



Poems  
and  
Readings



There are no single words to express our feelings, but sometimes a carefully chosen group of words can come close to what we are thinking or feeling.

Maybe you are struggling to find words that relate to the person that has died and one of these readings will help you with those words.

As you look through these reading you may be drawn to some but not others. There is no right or wrong. Hopefully you find comfort in some of these words. It is usually in times of great happiness or pain we find ourselves “lost for words.”



# I Am Not Alone

I am not alone  
And never will be

Your absence is my company

*Claribel Alegria 1924 -  
Nicaraguan Poet, translated by Carolyn Forché*



# Farewell

Farewell to Thee! But not farewell  
To all my fondest thoughts of Thee;

Within my heart they still shall dwell  
And they shall cheer and comfort me.

Life seems more sweet that Thou didst live  
And men more true that Thou wert one;

Nothing is lost that Thou didst give,  
Nothing destroyed that Thou hast done.

*Anne Bronte 1820 - 1849  
English Poet, from family of literary women*

## 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 once was shared  
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take  
And each must go alone.

It's all 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.

Bear your sorrow in good deeds.  
Miss me, but let me go.

*Unknown*



## A Song of Living

Because I have loved life,  
I shall have no sorrow to die.

I have sent up my gladness on wings,  
to be lost in the blue of the sky.

I have run and leaped with the rain,  
I have taken the wind to my breast.

My cheek like a drowsy child  
to the face of the earth I have pressed.

Because I have loved life,  
I shall have no sorrow to die.

I have kissed young Love on the lips,  
I have heard his song to the end.

I have struck my hand like a seal  
in the loyal hand of a friend.

I have known the peace of heaven,  
the comfort of work done well.

I have longed for death in the darkness  
and risen alive out of hell.

Because I have loved life,  
I shall have no sorrow to die.

*Amelia Josephine Burr 1878 - 1968*  
*American Poet*

# 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.

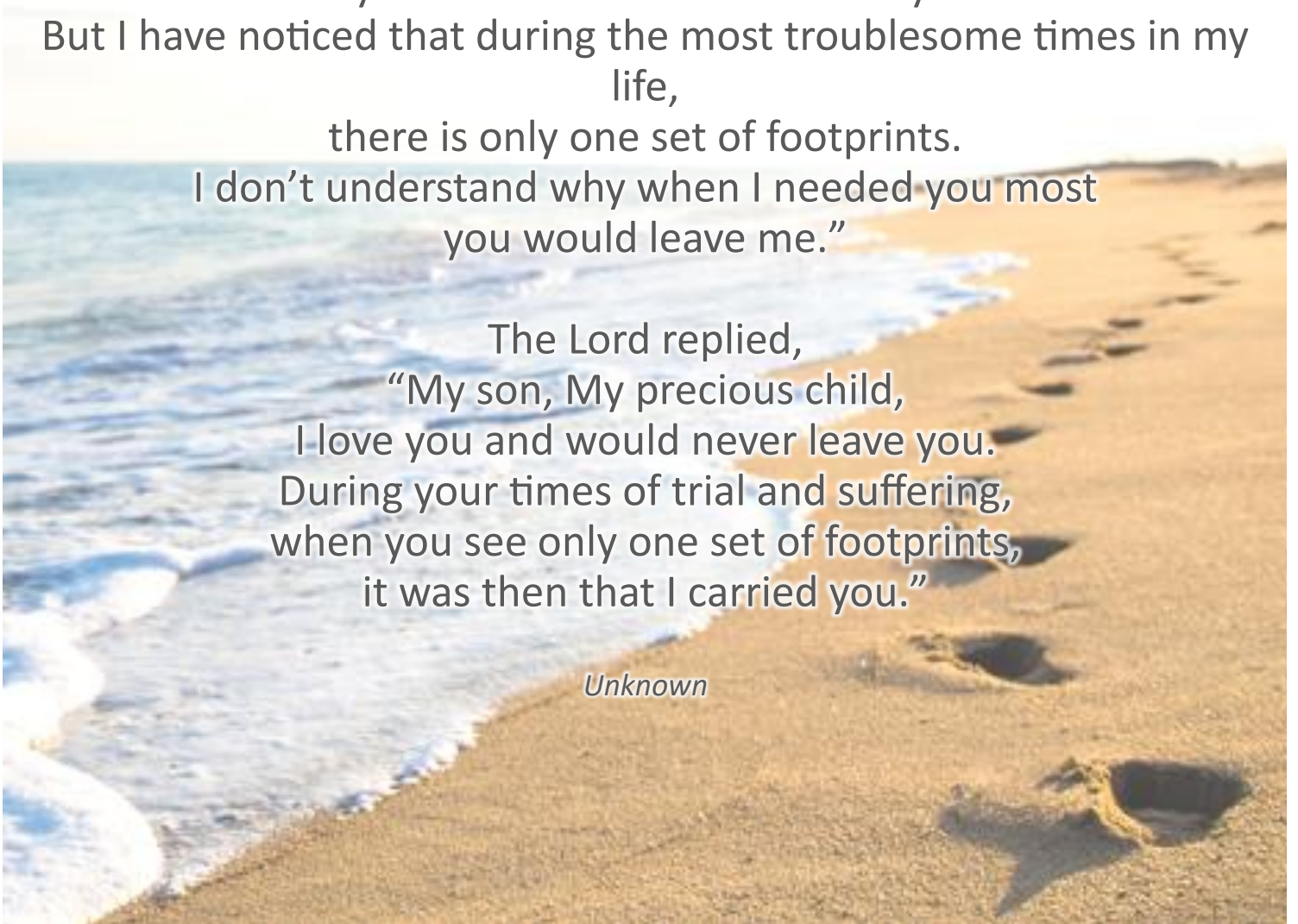
When the last scene had played,  
he looked back at the footprints in the sand.  
He noticed that many times along the path of life  
there were only one set of footprints.

