are shut up and sealed until the time of the end. 10 Many shall purify themselves, and make themselves white, and be refined; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but those who are wise shall understand. 11 And from the time that the continual burnt offering is taken away, and the abomination that makes desolate is set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. 12 Blessed is he who waits and comes to the thousand three hundred and thirty-five days. But go your way till the end; and you shall rest, and shall stand in your allotted place at the end of the days."

4. Acts 10:34-43

34 And Peter opened his mouth and said: "Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality, 35 but in every nation any one who fears him and does what is right is acceptable to him. 36 You know the word which he sent to Israel, preaching good news of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all), 37 the word which was proclaimed throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee after the baptism which John preached: 38 how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power; how he went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with him. 39 And we are witnesses to all that he did both in the country of the Jews and in Jerusalem. They put him to death by hanging him on a tree; 40 but God raised him on the third day and made him manifest; 41 not to all the people but to us who were chosen by God as witnesses, who ate and drank with him after he rose from the

dead. 42 And he commanded us to preach to the people, and to testify that he is the one ordained by God to be judge of the living and the dead. 43 To him all the prophets bear witness that every one who believes in him receives forgiveness of sins through his name."

5. Romans 6:3-9

3 Do you not know that all of us who have been baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? 4 We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life. 5 For if we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his. 6 We know that our old self was crucified with him so that the sinful body might be destroyed, and we might no longer be enslaved to sin. 7 For he who has died is freed from sin. 8 But if we have died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him. 9 For we know that Christ being raised from the dead will never die again; death no longer has dominion over him.

6. Romans 8:14-23

14 For all who are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God. 15 For you did not receive the spirit of slavery to fall back into fear, but you have received the spirit of sonship. When we cry, "Abba! Father!" 16 it is the Spirit himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God, 17 and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ, provided we suffer with him in order that we may also be glorified with him. 18 I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us. 19 For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God; 20 for the creation was subjected to futility, not of its own will but by the will of him who subjected it in hope; 21 because the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to decay and obtain the glorious liberty of the children of God. 22 We know that the whole creation has been groaning in travail together until now; 23 and not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait for adoption as sons, the redemption of our bodies.

7. Romans 8:31-39

31 What then shall we say to this? If God is for us, who is against us? 32 He who did not spare his own Son but gave him up for us all, will he not also give us all things with him? 33 Who shall bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies; 34 who is to condemn? Is it Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised from the



dead, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us? 35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? 36 As it is written, "For thy sake we are being killed all the day long; we are regarded as sheep to be slaughtered." 37 No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. 38 For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, 39 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.

8. Romans 14:7-9,

7 None of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. 8 If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord; so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. 9 For to this end Christ died and lived again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living

9. I Corinthians 15:20-23,

20 But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. 21 For as by a man came death, by a man has come also the resurrection of the dead. 22 For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive. 23 But each in his own order: Christ the first fruits, then at his coming those who belong to Christ

10. I Corinthians 15:51-57

51 Lo! I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, 52 in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed. 53 For this perishable nature must put on the imperishable, and this mortal nature must put on immortality. 54 When the perishable puts on the imperishable, and the mortal puts on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory." 55 "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" 56 The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. 57 But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

11. 2 Corinthians 5:1,

1 For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

12. Philippians 3:20-21

20 But our commonwealth is in heaven, and from it we await a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ,

21 who will change our lowly body to be like his glorious body, by the power which enables him even to subject all things to himself.

13. 2 Timothy 2:8-13

8 Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, descended from David, as preached in my gospel, 9 the gospel for which I am suffering and wearing fetters like a criminal. But the word of God is not fettered. 10 Therefore I endure everything for the sake of the elect, that they also may obtain salvation in Christ Jesus with its eternal glory. 11 The saying is sure: If we have died with him, we shall also live with him; 12 if we endure, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us; 13 if we are faithless, he remains faithful—for he cannot deny himself.

14. 1 John 3:1-2

1 That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and touched with our hands, concerning the word of life-- 2 the life was made manifest, and we saw it, and testify to it, and proclaim to you the eternal life which was with the Father and was made manifest to us—

15. Revelation 21:1-5,

1 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. 2 And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; 3 and I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, "Behold, the dwelling of God is with men. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them; 4 he will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away."

16. Revelation 21:6-7

6 And 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 from the fountain of the water of life without payment. 7 He who conquers shall have this heritage, and I will be his God and he shall be my son.

17. Matthew 5:1-12

Seeing the crowds, he went up on the mountain, and when he sat down his disciples came to him. 2 And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying: 3 "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. 4 "Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

5 "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. 6 "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. 7 "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. 8 "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. 9 "Blessed are the peacemakers, or they shall be called sons of God. 10 "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. 11 "Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. 12 Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for so men persecuted the prophets who were before you.

18. Matthew 11:25-30

25 At that time Jesus declared, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and understanding and revealed them to babes; 26 yea, Father, for such was thy gracious will. 27 All things have been delivered to me by my Father; and no one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father except the Son and any one to whom the Son chooses to reveal him. 28 Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. 29 Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. 30 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

19. Luke 7:11-17

11 Soon afterward he went to a city called Na'in, and his disciples and a great crowd went with him. 12 As he drew near to the gate of the city, behold, a man who had died was being carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and a large crowd from the city was with her. 13 And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her and said to her, "Do not weep." 14 And he came and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. And he said, "Young man, I say to you, arise." 15 And the dead man sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother. 16 Fear seized them all; and they glorified God, saying, "A great prophet has arisen among us!" and "God has visited his people!" 17 And this report concerning him spread through the whole of Judea and all the surrounding country.

