

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 have 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.
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
or you can do what he'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go
on.

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Anon

We see but dimly
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Longfellow (1819-1892)

"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 some one 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 some one 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!'

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's glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken
in the morning's 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.
Anon

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 effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely 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.

Canon Henry Scott Holland

If I should go before the rest of you

Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone

Nor when I'm gone speak in a

Sunday voice

But be the usual selves that I have known

Weep if you must

parting is hell.

But life goes on

So sing as well.

Joyce Grenfell

The Measure of a Man

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?

Not, what did he gain, but what did he give

These are the units to measure the worth

Of a man as a man regardless of birth.

Not what was his church, not what was his creed,

But had he befriended those really in need?

Was he ever ready, with a word of good cheer,

to bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the bit in the newspaper say,

But how many were sorry when he passed away?

Anon

Farewell my friends

It was beautiful

As long as it lasted

The journey of my life

I have no regrets

Whatsoever save

The pain I'll leave behind

Those dear hearts

Who love and care

And the heavy with sleep

Ever moist eyes

The smile in spite of a

Lump in the throat

And the strings pulling

At the heart and soul

The strong arms

That held me up

When my own strength

Let me down

Each morsel that I was

Fed with was full of love

At every turning of my life
I came across
Good friends
Friends who stood by me
Even when the time raced me by.
Farewell
Farewell
My friends

I smile and
Bid you goodbye
No, shed no tears
For I need them not
All I need is your smile

If you feel sad
Do think of me
For that's what I'll like
When you live in the hearts
Of those you love
Remember then...
You never die.
Gitanjali

Look for me when the tide is high
And the gulls are wheeling overhead
When the autumn wind sweeps the cloudy sky
And one by one the leaves are shed
Look for me when the trees are bare
And the stars are bright in the frosty sky
When the morning mist hangs on the air
And shorter darker days pass by.

I am there, where the river flows
And salmon leap to a silver moon
Where the insects hum and the tall grass grows
And sunlight warms the afternoon
I am there in the busy street

I take your hand in the city square
In the market place where the people meet
In your quiet room – I am there

I am the love you cannot see
And all I ask is – look for me.
Iris Hesselden

Think of me as one at rest,
for me you should not weep,
I 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 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 once 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 not if time began.
or if time will ever cease?
I was here, and I used it all
And now I am at peace.

Anon

Miss me but let me go
When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set on 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 Masters plan,
a step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sad of heart,
go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me. but let me go.
Anon

Stop all the clocks, cut of 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 the airplane circle, mourning overhead,
Scribbling in the sky, "he is dead"
Put crepe bows round the necks of the public doves;
Let traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my north, my south, my east and west;
My working week, my Sunday best;
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song.
I thought that love would last forever, ...I was wrong.

The stars are now wanted now, put out every one.
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun.
Put away the ocean and sweep up the wood,
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W.H. Auden

Farewell
I'm sorry I had to go,
I really wanted to stay
But God sent down the Angels
To summon me away.

They said: "There's a job
That only you can do,
But you need to be with us
To really see it through."

I'm sorry there wasn't time
For me to say goodbye,
But some day in the future
You'll know the reason why.

Just remember that I love you
More than words can ever say,
And I'll be watching over you,
Just a loving thought away.

Carol Pool - Circles of Life

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an after glow
of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing
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.
Anon

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'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 peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void
Then fill it up 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.

Well it's sure been a bit of a week,
but don't sit there with that tear on your cheek,
as while you've been crying, since you heard of me dying
for me things have never been bleak.

So I wrote you this rhyme to tell of my time
at the Undertakers since I've been dead,
I've had so much fun, even had my hair done,
And I slept in a nice wooden bed.

They looked after me awfully well
Washed, and dressed me, and 'boy' I looked swell
though I felt a bit silly, cos their gowns were quite frilly
but they covered my modesty well.

Then they fastened my box, with a lid and some locks
on the top was a shiny gold plaque.
Then they lifted each side, for my final ride
in the hearse with the smart men in black.

In procession we rode, to my final abode,
in a sparkly black limousine car
The journey was slow, although not far to go,
and I felt like a real superstar.

When we got to the Chapel, I listened with glee
of all the great stories they all told of me.
So please don't be sad now my journey is done,
but remember my humour, my laughter and fun.

My father kept a garden,
A garden of the heart,
he planted all the good things there
That gave my life it's start.

He turned me into sunshine
and encouraged me to dream
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self esteem

And when the winds and rain came
He protected me enough
but not too much because he knew
I'd need to stand up strong and tough

His constant good example
always taught me right from wrong
markers for my pathway
That will last a lifetime long

I am now my Fathers garden,
I am his legacy
And I hope today he feels the love reflected back from me.

