

A MOTHER IS GOD'S GIFT

A mother is a wondrous gift,
The bright and shining light,
That God gave every one of us
To teach us wrong from right.

A mother is the gentle touch,
The word, the smiling face,
And all the things that make a home
A cheerful, happy place.

A mother is the sacrifice,
The sympathy and care,
That makes each joy seem brighter still
And pain less hard to bear.

A mother is the someone dear
Who's cherished all year through,
A mother is a wondrous gift
Especially if she's you.

BEYOND THE SUNSET

Should you go first and I remain,
to walk the road alone,
I'll live in memories garden, dear,
with happy days we've known.
In spring I'll wait for roses red, when
faded, the lilacs blue.
In early fall when brown leaves fall,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.
Should you go first and I remain, for
battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the
way will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your
smile, though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
will buoy me on with hope.
Should you go first and I remain,
one thing I'll have you do:
Walk slowly down that long, long
path, for soon I'll follow you.
I want to know each step you take,

so I may take the same.
For someday down that lonely road,
you'll hear me call your name.

Come to me where chains will never bind you,
All your fears, at last, behind you.
God in heaven look down on him in mercy,
Forgive him all his trespasses
and take him to your glory.

Take my hand, I'll lead you to salvation.
Take my love, for love is everlasting.
And remember the truth that once was spoken,
To love another person is to see the face of God.

(Adapted from Les Miserables)

DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL

Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away
into the next room. I am I,
and you are you;
whatever we were to each other,
that, we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name,
speak to me in the easy way
which you always used,
put no difference in your tone,
wear no forced air
of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we shared together.
Let my name ever be
the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect,
without the trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all
that it 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.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

In deep sleep one night I dreamed
That on the beach I walked.
God was by my side each step
And quietly we talked.

Then on the way, my life was flashed
The visions all-serene.
Two sets of footprints in the sands
Were there in every scene.

But then I noticed in some scenes
Of suffering, pain, and strife,
Just a single set of footprints
At the worst times of my life.

God – you said you'd stay by me
In good times and in bad.
Why then did you leave me
Each time my life was sad?

"My precious child," God answered,
"When your life had pain, I knew.
The single set of footprints
Were the times I carried you?"

GO FORTH CHRISTIAN SOUL

Go forth Christian soul, from this world
In the name of God, the almighty Father,
Who created you,
In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God,

Who suffered for you,
In the name of the Holy Spirit,
Who was poured out upon you.
Go forth, Faithful Christian!

May you live in peace this day,
May your home be with God in Zion,
With Mary, the virgin Mother of God,
With Joseph, and all the angels and saints...

May you return to your Creator
Who formed you from the dust of the earth.
May holy Mary, the angels, and all the saints
Come to meet you as you go forth from this life...
May you see your redeemer face to face...

GOD LOOKED AROUND HIS GARDEN

God looked around His garden
and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth
and saw your tired face.
He put His arms around you
and lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful.
He only takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering.
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
get well on earth again.
He saw the road getting rough
and the hills were hard to climb.
So He closed your weary eyelids
and whispered, "Peace be thine".

It broke our hearts to lose you
but you didn't go alone.
Part of us went with you
the day God took you home.
If tears could build a stairway
and heartaches make a lane,
We'd walk a path to heaven
to be with you again.

GOD SAW YOU WERE GETTING TIRED

God saw you were getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So he put his arms around you
And whispered, "Come with me."

With tearful eyes we watched you,
And saw you pass away.
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 to us,
He only takes the best.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

As you hold me close in memory
Even though we're far apart,
My spirit will live on
There within your heart.

I am with you always,
When you lean on trusted friends,
And their caring hugs enfold you,
Within their loving arms,
I'll be there to hold you.

I am with you always,
And beyond the horizon,
When we'll finally be together,
When love will be eternal,
And life will last forever,
I am with you always.

I'D LIKE THE MEMORY OF ME TO BE A HAPPY ONE

I'd Like the Memory of me
to be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways.

Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
to dry before the sun.
Of happy memories that I leave
When life is done.

