# Words of Comfort & Love

# A Book of Readings in Times of Sadness and Grief

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# Crossing The Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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, through from out our bourne and place, The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When I have crost the bar

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### 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 fast 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.

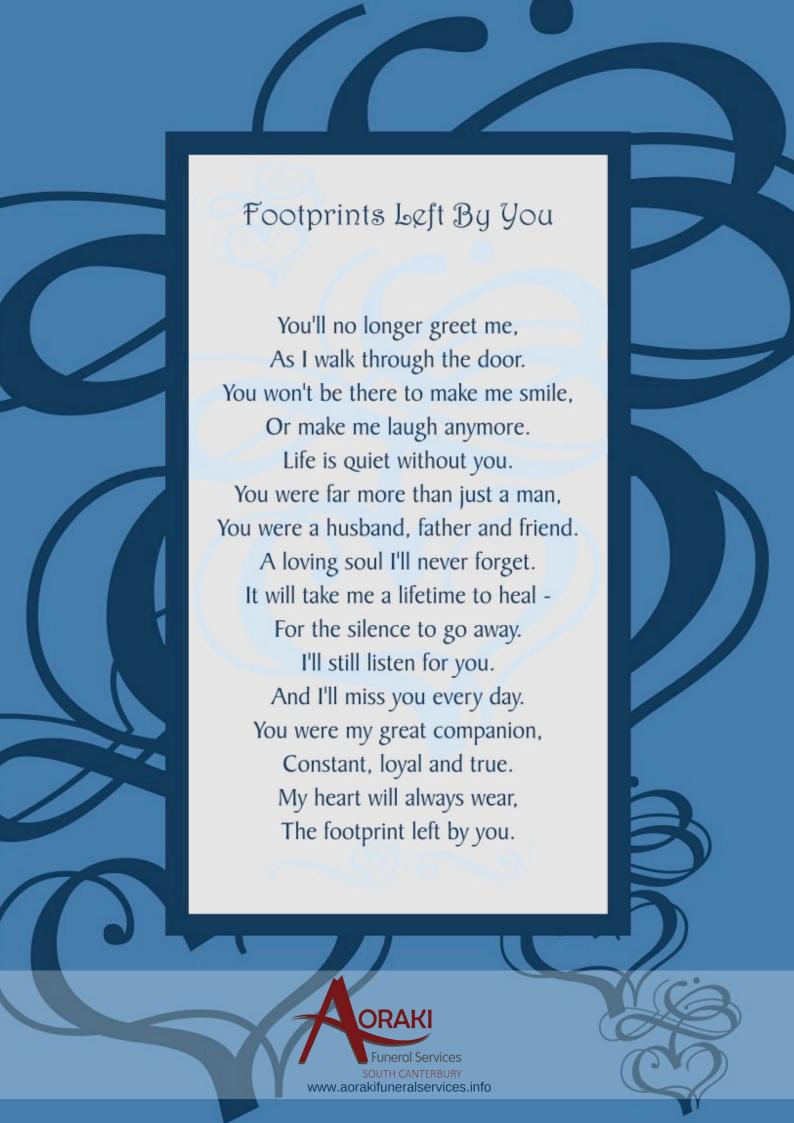
The answer to life's riddle
In life I never knew;
I go with hope that now I will
And even so will you.

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.





#### Beloved Mother

You can only have one mother
Patient kind and true;
No other friend in all the world,
Will be the same to you.

When other friends forsake you,
To mother you will turn,
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 Jesus, take this message,
To our dear mother up above;
Tell her how we miss her,
And give her all our love.

Alternative last verse

Let angles take this message,
To our dear mother up above;
Tell her how we miss her,
And give her all our love.



#### Beatitudes For Mothers

Blessed are the mothers who did without for us.... they will be rewarded.

Blessed are the mothers who lost sleep when we were sick....
they will find rest.

Blessed are the mothers who taught us how to pray....
they will share God's kingdom.

Blessed are the mothers who comforted us.... they will be comforted.

Blessed are the mothers who taught us right from wrong....
they will know justice.

