

Hyatt Fernald
FUNERAL HOME

*Poem, Verse, and Scripture
Selection Book
for
Memorial Folders and Holy Cards*

~ A family tradition of dignified service since 1895 ~

THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside still waters
 He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
 for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
 of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies;
thou anointest my head with oil;
 my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the house
 of the Lord forever.

A Quiet Prayer

*A loving nature,
A heart of gold,
The very best
This world could hold.*

~

*Never selfish, always kind,
These are the memories
You left behind.*

~

*A silent thought,
A quiet prayer,
For our special person
In God's care.*

Afterglow

After the clouds the sunshine,
After the winter the spring.

After the showers the rainbow,
For life is a changeable thing.

After the night the morning,
Bidding all darkness cease.

After life's cares and sorrows,
 Oh, the comfort
of sweetness and peace.

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.

May the road rise
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.

An Irish Blessing

I'm There Inside Your Heart

Right now I'm in a different place,
And though we seem apart,
I'm closer than I ever was...
I'm there inside your heart.

I'm with you when you grieve each day
And while the sun shines bright
I'm there to share the sunsets too...
I'm with you every night.

I'm with you when the times are good,
To share a laugh or two,
And if a tear should start to fall...
I'll still be there for you.

And when that day arrives
That we no longer are apart,
I'll smile and hold you close to me...
Forever in my heart.

I Am With You Always...

As you hold me close in memory,
even though we are apart,
my spirit will live on,
there within your heart...

I am with you always.

When you lean on trusted friends,
and their caring hugs enfold you,
within their loving arms,
I'll be there to hold you...

I am with you always.

And beyond the far horizon,
when we'll finally be together,
where love will be eternal,
and life will last forever...

I am with you always.

Autumn Rain

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 diamonds glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the mornings 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.

Bikers Prayer

LORD, thank you for the open air,
the feel of wind blowing through my hair;
Just me alone upon my bike,
the thrill of freedom's what I like.

To wind through country unexplored,
not knowing what I'll see next LORD;
That's what I seek when off I ride,
I'm thankful that you're by my side.

If I should ride 'til morning's light,
please keep me safe throughout the night;
And when I've come to journey's end,
it's you I'll thank - protector, FRIEND

Author unknown

Bowlers Prayer

When our bowling days are over
and our work on earth is through,
There's a golden lane that's waiting
for all bowlers tried and true.
All the pins will fall like feathers on
those lanes among the stars,
And we'll enjoy again the friendship
of these bowling pals of ours.
Yes, we'll find the bowling easy,
we'll pick up all the spares,
We'll all roll over 200 when we climb
the golden stairs.
We'll strike with little effort, no taps,
no splits, no reason to complain.
Bowling with our friends again on
Heaven's Golden Lane

The Broken Chain

We little knew that morning
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly
In death we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
you did not go alone;
for part of us went with you,
the day God called you home.

You left us peaceful memories,
your love is still our guide,
and though we cannot see you,
you are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken,
and nothing seems the same,
but as God calls us one by one,
the chain will link again.

MAY HE SUPPORT US
ALL THE DAY LONG,
TILL THE SHADES LENGTHEN
AND THE EVENING COMES.
AND THE BUSY WORLD IS HUSHED,
AND THE FEVER OF LIFE IS OVER,
AND OUR WORK IS DONE.
THEN, IN HIS MERCY,
MAY HE GIVE US
A SAFE LODGING,
A HOLY REST,
AND PEACE AT THE LAST.

~ CARDINAL NEWMAN

Crossing the Bar

*Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
The boundless deep
Turns again home.*

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

*For tho' from out our bourne
Of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

Alfred Tennyson

Christmas with Jesus

I see the countless Christmas trees,
Around the world below,
With tiny lights, like heaven's stars,
Reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular,
Please wipe away the tear.
For I am spending Christmas
With Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs,
That people hold so dear
But the sounds of music can't compare
With the Christmas choir up here.
For I have no words to tell you,
The joy their voices bring.
For it is beyond description,
To hear an Angel sing.

I know how much you miss me,
I see the pain inside your heart.
For I am spending Christmas
With Jesus Christ this year.
I can't tell you of the splendor,
Or the peace here in this place.
Can you just imagine Christmas
With our Savior, face to face?

