



# AVON VALLEY CHURCHES

LOVING • CONNECTING • SERVING

## FUNERAL SERVICES IN THE AVON VALLEY PARTNERSHIP

*The Benefice of Fordingbridge  
(with Sandleheath and Godshill) and Hyde and  
Breamore and Hale with Woodgreen*

*Every funeral service is individual, and we  
would like to work with you to make the service  
as appropriate as possible for your loved one.*

*Choosing the right words for the service is an  
important part of that, and we have suggested  
a number of readings, both scriptural and from  
other sources, which might be fitting.*

*These are only suggestions, and you might find  
other appropriate words, or you might prefer  
to compose something yourselves, either to be  
read by a member of the family or a friend, or  
by one of the clergy.*

If you have any problems, or there is anything else  
with which we can help, either in preparation for  
the service or afterwards, do please contact us:

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Rev 5/22

## READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

### 1. PSALM 23

1. The Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.
2. He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
3. He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
4. 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 comfort me.
5. Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
6. But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
world without end. AMEN.

Or:

### 2. CRIMOND

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.
2. My soul he doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

### **3. John 14:1-6,27**

Jesus said to his disciples: 'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid.'

### **4. Revelation 21:1-7**

I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and I heard a great voice from the throne saying, 'Behold, the dwelling of God is with humans. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them; he will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away'. And he who sat upon the throne said, 'Behold, I make all things new'. Also he said, 'Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true'. And he said to me, 'It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water without price from the fountain of the water of life. He who conquers shall have this heritage, and I will be his God and he shall be my child'.

### **5. I Corinthians 13:1-13**

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

### **6. Wisdom 3:1-5,9**

The ungodly did not know the secret purposes of God, nor hoped for the wages of holiness, nor discerned the prize for blameless souls; for God created us for incorruption, and made us in the image of his own eternity, but through the devil's envy death entered the world, and those who belong to his company experience it. But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was thought to be a disaster, and their going from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in the sight of others they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good, because God tested them and found them worthy of himself. Those who trust in him will understand truth, and the faithful will abide with him in love, because grace and mercy are upon his holy ones, and he watches over his elect.

## **7. I Peter 1:3-9**

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By his great mercy he has given us a new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and into an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, who are being protected by the power of God through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. In this you rejoice, even if now for a little while you have had to suffer various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith - being more precious than gold that, though perishable, is tested by fire - may be found to result in praise and glory and honour when Jesus Christ is revealed. Although you have not seen him, you love him; and even though you do not see him now, you believe in him and rejoice with an indescribable and glorious joy, for you are receiving the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls.

## **8. Ecclesiasticus 43: 11-26**

Look at the rainbow and praise its Maker; it shines with a supreme beauty, rounding the sky with its gleaming arc, a bow bent by the hands of the Most High. His command speeds the snow storm and sends the swift lightning to execute his sentence. To that end the storehouses are opened, and the clouds fly out like birds. By his mighty power the clouds are piled up and the hailstones broken small. The crash of his thunder makes the earth writhe, and, when he appears, an earthquake shakes the hills. At his will the south wind blows, the squall from the north and the hurricane. He scatters the snowflakes like birds alighting; they settle like a swarm of locusts. The eye is dazzled by their beautiful whiteness, and as they fall the mind is entranced. He spreads frost on the earth like salt, and icicles form like pointed stakes. A cold blast from the north, and ice grows hard on the water, settling on every pool, as though the water were putting on a breastplate. He consumes the hills, scorches the wilderness, and withers the grass like fire. Cloudy weather quickly puts all to rights, and dew brings welcome relief after heat. By the power of his thought he tamed the deep and planted it with islands. Those who sail the sea tell stories of its dangers, which astonish all who hear them; in it are strange and wonderful creatures, all kinds of living things and huge sea-monsters. By his own action he achieves his end, and by his word all things are held together.

*(As read at Prince Philip's Funeral, April 21)*

## **OTHER READINGS**

### **9. What is Dying? – Luther F Beecher**

I am standing upon that 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 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's gone!' 'Gone where?' 'Gone from my sight, that's 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 the moment when someone at my side says, 'There! she's 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.

### **10. If I should die - A Price Hughes**

If I should die and leave you here awhile,  
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep  
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.  
For my sake, turn again to life and smile,  
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do  
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.  
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine  
And I perchance may therein comfort you.

