

A friendly smile,
a casual touch,
These are the things
that mean so much,
To know you are with us,
in our time of sorrow,
Sharing our prayers,
today and tomorrow,
God gives us comfort
in the form of good friends,
May His peace be with you,
His love never ends.

Judy Dimbleby

A Little Step Away

To close the eye, to fall asleep,
To draw a laboured breath,
To find release from daily cares
In what we know as death...

Is this the crowning of a life,
The aim or end thereof?
The totaled sum of consciousness,
The ripened fruit of love?

It cannot be, for works of God
Are wrought for nobler ends,
And those away continue on
In the hearts of kin and friends.

It cannot be, for they live on
A little step away.
The soul - the everlasting life,
Has found a better day.....

~ O. J. Hanson

A Message From Heaven

When somebody passes away, a cloud turns into an angel
and flies up to ask God to put another flower on a pillow.

The angel in turn gives the message to a bird and the bird
gives the message back to the world and sings a prayer
that makes the rain cry – to grow a flower.

People disappear, but they never really go away.

The angels put the sun to bed, wake up grass, and spin the
earth in dizzy circles.

Sometimes you can see them dancing in a cloud during
the day and feel them gently wipe away your tears during
the night.

Angels paint the rainbows and also the sunsets and make
waves splash and tug at the tide.

They toss shooting stars and they listen to wishes.

And when the angels sing wind-songs, they whisper to us
– “don’t miss me too much, the view is wonderful and
I’m doing just fine”.

ALZHEIMER’S PRAYER

Dear Lord, please grant my visitors tolerance for
my confusion, forgiveness for my irrationality
and the strength to walk with me in the mist of
memory my world has become.

Please help them take my hand and stay awhile
even though I seem unaware of their presence.

Help them to know how their strength and
loving care will drift slowly into the days to come
just when I need it most.

Let them know when I don’t recognize them
that I will...I will... keep their hearts free of
sorrow for me...for my sorrow, when it comes,
only lasts a moment.

And finally God, please let them know how very
much their visits mean, how even through this
relentless mystery, I can feel their love.

An Angel In Disguise

If an angels wings are forever hidden,
beneath two arms that wrap with care;
And a vibrant halo glows within,
a tender spirit shining there.
If the melody of a blessed harp
is found in the warmest voice,
and an unconditional love is sewn,
in to your each and every choice.
If the laughter of a cherub rings,
when you have brightened someone's day
And pure heavens found in every smile,
you felt need to send this way.
If an angels gown of flowing white
is shielding from all eyes.
At once I knew when I saw you,
I spied an angel in disguise.

Angels

I believe in angels -
that they're always hovering near,
Whispering encouragement
whenever clouds appear,
Protecting us from danger
and showing us the way,
Performing little miracles
within our lives each day...

As We Look Back.

As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?
For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?
Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgment,
Courage and integrity?
We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made.
To let us have the very best?
And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We're thanking you now.
And we are hoping you knew all along,
How much you meant to us.

Before I Close My Eyes

Will you listen to my fears
Will you hold me in my arms
Will you dry my tears
Before I close my eyes

Will you paint a picture of a deep blue sky
Will you run through fields of wild flowers
For me and chase the butterflies
Before I close my eyes

Will you play a sweet song full of romance
Will you close your eyes and hold my hand
And pretend that we are having one last dance
Before I close my eyes

Will you lay with me in the warm candlelight
Will you tell me the story of how I will become
A bright star that shines at night
Before I close my eyes

Will you kiss me tenderly like you did before
And feel my love today
and my love forever more
Before I close my eyes

~Wind Walker

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 bourne
of time and place
the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
when I have crossed the bar.

. . . Alfred Tennyson

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 of snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the mornings hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there. I did not die.

To every thing 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 that which 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 to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, 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 of war, and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Footprints

One night I had a dream. I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from my life. For each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to me, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of my life flashed before me, I looked back at the footprints in the sand. I noticed that many times along the path of my life there was only one set of footprints.

I also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in my life. This really bothered me and I 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 precious child, I love you and I 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."

For Having Tried

I'm such a little person, Lord, though long
I've held my head and shoulders high - stood tall,
Borne burdens never meant for one not strong-
Deep down inside I've had no strength at all.

My soul has flinched at each new load I've born
And, oh, the many secret times I've cried;
Yet always, somehow, I must carry on,
In tribute to my self, my love pride.

I've dared not let the world, and those I love,
Surmise how weak and helpless, these My hands,
And so I've drawn false strength on like a glove,
And with a calm, unfelt, met life's demands.

