

Funeral Readings

All poems and readings can be edited to suit a person and their gender.

If your loved one had a particular hobby or passion, please let me know so that I can give you more poems and readings on that topic that you may like to include in their service.

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Farewells for all

Sleep Now by Alexandra Burrows

Although we cannot see you, we feel your presence near.
We will hold you close in memory till we drop the very last tear.

So sleep now with the angels, and let your golden heart rest.
Although our hearts are broken, we know the angels took the best.

So dance beyond those golden gates, and join your loving mum.
We'll see you when we're sleeping, and pray for you to come.

And although this pain is painful, and we really don't wanna let you go,
We'll wait until we reunite, so we can together one day glow.

Until that day, we'll close our eyes and see your smiling face.
We'll lock you up inside our hearts until we again embrace.

So rest now, beautiful lady. We'll never forget how much you have done.
So until our hands meet yours again, sleep now in the sun.

Afterglow

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

Celebrate

Weep not for me though I am gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet flight
I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears.
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years.
There is no pain, I suffer not,
The fear now all is gone.
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on.
Remember us together laughing
And the great days we were given
Please do not dwell upon my passing,
Remember that life is for living.

Look for me in rainbows

Time for me to go now, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, way up in the sky.
In the morning sunrise when all the world is new,
Just look for me and love me, as you know I loved you.
Time for me to leave you, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, high up in the sky.

In the evening sunset, when all the world is through,
Just look for me and love me, and I'll be close to you.
It won't be forever, the day will come and then
My loving arms will hold you, when we meet again.

Time for us to part now, we won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, shining in the sky.
Every waking moment, and all your whole life through
Just look for me and love me, as you know I loved you.
Just wish me to be near you, And I'll be there with you.

A fallen limb

A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.

Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.

Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.
Until the day comes we're together again.

I am with you still

I give you this one last thought to keep,
I am with you still, 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 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.

Gone by David Hawkins

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

Don't Think of Him as Gone Away by Ellis Brennerman

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.

Thinking how he must be wishing
That we could know today,
How nothing but our sorrows
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.

A Golden Heart

A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands at rest,
It broke our hearts to see you go,
God only takes the best.

They say that memories are golden,
Well maybe that is true,
But we never wanted memories,
We only wanted you.

Your life was love and labour,
Your love for your family true,
You did your best for all of us,
We will always remember you.

We sat beside your bedside,
Our hearts were crushed and sore,
We did our duty to the end,
'Til 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.

Our lips cannot say how much we loved you,
Our hearts cannot tell what to say,
But God only knows how we miss you,
In our home that is lonely today.

God's Garden

God looked around his Garden and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon his earth and saw your loving face.
He put his arms around you and lifted you to rest.
His Garden must be beautiful, he always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering, he knew you were in pain.
And knew that you would never get well on earth again.
He saw your path was difficult, he closed your tired eyes,
He whispered to you "Peace be Thine" and gave you wings to fly.
When we saw you sleeping so calm and free of pain,
We would not wish you back to earth to suffer once again.
You've left us precious memories, your love will be our guide,
You live on through your family, you're always by our side.
It broke our hearts to lose you, but you did not go alone.
For part of us went with you on the day God called you home.

Imagine by Yvonne Goddard

If you love me
Then know our love is eternal,
That the bond we share together
Will go on forever.

Imagine that I am staying with you
For a while in time
Imagine that it is the end of the day
And I leave you to go into the next room.

Imagine that the room I've entered
Is filled with joy and peace and the love
Of old friends who are delighted to see me;
Of beautiful flowers, of healing warmth,
And magic rainbow colours.

Imagine how happy I will be
In that magnificent room.
One day you will come into my room
And see me more beautiful, and happier
Than you have ever seen me before.
You will feel the same peace and joy
That I am feeling.

If you can imagine this,
Then you will understand
That death is not an ending
But merely a passing from one room to another
In the mansions of time.

Life goes on forever
And love will never end.

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 greet 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 Always With You by Linda Rogers

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 too many tears,
But be thankful we had so many good years.

I gave you my love, and you can only guess
How much you've given me in happiness.
I thank you for the love that you have shown,
But now it is time I travelled on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust
That it is only for a while that we must part,
So treasure the memories within your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on.
And if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All my love around you soft and clear

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

Remember Me by Margaret Mead

Remember Me: To the living, I am gone.
To the sorrowful, I will never return.
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.