I'll ask Him to light your spirit,
As I tell Him of your love.
So pray for one another,
As you lift your eyes above.
Please let your hearts be joyful,
And let your spirit sing
For I'm spending Christmas in Heaven,
And I'm walking with the King

Communion Prayer

O Lord, I believe and profess that You are truly Christ,
the Son of the living God, Who came into the world to save
sinners, of whom I am the first.

Accept me as a partaker of Your mystical supper,

O Son of God, for I will not reveal Your mystery
to Your enemies, nor will I give You a kiss as did Judas,
but like the thief I confess to you:

Remember me, O Lord, when You shall come
Into Your kingdom.

Remember me, O Master,
when You shall come into Your kingdom.

Remember me, O Holy One,
when You shall come into Your Kingdom.

May the partaking of Your holy mysteries,
O Lord, be not for my judgment or condemnation,
but for the healing of soul and body.

O Lord, I also believe and profess that,
This which I am about to receive,
is truly Your most precious body,
and Your life-giving blood, which I pray,
make me worthy to receive for the remission of all my sins
and for life everlasting. Amen.

O God, be merciful to me a sinner,

O God, cleanse me of my sins, and have mercy on me.

O Lord, forgive me for I have sinned without number.

Death leaves a heartache

no one can heal,

Love leaves a memory

no one can steal.

A Rose

I would rather have a little rose
from the garden of a friend,
than flowers strewn around my casket
when my days on earth must end.

I would rather have a loving smile
from one I know is true,
than tears shed 'round my casket
when this world I bid adieu.

Bring me all the flowers today
whether pink or white or red,
I would rather have one blossom now
than a truckload when I'm dead.

Author unknown

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me.
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 place at the close of day.

If my passing has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah 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 heart and share with me
God wanted me now, He set me free.

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 the 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.

~Mary Elizabeth Frye

“Do not think of me and cry,
For part of me will never die.

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's 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 star that shines at night.
Do not think of me and cry,
For part of me will never die.”

Author unknown

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

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

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

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

-Ellen Brenneman

A Time for Everything

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under heaven;
A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot,
A time to kill and a time to heal,
A time to tear down and a time to build,
A time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to mourn and a time to dance,
A time to scatter stones and
a time to gather them,
A time to embrace and a time to refrain,
A time to search and a time to give up,
A time to keep and a time to throw away,
A time to tear and a time to mend,
A time to be silent and a time to speak,
A time to love and a time to hate,
A time for war and a time for peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Treasured Seasons

For everything there is
an appointed season,
And a time for everything
under heaven.
A time for sowing,
A time for reaping;
A time for sharing,
A time for caring;
A time for loving,
A time for giving;
A time for remembering,
a time for parting.
You have made everything
beautiful in its time,
For everything You do
remains forever.

Weary Soul

Weary soul, your peace now found,
Take your place in heaven, crowned.
With those we've loved who have gone before,
Find solace there, forevermore.
Too soon death, too late regret,
Blindly we follow the paths we've set.
So many roads, and we must choose;
So much to gain, too much to lose.
Life sometimes is a troubled quest,
At times tormented, at times blest.
If only we could somehow know
When to hold on, when to let go.
Too short a time we have on earth
To fully realize our life's worth.
Each day, a gift, if we'll only receive it.
Each new dawn holds Hope
If we'll only believe it.

By Jane Vanderpoel

We Remember Them

*At the rising sun and at its going down
we remember them.*

*At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter
we remember them.*

*At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring
we remember them.*

*At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer
we remember them.*

*At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn
we remember them.*

*At the beginning of the year and when it ends
we remember them.*

*As long as we live, they too will live,
for they are now a part of us.
As we remember them.*

*When we are weary and in need of strength
we remember them.*

*When we are lost and sick at heart
we remember them.*

*When we have decisions that are difficult to make
we remember them.*

*When we have joy we crave to share
we remember them.*

*When we have achievements that are based on theirs
we remember them.*

*For as long as we live,
they too will live,*

*For they are now a part of us,
as we remember them.*

~from the Reform Judaism Gates of Prayer

Farm

He loved to till the verdant soil,
And watch his garden grow
But now he tills another spot,
A beauty spot I know.

He plows where fields are always green
With furrows straight and true,
And where the day is always bright
And life begins anew.

But we shall miss him here on earth
Until our day is done
When we shall be with him again
When our rewards are won.

Fill Not Your Hearts

Fill not your hearts with pain and sorrow,
but remember me in every tomorrow.
Remember the joy, the laughter, the smiles.
I've only gone to rest a while.

