

*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
enjoyed together.
Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always
was, let it be spoken without effect, without the
trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant. It 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 round the corner.
All is well.*

—Henry Scott Holland

God saw she was getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around her
And whispered, "Come with Me."

With tearful eyes we watched her suffer
And saw her fade away,
Although we loved her dearly
We could not make her stay.

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

*F*or God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth
in him should not perish, but
have everlasting life.

—John 3:16

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And a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around him
And whispered, "Come with Me."

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And saw him fade away,
Although we loved him dearly
We could not make him stay.

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

*Beyond the rainbow's farthest end, there lies
A land that's always filled with love and light.
Where shadows never fall and dim the skies;
For in this lovely land, there is no night.
In this celestial place of joy and peace,
There is no time or space, no doubt or fear;
For those who come to it, all troubles cease.
All worldly difficulties disappear.*

*And though the loss of loved ones or of friends
Brings sorrows and is hard for us to bear.
If we could see beyond the rainbow's end
We know that we could find them waiting there
In that celestial dwelling place above—
The land of peace and joy, of light and love.*

*America, the Beautiful
O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!*

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 though 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

Leaf after leaf drops off,
flower after flower,
Some in the chill,
some in the warmer hour:
Alive they flourish,
and alive they fall,
And the Earth who nourished them
receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons,
be less content
To sink into her lap
when life is spent?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Mystery

What is this mystery that men call death?
My friend before me lies; in all save breath
He seems the same as yesterday. His face
So like to life, so calm, bears not a trace
Of that great change which all of us so dread.
I gaze on him and say: He is not dead,
But sleeps; and soon he will rise and take
Me by the hand. I know he will awake
And smile on me as he did yesterday;
And he will have some gentle word to say,
Some kindly deed to do; for loving thought
Was warp and woof of which
his life was wrought.
He is not dead. Such souls forever live
In boundless measure of the love they give.

—Jerome B. Bell

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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 'grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

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.
One short sleep past,
we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more:
Death, thou shalt die.

—John Donne

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.

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On quiet hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still;
Very weary and willing feet
Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only an old door
In a garden wall.

Nancy Byrd Turner

God's finger touched him and he slipped away
From earth's dark shadows to a brighter day;
God saw the road was getting rough,
The hills were hard to climb;
He gently closed his weary eyes,
And whispered, "Peace be thine."
To a beautiful garden this friend has gone,
To a land of perfect rest;
Though he is gone he still lives on
In the garden of memory.

God's finger touched her and she slipped away
From earth's dark shadows to a brighter day;
God saw the road was getting rough,
The hills were hard to climb;
He gently closed her weary eyes,
And whispered, "Peace be thine."
To a beautiful garden this friend has gone,
To a land of perfect rest;
Though she is gone she still lives on
In the garden of memory.

If this were my last day I'm almost sure
I'd spend it working in my garden. I
Would dig about my little plants, and try
To make them happy, so they would endure
Long after me. Then I would hide secure
Where my green arbor shades me from the sky,
And watch how bird and bee and butterfly
Came hovering to every flowery lure.
Then, as I rested, perhaps a friend or two,
Lovers of flowers would come,
and we would walk
About my little garden paths and talk
Of peaceful times when all the world
seemed true.
This may be my last day, for all I know;
What a temptation just to spend it so!

Anne Higginson Spicer

The butterfly emerges
from its silken shell--
Reborn, it arises,
no longer bound to earth.
Free at last, the butterfly glides
to heights unknown before.

So do our loved ones find
a beautiful release
as, earthbound no more,
they leave our sight and joyfully rise
to a garden of matchless beauty,
a place of light and peace.

—Evelyn Phillips

In Memory

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!

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.

—Paul's Second Letter to Timothy

God's Promises

God gives grace for each trial,
And courage for each sorrow,
And faith to face in confidence
A blessed, bright tomorrow.

Life Must Go On

Grieve for me, for I would grieve for you,
Then brush away the sorrow and the tears,
Life is not over, but begins anew.
With courage you must greet the coming years.
To live forever in the past is wrong,
Can only cause you misery and pain,
Dwell not on memories overlong,
With others you must share and care again.
Reach out and comfort those who comfort you,
Recall the years but only for a while,
Nurse not your loneliness but live again,
Forget not—remember with a smile.