So as you stand upon a shore, gazing at a beautiful sea - remember me.
As you look in awe at a mighty forest and its grand majesty - remember me.
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity - remember me.

Remember me in your heart, your thoughts, your memories of the times we loved,
the times we cried, the times we fought, the times we laughed.

For if you always think of me, I will never be gone.

Think of me by Lisa Webb

I hope that when you think of me,
It gives you cause to smile.
For knowing I brought you happiness,
Makes my life worthwhile.

I hope that when you see my photo,
You remember my happy days.
My life was bright and vibrant,
And joyful in many ways.

I hope that if you hear my voice,
A captured moment from my past.
That you remember me saying I love you,
And that it will always last.

I hope that you know I was so very happy,
When you were by my side.
The love we shared was unconditional,
And together we enjoyed the ride.

I hope that you remember the feeling
Of having fun with me.
The highs were many, the lows were few,
Just how it's meant to be.

Most of all, above all else
What I hope with all my heart.
Is that you know I'm always with you,
We'll never be apart.

They say there is a reason

They say there is a reason, they say that time will heal,
But neither time nor reason, will change the way we feel.

For no-one knows the heartache, that lies behind our smiles,
No-one knows how many times, we've broken down and cried.

We want to tell you something, so there won't be any doubt,
You're so wonderful to think of, but so hard to be without.

Last Journey by Timothy Coote

There is a train at the station
With a seat reserved just for me
I'm excited about its destination
As I've heard it sets you free.

The trials and tribulations
The pain and stress we breathe
Don't exist where I am going
Only happiness, I believe.

I hope that you will be there
To wish me on my way
It's not a journey you can join in
It's not your time today.

There'll be many destinations
Some are happy, some are sad
Each one a brief reminder
Of the great times that we've had.

Many friends I know are waiting
Who took an earlier train
To greet and reassure me
That nothing has really changed.

We'll take the time together
To catch up on the past
To build a new beginning
One that will always last.

One day you'll take your journey
On the train just like me
And I promise that I'll be there
At the station and you will see:

That life is just a journey
Enriched by those you meet
No-one can take that from you
It's always yours to keep.

But now as no seat is vacant
You will have to muddle through
Make sure you fulfil your ambitions
As you know I'll be watching you.

And if there's an occasion
To mention who you knew
Speak kindly of that person
As one day it will be you.

Now I can't except this ending
And as it's time for me to leave
Please make haste to the reception
To enjoy my drinks, they're free!

Instructions

When I have moved beyond you in the adventure of life,
Gather in some pleasant place and there remember me
With spoken words, old and new.
Let a tear if you will, but let a smile come quickly for I have loved the laughter of life.

Do not linger too long with your solemnities.
Go eat and talk, and when you can;
Follow a woodland trail, climb a high mountain,
Walk along the wild seashore,
Chew the thoughts of some book which challenges your soul.

Use your hands some bright day to make a thing of beauty or to lift someone's heavy
load. Though you mention not my name,
Though no thought of me crosses your mind, I shall be with you,
For these have been the realities of my life for me.

And when you face some crisis with anguish.
When you walk alone with courage,
When you choose your path of right, I shall be very close to you.

I have followed the valleys, I have climbed the heights of life and I want you to keep
doing the same.

A Family Is Like A Circle by Nicole M. O'Neil

A family is like a circle.
The connection never ends,
and even if at times it breaks,
in time it always mends.

A family is like the stars.
Somehow they're always there.
Families are those who help,
who support and always care.

A family is like a book.
The ending's never clear,
but through the pages of the book,
their love is always near.

A family is many things.
With endless words that show
who they are and what they do
and how they teach you so you know.

But don't be weary if it's broken
or if through time it's been so worn.
Families are like that -
they can get cracked and can be torn.

But even if this happens,
your family will always be.
They help define just who you are
and will be a part of you eternally.

For Mothers

Mum

What we'd give if we could say
Hello, Mum, in the same old way.
To hear your voice, see your smile
To sit with you and chat awhile.
So you who have your mother,
Cherish her with care,
For you'll never know the heartache,
'till you see her empty chair.

One Mother

You can only have one mother
Patient, kind and true
No other friend in all the world
Will be the same to you.
Where other friends forsake you
To mother you'll return
For all her loving kindness
She asks nothing in return.
As we look upon her picture
Sweet memories we recall,
Of a face so full of sunshine
And a smile for one and all.
Sweet angels take this message
To our dear mother up above
Tell her how we miss her
And give her all our love.