Although my leaving causes pain and grief,
my going has eased my hurt
and given me relief.

So dry your eyes and remember me,
not as I am but as I used to be.
Because, I will remember you
and look on with a smile.
Understand in your hearts,
I've only gone to rest awhile.

As long as I have the love of you,
I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.

FINAL HARVEST

She was bound to the land from the day of her birth
Her roots anchored deep in the fertile earth.
Nurtured, sustained, by the soil she grew
And her life, like her furrows, ran straight and true.

In faith, each spring, she planted the seeds
In hope, to reap her family's needs
With patience, she waited for the harvest to come
To gather the fruits of her labor home.

Ever turning seasons, the years sped past,
Till the final harvest came at last.
Then claimed anew by beloved sod,
She was gathered home to be with God.

-Barbara W. Weber

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The Fisherman's Prayer

I pray the Lord my soul to keep
While fishing out here in the deep.
And may You grant my fondest wish
And help me land a giant fish.

My friends say I exaggerate
My fishes width and height and weight.
So please forgive me if I brag
About the size of those I snag.

If I should die before I wake,
I pray that Heaven has a lake,
I need no halos, things like that,
If You'll just let me wear my hat.

FOOTPRINTS

*One night I had a dream—
I dreamed I was walking along the beach
with the Lord, and across the sky flashed
scenes from my life. For each scene I
noticed two sets of footprints in the sand.
One belonged to me and the other to the
Lord. When the last scene of my life flashed
before me, I looked at the footprints in the sand
and noticed only one set of footprints at the
very lowest and saddest times in my life.
This troubled me and I questioned the Lord
about it. "Lord, you said that once I decided
to follow you, You would walk with me all the
way. But I have noticed that during the most
Troublesome times in my life,
there is only one set of footprints in the sand.
I don't understand why in times
when I needed you most, you would leave me.
The Lord replied, "My precious child,
I love you and I would never leave you
during your times of trial and suffering.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
it was then that I carried you."*

For those who
live in the Lord,
There is never
a final goodbye.

~ German Proverb

Your Bedside

We sat beside your bedside,
Our hearts were crushed and sore;
We did our best to the end,
Till we could do no more.
In tears we watched you sinking,
We watched you fade away;
And though our hearts
Were breaking,
We knew you could not stay.
You left behind some aching hearts
That loved you most sincere;
We never shall, and never will,
Forget you mother dear.

The Garden Of Promise

There is a place, I have been told,
beyond an open gate,
all have been invited,
where friends and loved ones wait.

It holds eternal promise,
of everlasting peace.
No pain or sorrow ever comes,
and teardrops there have ceased.

Abundant life is evident,
constant, fresh and new.
A garden of provision
with eternity in view.

The promise is awaiting,
A place we can abide,
fulfilled for all who answer
the call to come inside.

Friendship

*Whether by strange coincidence
or divine guidance, in the course of our life
we cross paths with many people.*

*Some move toward us, others move away.
Some we choose to remember, others to forget.*

*But with a special few we seem to have no choice,
for each has made an impact on the other
and their memory will live on forever.*

*These people we call friends -
you, to me, are such a one.*

Weep Not

Weep not for me when I am gone
But think of me when things go wrong.

And listen good, for I'll be there,
In whispering winds you'll hear a prayer.

In April rains please look and see,
all the tears I've shed for thee.

Do take comfort in the thought,
That violets grow dear, where you walk.

And though my form you cannot see,
In these sweet things, remember me.

Give what's left of me away
Now that I'm gone.
Remember me with a smile and laughter,
And if you need to cry,
Do it for your brother or sister
Who walks in grief beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms around anyone,
And give them what you need to give to me.
Look for me in the people
I've known or loved,
Or help in some special way.
Let me live in your eyes
as well as in your mind.
You can love me most by letting love live
Within the circle of your arms,
Embracing the frightened ones.

Love doesn't die, people do.
So when all that is left of me is love,
Give me away as best you can.
I'll see you at home where I'll be waiting

*God gave us memories
that we might have
roses in December.*

James M. Barrie

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love...

God Knew

*That you were suffering.
That the hills were hard to climb,
so he gently closed your eyelids
and whispered "Peace be thine."
In tears we watched you sinking,
we watched you fade away.
Our hearts were surely broken,
you fought so hard to stay.
But when we saw you sleeping,
So peaceful, free from pain,
we could not wish you back
to suffer that again.
It broke our heart to lose you,
but you did not go alone,
for part of us went with you
the day God called you home.*

God needed an angel in heaven,
To stand at the Savior's feet.
His choice must be the rarest,
A lily pure and sweet.

