

*A bud the Gardener gave us,
A pure and lovely child.
He gave it to our keeping
To cherish undefiled;
And just as it was opening
To the glory of the day,
Down came the Heavenly Father
And took our bud away.*

1

A CLUSTER OF PRECIOUS MEMORIES

*A cluster of precious memories
Sprayed with a million tears
Wishing God had spared you
If only for a few more years.
You left a special memory
And a sorrow too great to hold,
To us who loved and lost you
Your memory will never grow old.
Thanks for the years we had,
Thanks for the memories we shared.
We only prayed that when you left us
That you knew how much we cared.*

2

AFTERGLOW

*I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before too long,
And cherish those very special memories
to which I belong.*

A Heart of Gold

*A heart of gold stopped beating
Working hands at rest
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best
Leaves and flowers may wither
The golden sun may set
But the hearts that loved you dearly
Are the ones that won't forget.*

4

A LIFE – WELL LIVED

A life – well lived, is a precious gift
of hope and strength and grace
from someone who has made our
world a brighter, better place.

It's filled with moments sweet and sad,
with smiles and sometimes tears.

With friendships formed
and good times shared,
and laughter through the years.

A life – well lived, is a legacy of
joy, pride and pleasure,
a loving, lasting memory
our hearts will always treasure.

5

ALL IS WELL

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
Which you always used;
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
At the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
That it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect,
Without the trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it is ever meant,
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolutely unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you,
For an interval;
Somewhere very near,
Just around the corner,
All is well.

By Canon Henry Scott Holland

6

AN ANGEL IN YOUR POCKET

I am a tiny angel...
I'm smaller than your thumb;
I live in people's pockets,
That's where I have my fun.
I don't suppose you've seen me,
I'm too tiny to detect;
Though I'm with you all the time,
I doubt we've ever met.
Before I was an Angel...
I was a fairy in a flower;
God, Himself, hand-picked me,
And gave me angel power.
Now God has many Angels
That He trains in Angel pools;
We become His eyes, and ears, and hands...
We become His special tools.
And because God is so busy,
With way too much to do;
He said that my assignment
Is to keep close watch on you.
When he tucked me in your pocket,
He blessed you with Angel care;
Then told me never to leave you,
And I vowed always to be there.

7

An Irish Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again, may you
Be gently held in the palm of God's hand.

8

*Another sweet flower has withered,
A gem from the casket set free.
A lamb in the fold of the Shepherd
Who said: "Let them come unto Me."*

9

CANCER

"Cancer is so limited...
It cannot cripple love.
It cannot shatter hope.
It cannot corrode faith.
It cannot destroy peace.
It cannot kill friendship.
It cannot suppress memories.
It cannot invade the soul.
It cannot steal eternal life.
It cannot conquer the spirit."

10

Children do not realize
Until we're fully grown, we never
Really know or understand
How wonderful our Father is,
How kind he is, how wise...
We simply take for granted
From day to passing day,
Each sacrifice he makes for us
In his own loving way.
But then we grow and finally learn
The way that children do,
How much his love has really meant
How thoughtful he's been too.

11

Children hardly know or guess
The love their fathers can't express
With thoughts he seldom said aloud,
His heart is warm, his feeling proud.
They do not fully understand
His wisdom and his guiding hand,
They do not know each helpful word
Holds love unspoken, hope unheard.
Yet as the busy years roll past,
They come to understand at last
The worries and the fears he knew
The problem times he pulled them through.
They finally learn the full extent
Of what a father's love has meant
And realize how great it's been
To have a father just like him.

