

Miss Me But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun is set for me
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul like me
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
For it is part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home
When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me --- but let me go.

The life of one we love

The life of one we love
is never lost ...
its influence goes on
through all the lives
it ever touched.

Christopher Halloway

Those Who Love

It's always those who love the most
Who most miss one they love,
When comes the parting of the ways,
And clouds loom dark above;
But tears will pass, your skies will clear
Then will you smile again,
And comfort find in memories,
Which now bring bitter pain.

Learning To Fly

The walls of birth and death
were too high for me to see over
and I didn't know that my heart had wings.
As I hammered on those walls,
demanding to know their meaning,
I was aware that there was something inside me
cramped up, waiting to be unfurled.....

In that moment I saw
that the meaning of birth is forgetting
the meaning of death is remembering
the meaning of life is growth
and the meaning of the eternal sea
which holds everything in its embrace
is Love.

Joy Cowley

Extracts From "The Prophet", by Kahlil Gibran

Farewell To You

Farewell to you and the youth I have spent with you,
It was but yesterday we met in a dream.
You have sung to me in my aloneness,
and I of your longings have built a tower in the sky,
But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over,
and it is no longer dawn.
The noontide is upon us and our half waking
has turned to fuller days, and we must part.
If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more,
we shall speak again together and you shall
sing to me a deeper song.
And if our hand should meet in another dream,
we shall build another tower in the sky.

Kahlil Gibran

You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?
The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot
unveil the mystery of light. If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your
heartwide unto the body of life. For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea
are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond.
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring. Trust the dreams,
for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your
dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor carries with yesterday.

Kahlil Gibran - The Prophet

The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.
Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?
And is not the lute that soothes your spirit the very wood that was hollowed with knives?
When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has
given you sorrow that is giving you joy.
When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart and you shall see that in truth you are
weeping for that which has been your delight.

- Kahlil Gibran

He is Made One

He/she is made one with Nature. There is heard
His/her voice in all Earth's music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He/she is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone:
He/she is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he/she made more lovely.

(Adapted from Shelley)

About Ben Adhem

About Ben Adhem may his tribe increase,
awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
and saw, within the moonlight in his room
making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
an angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace made Ben Adhem bold,
and to the presence in the room he said "What writest thou?"
The vision raised its' head and with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"Is mine one?" said About
"Nay not so" replied the angel.
About spoke more low but cheerily still he said,
"I pray thee then write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again,
with a great awakening light and showed the names whom
love of God had blessed,
And lo Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Author– Leigh Hunt

(1784-1859)

To Those Whom I Love And Those Who Love Me

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

I gave you my love, you can only guess
how much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for the love each have shown,
but now it is time I travelled alone.

So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must -
then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while we must part
so bless the memories within your heart.

I will not be far away, for life goes on -
so if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you cannot see or touch me, I will be near,
and if you listen with your heart, you will hear
all of my love around you soft and clear.

Then when you must come this way alone,
I will greet you with a smile and a "Welcome Home".

By Mary Alice Ramish - died 25 April 1985.

The Day You Left

With tears we saw you suffer
As we watched you fade away,
Our hearts were almost broken,
As you fought so hard to stay,
We knew you had to leave us,
But you never went alone,
For part of us went with you
The day you left your home.

On This Day

Mend a quarrel. Search out a forgotten friend. Dismiss suspicion, and replace it with trust. Write a love letter. Share some treasure. Give a soft answer. Encourage youth. Manifest your loyalty in a word or deed.

Keep a promise. Find the time. Forego a grudge. Forgive an enemy. Listen. Apologise if you were wrong. Try to understand. Flout envy. Examine your demands on others. Think first of someone else. Appreciate, be kind, be gentle, Laugh a little more.

Deserve confidence. Take up arms against malice. Decry complacency. Express your gratitude. Worship your God. Gladden the heart of a child. Take pleasure in the beauty and wonder of the earth. Speak your love. Speak it again. Speak it still again. Speak it still once again.

Remember

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

Christina Rossetti

One Little Rose

I would rather have one little rose,
from the garden of a friend
Than to have the choicest flowers
when my stay on earth must end.
I would rather have one pleasant word
in kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still
and life has ceased to be.
I would rather have a loving smile,
from friends I know are true,
Than tears shed round my casket
when this world I bid adieu.