He gazed upon the mighty throng,
Then stopped and picked the best.
Our child was his chosen one,
With Jesus, now at rest.

*God saw you getting tired
and a cure was not to be,
So he put his arms around you
and whispered, "Come to Me"*

*With tearful eyes we watched you,
and saw you pass away,
And though we loved you dearly,
we could not make you stay.*

*A golden heart stopped beating
hard-working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts
to prove to us,
He only takes the best.*

GOD'S GARDEN

God looked around his garden
and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth
and saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
and lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering,
He knew that you were in pain,
He knew that you would never
get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough,
and the hills were hard to climb,
so He closed your weary eyelids,
and whispered "Peace be thine."
It broke our hearts to lose you,
but you didn't go alone.
For part of us went with you
the day God called you home

Going Home

This world has its seasons
of sadness,
It's partings and tearful good-byes.
But someday there'll be
only gladness
When the Lord wipes
all tears from our eyes.
There'll be an all-out celebration
One day when our time
here is through,
And our loved ones will say
with elation,
"Welcome home—
I've been waiting for you!"

Hail Mary, full of grace!
The Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou amongst women,
and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb Jesus.

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

Amen.

When I must leave you for a little while,
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears,
And hug your sorrow to you through the years.

But start out bravely with a gallant smile;
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same.

Feed not your loneliness on empty days,
But fill each waking hour in useful ways.

Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
and hold you near.

And never, never be afraid to die,
For I am waiting for you in the sky!

Helen Steiner Rice

*You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide,
Although we cannot see you,
You're always at our side.*

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged
why should the shadows come?

Why should my heart be lonely
and long for heaven and home?

When Jesus is my portion
my constant friend is He.

His eye is on the sparrow
and I know He watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

How To Remember Me

*A time will come when my life will cease.
But when that time comes,
I ask that you remember these things:*

*Bury my body, but don't bury my beliefs.
Bury my heart, but don't bury my love,
Bury my eyes, but not my vision.
Bury my feet, but not the path of my life.
Bury my hands, but don't bury my diligent efforts.
Bury my shoulders, but not the concerns I carried.
Bury my voice, but not my message.
Bury my mind, but don't bury my dreams.
Bury me, but don't bury my life.*

*If you must bury something,
let it be my faults and my weaknesses;
but let my life continue on in you.*

Randel Rohr

I'm home in Heaven dear ones;
Oh so happy and so bright!
There is perfect joy and beauty
in this everlasting light.

All the pain and grief is over,
every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace forever,
safely home in Heaven at last.

He came Himself to meet me
in that way so hard to tread;
and with Jesus' arm to lean on,
could I have one doubt or dread?

You must not grieve so sorely,
for I love you dearly still.
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
pray to trust our Father's will.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

To Those I love and Those Who Love Me

When I am gone release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do.
You must not tie yourself to me with tears.
Be happy that we had so many years.

I gave you my love, you can only guess,
How much you gave to me in happiness,
I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.

So grieve awhile for me if grieve you must.
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for 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 come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near.
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All of my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and say "Welcome Home.

I Am With You Still

I give you this one thought to keep
I am with you still—do not weep.
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's 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 think of me as gone —
I am with you still — in each new dawn.

I JUST WANTED TO SAY

The Lord has been so good to me
For many, many years.
He's helped me when in trouble
And allayed my many fears.

He's been my Guide and Counselor—
Has never failed me yet.
His blessings have been wonderful—
So many I forget.

I thank Him for the future,
The present, and the past.
I know He'll lead me gently on
And safely home at last.

Because He's been so good to me,
I wish to recommend
To one and all my Saviour,
My Counselor and Friend!

Charles Wm. Moore

*"I shall pass through this world but once.
Any good therefore that I can do,
or any kindness I can show
to any fellow creature,
let me do it now.
Let me not defer or neglect it,
for I shall not pass this way again."*

~ Stephen Grellet

I Said a Prayer for You Today

I said a prayer for you today
And know God must have heard,
I felt the answer in my heart
Although He spoke no word.

I didn't ask for wealth or fame,
I knew you wouldn't mind,
I asked Him to send treasures
Of a far more lasting kind.