12

Christmas In Heaven

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 that tear,
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear,
But the sound of music can't compare with the Christmas choir
up here. I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring,
For it is beyond description to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me, I see the pain inside your heart
But I am not so far away, we really aren't apart.
So be happy for me dear ones, you know I hold you dear,
And be glad I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I send you each a special gift from my heaven above,
I send you each a memory of my undying love.
After all, "Love" is the gift, more precious than pure gold.
It was always most important in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other, as my Father said to do,
For I can't count the Blessing of Love He has for you.
So, have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear,
Remember, I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

13

*Cry not when you think of me
For now my soul flies high and free*

*Take comfort in knowing there is no more pain
Encircled in the Lords arms I live again*

*I'll look down and love you all
But for me there is a greater call
Please don't stand at my grave and weep
Gaze to the stars and there I'll be*

*And someday together we will see
Our love has lasted through eternity*

15

DEAR MOM

It seems like only yesterday you said to put
our things away. You were always there
when we stood or fell. We'd try it on our
own, and you'd wish us well. As you taught
us, the more we learned our love and respect
was more than earned. You always knew
when we needed you, what was false and
what was true. You helped us out over and
over again you were wonderful as a Wife,
Mother and Friend. So special you were in
your own way. How we'll always love you,
how we'll pray that where you are, you'll
know how much we care and treasure all the
memories that we can share. "Be strong and
go forward" you'd tell us to do being ever so
grateful to have known you. We felt bad for
ourselves, but not for you. If it's what He
planned, it's what He must do. All your
cares are gone and you'll feel no pain.
The love we all shared, will forever remain.

16

Death:
Understanding the Trip

*No goodbye was spoken, there was none needed
There was an understood farewell
But grasping the truth at first
Was like reaching for the stars
A task that drained emotion
Not knowing what would come next - or would not
The pain was overbearing,
suffocating emotional bag
The end had come and hope had dissolved
Like the sugar in a cup of burning tea
I didn't know what to feel
Anguish or anger, sorrow or surprise
Confusion began to smother me,
like sand on a fire
But now the light of understanding is bright
The stars are closer
It is no more of a reach but right at my side
I reach for reality and truth without strain
I comprehend
With soul, mind and body
I am at peace
I see it was time
Fate took hold
But I will stay brave and forge ahead
Death came for a visit and took a companion
But I understand.
Christie S. Peterson*

17

*Deep are the memories
Precious they stay
No passing of time
Can take them away*

18

Do not stay at my grave and weep,
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on the snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awake 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.

19

Firefighters Prayer

When I am called to duty, God
Wherever flames may rage
Give me strength to save some life
Whatever be its age.

Help me embrace a little child
Before it is too late
Or save an older person
From the horror of that fate.

Enable me to be alert and
Hear the weakest shout
To quickly and efficiently
Put the fire out.

I want to fill my calling
And to give the best in me
To guard my every neighbor
And protect his property.

And if according to your will
I have to lose my life
Please bless me with your protecting hand
My children and my wife.

20

Footprints

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to him and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, He looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the paths of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it. "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd 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. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My son, my precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trials and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

Author Unknown

21

Child's Version FOOTPRINTS

"Walk a little slower daddy," said a child so Small. "I'm following in your footsteps and I don't want to fall.

*Sometimes your steps are very fast,
Sometimes they're hard to see;
So walk a little slower, Daddy,
For you are leading me.*

*Someday when I'm all grown up,
You're what I want to be;
Then I will have a little child
Who'll want to follow me.*

*And I would want to lead just right,
And know that I was true;
So, walk a little slower, Daddy,
For I must follow you.*

22

*God Bless Mother
The one who bears
The sweetest name
And adds a lustre
To the same
Who shared my joys
Who cheered when sad
The greatest friend I ever had*

23

GOD CALLED YOU HOME

*I have lost my life's companion
A life linked with my own
Day by day I'll pray for you
As I'll walk through life alone.
It broke my heart to lose you
But you did not go alone
For part of me went with you
The day God called you home.*

24

*God knew that she/he was suffering,
That the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed her/his weary eyelids
And whispered, "Peace be thine."
Away in the beautiful hills of God,
By the valley of rest so fair,
Some time, some day, we know not when,
We will meet our loved one there.*

25

God looked around His garden,
And found an empty space.
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 takes only the best.
He knew that you were suffering,
He knew you were in pain,
He knew 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 did not go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

26

GOD SAW YOU GETTING TIRED

*God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be,
He closed His arms round you
and whispered, "Come to me."
In tears we saw you sinking,
We watched you fade away.
Our hearts were almost broken,
You fought so hard to stay.
What you suffered, you told us few,
You didn't deserve what you went through.
Tired and weary, you made no fuss
But tried so hard to stay with us.
But when we saw you sleeping,
So peaceful, free from pain,
We could not wish you back
To suffer all that again.*

*So treasure her/him Lord, in your garden of
rest,
For here on earth, she/he was the very best.
God Bless You, Amen*

27

GOODBYE MOM

We did not know that morning
What sorrow the day would bring,
The bitter grief, the shock severe
To part with one we loved so dear.