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them dances, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

by William Wordsworth

Because I Have Loved Life

I shall have no sorrow to die
I have played my music
and raised my voice to the sky.
I've moved my paint brush
and created a beauty to last
I've grieved my garden
when the time for planting had past.
I've had my moments
when things were passing me by
Because I've loved life
I shall have no sorrow to die.

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there
I do not sleep
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glint on the snow.
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain.
I am the gentle Autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in
circled flight.
I am the soft star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.

DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

DESIDERATA

(Selected Lines)

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And remember what peace there may be in silence.
Be yourself, especially do not feign affection.
Neither be cynical about love for in the face of all
Aridity and disenchantment
It is perennial as the grass.
Be gentle with yourselves.
You are the children of the universe,
No less than the trees and the stars.

Be at peace with God
Whatever you conceive Him to be,
And whatever your labours and aspirations
In the noisy confusion of life
Keep peace with your souls.

Immortality

For me - to have made one soul
The better for my birth;
To have added but one flower
To the garden of the earth;
To have struck one blow for truth
In the daily fight with lies;
To have done one deed of right
In the face of calumnies;
To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die;
To have been a link in the chain of life -
Shall be immortality.

E Hatch

The Existence of Love

I had thought that your death
was a waste and a destruction,
a pain of grief hardly to be endured.
I am only beginning to learn
that your life was a gift and a growing
and a loving left with me.
The desperation of death
destroyed the existence of love,
but the fact of death
cannot destroy what has been given.
I am learning to look at your life again
instead of your death and your departing.

Marjorie Pizer

To My Father

A giant pine, magnificent and old
Stood staunch against the sky and all around
Shed beauty, grace and power.
Within its fold birds safely reared their young.
The velvet ground beneath was gentle,
and the cooling shade gave cheer to passers by.
Its towering arms a landmark stood, erect and unafraid,
As if to say, "Fear naught from life's alarms".

It fell one day.
Where it had dauntless stood was loneliness and void.
But men who passed paid tribute – and said,
"To know this life was good,
It left its mark on me. Its work stands fast".
And so it lives. Such life no bonds can hold -
This giant pine, magnificent and old.

Georgia Harkness

THERE IS LOVE ALL AROUND

Where is love found?
In a bright, sunny smile,
In the laugh of a neighbour
who visits awhile,
In the hands when they're clasping in prayer ...
Love is there.

Where is love found?
In a child's trusting eyes,
In the kisses that come
with hellos and good-byes,
In homes warm with patience and care ...
Love is there.

Where is love found?
In the way that we live,
In the friendships we cherish
the help that we give,
In hearts that are willing to share ...
Love is there.

Amanda Bradley

SADNESS

Sadness is like rain

dripping down leaves,
a birds lonely call
heard in the depth of the night.
Sadness can be silent
like a frozen lake.
Sadness can be secret
like a teardrop's story.

Amber Douglas 2002

We thought that you were happy,
we must have all been blind,
we didn't know your suffering
we didn't know your mind,
you have left all our hearts aching
and we are not sure how we'll cope
if only you had talked it over
we may have found you hope

We thought that you were happy
but yours was a troubled mind
hardly a hint, hardly a clue
how could we be so blind ?
You chose to go from this place
and onto somewhere new
may you find peace at last
our love goes with you too.....

Anon

A Successful Man

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 has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
who leaves the world better than he found it;
who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to
express it.;
who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

Anon

It Takes Courage

It takes courage to smile when the world is dark.
And the sun just refuses to shine,
When you've lost your way and your heart is sad
And the path is an upward climb.

It takes courage to hope when your hope is gone
And nothing just seems to be right,
Today just an echo of yesterday's gone
With naught but the darkness of night.

It takes courage to dream when your mind is adrift
And a weariness enters your soul ...
When you long for contentment and peace in your heart
But can't seem to conquer your goal.

It takes courage to smile, it takes courage to hope ...
A courage when all else is gone,
When clouds overshadow the sun in your sky,
It takes courage to smile and go on.

Garnett Ann Schultz

When I Am Gone

When I am gone, fear not to say my name,
nor speak of me in muted tones
as if it were a shame for one to die,
But let me figure in your daily talk,
tell of my loves and joys,
of how it was when I was with you.
That way you'll keep me in your memory
which is one of my hopes of immortality,
while you, and those who follow you, live on.