But know, Lord, how small I am inside,
And though you see the pretense and the sham,
Please - give me just one mark for having tried
To be a bigger person than I am.

God Has the Answers

Although you're tired and weary
Just rest the whole night through
As God gives us the mornings
To see all things anew.

For things look so much brighter
When they're slept on awhile
You wake up in the morning
And soon you want to smile.

You look and see the sunshine
The bright blue sky above
You wonder why you fretted
And you know God is love.

With all this to surround you
There's naught but this to say
And so with song you praise Him
Give thanks for this new day.

Yes, God has all the answers
To problems big and small
We only have to tell Him
He's at our beck and call.

So we must take our burdens
And lay them at His feet
Then trust unto His wisdom
That all our needs He'll meet.

Mary E. Harrington

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 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

*God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.*

*But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labour,
Light for the way.
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying Love.*

Grandmother.

We had a wonderful grandmother,
One who never really grew old;
Her smile was made of sunshine,
And her heart was solid gold;
Her eyes were as bright as shining stars,
And in her cheeks fair roses you see.
We had a wonderful grandmother,
And that's the way it will always be.
But take heed, because
She's still keeping an eye on all of us,
So let's make sure
She will like what she sees.

He's Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he lived,

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that 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 is 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 would want: smile,
open your eyes, love and go on.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds,- and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

-John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

HOW DO YOU LIVE YOUR DASH?

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 his date of birth and spoke the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between the years.

For that dash represents all the time that he spent alive on Earth... and now only those who loved him know, what that little dash is 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, that can still be rearranged.
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real,
Always try to understand the way other people feel.
Be less quick to anger and show appreciation more,
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 a eulogy is read with life's actions to rehash,
We are so proud of the things that are said
About how he spent his dash.

I Have A Place In Heaven

Please don't sing sad songs for me
Forget your grief and fears
For I am in a Perfect Place
Away from pain and tears...

I'm away from hunger
And hurt and want and pride
I have a place in Heaven
with the Master by my side.

My life on earth was good
As earthly lives can go,
But Paradise is so much more
Than anyone can know...

My heart is filled with happiness
And sweet rejoicing too,
To walk with God is Perfect Peace
A joy forever new.

I Would Have Loved You Anyway
if I'd have known the way that this would end,
if I'd have read the last page first.
if I'd have had the strength to walk away,
if I'd have known how this would hurt.

It's bittersweet to look back now,
at memories withered on a vine.
Just to hold you close to me
for a moment in time .

I would've loved you anyway.
I'd do it all the same, not a second I would change.
Not a touch that I would trade.
Had I known my heart would break...
I'd have loved you anyway.

Even if I'd seen it comin',
you'd still have seen me runnin'...
straight into your arms.

I would've loved you anyway.
I'd do it all the same, not a second I would change.
Not a touch that I would trade.
Had I known my heart would break...
I'd have loved you anyway.

I'M FREE

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God has laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard his 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 peace at the close of day.
If my parting has left a void,
then fill it with remembered joys,
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
O 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've savoured much,
Good family, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it with undue grief,
Lift up your hearts, and peace to thee,
God wanted me now. From pain I'm free.

In tears we saw you sinking,
We watched you fade away,
You suffered much in silence,
You fought so hard to stay.
You faced your task with courage,
Your spirit did not bend,
But still you kept on fighting
Until the very end.
God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around you,
And whispered, "Come to Me".
So when we saw you sleeping
So peaceful, free from pain,
We could not wish you back,
To suffer that again.
You didn't deserve what you went through,
So He took you home to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
For He only takes the best.

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
and the rain fall softly on your fields
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

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 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 sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me – but let me go.

MY HAND IN GOD'S

Florence Scripps Kellogg

Each morning when I wake I say,
"I place my hand in God's today;"
I know He'll walk close by my side
My every wandering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair---
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to His hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day.
By His great bounty I am fed;
Warmed by His love, and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I'm blessed,
My thanks pour out to Him; and then
I place my hand in God's again.

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 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.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

*My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth.*

*The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord
is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.*

*The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.*

*The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in from this time
forth, and even for evermore.*

Psalm 121

PSALM 23

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

Remember me with a smile today,
I was not one for tears.
Reflect instead on memories
Of all our happy years.
Recall to mind the way I spoke,
All the things I said.
My strength, my stance, the way I laughed.
Remember these instead.

She's Gone

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 would want: smile,
open your eyes, love and go on.