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 would never leave you.  
During your times of trial and suffering,  
when you see only one set of footprints,  
it was then that I carried you.”

*Unknown*



## Epitaph on William Muir

An honest man here lies at rest,  
As e'er God with His image blest:

The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, the guide of youth:

Few hearts like this - with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:

If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
If there is none, he made the best of this.

*Robert Burns 1759 - 1796  
Scottish Poet*

## The Hands of Time

The clock of life is wound but once  
No-one has the power

to tell just when the hands may stop  
The year, the day, the hour

When you plan a kindly deed  
Act now, use all your skill

The present only is our own.  
Live, love, toil with a will.

Wait not until tomorrow  
The hands may then be still

*Unknown*



## **Traditional Gaelic 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 God hold you in the palm of His hand.

## **From a Gravestone in Sutcombe, Devon**

The lovely bud, so young, so fair  
Called off by earthly doom,  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In paradise could bloom.



# My One True Thing

My one true thing  
I woke, you'd gone  
Chance to speak  
Gone forever

Plans to share memories of home  
Memories of abundance in hard times  
Overflowing garden  
Wild daisies flowing with the wind

Deep perfumed dark roses, stocks and carnations  
Forever flowering succulents long before the fashion  
Ripe mulberry, orange, lemons, peach and fig trees  
Jam making sealed with hot glue

Constant warmth from a wood stove  
Smell of a roast in the oven  
Bread and butter pudding, the best I'll ever taste  
Fruit salad and cream

Singing old fashioned songs  
With old fashioned meanings  
I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet  
You always hurt the one you love

Lazy nights on a cool lawn  
Millions of stars in a warm black sky  
Talking of Robert Askin's politics  
Dreaming of the best holiday and fishing spots on the coast,

White sheets flapping with the wind  
Stiff white tablecloths, folded napkins  
Polished silverware  
Flowers everywhere

Busy people, your home, my memories  
My beautiful mother who never asked much from life  
Yet gave so much to so many people  
My one true friend, my centre, you're gone