... AND THAT IS LIFE

I am standing upon the sea-shore. 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, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says, "There! She's 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 just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There! She's gone." - there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!"

And ... THAT is life!

Old Lady Dying

No fuss – everything is arranged:
a service at the church
and cut flowers only, for it is spring
and the town is full of flowers,
If only feelings
were as easily arranged,
I would say: No tears by request!

My daughter sees me smile
and is confused.
Three days and nights
she has kept watch beside my bed.
How can I explain to her
she has no need to mourn?
My death is simply this:
I cannot stay awake a moment longer.

Children, grandchildren
and great-grandchildren
send their love, crushing me
with ninety years of tenderness
I float out on tears
I am carried to an estuary,
and with the sea talking to me
very soon I shall be asleep.

Alistair Campbell

THE LAST CALL

Sometime for us the clock must strike,
Some night the hour must come,
When we shall hear the quiet call,
The voice that calls us home.
But when for me the time as come,
 and you and I must part,
Don't grieve for me for I'll be alright,
Just keep me in your heart,
And think about the joys we shared,
The good times and the bad,
The happy years, the tender times,
The fun we often had.
We know that we shall surely meet,
Where grief is known no more.
For none can guess the peace and joy,
Our Father has in store.

THE ROSE BEYOND THE WALL

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall;

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.

A L Frink

To everything 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 what 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 not to embrace,
a time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, 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 for war, and a time for peace.

Ecclesiastes 3, 1-8.

Adaptation of Ecclesiastes Chapter 3

For everything there is a season;
a time for every occupation under heaven
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time for planting, a time for uprooting;
a time for tears, a time for laughter;
a time for mourning, a time for dancing;
a time for searching, a time for losing;
a time for conflict, and a time for peace.

Song of the Drifter

I've cut me load and that's me song, it's time I hit the track
I've been round here for far too long and now I'm headin' back
I'm splittin' from this worn out scene, I'm packin' up me gear
I'm takin' off for pastures green, I'm snatchin' it from here.

I've heard the things they said to me, I've bogged meself in stuff
I've took responsibility and now I've had enough
So good luck, mate, I'm movin' on, I'll leave the place to you
And if they ask you where I've gone, just tell them I shot through.

And if we meet some other place, no stranger will you be
I'll remember name and face, you've all been good to me
I'll greet you like a brother, I'll make you laugh somehow
And then one day I'll drift away just like I'm doin' now.

Barry Crump

The Weaver

My life is but a weaving, between my Lord and me,
I cannot choose the colours He worketh steadily.
Oftimes he weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper, and I, the underside.
Not till the loom is silent, and the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the canvas, and explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful, in the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

Author Unknown

The rays of light filtered
through the sentinels of
trees this morning.
I sat in the garden and
contemplated.
The serenity and beauty
of my feelings and
surroundings completely
captivated me ...
I thought of you.
I discovered you tucked
away in the shadows of the
trees. Then rediscovered
you on the smiles of the
flowers as the sun
penetrated the petals ...
in the rhythm of the leaves
falling in the garden ...
in the freedom of the
birds as they fly searching
as you do.
I'm very happy to have
found you.
Now, you will never leave me,
for I will always find you in
the beauty of life.

Anon

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day
to laugh, to love, to work or play
Tasks left undone must stay that way
I found that place at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with a 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 savoured much –
Good friends, good times, a loved ones 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.

For Those Who Weep

I have a pearl
to give to you who weep
whose beauty's born
from simple life
and fashioned out of pain
it fills a mandala
with space to breathe
and gently gathers light
it is not struck from rock
or circled like a diamond noose
to bind you by
but free and perfect
grew unknown
where nature turns invading pain
to beauty and delight

So hold it fast
and catch the spread of sunrise
in the single point of light

Margaret Torrie

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 nearby!*

- from "Four Weddings and a Funeral"

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead.
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now, put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods:
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W H AUDEN

ANGLER'S PRAYER

God grant that I may fish for trout
Until my dying day:
And when I come to my last cast
I'll then most humbly pray
When, in the Lord's safe landing net
I'm perfectly asleep
That in His mercy I'll be judged
As good enough to keep.