You bid no one a last farewell,
No chance to say good-bye,
You were gone, Mom, before we knew it
And God only knows why.

We pray that when you left us,
That you knew how much we cared,
Today, tomorrow, our whole lives through,
We will always love and cherish memories of you.

We hold you close within our hearts,
And there you will remain,
You walk with us throughout our lives
Until we meet again.

28

**HE'LL ALWAYS BE
REMEMBERED**

“He’ll always be remembered
as a man, both strong and good.

Who gave his best for others
and who did the best he could.

He’ll always be remembered
for all the joy he brought.

As a man who made a difference
and a man who meant a lot.”

29

HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST

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 tear-filled eyes we watched her
suffer and fade away.
Although we loved her deeply,
we could not make her stay.

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

Author Unknown

30

HER GOLDEN HEART

*Her golden heart stopped beating
Two willing hands are still.
The one who toiled so hard for us
Is resting at God’s will.
But as we look with gladness
Upon the years she trod-
We Bless those years of happiness,
And leave the rest to God.*

31

HER JOURNEY’S JUST BEGUN

Don’t think of her as gone away,
Her journey’s just begun;
Life holds so many facets,
This earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing
That we could know today,
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.

And think of her as living
In the hearts of those she touched...
For nothing loved is ever lost –
And she was loved so much.

32

HOME AT LAST

Don't weep for me my children,
Time has so quickly flown.

I've lived the scene of time and change
And watched my children grown.

Don't mourn too long, my children
Rejoice in memories past.

I've gone to join the others
I'm going Home at last.

33

I'd Like...

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

*I'd hate to think when life is through
That I have lived my round of years,
A useless kind that leaves behind
No record in the vale of tears.
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.*

*I'd like to think that here and there
When I am gone, there shall remain,
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain.
That someone's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while,
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.*

34

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

35

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 peace at the 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 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.

36

“In Him We Live and Move and Have our Being”

We walk in a world that is strange and unknown
and in the midst of the crowd we still feel alone,
We question our purpose, our part, and our place
In this vast land of mystery suspended in space,
We probe and explore and try to explain
The tumult of thoughts that our minds entertain...
But all of our probing and complex explanations
Of man's inner feelings and fears and frustrations
Still leave us engulfed in the “mystery of life”
With all of its struggles and suffering and strife,
Unable to fathom what tomorrow will bring
But there is one truth to which we can cling,
For while life's a mystery man can't understand
The “Great Giver of Life” is holding our hand
And safe in his care there is no need for seeing
For “in Him we live and move and have our being”

37

*In tears we saw you sinking,
We watched you fade away.
You suffered much in silence,
You fought so hard to stay.
You faced your task with courage,
Your spirit did not bend,
But still you kept on fighting
Until the very end.
God saw you getting tired
When a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around you,
And whispered, “Come with Me.”
So when we saw you sleeping
So peaceful, free from pain,
We could not wish you back
To suffer that again.*

*Always remembered, always cherished.
Each memory a part of us, a part of you,
Never to be lost.*

38

*It's all the simple things you've done
That made our life worthwhile,
It's all the love you've shared with us
And how you made us smile.
It's how you brought us laughter
Every time we were down,
Life was so much easier
Just having you around.*

39

Just when her/his life was brightest,
Just when her/his years were best,
She/He was called from this world of sorrow
To a home of eternal rest.

Our thoughts go wandering when daylight fades
To the land of long ago.
And memory paints the scenes of old
In the fold of the twilight glow.
We seem to see in the soft dim light
A Face we love the best,
And think of her/him when the sun's last ray
Goes down in the far off west.