Taps

*There will be a great encampment
In the land of clouds today.
A mingling and a merging
Of our boys who've gone away.
Though on earth they are disbanding,
They are very close and near,
For these brave and honoured heroes
Show no sorrow, shed no tear.
They have lived a life of glory,
History pins their medals high,
Listen to the thunder rolling,
They are marching in the sky!*

-Arta Nottingham Chappius

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done
in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the kingdom ,
and the power, and the glory,
forever.
Amen.

The Serenity Prayer

God grant me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change;
courage to change the things I can;
and wisdom to know the difference.

Living one day at a time;
Enjoying one moment at a time;
Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;
Taking, as He did, this sinful world
as it is, not as I would have it;
Trusting that He will make all things right
if I surrender to His Will;
That I may be reasonably happy in this life
and supremely happy with Him
Forever in the next.
Amen.

--Reinhold Niebuhr

The Ship

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,
and I stand and watch her until at length
she is only a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky meet and mingle with each
other.
Then someone at my side exclaims, "There, she's gone!"
Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all.
She is just as large in hull and mast 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 her destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at my side says,
"She's gone," there are other eyes watching for her
coming
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout,
"There, she comes!"
And that is dying.

The tide recedes
but leaves behind
bright seashells on the sand.
The sun goes down,
but gentle warmth
still lingers on the land.
The music stops,
and yet it echoes on
in sweet refrains...
For every joy that passes,
something beautiful remains.
M. D. Hughes

TO DAD

HOW FORTUNATE YOU WERE OUR FATHER,
YOUR INSPIRATION AND GUIDANCE
WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US.

YOU TAUGHT US RIGHT FROM WRONG
AND HOW TO ENJOY EVERYDAY
TO ITS FULLEST.

YOU ALWAYS HAD THAT SPECIAL
ANSWER, STORY OR JOKE THAT
ALWAYS TOUCHED OUR HEARTS.

WE WILL TRULY MISS YOU DAD.
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL
THE WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

MAY GOD CARE FOR YOU
AS YOU DID FOR US.
AGAIN THANKS.

To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection
of children;
To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the
betrayal of false friends;
To appreciate beauty, to find the best in others;
To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy
child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition;
To know even one life has breathed easier because you
have lived.
This is to have succeeded.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

TO MOM

HOW VERY, VERY LUCKY WE WERE
THAT YOU WERE OUR MOTHER
YOU OPENED OUR MINDS AND OUR HEARTS.
YOU ALWAYS HAD THE TIME
TO TELL US A STORY OR SING US A SONG.
YOU ALWAYS PICKED US UP
WHEN WE FELL DOWN.

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE THE MOST
IMPORTANT LADY IN OUR LIVES.
YOUR LOVE AND GUIDANCE
WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US.

WE WISH YOU COULD HAVE BEEN
WITH US LONGER, BUT WE ARE SO
GRATEFUL FOR THE TIME WE HAD.

ALL OF US, YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY,
WILL TRULY MISS YOU.

THANK YOU SO MUCH
FOR BEING OUR MOTHER
MAY GOD CARE FOR YOU
AS YOU DID FOR US.

To Those I Love And Those Who Loved Me

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 years
I gave to you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for all the love you each have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.
So grieve for a while for me if grieve you must;
Then let your grief be comforted by trust,
It's only for a while that we must part,
So bless the memories within your heart.
I won't be far away, for life goes on;
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All of 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".

What Cancer Cannot Do

Cancer is so limited
It cannot cripple love
It cannot shatter hope
It cannot corrode faith
It cannot destroy peace
It cannot kill friendship
It cannot suppress memories
It cannot silence courage
It cannot invade the soul
It cannot steal eternal life
It cannot conquer the spirit.

What is a Mom?

A mom is one of life's best gifts,
Someone to treasure all life through,
She's caring and loving,
Thoughtful and true,
Someone who is always a special part of your life,
Someone who holds a prime place in your heart,
She's a mentor, a confidante and also a friend,
Someone on whose love you can depend.
A mom always has your best interests at heart,
She's someone so dear and so good,
She's a blessing, she's a gift,
She's a treasure like no other,
She's someone that is truly wonderful.
Wherever you go, and whatever you do,
A mom's love will always see you through,
A mom is truly invaluable,
Indispensable and unforgettable.
I wouldn't want anyone but you,
And that's why I'm so grateful,
that God picked you for me.