20. Luke 23:, 39- 43

39 One of the criminals who were hanged railed at him, saying, "Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!" 40 But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? 41 And we indeed justly; for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing

wrong." 42 And he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." 43 And he said to him, "Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

21. John 5:24-29

24 Truly, truly, I say to you, he who hears my word and believes him who sent me, has eternal life; he does not come into judgment, but has passed from death to life. 25 "Truly, truly, I say to you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear will live. 26 For as the Father has life in himself, so he has granted the Son also to have life in himself, 27 and has given him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man. 28 Do not marvel at this; for the hour is coming when all who are in the tombs will hear his voice 29 and come forth, those who have done good, to the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil, to the resurrection of judgment.

22. John 6:37-40

37 All that the Father gives me will come to me; and him who comes to me I will not cast out. 38 For I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me; 39 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 at the last day. 40 For this is the will of my Father, that every one who sees the Son and believes in him should have eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

23. John 11: 17-27

17 Now when Jesus came, he found that Laz'arus had already been in the tomb four days. 18 Bethany was near Jerusalem, about two miles off, 19 and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them concerning their brother. 20 When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary sat in the house. 21 Martha said to Jesus, "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. 22 And even now I know that whatever you ask from God, God will give you." 23 Jesus said to her, "Your brother will rise again." 24 Martha said to him, "I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day." 25 Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, 26 and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?" 27 She said to him, "Yes, Lord; I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, he who is coming into the world."

24. Ecclesiastes 3:1-11

1 For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: 2 a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to

pluck up what is planted; 3 a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; 4 a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; 5 a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; 6 a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; 7 a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; 8 a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. 9 What gain has the worker from his toil? 10 I have seen the business that God has given to the sons of men to be busy with. 11 He has made everything beautiful in its time; also he has put eternity into man's mind, yet so that he cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end.

25. Isaiah 35:1-6,

1 The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom; like the crocus 2 it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing. The glory of Lebanon shall be given to it, the majesty of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the LORD, the majesty of our God. 3 Strengthen the weak hands, and make firm the feeble knees. 4 Say to those who are of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not! Behold, your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God. He will come and save you." 5 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; 6 then shall the lame man leap like a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing for joy. For waters shall break forth in the wilderness, and streams in the desert;

26. Isaiah 41:8-10,

8 But you, Israel, my servant, Jacob, whom I have chosen, the offspring of Abraham, my friend; 9 you whom I took from the ends of the earth, and called from its farthest corners, saying to you, "You are my servant, I have chosen you and not cast you off"; 10 fear not, for I am with you, be not dismayed, for I am your God; I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with my victorious right hand.

27. Isaiah 61.1-3

1 The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me, because the LORD has anointed me to bring good tidings to the afflicted; he has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound; 2 to proclaim the year of the LORD's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all who mourn; 3 to grant to those who mourn in Zion--to give them a garland instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, the mantle of praise instead of a faint spirit; that they may be

called oaks of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he may be glorified.

28. Zephaniah 3:16-20

17 The LORD, your God, is in your midst, a warrior who gives victory; he will rejoice over you with gladness, he will renew you in his love; he will exult over you with loud singing 18 as on a day of festival. "I will remove disaster from you, so that you will not bear reproach for it. 19 Behold, at that time I will deal with all your oppressors. And I will save the lame and gather the outcast, and I will change their shame into praise and renown in all the earth. 20 At that time I will bring you home, at the time when I gather you together; yea, I will make you renowned and praised among all the peoples of the earth, when I restore your fortunes before your eyes," says the LORD.

29. Ephesians 3:14-21

14 For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, 15 from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, 16 that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with might through his Spirit in the inner man, 17 and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, 18 may have power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, 19 and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God. 20 Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think, 21 to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, for ever and ever. Amen.

30. Timothy 4:6-8,

6 For I am already on the point of being sacrificed; the time of my departure has come. 7 I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. 8 Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that Day, and not only to me but also to all who have loved his appearing

31. Peter 1:3-9

3 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By his great mercy we have been born anew to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, 4 and to an inheritance which is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, 5 who by God's power are guarded through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. 6 In this you rejoice, though now for a little while you may have

to suffer various trials, 7 so that the genuineness of your faith, more precious than gold which though perishable is tested by fire, may redound to praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. 8 Without having seen him you love him; though you do not now see him you believe in him and rejoice with unutterable and exalted joy. 9 As the outcome of your faith you obtain the salvation of your souls.

3.2. Matthew 6:19-23

19 "Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, 20 but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes and where thieves do not break in and steal. 21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. 22 "The eye is the lamp of the body. So, if your eye is sound, your whole body will be full of light; 23 but if your eye is not sound, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!

3.3. John 3:13-17

13 No one has ascended into heaven but he who descended from heaven, the Son of man. 14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, 15 that whoever believes in him may have eternal life." 16 For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. 17 For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him.

3.5. John 10:27-30

27 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; 28 and I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand. 29 My Father, who has given them to me, is greater than all, and no one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand.



Graphic Source pty ltd

24 Jersey Street Jolimont WA 6014
ph 08 9387 4800 fax 08 9285 8700
email: peter@graphicsource.com.au
www.graphicsource.com.au