I asked that He'd be near you
At the start of each new day,
To grant you health and blessings
And friends to share your way.

I asked for happiness for you
In all things great and small,
But it was for His loving care
I prayed the most of all.

When I Meet You Up In Heaven

When I meet you up in heaven,
where there's no parting there,
and never more a sad goodbye,
from loved one's life we shared.

When I meet you up in heaven,
There's much I want to do,
I'd like to find a shady spot,
and reminisce with you.

I'd invite out all the prophets
and each disciple true,
Then I'd ask dear Jeremiah
to share a poem or two.

We'd hear the heavenly chorus,
their voices sweet and clear,
as they sang the song of Moses,
of victory over there.

When I meet you up in heaven,
in that great city fair,
where Jesus is the Lamb of God,
and no more parting there.

-Virginia Atwood Shaw

Just A Memory Away

I'm no longer by your side,
But there's no need to weep,
I've left sweet recollections
I'm hoping you will keep.

Eternal joy and memories,
Stay in our hearts forever,
Strengthening our special bond
That parting cannot sever.

Now it's time to journey on,
So let your faith be strong,
For I am in a better place...
I'm home where I belong.

And if times of loneliness
Bring sorrow and dismay,
Don't despair,
For I am there...

Just a memory away.

*Leaf after leaf,
flower after flower,
some in the dawn of day,
some in the after hour.
Alive they flourish,
and alive they fall,
and the earth
that sustained them,
receives them all*

Kindness

Be kind to all, let your spirit lift
Those whose lives may be adrift;
Be pleasant and always wear a smile,
Let that be your "kindness style."

Be kind to all, don't be sad and blue,
If you smile, your sun can shine through;
Let His heavenly love divine
Around your happy heart entwine.

Be kind to all for life is frail,
Sometimes on stormy seas you'll sail,
But God is there, you won't be alone—
Because of the "kindness seeds" you've sown.

Nora M. Bozeman

Prayer of St. Francis

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 not so much seek
To be consoled...as to console,
To be understood...as to understand,
To be loved...as to love, for
It is in giving...that we receive,
It is in pardoning, that we are pardoned,
It is in dying...that we are born
to eternal life.
St. Francis

God is the Master Artist,
Who paints the sun and shade,
From the gleam of the frosty mountaintop,
To the depths of the forest glade.

He calls His palette Nature,
His brush, Infinity,
For His canvas reaches farther,
Than mortal eye can see.

The earth reveals His every mood,
As the seasons come and go,
In the glorious dawn and sunset,
In the ocean's ebb and flow.

In the silent, soothing rainfall,
In the sparkle of the dew,
In the cheery songs of bluebirds,
In the hearts of me and you.

For though the world reflects his love,
His picture isn't whole,
Until God paints Himself
Into each separate human soul;

And when our lives reflect His love,
We gain our great reward—
The gift of everlasting life,
Together with Our Lord.

May tender memories
Soften your grief,
May fond recollection
Bring you relief,

And may you find comfort
And peace in the thought,
Of the joy that knowing
Your loved one brought---

For time and space
Can never divide,
Or keep your loved one
From your side,

When memory paints
In colors true,
The happy hours
That belonged to you.

Helen Steiner Rice

The Master Weaver

Our lives are but fine weavings
That God and we prepare,
Each life becomes a fabric planned
And fashioned in His care.

We may not always see just how
The weavings interwine,
But we must trust the Master's hand
And follow His design,
For He can view the pattern
Upon the upper side,
While we must look from underneath
And trust in Him to guide...

Sometimes a strand of sorrow
Is added to His plan,
And though it's difficult for us,
We still must understand
That it's He who fills the shuttle,
It's He who knows what's best,
So we must weave in patience
And leave to Him the rest...
Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why ---
The dark threads are as needed
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

---Author Unknown

***May the angels lead you into Paradise,
may the Martyrs receive you at your coming,
and take you to Jerusalem, the holy city.***

***May the choirs of the Angels receive you,
and may you, with the once poor Lazarus,
have rest everlasting. Amen.***

***May the Souls of all the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.***

*Remember O most gracious Virgin Mary
that never was it known that anyone who
fled to Thy protection, implored thy help,
and sought Thy intercession was left unaided.
Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto Thee,
O Virgin of virgins, My Mother!
To Thee I come; before Thee I stand, sinful and
sorrowful. Oh Mother of the Word incarnate!
Despise not my petitions, but, in Thy mercy,
hear and answer me. Amen.*

“People are often unreasonable and self-centered. Forgive them anyway. If you are kind, people may accuse you of ulterior motives. Be kind anyway. If you are honest, people may cheat you. Be honest anyway.