The depths of sorrow we cannot tell,
Of the loss of the one we loved so well;
And while she/he sleeps a peaceful sleep
Her/His memory we shall always keep.

Before the throne of God
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven
A holy, happy band.
Up there among the throng
Our little (insert name) stands
Waiting for us to join her/him
In that holy, happy land.
Gathered by Jesus in all her/his childish purity
A beautiful snowdrop to bloom in the
Garden of Heaven

Sweet little flower of heavenly birth,
She/He was too fair to bloom on earth

40

Life's Clock

The Clock of Life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just where the hand will stop,
At late or early hour.

The present only is our own
Life, love, toil with a will,
Place no faith in "tomorrow"
For the Clock may then be still.

41

Irish Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
May you be gently held
In the palm of God's hand.

42

Miss Me But Let Me Go

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

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

*For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone,
It's part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.*

*So 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.*

43

MOTHER

*You can only have one mother
loving, kind and true.
No other friend in all the world
will be so true to you.
For all her loving kindness,
she asked for nothing in return.
If all the world deserted us
to our mother we could turn.
For those of us who have a mother,
treasure her with care,
for you will never know her value,
till you see that she's not there.
To hear her voice, to see her smile,
to sit and talk with her awhile,
to be together in the same old way,
would be our dearest wish today.*

44

No stain was on her/his little heart,
Sin had not entered there;
And innocence slept sweetly on
The pale white brow so fair.
She/He was too pure for this cold earth,
Too beautiful to stay,
And so God's hoy angel bore
Our darling one away.

45

Peace At Last

May God support us all the day long,
'til the shadows 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 mercy-
may God give us a safe lodging
and a holy rest
and peace at last.

John Henry Newman

46

*Peacefully sleeping resting at last,
His weary trials and troubles are past,
In silence he suffered, in patience he bore
'Til God called him home
To suffer no more.*

47

*Please hold her in your arms
And treasure her with care,
Make up for all she suffered
And all she had to bear.*

*Please whisper in her ear
In case she didn't hear,
How much we truly love her
And wish she was still here.*

48

Prayer for Truckers

He's heading out again,
got to get back on the road.
Won't be back home until
he's delivered his last load.
Worrying while he's gone,
for his safety and his life,
come naturally for a loving trucker's wife.
But I know a little secret which to you I will confide:
Heaven sends an angel to ride by his side.
I know this because I believe in angles
and God's love;
He take care of His children
from Heaven's Kingdom above.
His angel journey's with him
down the highways he must roam,
always guiding and protecting
every day 'til he comes home.
Should something ever happen
That his angel cannot abate,
then his angel will be there
as he walks through Heaven's gate.
So wherever my trucker goes
I know I need not fear, for he is never all alone –
His trucking angel's near.

49

REASON TO BELIEVE

I've been going over my life
and I feel you in the breeze
you're a constant reminder of all what used to be
and I know you walk beside me,
on the earth beneath my feet,
and though you're only a memory
you still give me reason to believe
I've been going over your life
And I've seen you on your knees
you so wanted favours bestowed upon me
and I know that in our distance
you were never out of reach and though your
only a memory, you still give to me
a reason to remember and a reason to believe.
I've been going over our time, and when parting
had to be, when you live thought the changes and the
learning cuts so deep and I know
that in your silence, you found a way to speak
and though you're only a memory, you still give me a
reason to remember and a reason to believe
and the love you gave me, is the reason why
I feel the heart needs affection and
the soul needs peace.

50

SAFELY HOME

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

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

*Did you wonder why I so calmly
Trod the valley of the shade?
Oh! But Jesus' love 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.*

51

“THAT MAN IS A SUCCESS”

Who has lived well,
Laughed often and loved much;
Who has gained the respect of intelligent men
And the love of children;
Who filled his niche
And accomplished his tasks;
Who leaves the world better than he found it,
Whether by an improved poppy,
A perfect poem or a rescued soul;
Who never lacked appreciation of the earth's beauty
Or failed to express it;
Who looked for the best in others
And gave the best he had.