Blessed are the mothers who showed us the Christian life by example....
they will live forever.

Blessed are the mothers who shared with us the meaning of peace....
they will know peace.

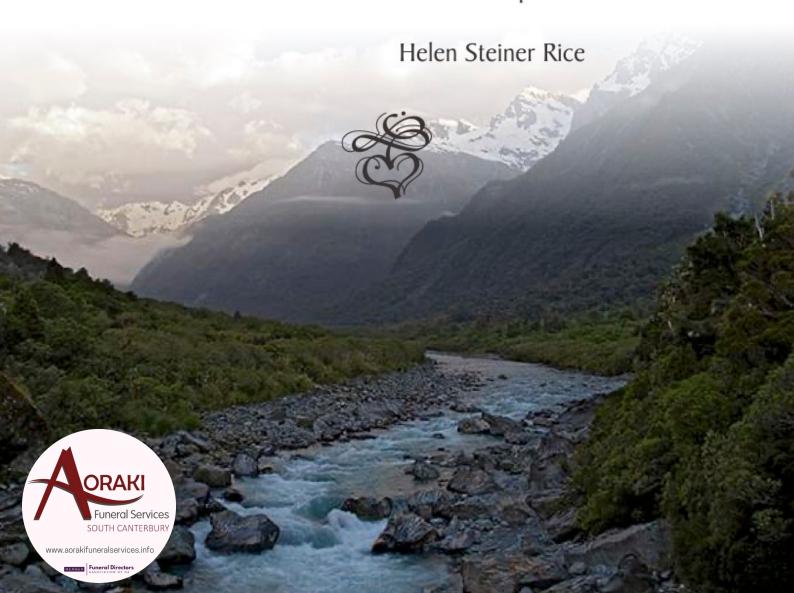
Blessed are the mothers who taught us the importance of loving God and each other....
they shall see God.



# The Comfort and Sweetness of Peace

After the clouds, the sunshine After the Winter, the Spring, After the shower, the rainbow, For life is a changeable thing.

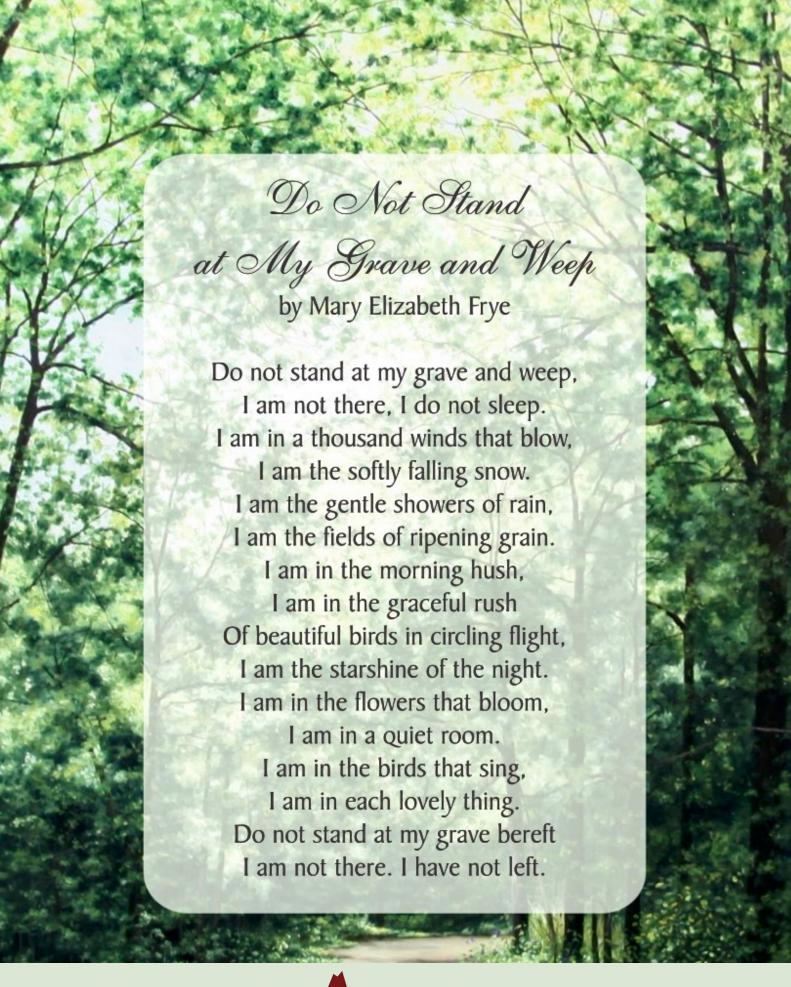
After the night, the morning
Bidding all darkness cease,
After life's cares and sorrows
The comfort and sweetness of peace.