Thank you for a gentle life with honest people  
You warned me many times, I had no courage to see  
You would say that's ok  
But I want to talk to you today

I travel another road, one day at a time  
Your memory my guide  
You're with Dad, Thelma, Clem, Nana, Granddad and Jim  
It's the way of things

Nourished by your generous gardens  
Pouring onto pathways, climbing the cracks  
Your generous kitchen nourishing all  
I have one who is starving

I know you would help me if you could  
But rest well my mother  
Your work is done  
I will carry on

*Lyn Anderson 1945 -  
Australian Poet*



## **Young Life Cut Short - For the Brother of My Friend**

Do not judge a biography by its length,  
Nor by the number of pages in it.

Judge it by the richness of it's contents  
Sometimes those unfinished are among the most poignant

Do not judge a song by its duration  
Nor by the number of its notes

Judge it by the way it touches and lifts the soul.

Sometimes those unfinished are among the most beautiful

And when something has enriched your life  
And when it's melody lingers on in your heart

Is it unfinished ?  
Or is it endless ?

*Unknown*



## Poem

I loved my friend.  
He went away from me.  
There's nothing more to say.

The poem ends, Soft as it began -  
I loved my friend

*James Langston Hughes 1902 - 1967  
American Author, Playwright and Poet*



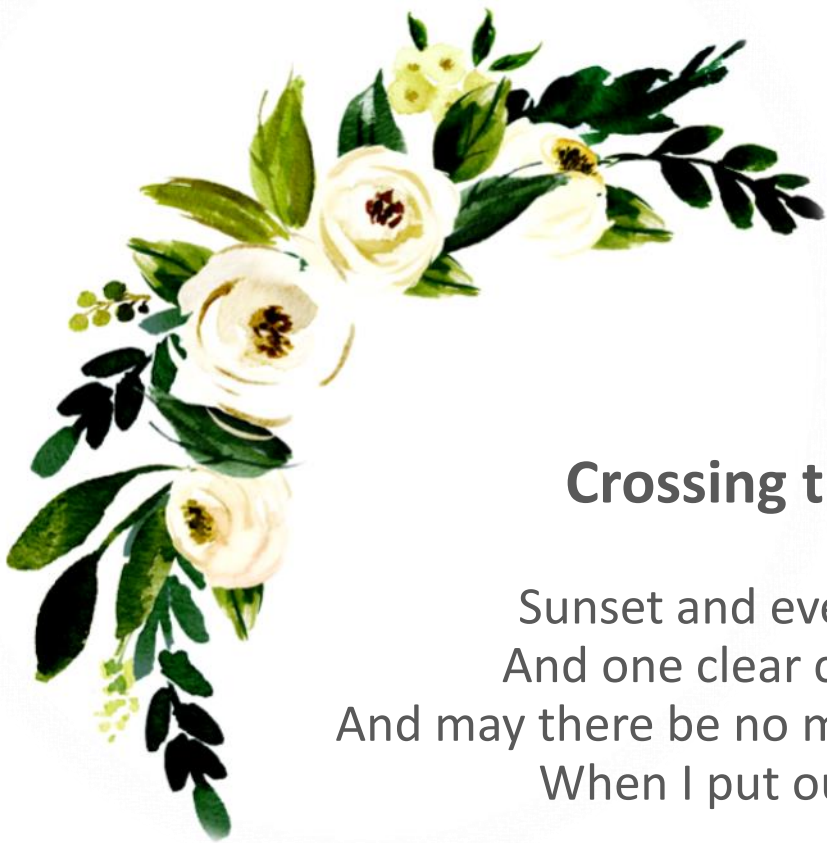
## Even Such is Time

Even such is time, which takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;

Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days,

And from which earth and grave and dust,  
The Lord shall rise me up, I trust.

*Sir Walter Raleigh 1552 - 1618  
English Navigator, Historian and Poet*



## Crossing the Bar

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

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

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

For tho' from out our bourn 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.