52

The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone from the beginning... to the end.
He noted that first came the date of her birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.
For that dash represents all the time that she spent alive on earth...and now only those who loved her know what that little line is worth.
For it matter not, how much we own; the car...the house... the cash.
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.
So think about this long and hard... are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left. (you could be at "dash midrange.")
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real, and always try to understand the way other people feel.
And be less quick to anger, and show appreciation more and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect, and more often wear a smile...
Remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.
So, when your eulogy's being read with your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?

53

THE FIREMAN'S LAMENT

THE FIREMAN STOOD AT THE PEARLY GATE
HIS FACE WAS WORN AND OLD
HE MEEKLY ASKED THE MAN OF FATE
ADMISSION TO THE FOLD
"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE" ST. PETER ASKED
TO SEEK ADMISSION HERE?"
"I WAS A FIREMAN DOWN ON EARTH
FOR MANY, MANY A YEAR."
THE GATES MOVED OPEN SHARPLY
AS ST. PETER TOLLED THE BELL
"COME IN AND TAKE A HARP", HE SAID
"YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HELL!"

54

*The love of a wonderful mother and wife
Is something that always lives on,
Filling the days with sweet memories
Long after her presence is gone.
We will always feel the warmth of her caring,
Her wisdom will never depart,
For the love of a wonderful mother and wife
Forever lives on in our hearts.*

55

THE MOTHER WATCH

She never closed her eyes in sleep 'til we were all in bed
On party nights 'til we came home she often sat and read.
We little thought about it then, when we were young and gay.
How much the mother worried when children were away
We only knew she never slept when we were out at night.
And that she waited just to know that we'd come home alright.
Why, sometimes when we'd stayed away 'til one or two or three
It seemed to us that mother heard the turning of the key;
For always when we stepped inside she'd call and we reply
but we were all too young back then to understand just why.
Until the last one had returned she always kept a light,
For mother couldn't sleep until she kissed us all good night,
She had to know that we were safe before she went to rest;
She seemed to fear the world might harm
The ones she loved the best.
And once she said: "when you are grown to women and to men
Perhaps I'll sleep the whole night through:
I may be different then."
And so it seemed that night and day we knew a mothers care
That always when we got back home we'd find her waiting there.
Then came the night that we were called to gather round her bed;
"The children all are with you now" the kindly doctor said.
And in her eyes there gleamed again the old time tender light
that told she had been waiting just to know we were all right.
She smiled the old familiar smile,
And prayed to God to keep us safe
from harm throughout the years,
and then she went to sleep.

56

“The Tiny Rosebud God Picked to Bloom in Heaven”

*The Master Gardener from Heaven above
Planted a seed in the garden of love
And from it there it grew a rosebud small
That never had time to open at all
For God in His perfect and all – wise way
Chose this rose for His heavenly bouquet
And great was the joy of this tiny rose
To be the one our Father chose
To leave earth’s garden for one on high
Where roses bloom always and never die...
So, while you can’t see your precious rose bloom
You know the Great Gardener from the “Upper Room”
Is watching and tending this wee rose with care
Tenderly touching each petal so fair...
So think of your darling with angels above
Secure and contented and surrounded by love
And remember God blessed and enriched your lives too,
For in dying your darling brought Heaven closer to you!*

Helen Steiner Rice

57

THE WEAVING

My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may not choose the colours,
He knows what they should be;
For He can view the pattern
Upon the upper side,
While I can see it only
On this, the under side.

Sometimes He weaveth sorrow,
Which seemeth strange to me;
But I will trust His judgement,
And work on faithfully;
‘Tis He who fills the shuttle,
He knows just what is best;
So I shall weave in earnest
And leave Him the rest.

At last, when life is ended,
With Him I shall abide,
Then I may view the pattern
Upon the upper side;
Then I shall know the reason
Why pain with joy entwined
Was woven in the fabric
Of life that God designed.

58

THINK OF ME...