*Behold,
God is my salvation;
I will trust and not be afraid,
for the LORD GOD is my
strength and my song;
He also has become
my salvation.*

ISAIAH 12:2

There is never a life without sadness,
There is never a heart free from pain;
If one seeks in this world for true solace,
He seeks it forever in vain.
So when to your heart comes the sorrow
Of losing some dear one you've known
Tis the touch of God's sickle at harvest
Since He reaps in the fields He has sown.

The Christian's "Good-night"

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Only "Good-night," beloved—not "Farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own;
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

—Sarah Doudney

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 too 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 to home.
When you 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.

There Is No Death

*There is a plan far greater than the plan you know;
There is a landscape broader than the one you see.
There is a haven where storm-tossed souls may go—
You call it death—we, immortality.*

*You call it death—this seeming endless sleep;
We call it birth—the soul at last set free.
'Tis hampered not by time or space—you weep.
Why weep at death? 'Tis immortality.*

*Farewell, dear voyageur—'twill not be long.
Your work is done—now may peace rest with thee.
Your kindly thoughts and deeds—they will live on.
This is not death—'tis immortality.*

*Farewell, dear voyageur—the river winds and turns;
The cadence of your song wafts near to me,
And now you know the thing all men learn:
There is no death—there's immortality.*

—Unknown

God gives us each a gift of life
To cherish from our birth.
He gives us friends and those we love
To share our days on Earth.

He watches us with loving care
And takes us by the hand,
He blesses us with countless joys
And guides the lives we've planned.

Then, when our work on Earth is done,
He calls us to His side,
To live with Him in happiness
Where peace and love abide.

To a Waterfowl

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and limitless air—
Lone wandering, but never lost.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered rest.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant

God, make me brave for life:
Oh, braver than this.
Let me straighten after pain,
As a tree straightens after the rain,
Shining and lovely again.
God, make me brave for life;
Much braver than this.
As the blown grass lifts, let me rise
From sorrow with quiet eyes,
Knowing thy way is wise.
God, make me brave, life brings
Such blinding things.
Help me to keep my sight;
Help me to see aright
That out of dark comes light.

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

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

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide in me.

—Henry Francis Lyte

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.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He
that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither
slumber nor sleep.

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.

—Psalm 121

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear, Steps into heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

—Sarah Adams

Nature

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By the promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid,
may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends
the what we know.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

As the deer thirsts for flowing
brooks, so longs my soul for you,
O God.

—Psalm 42:1

*God is gracious
More gracious than woman.
More protective than man.*

*He has a way of unfolding life.
He formed man out of the dust.
He lifted Noah out of water.
He led Israel out of Egypt.
He called David out of sin.
He lifted Mary out of doubt.
He led Lazarus out of tombs.
He raised Jesus out of death.*

*God has a way of caring.
He lifts up the spirit,
raises up the dead,
and opens up the future.*

*God is in charge of all that is good,
all that was good,
and all the good to come.*

*One thing Jesus made clear:
God is love.*

Magnificat

My soul glorifies the Lord,
my spirit rejoices in God, my Savior.
He looks on his servant in her nothingness;
henceforth all ages will call me blessed.
The Almighty works marvels for me.
Holy is his name!
His mercy is from age to age
on those who fear him.
He puts forth his arm in strength
and scatters the proudhearted.
He casts the mighty from their thrones
and raises the lowly.
He fills the starving with good things,
sends the rich away empty.
He protects Israel his servant,
remembering his mercy,
The mercy promised to our ancestors,
to Abraham and his children forever.