Outside my window a new day I see
And only I can determine what kind of day it will be.
It can be busy, sunny, laughing and gay,
Or boring and cold, unhappy and grey.
My own state of mind is the determining key,
For I am the only person I let myself be.
I can be thoughtful and do all I can to help,
Or be selfish and think just of myself.
I can enjoy what I do and make it seem fun,
Or gripe and complain and make it hard on someone.
I can be patient with those who may not understand,
Or belittle and hurt them as much as I can.
But I have faith in myself and believe in what I say,
And I personally intend to make the best of each day.







#### Babies are Stars

Babies are stars come down to earth to shine their light and bring us joy, laughter, hope, but most of all to bring us the priceless gift of love. They are angels who have chosen to come to earth and teach us the true meaning of life and how to live it, Some can only stay a while, we have to let them go. This is very hard because we don't understand and may never know the reasons or have the answers to our "Why? Why? Why? In our overwhelming grief and desperation, loss and pain there is one anchor stone that we must hold on to. While we hold our memories close within our broken hearts, the love we shared will never, never die. Our baby angel will always be with us in the movies of our minds. We can play those movies forever.





I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend He referred to the dates on his tombstone from the beginning.... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of his birth and spoke of the date following with tears But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those two years.

For the dash represents all the time that he spent alive on earth...

And now only those who loved him knew what that little line was worth.

For it matters not, how much we own; the cars... the house... the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

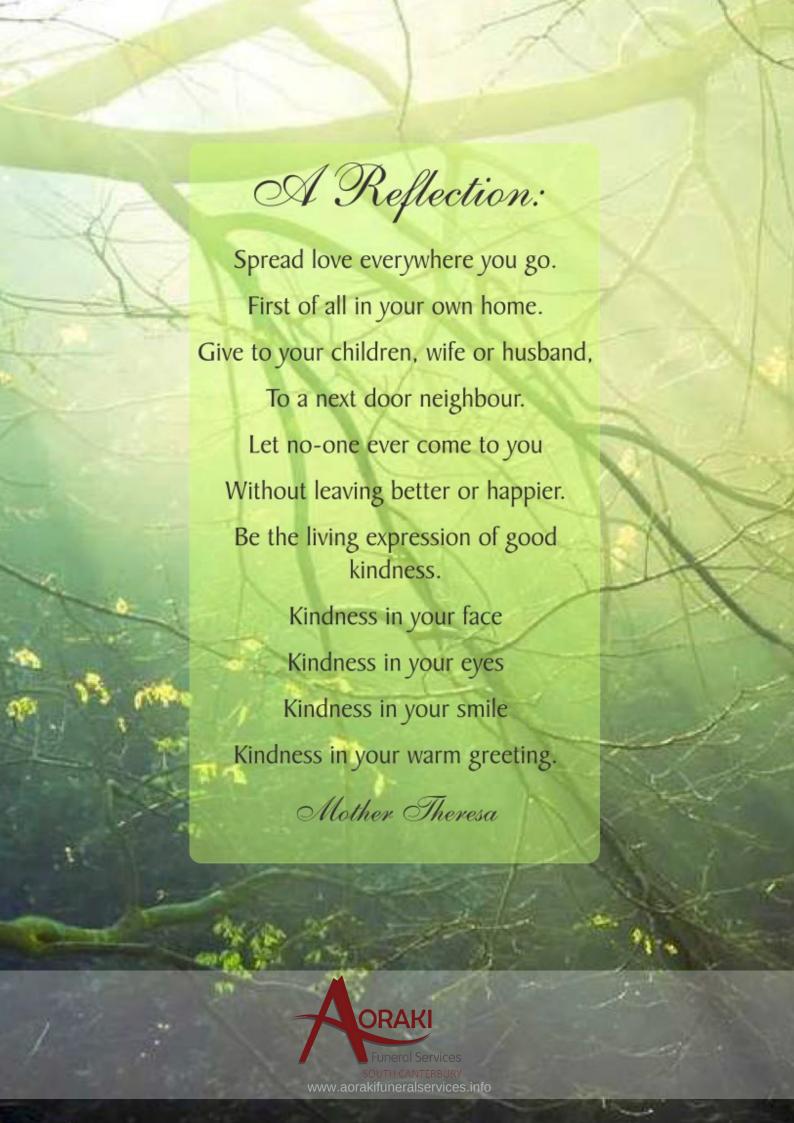
So think about this, long and hard...are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left - you could be at "dash mid-range"

