

*I stand on the seashore watching a ship in the bay.
She lifts anchor, spreads her sails to the breeze and
starts out on the ocean.*

She has new beauty and strength.

*I stand and watch her until she hangs like a speck of
cloud where the sky and sea meet. Someone at my
side says*

“There, she gone!’ Gone where?

*Gone from sight, over the horizon, that’s all. But at
that moment, beyond the horizon, there are others
watching her coming and other souls, who take up the
glad shout,*

“There she comes!”

Henry Van Dyke

*Say not in grief: "He is no more",
but live in thankfulness that he was.
Hebrew Proverb*

*A death is not the extinguishing of a light,
but the putting out of the lamp
because the dawn has come.
Tagore*

*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

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

Christina Georgina Rossetti

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all 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.

Anon

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, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer, to bring
back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away.

Anon

Forever in Your Heart

“If there ever comes a day where we can't be
together,
keep me in your heart. I'll stay there forever.”

From Winnie the Pooh

Epitaph

*Having lived long in time,
he now lives in timelessness
without sorrow, made perfect
by our never finished love,
by our compassion and forgiveness,
and by his happiness in receiving
these gifts we give. Here in time
we are added together for ever.*

Wendell Berry

*These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,--
And best of all, along the way, friendship
and mirth.*

Henry Van Dyke

She Is 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 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.*

David Harkins

*'We give back to you God, those whom you gave to us.
You did not lose them
when you gave them to us, and we do not lose them
by their return to you.
Jesus taught us that life is eternal and love cannot
die. So death is only a
horizon, and a horizon is only the limit of our sight.
Open our eyes to see
more clearly, and draw us closer to you that we may
know that we are nearer
to our loved ones, who are will you. You have told us
that you are preparing
a place for us: prepare us also for that place, that
where you are we may be
always, O dear Lord of Life and Death.'*

William Penn (1644-1718)

God gives us love, something to love

He lends us. But when love has grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve

Falls off, and Love is left alone.

Alfred Tennyson

On Joy and Sorrow

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was
oftentimes filled with your tears.
And how else can it be?
The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy
you can contain.
Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was
burned in the potter's oven?
And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that
was hollowed with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall
find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you
joy.
When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall
see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your
delight.

Some of you say, "Joy is greater thar sorrow," and others say,
"Nay, sorrow is the greater."
But I say unto you, they are inseparable.
Together they come, and when one sits, alone with you at your
board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.
Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and
your joy.
Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced.
When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his
silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.

Kahlil Gibran

With every person who dies
part of us is already in eternity

We can, if we love this person
live up to the great encounter
of a living should with a living God.

We can let go of everything that was small,
that was separation, alienation and estrangement,
and reach out to that serenity and greatness,
newness and abundance of life
into which the departed person has entered.

We needn't speak of our love in the past tense.
Love is a thing that doesn't fade in a faithful heart.
It doesn't go into a past unless we betray our love.

We can keep our love alive in a new situation,
as actively and creatively, and more so,
more often, than when the person was with us.

Our love isn't dead because a person has died.
Our life is a continuation of theirs,
with all its significance.

We can reflect on all that was beauty and nobility
in that person, and make sure those around us and
further afield lose nothing through the death.

This applies to all families and friends
as well as the immediate bereaved,
so that the seed which has returned to the soil
may give a hundredfold harvest
in the hearts and minds of others.



Norfolk & Waveney
Elders & Overseers

Funeral Readings