Homecoming

*I believe there is Someone waiting for me,
Waiting to say: "Welcome Home!"
Someone I have never seen, but whom I will recognize
in the depths of my heart because He has lived
there since the beginning of time.
Someone who has never doubted my return, never failed
to still my doubts about my return.
I believe there is Someone who knows me so intimately,
loves me so totally, that joy will spark
spontaneously when we reunite in the land of
immortal Birth.
Tears will be wiped away; Sadness and fear will
disappear as mist when it meets the morning sun.
This is whom I seek, who seeks me.
He has never left me alone.
For He is Self of my self,
Soul of my soul,
Life of my very life.*

—Sr. Joan Metzner

As the deer thirsts for flowing brooks, so
longs my soul for you, O God.
I thirst for God, the living God. When shall I
come and behold the face of God?

Day and night I weep for his help, while my
enemies taunt me, "Where is your God?"

Take courage my soul! Remember how you
have gone with the faithful to the house of God
with the voice of joy and praise. Why then be
downcast? Why be discouraged and sad? Hope
in God! I shall praise him again for His help.

Though I am standing here depressed and
gloomy, I will meditate upon your kindness to
this lovely land.

All your waves have gone over me, and
floods of sorrow pour upon me like a
thundering waterfall.

Yet day by day the Lord also pours out His
steadfast love upon me, and through the night I
sing his songs and pray to God who gives me
life.

O my soul, don't be discouraged. Hope in
God, for I shall again praise Him for all that He
will do. He is my help! He is my God!

—Psalm 42

*Jesus said,
"Let the little children come to me,
and do not hinder them,
for the kingdom of heaven belongs
to such as these."*

Matthew 19:14

*He will dwell with them,
and they shall be His people,
and God himself shall be with them;
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.*

—Revelation 21:3-4

*God heals the brokenhearted,
and binds up their wounds.
He counts the stars
and calls them all by name.
How great is our Lord!
His power is absolute!
His understanding is
without measure!*

—Psalm 147:3-5

*Jesus said,
“In my Father’s house are many rooms;
if it were not so would I have told you
that I go to prepare a place for you?
And when I go and prepare a place for
you, I will come again and will take you
to myself, that where I am you may be
also. And you know the way I am going.”*

*“I am the way, and the truth,
and the life;
no one comes to the Father, but by me.”*

“Because I live, you will live also.”

John 14:2-6, 19

It’s difficult when someone
Who is loved cannot be there,
But memories that are made and shared
Will keep a loved one near.
And God, with loving wisdom,
Will be there to guide us through;
He’ll help us meet tomorrow
And He’ll give us strength anew.

Never again will they hunger;
Never again will they thirst.
The sun will not beat down upon them
nor any scorching heat.
For the Lamb at the center of the
throne will be their shepherd;
He will lead them to springs
of living water.
And God will wipe away every tear
from their eyes.

—Revelation 7:16,17

For the Lord is my rock and
my fortress;
therefore for thy name's sake lead me,
and guide me.
Truly my soul waiteth upon God:
from Him cometh my salvation.
He only is my rock and my salvation;
He is my defense; I shall not be moved.

—*The Psalms*

*Jesus said,
“I am the resurrection
and the life;
he who believes in me,
though he die,
yet shall he live,
and whoever lives
and believes in me
shall never die.”*

—*John 11:25,26*

*He stilled the storm to a whisper;
the waves of the sea were hushed.
They were glad when it grew calm,
and He guided them to their
haven of rest.*

—*Psalm 107:29,30*

Jesus said:

“I am the light of the world.
He that follows me shall not
walk in darkness, but shall
have the light of life.”

John 8:12

“I am the resurrection and the
life. He who believes in me,
though he die, yet shall he live,
and whoever lives and believes
in me shall never die.”

John 11:25,26

*There is a time to reap what is ripe,
to bring in what is grown,
to pluck what is fulfilled.
It is time to harvest.
The Father's own Son is reaper.
The Lord is the reaper,
the one who led home the prodigal,
gathered in the lamb,
and dined with sinners.
It is harvest time.
Time to give thanks
that Jesus is the judge.
He will reap and He will plant;
He will harvest and He will grow;
He will plant and He will raise.
The earth is in His hands.
So are those who till and toil.
It is harvest time.
Soon it will be seed time.
Jesus said so.
He is in charge of the harvest.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very
present help in trouble.