IF TEARS COULD BUILD A STAIRWAY

If tears could build a stairway
And memories were a lane,
We would walk right up to heaven
And bring you back again.

No farewell words were spoken
No time to say goodbye,
You were gone before we knew it
And only God knows why.

Our hearts still ache in sadness
And secret tears still flow,
What it meant to lose you
No one can ever know.

But now we know you want us
To mourn for you no more,
To remember all the happy times
Life still has much in store.

Since you'll never be forgotten
We pledge with you today,
A hallowed place within our hearts
Is where you'll always stay.

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've found that peace at the close of day.

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

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

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wanted me now; he set me free.

I'M NOT HERE

Don't stand at my grave and weep
for I'm not there, I do not sleep
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamonds glint on snow
I am the sunlight on 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 circle flight
I am the soft stars that shine at night
Do Not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there, I did not die.

-Author Unknown

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'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 sorrow and do good deeds.
Miss me – but let me go.

NEW JOURNEY

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 she 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.

OUR PRAYER

They say that memories are golden
Well, maybe that is true.
We never wanted memories,
We only wanted you.
A million times we needed you,

A million times we cried.
If love alone could have saved you,
You never would have died.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we love you still.
In our hearts you hold a place
No one could ever fill.
If tears could build a stairway
And heartache a lane,
We'd walk the path to heaven
And bring you back again.
Our family chain is broken
And nothing seems the same.
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.

PERSPECTIVE

I'm standing on the seashore.

A ship spreads her sails to the morning
breeze and starts for the ocean.

I watch her until she fades on the horizon and
someone at my side says, "She is gone."

Gone where?

The loss of sight is in me, not in her.

Just at the moment when someone says,
"She is gone," there are others who are
watching her coming.

Other voices take up the shout,
"Here she comes."

And that is dying.

-Henry Scott Holland

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master,
grant that I may not so much seek
So much to be to be consoled, as to console;
to be understood, as to understand;
to be loved, as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to Eternal Life.
Amen.

REMEMBER ME

Remember me when the flowers bloom
Early in the Spring.
Remember me on sunny days
In the fun that summer brings.

Remember me in the fall
As you walk through leaves of Gold.
And in the wintertime- remember me
In the stories that are told.

But most of all remember
Each day right from the start.
I will be forever near
For I live within your heart.

SAFELY HOME

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

All the pain and grief is over,

Every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace forever,
Safely home in Heaven at last.

Did you wonder how I so calmly
Trod the valley of the shade?
Oh! But Jesus' love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade.

And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread;
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,
Could I have one doubt or dread?

Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still;
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's will.

STANDING UPON THE SEASHORE

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 the 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 here 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.

THAT MAN IS A SUCCESS

He has achieved success
who has lived well,
laughed often and loved much;
who has gained the trust of good women,
the respect of intelligent men
and the love of children;
who has filled his niche
and accomplished his task;
who has left the world
better than he found it
whether by an improved poppy,
a perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
who 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;
whose life was an inspiration;
whose memory a benediction.

THE HOMECOMING

The spirit, newly freed from the Earth,
Is all amazed at the surprise
of her belonging: suddenly
As native to eternity
to see herself, to realize
the heritage that lets her be
at home where all this glory lies.

By naught foretold could she have guessed such welcome home: the robe, the
ring, music and endless banqueting, these people hers; this place of rest known,
as of long remembering
herself as a child of God pressed
with warm endearments to His breast.
-Jessica Powers

WHEN I MUST LEAVE YOU

When I must leave you
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 in the sky!

IN THE BULB THERE IS A FLOWER

In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness, bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity,
In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see."

YOUR MOTHER IS ALWAYS WITH YOU

Your mother is always with you.
She's the whisper of the leaves
as you walk down the street.
She's the smell of bleach
in your freshly laundered socks.
She's the cool hand on your brow
when you're not well.
Your mother lives inside your laughter.
She's crystallized in every tear drop.
She's the place you came from, your first home. She's the map you follow
with every step that you take.
She's your first love and your first heartbreak
and nothing on earth can separate you.
Not time, Not space, Not even death
will ever separate you from your mother.
You carry her inside of you.