Think of me,
think of me fondly
when we’ve said goodbye,
Remember me
once in a while –
please promise me
you’ll try.

Think of all the things
we’ve shared and seen –
don’t think about the things
which might have been...
If you ever find
a moment,
spare a thought
for me...

59

THIS HERITAGE

They are not dead, who leave us this great heritage of
remembered joy...
They still live in our hearts, in the happiness we knew,
in the dreams we shared;
They still breathe in the lingering fragrance windblown
From their favourite flowers...
They still smile in moonlight’s sliver and laugh
In sunlight’s sparkling gold;
They speak in the echoes of words we’ve
Heard them say again and again...
They still move in the rhythm of waving grasses,
In the dance of tossing branches.
They are not dead; Their memory is warm in our hearts,
Comfort in our sorrow.
They are not apart from us, but a part of us...
For love is eternal; and those we love
Shall be with us throughout eternity.

Mary E. Richardson

60

*Though her/his presence is gone forever
And her/his hands we cannot touch,
Still we have so many memories
Of the one we loved so much.*

*Her/His memory is our keepsake
With which we will never part.
God has her/him in his keeping,
We have her/him in our hearts.*

61

*Time rolls on and we are reminded
Of a day our hearts were crushed.
When God took you – oh, so quickly,
And we all in gloom were thrust.
In the bud of life death claimed you,
In the prime of childhood days,
But we hope some day to meet you
And be with you always.*

62

Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair;
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and wished I were as fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw
Her hobble down the aisle; she had one foot and
Wore a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two feet – the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some sweets.
The lad who sold them had such charm,
I talked with him, he said to me
“It’s nice to talk to folks like you.
You see he said, I’m blind”
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes – the world is mine!

Then, walking down the street,
I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play;
It seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped for a moment then I said:
“Why don’t you join the others, dear?”
He looked ahead without a word, and then
I knew he could not hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears – the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I’d go,
With eyes to see the sunset’s glow,
With ears to hear what I would know,
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I’m blessed, indeed! The world is mine.
Anonymous

63

To love a Mom and then to part,
Is the greatest trial of the human heart.
Years of striving, little of play,
Loving, giving, the whole of the way.
A cherished smile, a heart of gold,
To the dearest Mother, the world could hold.
Happy memories, fond and true,
From us who thought the world of you.
Beautiful memories are treasures ever,
Of happy days when we were together.
With aching hearts we whisper low,
God Bless you Mother, we’ll miss you so.
Father in Heaven hear our prayer.
Guard our Mother with tender care.
Be a good Shepherd, don’t leave her alone,
Love her as we loved her when
she was here at home.

64

TO MOM, WITH LOVE

Daddy's waiting for you
On the other side of life
He's waited years to be together
Reunited with his wife.
We've had you these extra years
But your time has come to leave
Each of us will miss you
And each of us will grieve.
We couldn't bear to see you suffer
And we needed you to know
Although we want you here with us
We're prepared to let you go.
Mom, please keep the kettle boiling
Place some cookies on a tray
One day we'll join with you and Dad
We'll all be home to stay!

65

To Those I Love and Those Who Loved Me

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

I gave to 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 a while 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 me 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."

66

We did not know that morning
What sorrow the day would bring,
The bitter grief and shock severe
To part with the one we love so dear.
You bid no one a last farewell
No chance to say goodbye,
You were gone before we knew it
Only God knows why.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you did not go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.
Though your smile is gone forever
And your hand we cannot touch,
We will never lose the memory,
Of the one we love so much.

67

We knew you were here, we felt your touch,
Your kicks were so strong, we loved you so much.

In my womb you grew bigger each day,
As time went by we could feel you play.

Your cravings for melons, peaches and chocolate delight
Kept Daddy hopping both day in and night.

In our hearts we felt tremendous love,
For you my dear (insert name), a gift from above.

Your scan date arrived, how excited we felt,
To see you so real, I know we would melt.

We waited patiently week after week,
For the start of a brand new family;

But when that day came, our lives stood still,
Our hearts were broken, why was it God's will?

You're in our hearts and you always will be,
Treasured forever in our memory.