Therefore we will not fear, though the
earth be moved, and though the mountains
be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be
troubled, though the mountains shake with
the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall
make glad the city of God, the holy place of
the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be
moved: God shall come to her aid at early
dawn.

Psalms 46:1-5

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 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.

—Psalm 121:1-2,7-8

Jesus said,

*“Come unto me, all ye that labor and
are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

*“Take my yoke upon you, and learn of
me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and
you will find rest unto your souls.*

*“For my yoke is easy, and my burden is
light.”*

Matthew 11:28-30

They that wait upon the *Lord* shall
renew their strength;

They shall mount up with
wings as eagles;

They shall run and not be weary;

They shall walk,
and not be faint.

Isaiah 40:31

No eye has seen,
*N*or ear heard,
*N*or the heart of man conceived,
what *G*od has prepared
for those
who love *H*im.

1 Corinthians 2:9

Surely Jesus loves fishermen
for He chose them for His own,
To be with Him and learn from Him
and someday share His home.
It must have been their trust in God
and patience He found rare,
That keeps them very near His heart
and ever in His care.

–Anne Kujawa

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 the still waters.

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

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my
head with oil: my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the
house of the LORD for ever.

My Farm

My farm to me is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—
To me, my farm is nothing less
Than all created loveliness.

My farm is not where I must soil
My hands in endless dreary toil
But where, through seed and swelling pod
I've learned to walk, and talk with God.

My farm, to me, is not a place
Outmoded by the modern race
For here, I think, I just see less
Of evil, greed, and selfishness.

My farm's a haven—here dwells rest,
Security and happiness—
Whate'er befalls the world outside
Here faith and hope and love abide.

And so my farm is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—
To me, my farm is nothing less
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.

*To every thing there is a season, and
a time to every purpose under heaven:*

*A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to
plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;*

*A time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break
down, and a time to build up;*

*A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to
mourn, and a time to dance;*

*A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather
stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to
refrain from embracing;*

*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 3:1-8

*The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself;
first the blade, then the ear, after that the
full corn in the ear.*

Mark 4:28

*To every thing there is a season, and a
time to every purpose under heaven:*

*A time to be born, and a time to die; a
time to plant, and a time to pluck up that
which is planted.*

Ecclesiastes 3:2

*Hail, Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among women
and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, mother of God,
pray for us sinners now
and at the hour of our death. Amen.*

*I felt the light of heaven
it was shining down on me,
I heard His voice, He called my name,
“my child, come follow Me;”
There is no pain, there is no hurt
nor sadness anywhere,
In heaven there is joy and love
and I’ll be waiting there;
For on the day I left this earth
I felt your many tears,
And now I watch you from above
and keep you very near;
It hurts to be apart from me, but
be patient for the day,
When we meet again in love and peace
when you too come this way.*

—Stephanie Clarke

The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in His temple.

For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me, He shall set me up upon a rock.

Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

Psalm 27:1-5,14

The earth is the LORD’s, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of salvation.

Psalm 24:1-5

God will redeem my soul from
the power of the grave,
for *H*e shall receive me.

Psalm 49:15

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

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

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun!

—John Newton, John P. Rees

*The LORD is my light and my
salvation;
whom shall I fear?
The LORD is the strength of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?*

—PSALM 27:1

*Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so!*

Every blade in the field
Every leaf in the forest
Lays down its life in its season
As beautifully as
it was taken up.

Henry David Thoreau

*The heavens declare the glory of God;
and the firmament showeth His
handiwork.*

*His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
and His circuit unto the ends of it: and there is
nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

*The Law of the LORD is perfect, converting
the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure,
making wise the simple.*

*Let the words of my mouth, and the
meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy
sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.*

—from the 19th Psalm

*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...*

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.

Grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and
it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

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

—Romans 8:38-39

TAPS

Day is done, gone the sun
from the lake, from the hill,
from the sky.
All is well, safely rest. God is nigh.

Thanks and praise for our days
'neath the sun, 'neath the stars,
'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know. God is nigh.

O GENTLEST Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in Purgatory, have mercy on the soul of Thy departed servant. Be not severe in Thy judgment 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.

Now I lay me
down to sleep,
I pray the **L**ord
my soul to keep.