My Mother's Garden (*can be changed to Our Mother's Garden*)

My mother kept a garden, a garden of the heart
She planted all the good things that gave my life its start.

She turned me to the sunshine, and encouraged me to dream,
Fostering and nurturing the seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rains came, she protected me enough
But not too much; she knew I'd need to stand up strong and tough.

Her constant good example always taught me right from wrong
Markers for my pathway to last my whole life long.

I am my mother's garden, I am her legacy;
And I hope today she feels the love redirected back from me

In the Sky

(can be rewritten for any family member, male or female)

Look up to the sky
Now tell me what you see
A cloud, the moon, possibly the sun
Many answers there will be.

When I look up to the sky
I'll tell you what I see
I see our mother
And she's looking back at me.

She tells us she didn't want to leave us
But it was time for her to depart
It was the hardest thing she had to do
And its breaking our hearts.

She tells us we mustn't be sad
Because finally she is pain free
She has found her place in heaven
Underneath a blossom tree.

She will always be there to guide us
When we feel we have lost our way
She will always be there to comfort us
And wipe those tears away.

She will always be there to share our joy
And laugh at the jokes we make
In order to feel her presence
Only a little imagination it will take.

She may be in the form of a butterfly
Or simply a floating feather
Or hovering over like a busy bee
Or simply part of the weather.

You've all come here to say your farewell
But for us its not goodbye
If we want to see her,
all we have to do is look up to the sky.

She by Thea Hough (age 15)

A friend's daughter wrote this for Mother's Day and I think it is beautiful. She is wise beyond her years.

She is the shimmering sun, radiating her light and warmth in the bleakest places,
She is the flowers blooming in the meadow, vibrant, vivacious and full of radiance,
She is the colossal mountain, ready to protect me from any dangers that come my way,

She is the immense oak tree, standing sturdy and strong on top of the horizon.

She is the wise teacher, gifting and empowering me with valuable knowledge with every word,

She is the sympathetic healer, the nurse who nurtures my pain and sees to my wounds,

She is the fierce warrior, who protects me when I am vulnerable and in need,

She is my chauffeur, that navigates me through the uncertain maze that life holds.

She is the cherry on top of my sweet cupcake, who completes my heart and soul,

She is the flawless rainbow, enhancing and adding colour into my world,

She is the shining moon, casting a soft and gentle glow upon the starry night sky,

She is the sugary syrup that I lay on my waffle, making everything a little bit sweeter.

She is the graceful swan, gliding across the pristine lake, so striking and exquisite,

She is the sweetest lullaby, weaving words of love and knowledge into my dreams,

She is the cobbled brick road, that leads me along the right direction in life,

She is the hot water on a frosty winter's day, filling me with heat I crave.

She is the compass, steering me through a puzzling and perplexing labyrinth,

She is the melody, that complements and balances out the music in a song,

She is the lighthouse, guiding me through the waters stormy and violent seas,

She is the cozy quilt, that encloses me in a sense of comfort and reassurance.

She is the home that I come back to, feeling secure and sheltered from the world,

She is the soft teddy that I cuddle at night, empowering me with strength and confidence,

She is the candle, illuminating even the darkest nights with light and faith,

She is the love that will last forever and always will stay in my heart.

She is hope, warmth and everlasting love.

For Fathers

A Grand Wholesome Man

(This one can be personalised with different hobbies)

A loving husband, father and more,
Wholesome and beautiful right to the core.

He loved to tell jokes and to steer people right,
By making them laugh, and making life light.

A very tight hand shake, he would greet you each time,
Showing his love and intentions all kind.

Loved to listen and play those classic jazz tunes,
Some of his offspring could play, while others just spoons.

He loved to play golf, and have a chin-wag or two,
Embellish some stories, maybe a few.

His biggest passion was steam trains and more,
You would think his garage, was a huge toy train store.

A hardworking man, who stayed out of strife,
Taking care of his family, especially the love of his life.

So when you think of him, please have a smile on your face,
He's watching down on us all, full of God's grace.

Dad

What we'd give if we could say
Hello, Dad, in the same old way.
To hear your voice, see your smile
To sit with you and chat awhile.
So you who have your father,
Cherish him with care,
For you'll never know the heartache,
'till you see his empty chair.

Silent, Strong Dad

by Karen K. Boyer

He never looks for praises.
He's never one to boast.
He just goes on quietly working
For those he loves the most.
His dreams are seldom spoken.
His wants are very few,
And most of the time his worries
Will go unspoken, too.
He's there...a firm foundation
Through all our storms of life,
A sturdy hand to hold onto
In times of stress and strife.
A true friend we can turn to
When times are good or bad.
One of our greatest blessings,
The man that we call Dad.