If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real And always try to understand the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger, and show appreciation more And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect, and more often wear a smile... remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy's being read with your life's actions to rehash... Would you be proud of the things they say and how you spent YOUR dash?



### The Desiderata

#### by Max Ehlrmann

Go placidly among 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 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 and drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

Be careful. Strive to be happy.

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# Do not stand at my grave and weep VERSION TWO

Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die,
I am the thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glint on snow,
When you awaken in the morning hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush,
Of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am bright stars that shine at night,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.



Even though our physical body is limited,

Our true nature

opens us to the limitless To that beyond

our birth and death,

To a wholeness and indivisibility

With all things.



From "A Path to the Heart" by Jack Kornfeld

# Death is Nothing at all

Death is nothing at all. It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened. Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I and you are you,

and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched,

Unchanged.

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 that 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 an effort,
Without the ghost of a shadow in it.
Life means all that it ever meant;
It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, an interval,

somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well.

# Four Candles

The first candle represents our grief.

The pain of losing you is intense
It reminds us of the depth of our love for you

The second candle represents our courage.
To confront our sorrow,
To comfort each other,
To change our lives.

This third candle we light in your memory.

For the times we laughed,

The times we cried,

The times we were angry with each other,

The silly things you did,

The caring and the joy you gave us.

The fourth candle we light for our love.
We light this candle that your light will always shine
As we enter this sad time and share this day of remembrance
With family and friends.
We cherish the special place in our hearts
That will always be reserved for you.



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# Family & Friends

We all have a cherished Garden we tend It is planted with love Of family and friends

The memories and dreams
We treasure and share
Are like beautiful flowers
Found blooming there.

The most valuable thing Is the time we spend Tending this garden With family and friends.

When counting our blessings
We know from the start
That family and friends
Come first in our hearts.



# Footprints in the Sand

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord. Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky. In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand. Sometimes there were two sets of footprints, other times there was one only. This bothered me because I noticed that during the low periods of my life, when I was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, I could see only one set of footprints. So I said to the Lord. "You promised me Lord, that if I followed you, you would walk with me always. But I have noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there has only been one set of footprints in the sand. Why, when I needed you most, have you not been there for me?" The Lord replied, "The years when you have seen only one set of footprints, my child, is when I carried you."

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#### God Bless You Dad

God bless you dad in your grave, God keep you in his care And may he listen to my heart And hear my fervent prayer