WHAT LIFE IS

Life is a race. Don't whimper if the track is rough and the goal is distant. One day you shall reach it.
Life is a voyage. Don't complain if the storms batter the hull or the winds tatter to shreds the sails. One day you shall come to your haven.
Life is growth. Don't find fault if the seed lies smothered and submerged in the dark earth before it blooms and blossoms. One day you shall have your harvest.
Life is a pilgrimage. Don't falter on the road through self-pity because stones cut your feet and leave your blood on the trail. One day you will come to Immanuel's land.
The God who through the boundless sky guides the flight of the sparrow, who builds the blind bird's nest, will see to it that in his good time you shall arrive.

When I leave you don't weep for me.
Pass the wine around and remember
How my laughing pleased you.
Look at one another, smiling,
And don't forget about touching.
Sing the songs that I loved best
And dance one time all together.
As for me, I'll be off, running
Somewhere on the beach, and I'll fly
To the top of the tree I always meant to climb,
When you're ready, I'll be there -
Waiting for you
Take your time.

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 with 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 in the sky!

When we have passed the tests
we were sent to Earth to learn,
we are allowed to graduate.

We are allowed to shed our body,
which imprisons our souls
the way a cocoon encloses
the future butterfly,
and when the time is right,
we can let go of it.

Then, we will be free of pain,
free of fear and free of worries...
Free as a beautiful butterfly
returning home to God...
which is a place where we are never alone,
where we continue to grow
and to sing and to dance,
where we are with those we loved,
and where we are surrounded
with more love than we can ever imagine.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross

Word.

There is a word, of grief the sounding token.
There is a word bejewelled with bright tears.
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken,
A little word that breaks the chain of years.
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
The memories it crystals cannot die.
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean,
It is - Goodbye.

CHILDREN

A Treasure for the King

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring their strength and health:
We too will bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth of learning,
So, What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To be with him for all days:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
For these are gifts that even
The smallest of us can bring.

When God Calls Little Children

When God calls little children to dwell with him above,
we mortals sometime question the wisdom of his love.

For no heartache compares with the death of one small child
who does so much to make our world, seem wonderful and mild.

Perhaps God tires of calling the aged to his fold,
So He picks a rosebud, before she can grow old.

God knows how much we need them, and so he takes but a few
to make the land of Heaven more beautiful to view.

Believing this is difficult, still somehow we must try
The saddest word mankind knows will always be good-bye.

So when a little child departs we who are left behind
must realize God loves children, angels are hard to find.

A Visitor From Heaven

A visitor from Heaven, if only for a while,
A gift of love to be returned
We think of you and smile.

A visitor from heaven accompanied by grace
Reminding of a better love and of a better place.
With aching hearts and empty arms
we send you with your name
It hurts so much to let you go,
But we're so glad you came.

There is a special angel in heaven
that is part of us
It is not where we wanted him,
but where God wanted him to be.

He was here but just a moment
like a night time shooting star
And though he is in heaven
He isn't very far.

So we send this message
to the heavens up above
please take care of our angel,
and send him all our love.

God's Lent Child.

"I'll lend you for a little while a child of mine" God said –
For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he's dead.
It may be six or seven years or forty 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 and should his stay be brief,
you'll have his nicest memories as solace for his grief.
I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return
but, there are lessons taught below, I want this child to learn.

I've looked the whole world over, in my search for teachers true,
and from the things that crowd life's lane I have chosen you.
Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labour vain,
nor hate me when I come to take this lent child back again?

I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord Thy Will Be Done"
for all the joys thy child will bring the risk of grief will run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while we may,
and for the happiness we've known forever grateful stay.

But, should thy Angels call for him much sooner than we planned,
we'll brave the grief that comes and try to understand.

À tous ceux que j'aime et À tous ceux qui m'aiment

Lorsque je serai décédée, libérez-moi, laissez-moi partir -
J'ai tellement de choses à voir et à faire.
Vous ne devez pas vous attacher à moi avec vos larmes.
Oyez simplement heureux que nous ayons eu tellement
d'années ensemble.

Je vous ai donné tout mon amour,
et vous ne pouvez pas vous imaginer
Tout le bonheur que vous m'avez apporté en retour.
Je vous remercie pour l'amour que vous m'avez démontré.
Mais le temps est venu pour moi de voyager seule.

Alors, pleurez pour moi un moment si vous le devez vraiment
Ensuite, laissez la confiance vous consoler.
Ce n'est que pour un moment que nous devons nous quitter
Alors, bénissez les souvenirs qui se trouvent dans vos coeurs.

Je ne serai pas loin, la vie continue.
Donc, si vous avez besoin de moi, appelez-moi et je viendrai
Même si vous écoutez avec votre coeur, vous entendrez
Clairement et doucement tout mon amour autour de vous.