A Good Man Never Dies

A good man never dies,
In worthy deed and prayer
And helpful hands, and honest eyes,
If smiles or tears be there.
Who lives for you and me,
Lives for the world he tries to help
He lives eternally. A good man never dies.

Who lives to bravely take
His share of toil and stress,
And, for his weaker fellows' sake,
Makes every burden less,
He may, at last, seem worn
Lie fallen, hands and eyes folded
Yet, though we mourn and mourn,
A good man never dies.

There's A Handyman In Heaven

So there's a handy man in heaven now,
Ready to help and make things right.
No tasks, no chores, no obstacles,
Are too big or small, day or night.

A caring, honest man
That unselfishly gave his all,
A heart of gold and hands of steel
That responded to the call.

A son, a brother, and uncle,
That would help you to the end.
A reliable person of integrity
A kind and loyal colleague, neighbour and friend.

There's a handy man in Heaven now,
Who's fixing Heaven's gate.
Oiling the hinges with pride and care,
So that they will open for all who wait.

Full Steam Ahead

In loving memory of Dad

The platform hushes, steam clouds rise,
The train is waiting 'neath the skies.
One final whistle, bold and true -
And Dad steps on, as he would do.

A man of steam and steel,
With loving hands and heart so real.
A boiler's roar, the engine's hum,
He knew where all that power came from.

He worked the trains with pride and grace,
A smudge of soot, a smiling face.
Later years brought smaller tracks -
Model trains in careful stacks.

Click-clack rhythms, jazz that played,
A cup of tea, a joke well made.
Stubborn? Sure - but strong and kind,
With a loyal heart and clever mind.

He loved one woman all his days,
Through life's sharp turns and gentle ways.
Sixty-seven years, side by side -
His greatest journey, her by his side.

And through those years, his children came,
Each blessed to carry on his name.
He taught us all with quiet might,
To stand up tall, to do what's right.

Now the whistle fades, the rails stretch wide,
He rides the line with peace and pride.
Though we remain on this platform floor,
We feel him near - just past the door.

A loving dad, a faithful friend,
His journey's long, but not the end.
So raise a hand, lift up your head -
He's off again, full steam ahead.

Passions & Hobbies

THEATRE / ACTING

Curtain Call by Lisa Webb

Adapted from Theatre Of Dreams by John Read and The Last Call by Michael Ashby

In the Theatre Of Life
The lights have dimmed
The curtains about to close

It's the end of the show
Sadly it happened you know
Life just ebbs and flows

The cast in his life
Were his children, grandchildren and wife
Now only memories fill your head

He lived all his dreams
Now it's the end of the scene
His script has finally been read

The curtain has come down
On the performance of a life
So please, dear audience act your part

The show must go on
Let us all applaud this man
Who lived a good life with a good heart.

FISHING

Gone Fishing ***by David Ritter***

If someone should ask for me,
tell 'em heaven is where I'll be.
I've finished all my life's chores,
and now I fish on heaven's shores.

The view is grand and the fishing's great,
but I yearn for you as I wait.
I'll save a spot on the river's bend,
for all those, I call family and friend.

But for now, head out to sea
and make a cast in memory,
to all the good times from the past,
so the memories will forever last.

And if the fish no longer bite,
or seem no longer worth the fight,
because it's me that you are missin',
don't worry – be glad – I've only gone fishin'.

GOLF

Gone Golfing

by David Ritter

If the round should start without me
because I have passed away
Cherish the swings that we once made
and please continue to play
For I'll be watching from a gallery
with a magnificent view
With friends and family from the past
all cheering with pride for you
May each tricky putt find the hole
your drives fly far and straight
And when you've taken your final shot
let's meet at the Heaven's Gate
I'll have tee time booked for us
on the grandest course of all
And we'll go golfing once again
chasing that little white ball.

Life is like a Round of Golf

By Criswell Freeman

Life is like a round of golf
With many a turn and twist.
But the game is much too sweet and short
To curse the shots you've missed.
Sometimes you'll hit it straight and far
Sometimes the putts roll true.
But each round has it's errant shots
And troubles to play through.
So always swing with courage
No matter what the lie.
And never let the hazards
Destroy the joy inside.
And keep a song within your heart
Give thanks that you can play.
For the round is much too short and sweet
To let it slip away.