There shall be no night there;
and they shall need no candle,
neither light of the sun;
For the LORD GOD
giveth them light:
and they shall reign
for ever and ever.

REVELATION 22:5

*When thou passest
through the waters,
I will be with thee.*

I saiah 43:2

He said, I will never
leave thee,
nor forsake thee.

HEBREWS 13:5

Thy word is a lamp
unto my feet
and a light unto my path.

Psalm 119:105

am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come together to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just as the moment when someone at her side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

Anonymous

"Why do you look
for the living
among the dead?
He is not here;
he has risen!"

—Luke 24:5-6

We shall all be changed, 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.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."
"O death, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

—I Corinthians 15

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

*Blessed are those who mourn, for
they shall be comforted.*

*Blessed are the meek, for they shall
inherit the earth.*

*Blessed are those who hunger and
thirst for righteousness, for they shall be
satisfied.*

*Blessed are the merciful, for they
shall obtain mercy.*

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for
they shall see God.*

—Matthew 5:3-8

Footprints

One night I had a dream. I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the skies flashed scenes from my life. In each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand. One was mine, and one was the Lord's.

When the last scene of my life appeared before me, I looked back at the footprints in the sand, and to my surprise I noticed that many times along the path of my life there was only one set of footprints. And I noticed that it was at the lowest and saddest times in my life.

I asked the Lord about it. "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way. But I notice that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why you left my side when I needed you most."

The Lord replied, "My precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, where you see only one set of footprints, I was carrying you."

*Behold, I stand at the door,
and knock: if any man hear
my voice, and open the
door, I will come in to him,
and will sup with him, and
he with me.*

REVELATION 3:20

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.

*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.

Amen.

The Sheaf of Wheat . . . Symbol of Christian Faith

The seeds of faith are sown in the human personality and grow into the mature faith of the Christian man or woman.

The sown seed must lose its life in order that it may develop and grow and multiply. So symbolically, a sheaf of wheat is used by Christians to mark the passing of a fellow Christian.

*Death is not the end
but the beginning of life eternal.*

The mature grain in the sheaf is the direct symbol of the Resurrection — the life beyond the grave, the fulfillment of the promises of Jesus Christ.

When Peace, Like a River

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way;
When sorrows, like sea billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
“It is well, it is well with my soul.”

And, Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trumpet shall sound, and the Lord shall descend;
Even so it is well with my soul.

—*Horatio G. Spafford*

As for man,
his days are as grass,
as a flower of the field,
so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it,
and it is gone;
and the place thereof
shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord
is from everlasting
to everlasting...

Psalm 103:15-17

*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*

Comfort

*In everybody's garden
A little rain must fall
Or life's sweetest fairest flowers,
Wouldn't grow and bloom at all.
And though the clouds hang heavy
So heavy. Oh! My friend.
I 'm sure that God who
sends the shower
Will send the rainbow's end.*

Eternal Color

In spring, tree's leaves were merely buds
when everything was new.
They couldn't shade, nor hide a bird,
but every day they grew.
Now autumn's here, and leaves have turned
from summertime's full bloom.
They separate from branch, their home,
and snow will be their tomb.
How sad that when they're at their peak
it's time for them to go.
Yet, how colorful they made this world;
it was God's plan, I know.
Your life, too, was most beautiful;
how brightly shown your heart.
For now, my friend, you've joined the leaves,
and from us, did depart.
Separated from us on earth
you've joined the Lord above.
We'll miss you here, our dearest friend,
but glad you taught us love.

— LeeAnn Abell

Comfort

There is a tower of strength
For you and for me—
Tis that which we call faith.
And as the sea
Oft dashes on the rocks
To no avail
So storms may come to us;
But in the gale
We lean upon that faith
And soon once more
We see a beacon light—
It is the shore.

FRANKLIN LEE STEVENSON

I am not there

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep
I am in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of birds in circling flight.
I am the star shine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room,
I am the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I did not die.

— Mary Frye

*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.*

Traditional Irish Prayer

Prayer

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.