### **11. DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL... - Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918), Canon of St Paul's Cathedral**

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 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 a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is unbroken continuity. What is death but a negligible accident? 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.

**12. Earth's crammed with heaven** - Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God;  
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes -  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

**13. High Flight (Dancing the Skies)** - (*Found written by Bob Boyd in the front of the book 'Out of the Blue', by John Gillespie Magee*)

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,  
Hung in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft thro' footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, nor eagle flew -  
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high, untresspassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

**14. From 'Nature is a Heraclitean Fire'** - Gerard Manley Hopkins

Enough! The Resurrection  
A heart's-clarion! Away grief's gasping, joyless  
days, dejection.  
Across my foundering deck shone  
A beacon, and eternal beam. Flesh fade, and mortal  
trash  
Fall to the residuary worm; world's wildfire, leave  
but ash  
In a flash, at a trumpet crash,

I am all at once what Christ is, since he is what I  
am, and  
This jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood,  
immortal diamond,  
Is immortal diamond.

**15a. God's Garden** - Dorothy Frances Gurney

The Lord God planted a garden  
In the first white days of the world  
And He set there an angel warden  
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven  
The hawk might nest with the wren  
For there in the cool of the even  
God walked with the first of men.

And I claim that these garden-closes  
With their glades and their sun flecked sod  
And their lilies and bowers of roses  
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon  
The song of the birds for mirth  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.

**15b. God's Garden** - Dorothy Frances Gurney

THE Lord God planted a garden  
In the first white days of the world,  
And He set there an angel warden  
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,  
That the hawk might nest with the wren,  
For there in the cool of the even  
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden-closes  
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod  
And their lilies and bowers of roses,  
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth,--  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.

For He broke it for us in a garden  
Under the olive-trees  
Where the angel of strength was the warden  
And the soul of the world found ease.

**16. Remember** - Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into a 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.

**17. The Song of the River** - William Randolph Hearst

The snow melts on the mountain  
And the water runs down to the spring,  
And the spring in a turbulent fountain,  
With a song of youth to sing,  
Runs down to the riotous river,  
And the river flows to the sea,  
And the water again  
Goes back in rain  
To the hills where it used to be.

And I wonder if life's deep mystery  
Isn't much like the rain and the snow  
Returning through all eternity  
To the places it used to know.

For life was born on the loft heights  
And flows in a laughing stream,  
To the river below  
Whose onward flow  
Ends in a peaceful dream.

And so at last,  
When our life has passed  
And the river has run its course,  
It again goes back,  
O'er the selfsame track,  
To the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life  
Or why fear death,  
or dread what is to be?  
The river ran  
Its allotted span  
Till it reached the silent sea.

Then the water harked back  
To the mountain top  
To begin its course once more.  
So we shall run  
The course begun  
Till we reach the silent shore.

Then revisit earth  
In a pure rebirth  
From the heart of the virgin snow.  
So don't ask why  
We live or die,  
Or whither, or where we go  
Or wonder about the mysteries  
That only God may know.

**18. No man is an Island** - John Donne

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine were. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee'

**19. If we do not believe** - Teilhard de Chardin

If we do not believe, the waves engulf us, the winds blow,  
nourishment fails, sickness lays us low or kills us,  
the divine power is impotent or remote.  
If, on the other hand we believe, the waters are welcoming  
and sweet, the bread is multiplied, our eyes are open, the dead rise  
again, the power of God is, as it were, drawn from him by force  
and spreads throughout all nature.

**20. God has told us** - Helen Steiner Rice

God has told us  
That nothing can sever  
A life He created  
to live on forever....  
So let God's promise  
soften our sorrow  
And give us new strength

For a brighter tomorrow.

### **21. Footprints** - Anon

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

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

I also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and  
saddest times of my life.  
This really bothered me and I questioned God about  
it. 'God, You said that once I decided to follow you,  
you would walk with me all the way, but I noticed  
that during the most troublesome times during my  
life there is only one set of footprints.  
I don't understand why in times when I needed you  
most, you would leave me'.

God replied, 'My precious, precious child, I love you  
and I would never, never leave you during your  
times of trials and suffering. When you see only one  
set of footprints it was then that I carried you'.