*Lord Alfred Tennyson 1809 - 1892  
English Royal Poet Laureate for 40 years*

## I'd Like

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, 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.

*Unknown*

## So What is Love?

So what is love? If thou wouldst know  
The heart alone can tell:

Two minds with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one.

And whence comes Love? Like morning bright  
Love comes with out thy call.

And how dies Love? A spirit bright,  
Love never dies at all.

*Unknown*



## Funeral Blues

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 airplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead.  
Put the crepe bows round the 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 wood,  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

*W.H. Auden 1907 - 1973*  
*English Born American Poet*





## A Ship Sails

I am standing upon that foreshore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white sails in 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  
just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There! She is gone!"  
"Gone where?"  
"Gone from my sight, that is all."

She is just as large in mast and spar and hull  
As ever she was when she left my side;  
just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her  
destination.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

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

"Here she comes!"

*From "Toilers of the Sea"  
Victor Hugo 1862 - 1926  
French Author, exiled to Guernsey*

## 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 to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vacations to the spirit.

If you compare yourself to 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 as 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 dark 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 cheerful.  
Strive to be happy.

*Max Ehrmann 1872 - 1945  
American Lawyer and Poet*



## **Eternity**

He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy;

But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

*William Blake 1757 - 1827  
English Artist, Engraver, Mystic and Poet*



## **When We Remember** *(Male)*

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.

*Unknown*





## **When We Remember**

*(Female)*

You can shed tears that she is gone  
or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll 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.

*Unknown*

# Lighthouse

There may be times ahead  
when I question  
the reason you are gone  
and how I might now fashion my future

There may be times ahead  
that leave me without a shell  
to protect and defend my uncertain position  
in the face of new challenges

There may be times ahead  
when I question  
the purpose and form  
of this confusing, frustrating existence

But there will never, ever be a time  
when I wonder if I was loved.

*Joanne Douglass 1961 -  
New Zealand Widow*



## Indian Prayer

When I am dead  
Cry for me a little  
Think of me sometimes  
But not too much.  
Think of me now and again  
As I was in life  
At some moments it's pleasant to recall  
But not for long.  
Leave me in peace  
And I shall leave you in peace  
And while you live,  
Let your thoughts be with the living.  
*(Traditional)*

## Come To Me

God saw you getting tired  
and a cure was not to be  
so he put his arms around you  
and whispered "Come to Me".  
With tearful eyes we watched you  
and saw you pass away  
and although we loved you dearly  
we could not make you stay.  
A Golden heart stopped beating  
hard working hands at rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove us  
he only takes the best.

*Unknown*



## 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 glints on snow,

I am the sunlight and ripened grain.  
I am the gentle Autumn rain.

When you awake in the morning hush,  
I am the swift upflinging rush

Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the soft star shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there, I did not die.

*Mary Frye 1905 - 2004  
American Housewife and Poet*



## To My Dear and Loving Husband

If ever two were one then surely we,  
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;

If ever wife were happy in a man,  
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.

I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold  
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.

My love is such that rivers cannot quench,  
Nor aught but love from thee give recompense.

Thy love is such I can no way repay,  
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.

Then while we live, in love let's so persevere  
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

*Anne Bradstreet 1612 - 1672  
American Puritan Poet, born in England*



## Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.-

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

*Dylan Thomas 1914 - 1953*  
*Welsh Poet*

## **You'll Never Walk Alone**

When you walk through the storm  
Hold your head up high,  
And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of the storm is a golden sky  
and the sweet silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind,  
Walk on through the rain,  
Though our dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on,  
With hope in your heart  
And you'll never walk alone  
You'll never walk alone.

*From "Carousel"*

*Oscar Hammerstein 11 1895 - 1960  
American Writer and Musical Director*

## **I Have Seen Death Too Often**

I have seen death too often  
To believe in death:

For it is like arriving at the end of the day,  
Turning off the engine, switching off the lights,  
And gently closing the car door;

Then walking up the path, up to the steps  
And into the light of home.