I pray that you are safe with him

For all eternity

And that he will bless you for your love

Of all your family

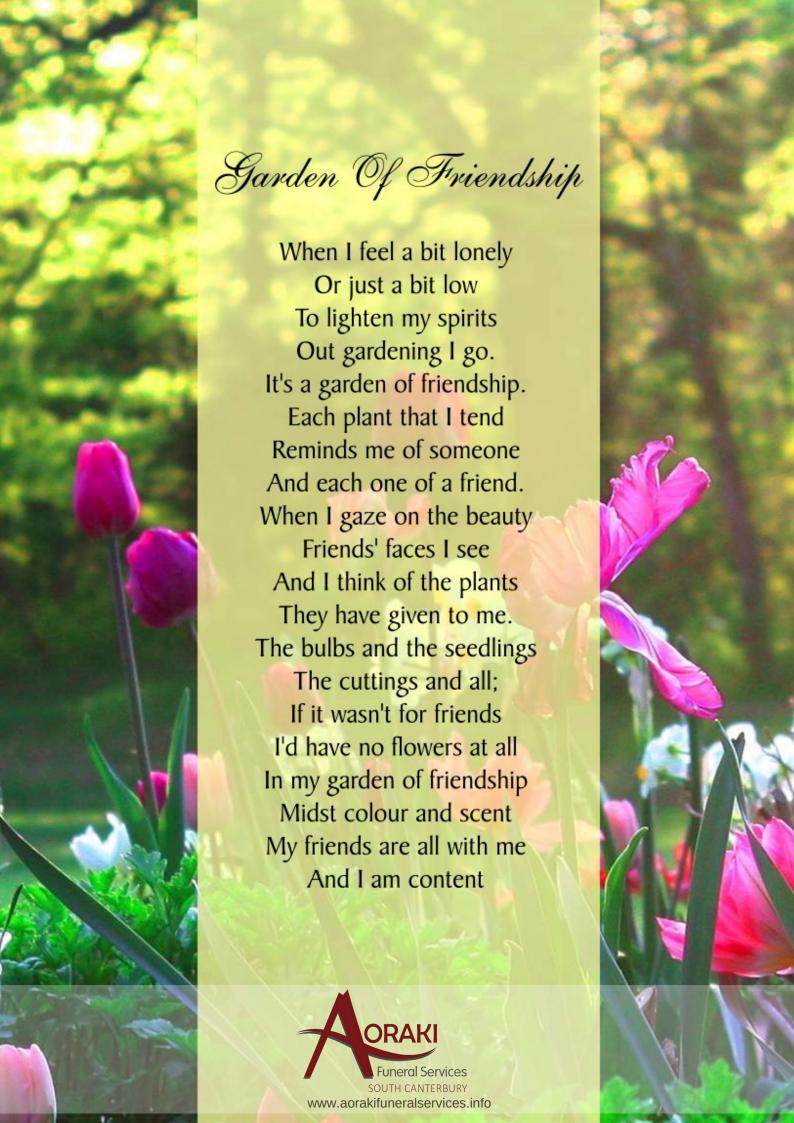
May you have peace and rest at last
From every care and woe
And may you sleep in comfort
From the wind, the rain and the snow

God bless you for your smiling lips
And all you tried to do
To bring us happiness on earth
And make our dreams come true

So up in heaven, my father dear Please say a prayer for me And in my heart forever You and Mum will always be.







God didn't promise days without pain, laughter without sorrow, sun without rain, but He did promise strength for the day, comfort for the tears, and light for the way.





# His Life is a Beautiful Memory

His life is a beautiful memory,
His death is a silent grief,
He sleeps in God's beautiful garden,
In sunshine of perfect peace.
We miss him, oh so much,
But realise God knew best,
He let us have him many years,
Then gently let him rest.

Though his smile is gone forever And his hand we cannot touch, Still we had so many memories, Of the one we loved so much, His memory is our keepsake, With which we'll never part; God has him in His keeping, We have him in our heart.



# Gone From My Sight by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore.

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

Then someone at my side says:

"There, she is gone!"
"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all.

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

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the 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!"
And that is dying.





# A Happy Man

When these graven lines you see,
Traveller, do not pity me;
Though I be among the dead,
Let no mournful word be said.

Children that I leave behind,
And their children, all were kind;
Near to them and to my wife,
I was happy all my life.

My three sons I married right, And their sons I rocked at night; Death nor sorrow never brought Cause for one unhappy thought.

Now, and with no need of tears,
Here they leave me, full of years,-Leave me to my quiet rest
In the region of the blest





# Gone Fishin'

I've finished life's chores assigned to me, So put me on a boat headed out to sea. Please send along my fishing pole For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.

Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishin' with the Master of the sea.

We will miss each other for awhile,
But you will come and bring your smile.
That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.

To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.

If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em I've gone fishin'



# He is Gone

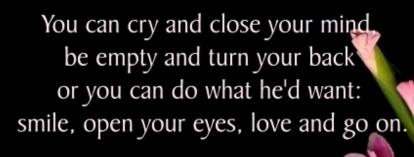
You can shed tears that he is gone or you can smile because he has lived.

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.





# Her Journey's Just Begun

Don't think of her as gone away her journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets this earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting from the sorrows and the tears in a place of warmth and comfort where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing that we could know today how nothing but our sadness can really pass away.



# Im Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free m following the path God has laid you see. 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, to play
Tasks left undone must stay that way
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
Oh 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 one's touch.



Perhaps my time seemed all too brief Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your hearts and peace to thee God wanted me now, He set me free.

# Im Free

Don't grieve for me, now I'm free I'm following the path laid for me

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

If my parting leaves a void
Then fill it with remembered joy
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
Ah yes, these things I too will miss

Be not burdened with times of sorrow
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow
My life's been full, I savoured much
Good friends, good times, a loved one's
touch

Perhaps the time seemed all too brief Don't lengthen it now with undue grief Lift up your hearts and share with me My time had come and now I'm free.



Secular (Non-Religious) Version





#### Love Lives On

Those we LOVE

are never really lost to us

We feel them in so many SPECIAL ways

Through FRIENDS they always cared about

and dreams they left behind.

In BEAUTY that they added to our days

In words of wisdom we still carry with us

and MEMORIES that never will be gone

Those we love are never really lost to us

For everywhere their special

LOVE LIVES ON



#### In God's Garden

In tears we watched you sinking As we watched you fade away Our hearts were almost broken You fought so hard to stay But when we saw you sleeping So peacefully from pain We would not wish you back To suffer that again God saw you getting tired When a cure was not to be So He closed his arms around you And whispered "Come to me" You did not deserve what you went through And so He gave you rest God's garden must be beautiful, He only keeps the best.



# The Irish Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you.

May the wind be always at your back.

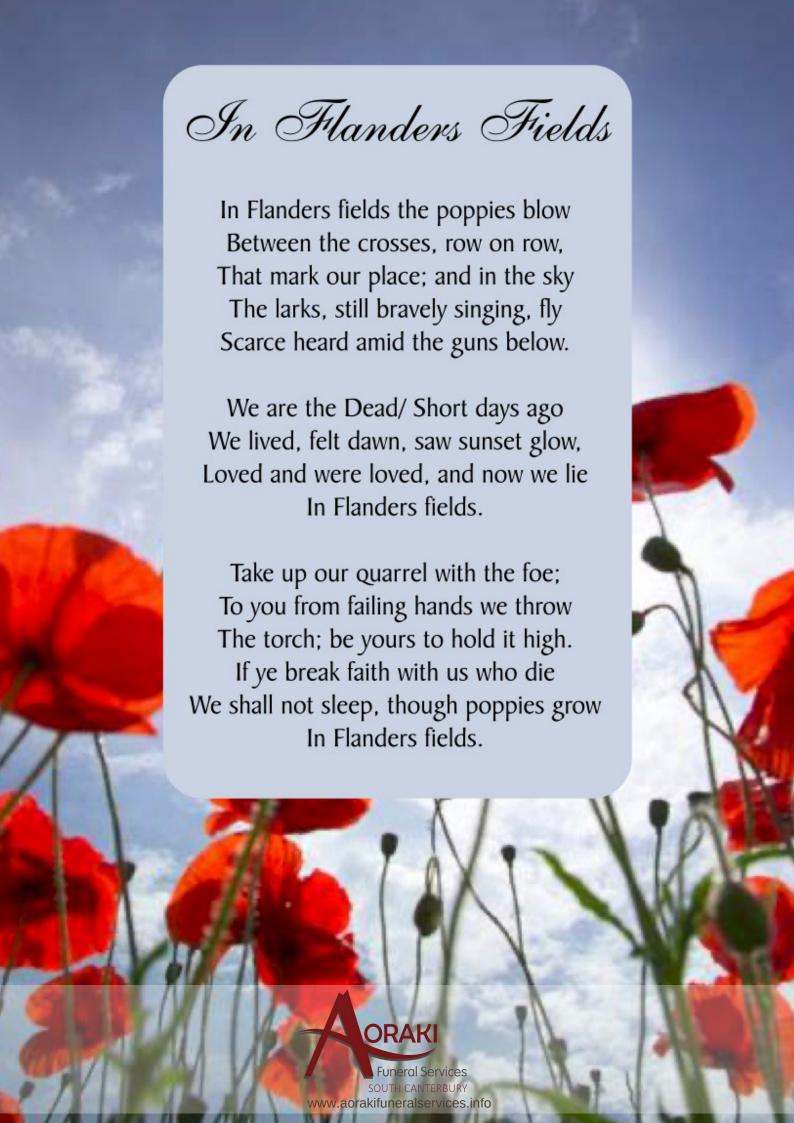
May the sun shine warm upon your face;