Now Your Home Is Far Away

Now your home is far away
A place we cannot take you
The place you journey on your own
Where friends of old await you

We can't go there together
But you'll take our love along
We'll softly say our last goodbyes
Your memory keeps us strong

But now we slip into the past
The times we'll always treasure
The world belonged to you and us
To love you was our pleasure

Go with our love
In time we'll understand
Go with all our blessings
Into caring hands. **Anon**

A Mother's Beauty

God took the fragrance of a flower,
The majesty of a tree,
The gentleness of morning dew,
The calm of quiet sea,
The beauty of the twilight hour,
The soul of a starry night,
The laughter of a rippling brook,
The grace of a bird in flight,
The tender care of an angel,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family's need,
Then God fashioned from these things
a creation like no other,
And when His masterpiece was through,
He simply called it Mother

Author Unknown

What is a Grandma?

A Grandma is warm hugs and sweet memories
She remembers all of your accomplishments
And forgets all of your mistakes
She is someone you can tell your secrets and worries to
And she hopes and prays that all your dreams come true
She always loves you, no matter what
She can see past temper tantrums and bad moods
And makes it clear that they don't affect
How precious you are to her.
She is an encouraging word and tender touch
She is full of proud smiles
She is the one person in the world
Who loves you with all her heart
Who remembers the child you were
And cherishes the person you've become.

Not How Did He Die

Not how did he die
But how did he live
Not what did he gain
But what did he give.
These are the units to
measure the worth
Of a man as a man
regardless of birth.
Not what was his station
But had he a heart.
How did he play his
God-given part.
Was he ever ready with a
word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
or banish a tear.
Not what was his church
Or what was his creed.
But had he befriended
those really in need.
Not what did the words in
the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry
when he passed away.

One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest
for me you should not weep,
I have no pain no troubled thoughts
for I am just asleep.
The living thinking me that was,
is now forever still.
And life goes on without me
as time forever will.
If your heart is heavy now
because I've gone away,
Dwell not long upon it friend
for none of us can stay.
Those of you who liked me
I sincerely thank you all
And those of you who loved me
I thank you most of all.
The answer to life's riddle
in life I never knew,
I go with hope that now I will
and even so will you.
Oh, foolish, foolish me that was,
I who was so small,
To have wondered even worried
at the mystery of it all.
And in my fleeting lifespan
as time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
to laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now if time began,
if time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all
and now I am at peace.

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 crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer
her by
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dram when the long
trick's over.

John Masefield

Instruction

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 fall 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 and eat and drink and talk
and when you can –
follow a woodland trail
climb a high mountain
sleep beneath the stars
swim in a cold river
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 life to me.

When you face some crisis with anguish
when you walk alone with courage
when you choose the path of right
when you give yourself in love
I shall be very close to you.
I have followed the valleys
I have climbed the heights of life.

Arnold Crompton

The End of a Perfect Day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colours that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

Carrie Jacobs Bond Song

DEATH IS NOTHING

Death is nothing at all:
I have just slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name;
Speak to me in the easy way you always used.
Put no difference in your tone;
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as you always laughed.
At little jokes we shared together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be the household word it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort,
Without the ghost of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant:
It is the same as it ever was;
There is absolutely unbroken continuity.
What is death but a passage of life?
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.
Nothing is past
Nothing is lost
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

Henry Scott Holland
1847 - 1918

When Human Voices Cannot Sing

When human voices cannot sing
and human hearts are breaking,
we bring our grief to you, O God
who knows our inner aching.

Set free our spirits from all fear-
the cloud of dark unknowing,
and let the light, the Christ-light show
the pathway of our going.

Make real for us your holding love,
the love which is your meaning,
the power to move the stone of death,
the hope of Easter morning.

And let the one we love now go
where we, in faith, shall follow,
to travel in the Spirit's peace,
to make an end to sorrow.

Shirley Murray

Hymn To Celebrate A Long Life

Sing no sad songs today:
bring gratitude, not grieving!
This life we celebrate
and honour at the leaving.

For ripeness of *her* years,
for richness of *her* days,
for gifts unique and dear
we give God thanks and praise.

Now death itself is past,
the deep we cannot measure,
and nothing good is lost
that from her life we treasure:
her image and *her* thought,
the ways we knew *her* best,
like flowers are gathered up
in memory's bequest.

O God, who gave us breath,
our end is our beginning.
You cradle us in death,
our sorrow underpinning,
and as our bodies die,
as dust returns to dust,
so may our spirits rise,
on wings of hope and trust.

Shirley Murray