



WORDS OF HOPE IN BEREAVEMENT FOR ALL SOULS

Dark place
Where, vulnerable, alone,
We lick the wounds of loss.
Wise friends say little,
But hold us in their love,
And listen.
There are no guarantees,
Only reports from those
Who've been there,
That there is hope,
And life persists. by Ann Lewin

Light a candle to remember your loved one who has died as you are able too.

You can shed tears that she/he is gone or you can smile because she has lived. You can close your eyes and pray that she/he'll come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all she/he's left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her/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 her/him and only that she's gone
or you can cherish her/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 she/he'd want; Smile open your eyes, love and go on.

Anon. Read at the funeral of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother
April 2002

Listen to some favourite music that you shared with your loved one if you are able too.

Tomb by Ann Lewin.

The place of remembering:

Where, as the work of grief is done,

Memory recovers its perspective.

Letting the dead one go,

With aching sense of loss,

Opens the way to finding again

A rounded person, gifts and faults

Delights and irritations;

Makes it possible to share again

The jokes, the intimate glance, Keep company unseen.

May our dearly departed rest in peace----and rise in Glory

Hold a treasured picture or possession that reminds you of your loved one if you are able too.

Dying is not the end, it is just the beginning.

Death is a continuation of life.

This is the meaning of eternal life;

it is where our soul goes to God,

to be in the presence of God,

to see God, to speak to God,

to continue loving Him with greater love.

We only surrender our body in death –

our heart and our soul live forever.

Yesterday is gone and tomorrow has not yet come;

we must live each day as if it were our last,

so that when God calls us we are ready,

and prepared, to die with a clean heart.

Mother Teresa



I am standing on the sea-shore.

A ship sails and spreads her white sails to the morning breeze

And starts for the ocean.

She is an object of beauty,

And I stand watching her

Till at last she fades on the horizon,

And someone at my side says, “She is gone!”

Gone where?

Gone from my sight that is all;

She is just as large in the masts and hull and spars

As she was when I saw her,

And just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination.

The diminished size and total loss of sight

Is in me, not in her;

And just at the moment when someone at my side says, “She is gone!”,

There are others who are watching her coming, And other voices take

up the glad shout “There she comes!”

That is Dying!

?Bishop Brent