### **22. Sonnet** - William Robertson Nicholl

Remember me when I am far away  
And still enshrine me in your faithful heart.  
Then 'twill not mean such bitterness to part,  
For we shall meet in heaven another day.  
But not as I am, dying and weak;  
The wafted winds that cool the starry shore  
Bring healing to the dwellers evermore,  
The rose of life is splendid on their cheek!  
Remember me as I was long ago  
What time we trod the woodland paths together;  
When the trees clustered, and the sun was low  
And the proud hills were sweet with scented  
heather.  
And the hushed earth lay dreaming and the skies  
Smiled as of old on happy paradise.

### **23. Do not stand** - Anon

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  
on ripened grain  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning 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 cry,  
I am not there; I did not die.

### **24. Though I am dead** - Anon

Though I am dead, grieve not for me with tears,  
Think not of death with sorrowing and fears,  
I am so near that every tear you shed  
Touches and tortures me though you think me  
dead;  
But when you laugh and sing in great delight  
My soul is lifted to the light,  
Laugh and be glad for all that life is giving  
And I, though dead, will share your joy of living.

### **25. From: A Pilgrim's Progress** - John Bunyan

After this it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-  
Truth was taken with a summons, and had this for  
token that the summons was true, that his pitcher  
was broken at the fountain. When he understood it,  
he called for his friends, and told them of it.

Then said he, I am going to my Father's: and though  
with great difficulty I am got 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 river side, into which  
as he went he said, Death, where 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.

### **26. The Rose Beyond the Wall** - A. L. Frink

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,  
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by the 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 or pride,  
It followed the light through the crevice's 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 it's fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve  
And make our courage faint and fall?  
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive--  
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

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

**27. Death Is only an Horizon** - Bede Jarrett  
O.P.

*(Funeral Liturgies/McCarthy/1994)*

We give them back to you, O Lord,  
Who first gave them to us;  
And as you did not lose them in the giving,  
So we do not lose them in the return.

Nor as the world gives do you give,  
O Lover of souls  
For what is yours is ours also,  
If we belong to you.

Life is unending because love is undying,  
And the boundaries of this life are but an horizon,  
And an horizon is but the limit of our vision.

Lift us up, strong Son of God,  
That we may see further.  
Strengthen our faith that we may see beyond the  
horizon.

And while you prepare a place for us,  
As you have promised,

Prepare us also for that happy place;  
That where you are we may be also,  
With those we have loved, forever.

**28. An Indian Blessing** - Anon

Now for you, there is no rain;  
for one is shelter to the other.  
Now for you, the sun shall not burn;  
for one is shelter to the other.  
Now for you, nothing is hard or bad;  
for the goodness and badness is taken by  
one for the other.

Now for you, there is no night;  
for one is light to the other.  
Now for you, the snow has ended always;  
for one is protection for the other.  
It is that way, from now on, from now on;

Now it is good, and there is always food,  
and now there is always drink,  
and now there is comfort.

Now there is no loneliness.

**29. Blessing**

Bless to us, O God,  
The moon that is above us,  
The earth that is beneath us,  
The friends who are around us,  
Your image deep within us,  
Amen.

**30. O God, Give Us Your Shielding** - Anon

O God, give us your shielding,  
O God, give us your holiness,  
O God, give us your comfort  
And your peace at the hour of our death.

**31. A Celtic Blessing** - Anon

The Peace of the running wave to you,  
The Peace of the flowing air to you,  
The Peace of the quiet earth to you,  
The Peace of the shining stars to you,  
And the Peace of the Son of Peace to you.

### **32. Miss me, but let me go** - Christina Rossetti

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

Miss me a little – But not for 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 your friends that we know,  
And bury your sorrows in doing good works,  
Miss me – But let me go.

### **33. God Saw You Getting Tired** - Anon

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 love 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.

### **34. Afterglow** - Helen Lowrie Marshall

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.

### **35a. She is Gone** – David Harkins

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 will  
come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has  
left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
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 her and only that she is 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.

### **35b. He is Gone** – David Harkins

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 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.



**36. You, O God, are not the God of the Dead** – Anon.

You, O God, are not the God of the dead but of the living;  
As long as you are with your servants, your children,  
They are with you;  
They lose nothing by dying.  
They depart out of the world, but not out of your family.  
They vanish from our sight, but not from your care.  
One sun has set upon them, but a greater one has risen.  
They are not dead;  
No, it is death that has died in them.  
They leave behind the mortal, to put on immortality.  
Theirs is the entrance into healing, into, into glory.