Et lorsque votre tour viendra, que vous devez venir ici seul.
Je vous accueillerai avec un sourire et un "bienvenue chez toi".

PORTUGUESE

Então com a maior alegria da minha alma
arrebatada exclamei:
Ó Jesus, meu amor!
Encontrei finalmente a minha vocação!
A minha vocação é o amor!
Sim, encontrei o meu lugar na Igreja,
E este lugar, ó meu Deus, fostes Vós que m'o
destes!
No coração da Igreja, minha mãe, eu serei o
amor,
Com o amor serei tudo, e assim será realizado o
meu sonho!

Sta. Teresinha do Menino Jesus.

Fica senhor comigo porque é necessário a tua presença.
Fica senhor comigo porque fui fraca e precisei da tua força.
Fica senhor comigo porque fostes a minha vida e sem ti não sou nada.
Fica senhor comigo porque me destes a conhecer a tua vontade.
Fica senhor comigo porque fostes a minha voz.
Fica senhor comigo porque amei-te muito e estava sempre na tua
companhia.
Fica senhor comigo porque queria ser fiel até a morte.
Fica senhor comigo porque embora pobre e humilde desejei-te com
muito amor.
Fica senhor comigo pois aproximou-se a morte e o juízo e a
eternidade foi necessário.
Fica senhor comigo pois chegou a morte e estou unida a ti.
Fica senhor comigo pediu-te consolação e fiquei consolada.
Fica senhor comigo procurei o teu amor a tua graça, a tua vontade, o
teu coração, teu espírito e amei-te sem medida.

Descanse em paz.

Deus É Meu Guia De Noite
E De Dia Me Ajuda Tanto
É Minha Deçura Meu Brilho
Em Nome Do Pai E Do Filho E Do
Divino Espirito Santo Amen
Com Deus Me Deito Com Deus
Me Alevanto Na Graça Deus E
Do Senhor Espirito Santo

O SENHOR é o meu pastor: nada me falta.
Leva-me a descansar em verdes prados,
conduz-me às águas refrescantes
e reconforta a minha alma.

Ele me guia por sendas direitas por amor do seu nome.
Ainda que tenha de andar por vales tenebrosos,
não temerei nenhum mal, porque Vós estais comigo:
o vosso cajado e o vosso báculo me enchem de confiança.

Para mim preparai a mesa
à vista dos meus adversários;
com óleo me perfumais a cabeça,
e o meu cálice transborda.

A bondade e a graça hão-de acompanhar-me
todos os dias da minha vida
e habitarei na casa do Senhor
para todo o sempre.

*Meu coração está firme
Quero cantar e louvar
Ó Anjos cantai comigo
Ó Anjos louvai sem fim
Dar Graças eu não consigo
Ó Anjos dai-as por mim*



*I am ready, God;
I am completely ready!
I will sing and praise you!*

(Psalm 108)



Senhor libertai a alma da vossa serva
Laurinda de todos os laços do pecado
para que viva na Glória da Ressurreição
entre os Vossos Santos Escolhidos...

...E como acreditou e esperou em Vós não
permitais que nada a separe de Vós, mas
concedei-lhe a Eterna Felicidade.

Amém

Oração

Ó Deus, é próprio de Vós ter sempre misericórdia e perdoar; Suplicantes Vos dirigi mos as nossas preces pela alma da Vossa servo, a quem mandastes partir deste mundo. Nno a deixeis cair nas mãos do inimigo, nem a desampareis para sempre: mas ordenai aos vossos santos Anjos que o recebam e introduzam na pátria celeste; e, pois em Vós depositou a sua esperança e a sua fé, nno venha a sofrer as penas do inferno, mas goze da eterna felicidade. Por N.S.J.C.

Deixou de bater um coração de ouro;
Na casa do Pai descansada está
Aquela que foi o nosso tesouro.
O Senhor só leva o melhor que há.

Muitas são as dores que já suportamos
Mas a dor maior foi dizer-te adeus
Tristes e saudosos todos nós ficamos
Mas acreditamos que foste p'ra Deus.

E enquanto esperamos por aquele dia
Em que nos voltaremos a abraçar
Vamos revivendo com dor e alegria
O tempo em que enchias este nosso lar.

Vamos recordando o teu meigo rosto
E aquele sorriso que nos encantava
Ao romper da aurora, depois do sol posto
Estará connosco quem tanto nos amava.

Esse coração que por nós batia
Deixou de bater, mas estamos certos
Que não vai passar nem sequer um dia
Em que não pensamos em ti, doce mãe.

Descansa em paz querida mãe e avó.