FINAL HARVEST

He was bound to the land from the day of his birth
His roots anchored deep in the fertile earth
Nurtured, sustained, by the soil he grew
And his life, like his furrows, ran straight and true.

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

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

—Barbara W. Weber

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 undone must stay that way.
I found that peace at close of day.
If my parting 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've 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 share with me
God wanted me now:
He set me free.

In Memory of a Mother

*I remember thee in this solemn hour,
my dear Mother. I remember the days
when thou didst dwell on earth, and
thy tender love watched over me like a
guardian angel. Thou hast gone from
me, but the bond which unites our
souls can never be severed; thine image
lives within my heart. May the
merciful Father reward thee for the
faithfulness and kindness thou hast
ever shown me; may He lift up the
light of His countenance upon thee
and grant thee eternal peace. Amen*

Success

*He has achieved success who has lived well,
laughed often, and loved much; who has
enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect
of intelligent men and the love of little
children; who has filled his niche and
accomplished his task; who has left the
world better than he found it, whether an
improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued
soul; who has always looked for the best in
others and given them the best he had; whose
life was an inspiration; whose memory a
benediction.*

Bessie Anderson Stanley

Music has moments of rapturous sound

And intervals of rest.

It thrills the heart with its majesty

And soothes it when suppressed.

Life too has ringing, throbbing tones

And muted, silent keys,

Yet both are merged at the Master's touch

Into living symphonies.

Florence Emeline Wright

*I am the door: anyone who enters by
me shall be saved, and shall go in
and out, and find pasture.*

*The thief comes only to steal, and to
kill, and to destroy: I have come
that they might have life, and that
they might have it abundantly.*

*I am the good shepherd: the good
shepherd lays down his life for the
sheep.*

*I am the good shepherd, and know my
sheep, and my sheep know me.*

*Just as the Father knows me, so I
know the Father; and I lay down
my life for my sheep.*

John 10:9-15

IN MEMORY

As we gather here today to pay tribute to a loved one and friend, let us remember and hold in memory, and cherish those moments that each of us shared in some way with our departed one.

Let us join hands and hearts together in this service so that it may lend comfort and solace to the family and serve as an inspiration to all of us in the months and years ahead.

*“And so now I give a new commandment to you—
love each other just as I love you.”
John 13:34*

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

*“I am the way, and the truth, and the life;
no one comes to the Father, but by me.”*

“Because I live, you will live also.”

John 14:1-6, 19

After Glow

*I’d like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I’d like to leave an after glow
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.*

*They that love beyond
the world cannot be
separated by it.
Death is but crossing
the world,
as friends do the seas;
they live in
one another still.*

—William Penn

*He will feed his flock like a shepherd;
he will gather the lambs in his arms
and carry them off in his bosom,
and gently lead the mother sheep.*

Isaiah 40:11

*The grass withers, the flower fades,
when the breath of the LORD blows
upon it; surely the people are grass.*

*The grass withers, the flower fades;
but the word of our God
shall stand forever.*

Isaiah 40:7

*O*n this wondrous sea,
Sailing silently,
Ho! pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar,
Where the storm is o'er?

*I*n the silent west
Many sails at rest,
Their anchors fast;
Thither I pilot thee—
Land, ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

Emily Dickenson

*L*ife, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day:
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly.

What though death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away?
What though Sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope a heavy sway?
Yet Hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell,
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

Charlotte Brontë

ORACION

Reconoce, Señor, tu criatura, obra no de dioses extraños, sino tuya, Dios único, vivo y verdadero, porque no hay otro Dios más que tú, y nadie te iguala en las obras. Haz, Señor, que tu dulce presencia le llene el alma de alegría; Olvida sus iniquidades pasadas y los extravíos a que fué arrastrada por sus pasiones; Porque aún cuando pecó no ha renunciado a la fé del Padre, del Hijo y del Espíritu Santo, sino que ha conservado el celo del Señor y adorado fielmente a Dios, creador de todas las cosas. Amen.