If you find happiness, people may be jealous. Be happy anyway. The good you do today may be forgotten tomorrow.

Do good. Give the world the best you have and it may never be enough. Give your best anyway.

For you see, in the end, it is between you and God. It was never between you and them anyway.”

-Mother Teresa of Calcutta

When I come to the end of the day
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 for long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love we once shared,
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Maker's plan,
A step on the road home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to a friend we know,
And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds,
Miss me, but let me go.

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

“Earth to earth and dust to dust,”
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870

O Father of all,
we pray to thee
for those whom we love,
but see no longer.

Grant them thy peace;
let light perpetual shine upon them;
and in thy loving wisdom
and almighty power,
work in them the good purpose
of thy perfect will;
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

*O gentlest Heart of Jesus,
ever present in the Blessed Sacrament,
ever consumed with burning love for the
poor captive souls, have mercy on the soul of
Thy departed servant.*

*Be not severe in Thy judgement,
but let some drops of Thy Precious Blood
fall upon the devouring flames,
and do thou O Merciful Saviour, send
Thy Angels to conduct Thy departed servant
to a place of refreshment, light and peace.
Amen.*

*May the souls of all the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen*

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,
and the power,
and the glory
forever and ever.

Amen

Remember Me

May my death be a symbol
to all the loved ones I leave behind,
that life is for the living
and can be taken at any time.

God has a place reserved for us
where we will live forever,
just trust in Him and study His words;
He will leave you never.

As my family and friends come together
to lay my body at rest,
feel the warmth, enjoy the love,
but remember me at my best.

God called me to rest;
the purpose you may never know.
But if you remember me for the good times,
in your hearts I will forever grow.

Psalm 91

He who dwells in the secret place
of the Most High,
shall abide under the shadow
of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord,
“He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God, in Whom I trust.”

“Because he has set his love upon Me,
therefore I will deliver him;
I will set him on high,
because he has known My name.
He shall call upon Me,
and I will answer him;
With long life I will satisfy him,
And show him My salvation.

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth.
The Lord is thy keeper:
the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in
from this time forth,
and even for evermore.

As for man,
his days are as grass:
as a flower of the field,
so he flourisheth.
For the wind
passeth over it,
and it is gone,
But the mercy of the Lord
is from Everlasting
to Everlasting.

Psalm 103

Psalm 128

Blessed are all who fear the Lord,
who walk in obedience to him.

You will eat the fruit of your labor;
blessings and prosperity will be yours.

Your wife will be like a fruitful vine
within your house;
Your children will be like olive shoots
around your table.

Yes, this will be the blessing
for the man who fears the Lord.

May the Lord bless you from Zion;
may you see the prosperity of Jerusalem
all the days of your life.

May you live to see your children's children.
Peace be on Israel.

Remember Me V2

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember me with tears,
Remember all the laughter,
We've shared throughout the years.

Now I am contented
That my life was worthwhile.
Knowing that along the way,
I made somebody smile.

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.

So please don't be unhappy
Just because I'm out of sight,
Remember that I'm with you
Each morning, noon, and night.

Safely Home

I am home in Heaven, dear ones;
Oh, so happy and so bright!
There is perfect joy and beauty
I this everlasting light.

All the pain and grief is over,
Every restless tossing passed;
I am now as peace forever,
Safely home in Heaven as last.

Did you wonder I so calmly
Trode the valley of the shade?
Oh! but Jesus' love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade.

And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread;
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,
Could I have one doubt or dread?

Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still;
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's Will.

There is work still waiting for you,
So you must not idly stand;
Do it now, while life remaineth-
You shall rest in Jesus' land,

When that work is all completed,
He will gently call you Home;
Oh, the rapture of that meeting,
Oh, the joy to see you come!

Revelation 21:4-7

And God will wipe away
every tear from their eyes;
there shall be no more death, nor sorrow,
nor crying. There shall be no more pain,
for the former things have passed away.”
Then He who sat on the throne said,
“Behold, I make all things new.”
And He said to me,
“Write, for these words are true and faithful.”
And He said to me, “It is done!
I am the Alpha and the Omega,
the Beginning and the End. I will give
of the fountain of the water of life
freely to him who thirsts.
He who overcomes shall inherit all things,
and I will be his God and he shall be My son.