*Unknown*



## 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 that you should remember and be sad.

*Christina Rossetti 1830 - 1894*  
*English Poet*

## 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.

Now what was his church, or what was his creed,  
But had he befriended those really in need?

Now what was his station, but had he a heart?  
How did he play in his God-given part?

Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not now did the formal obituary run,  
But how many grieved when his life's work was done?

*Unknown*



## If I Should Go

If I should go tomorrow  
It would never be goodbye,  
For I have left my heart with you,  
So don't you ever cry.  
The love that's deep within me,  
Shall reach you from the stars,  
You'll feel it from the heavens,  
And it will heal the scars.

*Unknown*



## When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;  
How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved you beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;  
And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
and hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

*W.B. Yeats 1865 - 1939  
Irish Dramatist and Poet*

# Death Cannot Kill What Never Dies

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.  
Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided  
That love and live in the same divine principle:  
the root and record of their friendship.

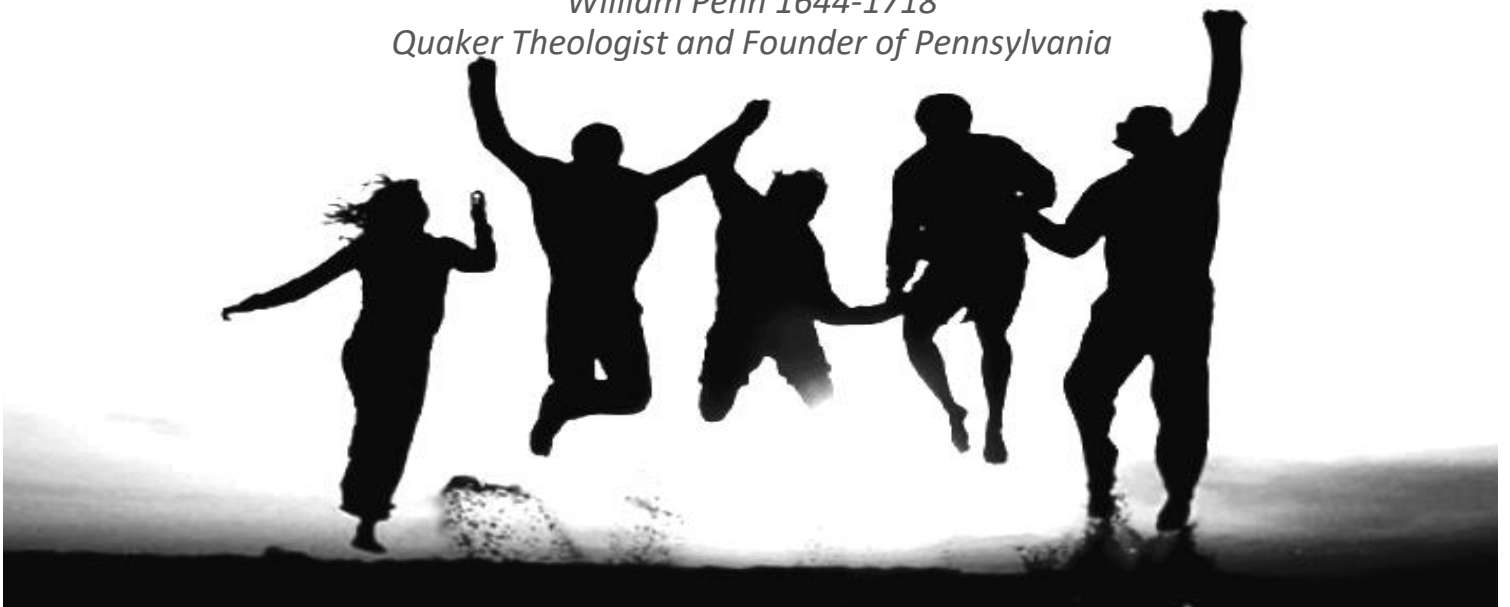
Death is but a crossing the world as friends do seas;  
they live in one another still.