We love you (insert name), we miss you so much,
Oh how we wish we could feel your touch.

(insert name), we know that one day we'll be
Together at last, I promise you'll see.

With Everlasting Love,
Mommy and Daddy

68

*We were not ready for this day,
We are not prepared in any way.
We were not ready to set him free,
And when I cry, I cry for me.
In our lives I feel a space,
And in our hearts an empty place.
In our family, he was the rock,
He was the shepherd of the flock.
Lord, please help us not to be forlorn.
Let us rejoice his life story,
Remember him and all his glory.*

69

*When I die,
give what is left of me to children.
If you need to cry,
cry for your brothers and sisters
walking beside you.
Put your arms around anyone and
give them what you need to give me.
I want to leave you with something,
better than words or sounds.
Look for me in the people
I have known and loved.
And if you cannot live without me,
then let me live in your eyes,
your mind, and your acts of kindness.
You can love me the most
by letting hands touch hands.
Love does not die, people do.
So when all that is left of me is love...
Give me away...*

70

When I Must Leave You

When I must leave you for a little while,
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years,
But start out bravely with a 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!
Anonymous

71

When somebody dies, a cloud turn into an angel,
and flies up to tell God to put another
flower on a pillow.
A bird gives the message back to the world,
and sings a silent prayer that makes the rain cry.
People disappear, but they never really go away.
The spirits up there put the sun to bed,
wake up grass, and spin the earth in dizzy circles.
Sometimes you can see them dancing
in a cloud during the day-time,
when they're supposed to be sleeping.
They pain the rainbows and also the sunsets
and wake waves splash and tug at the tide.
They toss shooting stars and listen to wishes.
And when they sing windsongs, they whisper to us,
don't miss me too much.
The view is nice and I'm doing just fine.

72

*You can shed tears that he is gone,
or you can smile because he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray
that he'll come back, or you can open your
eyes and see all he's left.
Your heart can be empty
because you can't see him,
or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back
on tomorrow and live yesterday,
or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.
You can remember him
and only that he's gone, or you can cherish
his memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back,
or you can do what he'd want;
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

73

YOUR MOTHER

*Have you ever stopped to wonder
What it was like to be your Mother?
Be assured that if you ponder
You will find there was no other.*

*She at first held you so gently
Be it morning, noon or night.
She did bathe and clothe you sweetly
She did comfort you alright.*

*She was always there to help you
Tied the shoes and wiped the nose.
Helped with homework and did feed you,
Cleaned your room and washed your clothes.*

*It was Mother who first taught thee
How to kneel down and to pray.
She did teach, "Now I lay me
Down to sleep – my soul I pray."*

*Mother wondered where her child was
When the evening hour grew late.
Not a little bit of praying cause
She listened for the gate.*

*As the years began to pass on
And Mom was getting older,
Did you learn that she was genuine
By the way – you must have told her*

*Today's the day we honor her
"Mom, there was no one like you,
You were sweet and you were kind
And we say, Mom – we loved you."*

74

*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 days,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the ways.
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love.*

1a

SERENITY PRAYER

*God, Grant me the Serenity to
Accept the things I cannot change,
The Courage to change the things I can,
And the Wisdom to know the difference.*

2a

Take My Hand, Precious Lord

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, help me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the Light
Take my hand Precious Lord, lead me home.

3a

There is a season for everything,
A time for every occupation under heaven.
A time for giving birth, A time for dying,
A time for planting,
A time for uprooting what has been planted.
A time for killing, A time for healing;
A time for knocking down, A time for building.
A time for tears, A time for laughter;
A time for mourning, A time for dancing.
A time for throwing stones away,
A time for gathering them up;
A time for embracing,
A time to refrain from embracing.
A time for searching, A time for losing;
A time for keeping, A time for throwing away.
A time for tearing, A time for sewing;
A time for keeping silent, A time for speaking;
A time for loving, A time for hating;
A time for war, A time for peace.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

4a

**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 make 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 promise of Jesus Christ.

5a

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 shall dwell in the house
of the Lord forever.*

6a