The rains fall soft upon your fields

And until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of His hand.







## The Last Farewell

Dear friends I go, but do not weep, I've lived my life, so full so deep. Throughout my life, I gave my best, I earned my keep, I earned my rest. I never tried to be great or grand, Tried to be a helping hand. If I helped in a team, If I helped on my own, I was more than repaid, By good friends I have known. And if I went the extra mile, I did it with pleasure, It was all worthwhile. Then let it be. A small contribution From my loved ones and me. But mostly I cherished the family I knew, In a bond never ending So precious, so true. Now sadly I leave you and travel alone Through my mystic veil, To the great unknown With such beautiful memories That forever will be, The way that I hope You'll remember me.



# One Al Rest

Think of me as one at rest, for me you should not weep 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 a friend for none of us can stay. Those of you who like 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 love, to laugh, 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.



Memories are the loveliest things.

They last from day to day.

They can't get lost, they can't wear out,

And they can never be taken away.

When first we grieve the pain cuts deep
Slowly ebbing away.
Replaced by loving memories
Growing stronger every day.

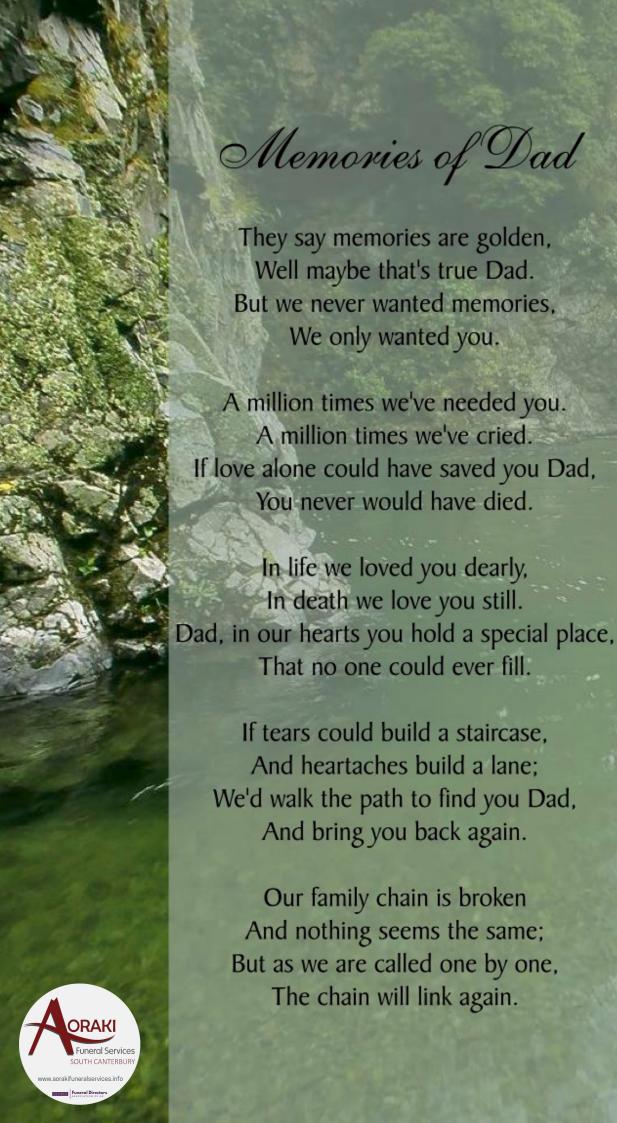
Precious memories hold our loved ones,

They keep them ever near,

Our most valuable possessions,

in our hearts, they're always here.





## Miss Me, But Let Me Go

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

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

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master 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.



## Ode of Remembrance

Traditional verse for soldiers who have died.

Taken from the 1914 poem, "For the Fallen" by Laurence Binyon

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, We will remember them.

#### For the Fallen

by Laurence Binyon

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam



# The Memory of Me

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 my life is done.





#### **WOF Expired**

My chassis is stuffed - radiator leaks not much happening in the spark plug department.

Wiring shorted, headlights dim shocks are shot, steering loose transmission not reliable.

Been round the block a few times and got where I wanted

Saw the sights, met the people, did the job

Blew the odd gasket, but never seized up.

Loved it all would do it again - but my WOF's expired

Just release the brakes



#### Truckers Lament

Those old white lines are slowly fading
On this great highway that I roam
There's no street signs, no map is needed
This big rig's headed home

There's no cargo, not this time I've done unloaded a world of strife No log book entry will be needed My name's writ in the book of Life

Those 18 wheels, hear them humming
Rock of Ages, cleft for me
I'm on my last run, journey's over
I've made Heaven home you see