For they must needs be present  
that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

In this Divine glass they see face to face;  
and their converse is free as well as pure.

This is the comfort of friends,  
that though they may be said to die,  
yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense,  
ever present,  
because immortal.

*From "Fruits of Solitude" Part II Union of Friends  
William Penn 1644-1718  
Quaker Theologist and Founder of Pennsylvania*



# Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

Then sad he, "I am going to my Father's,  
and though with great difficulty I am going hither,  
yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at,  
to arrive where I am.

My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage,  
and my courage and skill to him that can get it.

My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me,  
that I have fought His battles, who now will be my rewarder."

When the day that he must go hence was come,  
many accompanied him to the riverside,  
into which as he went he said  
"Death, where is thy sting?"

And as he went down deeper, he said  
"Grave, where is thy victory?"

So, he passed over,  
and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

*From "The Pilgrim's Progress"*  
*John Bunyan 1628-1699*  
*English Preacher and Writer*





## My Love

Give me your hand my love  
don't let me sink into sadness.



My body has already learned  
the grief of your absence  
but despite the blows  
it still wants to live.



Don't go away  
love  
meet me in my dreams  
defend your memory  
my memory of you  
that I don't want to lose.

We are voice and echo  
mirror and face  
give me your hand

Wait  
I have to rearrange my time  
until I reach you.

*Claribel Alegria 1924 -  
Nicaraguan Poet, translated by Carolyn Forché*

## All Is Well

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped 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 which you always used  
Put no difference in your tone,  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
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 shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner.

All is well.

*Henry Scott Holland 1847-1918  
Canon of St Paul's Cathedral, London*

## **Break, Break, Break**

Break, break, break  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O Well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
to their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
and the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break  
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

*Lord Alfred Tennyson 1809-1892  
English Royal Poet Laureate for 40 years*

## Speak to Us of Joy and Sorrow

Then a woman said, "Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow."

And He answered:

"Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.  
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was often-  
times  
filled with your tears.

And how else can it be?

The deeper your sorrow carves in 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 by knives?

When you are joyous,  
look deep into your heart and you shall find  
if it only that which has given you sorrow  
that is giving you joy."

*Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931  
Lebanese Poet and Artist, died USA*

# Divine Love Cannot Change

Loving with human love,  
one may pass from love to hatred;  
but divine love cannot change.

Nothing, not even death, can shatter it.  
It is the very nature of the soul  
Love is life.

All, all that I understand,  
I understand only because I love.

All is bound up in love alone.  
Love is God,  
and dying means for me a particle of love,  
to go back to the universal and eternal source of love.

*From "War and Peace"*  
*Leo Tolstoy 1828-1910*  
*Russian Novelist and Activist*



## 'Tis Better to Have Loved

I envy not in any moods  
the captive void of noble rage,  
the linnet born within the cage  
that never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes  
his license in the field of time,  
unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
to whom a conscience never waked;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
the heart that never plighted troth  
but stagnates in the weeds of sloth,  
nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

*Lord Alfred Tennyson 1809-1892  
English Royal Poet Laureate for 40 years*



# When I Am Gone

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 beautiful years.

I gave to you my love.  
You can only guess how much you gave me in happiness.

I thank you for the love you each have shown,  
But now it's time I travel alone.

So grieve for me a while, if you must  
Then let your grief be comforted by my trust.

It's only for a while we must part,  
So bless the memories in your heart.

I won't be far away, for life carries on,  
So if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near.  
And if you listen within your heart you'll hear

All 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"

## On Death

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 heart wide 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.

For what is it to die  
but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?  
And what is it to cease breathing,  
but to free the breath from its restless tides,  
that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.  
And when you have reached the mountain top,  
then you shall begin to climb.  
And when the earth shall claim your limbs,  
then shall you truly dance.

*Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931  
Lebanese Poet and Artist, died USA*



## I'll Be There

I've come to the end of life's busy road  
I've put down my burden, I've cast off my load

My spirit is free, my soul has wings  
I'll pour from the throat of a bird that sings

I'll ride on the wind, I'll float on the clouds  
I'll twinkle with the stars in night's velvet shroud

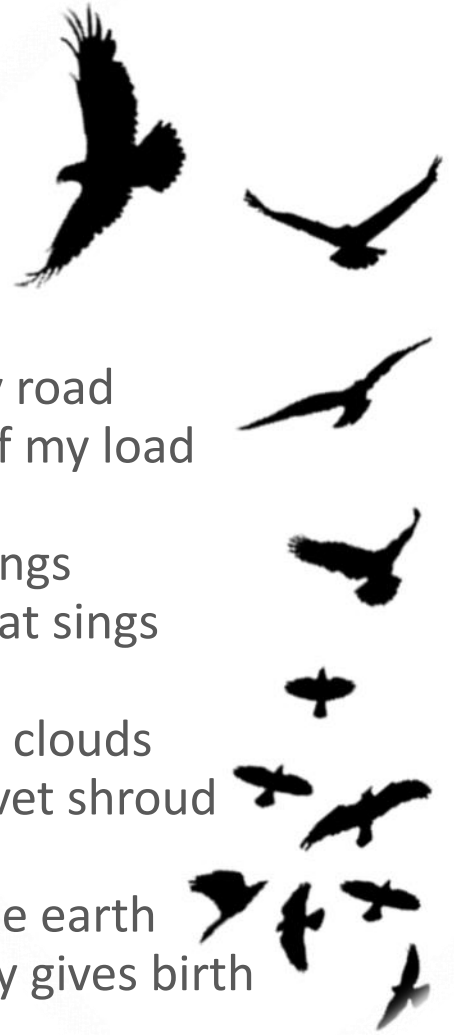
I'll shine with the sun as it circles the earth  
I'll be there at the dawn when a new day gives birth

I'll be with the snow fluttering down  
Silently, softly, nature's crown

I'll be in the rain as it falls on the earth  
Cleansing, refreshing, priceless worth

I'll ride on the ether, silent and free  
A world of my own, please don't cry for me.

*Maude Hurford  
Guernsey Poet*



# The Lord is My Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures,  
He leads me beside quiet waters,  
He restores my soul.

He guides me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.  
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil, for you are with me;  
Your rod and your staff they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.  
You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

*(Psalm 23)*



## John 11:25-26

‘I am the resurrection and life,’ says the Lord.  
‘Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live,  
and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die.’

## Romans 8:38-39

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers,  
nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height,  
nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate  
us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## **1 Thessalonians 4:14, 17b, 18**

Since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died.

So we will be with the Lord for ever.

Therefore encourage one another with these words.

## **1 Timothy 6:7, Job 1:21b**

We brought nothing into the world, and we take nothing out.

The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away;

blessed be the name of the Lord.

## **Lamentations 3:22-23**

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,

his mercies never come to an end;

they are new every morning; great is his faithfulness.

## **Matthew 5:4**

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

## **John 3:16**

God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life.

## To All Parents

I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," He said.  
"For you to love the while he lives and mourn when he is dead,

"It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,  
"But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

"He'll bring his charms to gladden you, but should his stay be brief,  
"You'll have his lovely memories, as solace for your grief,

"I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,  
"But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

"I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,  
"And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.

"Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labour vain,  
"Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?"

*Edgar Guest 1881 - 1959*  
*American Poet*





## Up Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.

*Christina Rossetti 1830 - 1894*  
*English Poet*

## From “Little Women”

Beth could not reason upon  
or explain the faith  
that gave her courage and patience to give up life,  
and cheerfully wait for death.

Like a confiding child, she asked no questions,  
but left everything to God and nature,  
Father and Mother of us all,  
feeling sure that they, and they only,  
could teach and strengthen heart and spirit for this life  
and the life to come.

*Louisa May Alcott 1832 - 1888*  
*American Novelist*