**37. 'Point of Departure'**

by Tricia Sturgeon

It is time.....I know, you must leave me,  
And the knowing is breaking my heart.  
For then I must dwell in a light-less world  
Where you have no place and no part.  
And where will you go, as I'm holding  
That discarded coat which you wore?  
Is your light to be snuffed like a candle?  
Or will some spark of you soar  
Beyond all the stars in the heavens,  
Becoming a part of the Whole?  
And will you still know that I love you?  
How do I cleave to your soul?

I'd wager my life just to keep you  
Here on the earth by my side,  
But Death holds the hands with the aces  
And cannot be duped or denied.  
I know there are Angels-in-waiting,  
I hear their wings beating the air.  
They've opened a portal in heaven  
And soon they will carry you there.  
Now all that is left is to hold you

Tight-wrapped in a final caress,  
Whilst whispering thanks for the  
Life we have shared. Goodnight,  
Best beloved, God bless.

**38. It is hard to feel serene** – Rabbi Richard Levy

It is hard to feel serene when our world is not complete,  
when those who once brought wholeness to our lives have gone.

Yet in the emptiness their passing leaves behind,  
we are not alone.  
For we have the companionship of the living,  
and even our loved ones who have died live on in our hearts,  
for what they were is part of what we have become.

We honour them best when we live, as they would wish,  
responsibly and happily,  
even in the shadow of our loss;

And so draw closer to the Source of Life,  
in whom life finds meaning, purpose, and hope.

**39. God Looked around his Garden** – Wendy Bradley

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 always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering,  
He knew that you were in pain.  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was 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 did not go alone...  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.

#### **40. The Last Battle** - CS Lewis

As [Aslan] spoke he no longer looked like a lion; but the things that began to happen after that were so great and beautiful that I cannot write them. And for us this is the end of all the stories, and we can most truly say that they all lived happily ever after. But for them it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story which no one on earth has read: which goes on for ever: in which every chapter is better than the one before.

*(The final paragraph of the final book in the Narnia Series)*

#### **41. The Last Message** – Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell

Dear Scouts,

If you have ever seen the play "Peter Pan," you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech because he was afraid that possibly when the time came for him to die he might not have time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me, and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of good-bye.

Remember, it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want each one of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong

while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so can enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it, and when your turn comes to die you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have done your best.

"Be Prepared" in this way, to live happy and to die happy - stick to your Scout promise always - even after you have ceased to be a boy - and God help you to do it.

Your friend,

Baden-Powell of Gilwell

#### **42. The Dash** - Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at a funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end. He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those who loved them know what that little line 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 still can be rearranged.

To 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 is being read, with your life's actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you lived your dash?

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### **43. Death** – George Herbert

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,  
Nothing but bones, the sad effect of sadder groans:  
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six  
Or ten years hence, after the loss of life and sense,  
Flesh being turned to dust, and bones to sticks.

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short;  
Where we did find the shells of fledged souls left  
behind,  
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood  
Into thy face, thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,  
As at Doomsday; when souls shall wear their new  
array,  
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
Half that we have unto an honest faithful grave;  
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

### **44. Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats** - Percy Bysshe Shelley (Stanza 52)

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

### **45. In the Rising of the Sun**

In the rising of the sun and in its going down,  
we remember them.  
In the glowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,  
we remember them.

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring,  
we remember them.  
In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of  
summer,  
we remember them.  
In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of  
autumn,  
we remember them.  
In the beginning of the year and when it ends,  
we remember them.  
When we are weary and in need of strength,  
we remember them.  
When we are lost and sick at heart,  
we remember them.  
When we have joys we yearn to share,  
we remember them.  
So long as we live, they too shall live,  
for they are now a part of us,  
as we remember them.

(From 'Words to comfort, Words to Heal, Poems and meditations for those who grieve,  
compiled Juliet Mabey (1998), (One world Publs, 185 Banbury road, OX2  
7AR), p.122, Judaism)

### **46. Feel no Guilt in Laughter** – Anon

*(He or she as appropriate)*

Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you  
care.  
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he's not here to  
share.  
You cannot grieve forever; he would not want you  
to.  
He'd hope that you could carry on the way you  
always do  
So, talk about the good times and the way you  
showed you cared,  
The days you spent together, all the happiness you  
shared.  
Let memories surround you, a word someone may  
say  
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,  
That brings him back as clearly as though he were  
still here,  
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.  
For if you keep those moments, you will never be  
apart  
And he will live forever, locked safe within your  
heart.