Why so soon should we be parted?
To leave us all here broken hearted
You gave to us the gift of life
And kept us safe from harm and strife
So much love you had to give
which gives us now the strength to live
without having you by our side
And to have loved you, fills our hearts with pride
You were our rock, our guide
best friend and mother
Unique, there will never be quite another

To a better place now
you have gone
From this world, yet
Your spirit will forever live on
All the joyous times we laughed together
Will be with us always and forever
So many memories in our hearts
We'll never really be apart.

Mum I dreamed of you last night
you stretched out your arms and hugged me tight
And just for a moment there it seemed
that your touch was real, not just a dream.

I had talked to the Lord just hours before
And told him "Lord, there is nothing more
that could satisfy or comfort me
than for my mothers face to see"

God heard my prayer and through his grace
I looked once more upon your face
I felt your hug, your love, your touch
The very things I needed so much.

There is a void in my life still,
A place that no one else can fill.
But precious memories I have of you
And I have god to lean on too.

So Mum, until that glorious day
We walk hand in hand in Heaven I'll pray
That once again through God's loving grace
I'll feel your touch and see your face.

“I’ll feel no guilt in laughter, you know how much I cared,
I’ll feel no sorrow in a smile that your not here to share.
I’d probably grieve forever but you would not want me to,
you’d hope that I could carry on the way I always do.
So I’ll talk about the good times, and the ways you showed you
cared,
The days we spent together, all the things we shared.
I’ll let memories surround me, a word someone may say -
will suddenly re-capture a time, an hour, a day,
that brings you back so clearly as though you were still here,
and fill me with the feelings that you are always near.
For if I keep those memories, we will never be apart,
and you will live forever, locked safe within my heart” (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 of 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 troubled times in 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 trial and suffering -when
you see only one set of footprints it was then that I carried you.”

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 thankful for our many beautiful years.

I gave you my love. You can only guess
How much you gave me happiness
I thank you for your love you each have shown
But now it's time for me to travel on alone.

So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust
It's only for a time 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 cannot see or touch me, I'll be near
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you, soft and dear.

And then when you must come this way alone
I'll greet you with a smile and say
"Welcome Home".

The bright needles clicked
the old woman's hands
quick, dexterous and expert
were a blur of colour
"Your new gloves are finished"
she eased them on to
my short plump fingers
"Now you can play in the snow"
I ran into the street, excited
the gloves soft, warm, dry
were a magical source
of safety and love.
Time drew on
my winters grew colder
the snow fell thicker
today my gloves
are faded and thread-bare.
Her needles are silent
and my hands are cold.

I read of a man who stood to speak,
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her coffin,
From the beginning.... to the end.

He noted that first came her date of birth
And spoke 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
That she spent alive on earth...
And now only those who loved her
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.

When tomorrow starts without me and I am not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes are filled with tears for me,
I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today,
While thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.

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

When tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart ,
For every time you think of me, I'm right there in your heart

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 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
for you in the sky.

Helen Steiner Rice

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;
If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:.
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch,

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple

Don't mourn for me I'm still here, though you don't see I'm right by
your side each night and day And within your heart I long to stay

My body is gone but I'm always near I'm everything you feel, see or
hear My spirit is free, but I'll never depart As long as you keep me
alive in your heart

I'll never wander out of your sight I'm the brightest star on a summer
night I'll never be beyond your reach I'm the warm moist sand when
you're at the beach

I'm the colourful leaves when fall comes around And the pure white
snow that blankets the ground I'm the beautiful flowers of which
you're so fond The clear cool water in a quiet pond

I'm the first bright blossom you'll see in spring The first warm raindrop
that April will bring I'm the first ray of light when the sun starts to
shine And you'll see that the face in the moon is mine

When you start thinking there's no one to love you You can talk to me
through the Lord above you I'll whisper my answer through the leaves
on the trees And you'll feel my presence in the soft summer breeze
I'm the hot salty tears that flow when you weep And the beautiful
dreams that come while you sleep I'm the smile you see on a baby's
face Just look for me, I'm everywhere... *Author unknown*

Even though she's resting now,
she's just beyond your view,
In peace she sleeps contented that -
her love will help you though.
So look for her in rainbows
and in every sunny day
And then she can remind you that she's never far away

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can any frowns –
And remember only my smile.

Forget any dark words spoken,
But remember the good I have done.
Forget that there ever was heartache,
Just remember the laughter and fun.

Forget that I stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way;
Remember – I fought some hard battles,
And won some, by close of the day.

So do not grieve for my going,
And don't be sad for a day,
But in Summer just gather some flowers
And come to the place where I lay,

And then in the shade of the evening,
When the sun paints the sky in the west;
Stand for a moment beside me –
And remember only my best.

Anon