A little humour

Last Will and Testament

I suppose, one day, I will be dead and go to meet my maker.
So have this note set in my hand, there for the undertaker.
Don't dress me in a shroud of white or rouge my cheeks all red.
It is not right, to look a fright, even though you're stone cold dead.

Give me a brand new five dollar note and a Visa credit card,
I want to buy a proper plot in old St Peter's yard.
And as I sit upon my cloud and look down at the earth.
I'll watch you use my worldly goods for festival and mirth,
And that will make me smile a smile, and have a laugh quite hearty,
To hear you say, well now he/she's dead, let's have ourselves a party.

Pardon Me for Not Getting Up

Oh dear, if you're hearing this right now, I must have given up the ghost.
I hope you can forgive me for being, such a stiff and unwelcoming host.

Just talk amongst yourselves my friends, and share a toast or two,
For I'm sure you will remember well how I loved to drink with you.

Don't worry about mourning me, I was never easy to offend.
Feel free to share a story at my expense, and we'll have a good laugh at the end.

Scottish Readings

The Scot within me

Why is it that my heart stirs
When I hear the bagpipes play?
Why do I feel Scotland is my home
When I live so far away?

Why do I feel a sense of pride
When I see the Saltire fly?
Although it may seem strange to you
Perhaps I can tell you why.

When you are born of Scottish blood
Something strange seems to take place
As if a seed is planted within you
Which makes you fiercely proud of your race.

This Scottish patriotism never dies
And in your soul it always remains
Because Scotland is as much a part of you
As the blood flowing through your veins.

Lament Of Mary, Queen Of Scots, On The Approach Of Spring by Robert Burns

(Edited – Includes only the first three and last verses)

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams, And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight, That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn, Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r, Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi' mony a note, Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice, Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank, The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen, And milk-white is the slae:
O! soon, to me, may Summer suns, Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds, Wave o'er the yellow corn?
And, in the narrow house of death, Let Winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring, Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Prayers & Blessings

The Lord's Prayer

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

Psalm 23

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

Opening Prayers

Prayer 1

Gracious God, creator of life, carrier of hope, we welcome your presence among us.
Enable us to be brave in our remembering, honest in our sorrow, and open in love
and compassion to each other.

Help us to focus on that which enables us to keep going in times of loss.
Remind us that time will never erase the memories and that we are not alone as we
sit here together.

We give thanks for the times we had with our loved ones, both the ups and the
downs of living life, but most of all we're grateful for love which is stronger than
death.

Help us to bear our sorrow without bitterness, to look forward slowly, one day at a
time and to gain some comfort from those who can help us ease our sadness.

Be with NAME's family us now as they encourage and support each other.

Amen

Prayer 2

Gracious Spirit, creator of life, carrier of hope, make your presence known among us.

Enable us to be brave in our remembering, honest in our sorrow, and open in love and compassion to each other.

Help us to seek not so much answers to our questions, but, rather, the patience to mourn and grieve.

Enable us to remember with joy the lives of those we have loved.

Send us your peace. Amen

Prayer 3

We are in the presence of God in our need and in our sorrow.

We are in the presence of God in thankfulness for the life we knew and shared.

We are in the presence of God seeking hope and courage for the future We are in the presence of God who has promised to be with us always, till the end of time.

Prayer 4

Father, you know our hearts and share our sorrows.

We are hurt by our parting from those whom we loved:

when we are angry at the loss we have sustained,

when we long for words of comfort,

yet find them hard to hear,

turn our grief to truer living,

our affliction to firmer hope

in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

We remember them

When we are weary and in need of strength

When we are lost and sick at heart,

We remember them.

When we have a joy we crave to share

When we have decisions that are difficult to make

When we have achievements that are based on theirs

We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter

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

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn

We remember them.

At the rising of the sun and at its setting

We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;

for they are now part of us

As we remember them.

Closing Prayer

Almighty God, we rejoice in your promise of love, joy and peace.
In your mercy turn the darkness of death into the dawn of new life,
and the sorrow of parting into the joy of heaven;
through our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died, rose again and lives for evermore.
Amen.

Blessings

Blessing 1

Deep peace of the running wave to you
Deep peace of the flowing air to you
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you
Deep peace of the shining stars to you
Deep peace to you, and to all whom you love, always.

Blessing 2

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 rain fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,
may God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Blessing 3

The Lord bless us and watch over us.
The Lord make His face shine on us and be gracious to us.
The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace, this day and
for evermore.
Amen