El Señor es mi luz y mi salud,
¿a quién puedo temer?
Amparo de mi vida es el Señor,
¿de quién puedo temblar?
Cuando los malos contra mí se lanzan
para comer mi carne ellos,
mis enemigos y contrarios,
resbalan y sucumben.
Si me sitia un ejército contrario,
mi corazón no teme;
si se levanta contra mí la guerra,
aún tendré confianza.
Una cosa al Señor, sólo, le pido,
la cosa que yo busco,
es habitar en la casa del Señor
mientras dure mi vida,
que yo pueda gozar de su dulzura
y contemplar su templo.
Porque él me dará asilo en su cabaña
en día de desgracia;
me guarda en el secreto de su tienda,
me alza sobre la roca.

Salmo 27:1-5

Como anhela la cierva estar
junto al arroyo, así mi alma
desea, Señor, estar contigo.

—Salmo 42:1

Jesús dijo:

“Yo soy la Luz del mundo. El
que me sigue no caminará en
tinieblas sino que tendrá luz y
vida.”

Juan 8:12

“Yo soy la Resurrección. El
que cree en mí, aunque muera
vivirá. El que vive por la fe en
mí no morirá para siempre.”

Juan 11:25,26

*Dios te salve María, llena eres de gracia,
el Señor es contigo,
bendita eres entre todas las mujeres
y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre, Jesús.
Santa María, madre de Dios,
ruega por nosotros pecadores, ahora
y en la hora de nuestra muerte.
Amen.*

*Dios sana los corazones
destrozados y venda heridas.
El cuenta las estrellas una a una
y llama a cada una por su
nombre.
¡Grande es el Señor!
¡Todo lo puede,
nadie puede medir su
inteligencia!*

—Salmo 147:3-5

*El cambió la tempestad en suave
brisa, y las olas del mar se
aquietaron.*

*Se alegraron al verlas tranquilas,
y El los llevó al puerto deseado.*

—Salmo 107:29,30

Dirijo la mirada hacia los cerros en busca
de socorro.

Mi socorro me viene del Señor que hizo el
cielo y la tierra.

Te preserva el Señor de cualquier mal y
protege tu vida.

El te cuida al salir y al regresar, ahora y para
siempre.

—Salmo 121:1-2,7-8

Jesús dijo:

“Vengan a mí los que se sienten cargados y agobiados, porque yo los aliviareé.

“Carguen con mi yugo y apredan de mí que soy paciente de corazón y humilde, y sus almas encontrarán alivio.

“Pues mi yugo es bueno, y mi carga liviana.”

Mateo 11:28-30

Oración de San Francisco de Asis

Señor, hazme un instrumento de Tu paz,
donde haya odio, lleve yo el amor
donde haya injuria, tu perdon Señor;
donde haya duda, lleve yo la fe.

Hazme un instrumento de Tu paz,
donde haya pesar, lleve yo esperanza
donde haya obscuridad Tu luz, Señor
donde haya trizteza, lleve yo alegría.

Maestro ayudame a nunca mentir,
a ser consolado, sino consolar
a ser entendido, sino entender
a ser amado, sino yo amar.

Por eso es que en dar nosotros recibimos;
en perdonar, nosotros somos perdonados;
y en morir nacemos a la vida eterna.

El Salmo Veinte-Tres

El Señor es mi pastor, nada de falta, en verdes pastos él me hace reposar y adonde brota agua fresca me conduce.

Fortalece mi alma, por el camino del buen me dirige por amor de su Nombre.

Aunque pase por quebradas muy oscuras no temo ningún mal, porque tū estás conmigo, tu bastón y tu vara me protegen.

Me sirves a la mesa frente a mis adversarios, con aceites tú perfumas mi cabeza y rellanas mi copa.

Me acompañan tu bondad y tu favor mientras dura mi vida, mi mansión será la casa del Señor por largo, largo tiempo.

Del Señor es la tierra y lo que contiene, el universo y los que en él habitan;

Pues él lo edificó sobre los mares, él fue quien lo asentó sobre los ríos.

¿Quién subirá hasta el monte del Señor, quién entrará en su recinto santo?

El que tiene manos inocentes y puro el corazón, el que no pone su alma en cosas vanas ni jura con engaños.

La bendición divina él logrará y justicia de Dios su salvador.

Salmo 24:1-5

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