Can't you hear my big horn blowing
No more wide turns left to make
I'm on a straight run, bound for Glory
Where I'll apply the final brake

Angels are riding on my shoulder Hear them sing Amazing Grace On this long highway to heaven Where I'll retire in God's embrace

Those 18 wheels, hear them humming Rock of Ages, cleft for me I'm on my last run, journey's over I've made Heaven, my soul is free





#### When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see,
The sun will rise and find your eyes, are filled with tears for me.
I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you are today,
While thinking of the many things, that we still had to say.

I know how much you loved me, as much as I loved you
And each time that you think of me I know you'll miss me too!
But when tomorrow starts without me please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name and took me by the hand.

For now my life on earth is past, but here it starts anew
I promise no tomorrow but today I give to you
So when tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me, I'm right here in your heart.



When you are

Sorrowful

Look in your Heart

And you shall see that in truth

You are Weeping

For that which has been

Your Delight

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When I am gone
Weep not for me
For I have gone beyond tears
Beyond pain, beyond hurt.
All that remains of me
That I have left behind for you
Is Love!
And in this way, remember me.





#### Those We Love

Those we love don't go away,
They walk beside us every day,
Unseen, unheard but always near
Still loved, still missed and very dear.







# Stop all the clocks, Cut off the telephone

W. H. Auden

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 for ever: 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.



## The Rose Beyond the Wall

Near 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 of pride,
It followed the light through the crevices 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 or fail, Nay, let us faith and hope receive, The rose still grows beyond the wall.

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



#### People Liked Him

People liked him, not because He was rich or known to fame; He had never won applause As a star in any game

His was not a brilliant style, His was not a forceful way, But he had a gentle smile And a kindly word to say

Never arrogant or proud, On he went with manner mild; Never quarrelsome or loud, Just as simple as a child

Honest, patient, brave and true: Thus he lived from day to day, Doing what he found to do In a cheerful sort of way

Wasn't one to boast of gold Or belittle it with sneers,
Didn't change from hot to cold, Kept his friends throughout the years

Sort of man you like to meet Any time or any place There was always something sweet And refreshing in his face

Never lied to friend or foe, Never rash in word or deed, Quick to come and slow to go In a neighbor's time of need

Never rose to wealth or fame, Simply lived, and simply died, But the passing of his name Left a sorrow, far and wide.