The time has come
for me to leave this life.

I have fought the good fight.
I have finished the race.
I have kept the faith.

Now there is in store for me,
the crown of righteousness
which the Lord, the righteous judge,
will award to me on that day.

2 Timothy 4:6-8

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.

She will see God
face to face
and God's name will be
written on her forehead.
It will never be night again
and she will not need
lamplight or sunlight because
the Lord God
will be shining on her.

Rev. 22:4-5

The
LOVE
I have for you
glows in
my heart.
I've inscribed
in my soul
the happy
memory of
Your love.

~ St. Clare of Assisi

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

Henry Van Dyke

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away

Taps

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.
Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.
Thanks and praise, for our days,
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, neath the sky;
As we go, this we know, God is nigh.

Sun has set, shadows come,
Time has fled, Scouts must go to their beds
Always true to the promise that they made.
While the light fades from sight,
And the stars gleaming rays softly send,
To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,
blessed be the name of the Lord.
As we recall the beloved ones who have passed away,
these words bring healing
to the hurt that death has wrought.
Our loved ones have answered the summons
that sounds for all men,
for we are sojourners upon earth
and our times are in His hands.
We loose our hold upon life
when our time is come,
as the leaf falls from the bough
when its day is done.
The deeds of the righteous
enrich the lives of men
as the fallen leaf enriches the soil beneath.
The dust returns to the earth,
the spirit lives on with God's eternal years.
Like the stars by day,
our beloved dead are not seen with mortal eyes,
but they shine on in the untroubled firmament of endless time.
Let us be thankful for the companionship
that continues in love that is stronger than death
and spans the gulf of the grave.
Cherishing their memory,
let us, in the presence of the congregation,
sanctify the name of God.

The Union Prayerbook for Jewish Worship

THE OTHER ROOM

"In my Father's House there are many rooms"
John 14:2

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks a bloom,
Out of sight, at desk or school-book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Serving in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my love is happy,
Waiting in the other room?

Robert Freeman

The Other Side

This isn't death – it's glory!
It is not dark - it's light!
It isn't stumbling, groping,
Or even faith - it's sight!
This isn't grief - it's having
My last tear wiped away;
It's sunrise - it's the morning
Of my eternal day!

This isn't even praying -
It's speaking face to face;
Listening and glimpsing
The wonders of His grace.
This is the end of pleading
For strength to bear pain;
Not even pain's dark memory
Will ever live again.

How did I bear the earth - life
Before I knew this rapture
Of meeting face to face
The One who sought me, saved me,
And kept me by His grace!

Author - Unknown

The Petals of Life

As beautiful as
a rose to see,
Was the life she lived
so graciously.
She made things precious
by her touch,
Her selfless love
lives on in us.
The petals of her life
fell one by one,
Each a gift of her heart
'till there were none.
Yet her radiance blooms
once again
In fields of glory,
with no end.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

THE WARRIOR

*This morning my thoughts traveled along
To a place in my life where days have long since gone.
Beholding an image of what I used to be
As visions were stirred, and God spoke to me.*

*He showed me a Warrior, a soldier in place
Positioned by Heaven, yet I saw not the face,
I watched as the Warrior fought enemies
That came from the darkness with destruction for me.*

*I saw as the Warrior would dry away tears
As all of Heaven's Angels hovered so near,
I saw many wounds on the Warrior's face
Yet weapons of warfare were firmly in place.*

*I felt my heart weeping, my eyes held so much
As God let me feel the Warrior's prayer touch,
I thought "how familiar" the words that were prayed
The prayers were like lightning that never would fade.*

*I said to God, "please, the Warrior's name"
He gave no reply, He chose to refrain,
I asked, "Lord, who is broken that they need such prayer?"
He showed me an image of myself standing there.*

*Bound by confusion, lost and alone
I felt prayers of the Warrior carry me home,
I asked "Please show me Lord, this Warrior so true"
I watched and I wept, for Mother...
The Warrior -----was you!*

Larry S. Clark

But they that wait upon the Lord
shall renew their strength;
they shall mount up
with wings as eagles;
they shall run
and not grow weary;
they shall walk,
and not faint.

Isaiah 40:31

If Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me
and I'm not here to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes,
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 you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

When tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we're far apart,
for every time you think of me,
I'm right there in your heart.

~ David Romano

*We thought of you in 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 hearts*