

*Beka
Staples*
Funeral
Celebrant

*Poems and Readings
for
Celebrations of Life*

Each *life* beautifully remembered



Introduction

This is a selection of poems and readings that can be used at funerals and memorials but there are many more out there you can choose from.

You might instead choose a poem that was read at your loved one's wedding, something they learned at school or something they simply loved. It is what suits them and you best.

I am happy to adjust wording – for example, if you love a poem about a dad but want it for a grandad or if it is for a him and you want it for a her or they.

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Poems for Her

Thank You

Thank you for your endless love
That will help me through each day
And thank you for the memories
that will never fade away

You're the woman I loved and
I was proud to be your husband
And everyday, in some small way
I will celebrate your life.

As long as memories last,
you will stay in my heart
My very special wife

A Poem for Mother

Mother, you were just a girl
So many years ago
You had your loves and had your dreams
You watched us come and go
You watched us make the same mistakes
That you had made before
But that just made you hold us tight
And love us all the more
We haven't always thought about
The things that you have seen
To us you've just been 'Mother'
No thought of who you've been
But we remember now in love
Your life from start to end
And we're just glad we knew you
As Mother, and as friend

Strong woman

She is a hurricane.
She is a ray of light.
She blooms wild and shines bright.

She is a lightning bolt.
She is crisp morning air.
She is everything and everywhere.

Mum by Ron Tranmer

We will never take for granted
How greatly we've been blessed.
For when it comes to parents,
Mum, you were the very best.

You nurtured and protected us,
And taught us with great care.
And every time we've needed you,
You were always there.

If you could look into our hearts,
How quickly you would see
The special place you hold there
And how much you mean to us three.

May you receive the blessings
You are so deserving of
For your caring and your sharing
And each sacrifice of love.

And may you carry in your heart
These words forever true:
No mum anywhere on earth
Could be more loved than you.

Mothers

(religious reference can be removed)

You only have one Mother
So patient kind and true
No other friend in all the world
Will be the same as you
When other friends forsake you
To her you can return
For all her loving kindness
She asks nothing in return
As we look upon her picture
Sweet memories we recall
Of a face so full of sunshine
And a smile for one and all
Her life was love and labour
Her love for the family - True
She did her best for everyone
And now says - God Bless you

Legacy of love

A wife, a mother, a grandmother too,
This is the legacy we have from you.
You taught us love and how to fight, **OR** You taught us love and wrong from right,
You gave us strength, you gave us might.
A stronger person would be hard to find,
And in your heart, you were always kind.
You fought for us all in one way or another, **OR** You cared for us...
Not just as a wife, not just as a mother.
For all of us you gave your best,
Now the time has come for you to rest.
So go in peace, you've earned your sleep.
Your love in our hearts, we'll eternally keep.

Her Smile

Though her smile is gone forever
And her hand I cannot touch
I still have so many memories
Of the one I loved so much

Her memory is now my keepsake
Which with I'll never part
God has her in her keeping
I have her in my heart

Your mother

Your mother is always with you. She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, and the fragrance of life itself.

Your mother's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well. She's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colours of the rainbow; she is Christmas morning.

Your mother lives inside your laughter. She's the place you came from, your first home, and she's the map you follow with every step you take.

Your mother's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but not on earth can separate you. Not time, not space, not even death.

I look in the mirror by Mary Bortel
I look in the mirror and who do I see?
I see my mother looking back at me!

I go into the kitchen to make a cup of tea,
And who else but my mother is there again with me.

I put on my apron and pull out the broom,
suddenly the presence of my mother fills the room.

As the children run in and out for a drink every now and then,
I can see my mother smiling at me with a big cheerful grin.

I glance at my hands - so wrinkled and dry,
and I hear my mom whisper, "so were mine."

I sit for a minute and take a deep breath;
I start to cry, then I start to laugh.
I know what is happening but am I happy or sad?
The cycle of life is moving too fast.

A day does not go by without precious memories of you at my side.
All that you have given, now lives in me -
and I will pass it only to my children so lovingly.

I know now what I didn't know then,
not only are you my mother, you're my best friend.

If roses grow in heaven

If roses grow in heaven
Lord, please pick a bunch for me.
Place them in my daughter's arms
And tell her they're from me.

Tell her that I love her and miss her,
And when she turns to smiles,
Place a kiss upon her cheek
And hold her for a while.

Because remembering her is easy,
I do it every day, but there's an
Ache within my heart
That will never go away.

Poems for Him

My Father's Garden

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 Father's garden,
I am his legacy
And I hope today he feels the love
reflected back from me.

That Man Is a Success *by Robert Louis Stevenson*

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much
Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children
Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task
Who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or rescued soul
Who has never lacked appreciation of Earth's beauty or failed to express it
Who looked for the best in others, and gave the best he had

Silent Strong Dad

He never looked for praises
He was never one to boast
He just went on quietly working
For those he loved the most.

His dreams were seldom spoken
His wants were very few.
And most of his worries
Went unspoken too.

He was there, a firm foundation,
Through all the storms of life.
A sturdy hand to hold on to
For his family and his wife.

A true friend we could turn to
When times were good or bad
One of the greatest blessings
The man we call our dad.

Dad

We'll always remember
That special smile
That caring heart
That warm embrace
You always gave us
You being there
For Mum and us
Through good and bad times
No matter what
We'll always remember
You Dad because
They'll never be another one
To replace you in our hearts,
And the love we will always
Have for you

Dear Old Dad by *Patience Strong*

We miss him in his garden
Doing odd jobs here and there
We miss him at the table
When we see the empty chair
We miss him at the fireside
When we gather round the blaze
We miss him, oh, we miss him
In a hundred different ways
When troubles came the family
Would always turn to him
He always had a cheery word
When things were looking grim
And now he's gone we know he
wouldn't
Want us to be sad
But life can never be the same
Without our Dear Old Dad

Not a Day Goes By, Dad

Not a day goes by, Dad
That you don't cross our minds
Not all of you departed
When you left our Earth behind

In our hearts there is a place
That only you can hold
Filled with loving memories
More precious than gold

We know you can still hear us, Dad
So please know that this is true
Everything we are today
Is all because of YOU

In Loving Memory, Dad

You are at peace, your soul at rest,
But that won't stop the tears,
As I remember the special times
We shared over the years.
You taught me oh so many things
And you showed me the way.
You helped me overcome hard times
To be the person I am today.
Though I'm no longer a child
And you're no longer here,
I'll never let go of the memories,
I'll always hold them dear.

Life Lessons by Joanna Fuchs

You may have thought I didn't see
Or that I hadn't heard
Life lessons that you taught to me
But I got every word

Perhaps you thought I missed it all
And that we'd grow apart
But Dad, I picked up everything
It's written on my heart

Without you, Dad, I wouldn't be
The (woman)(man) I am today
You built a strong foundation
No one can take away

I've grown up with your values
And I'm very glad I did
So here's to you, dear Father
From your forever grateful kid

If I Could

If I could travel back in time
I'd travel to your side
Back to the day I said 'I do'
And you made me your bride

I'd make my promises again
And wear the same gold ring
Then share another life with you
And wouldn't change a thing

In Memory of My Dad by Leah Hendrie

If I could write a story
It would be the greatest ever told
Of a kind and loving father
Who had a heart of gold

I could write a million pages
But still be unable to say just how
Much I love and miss him
Every single day

I will remember all he taught me
I'm hurt but won't be sad
Because he'll send me down the
answers
And he'll always be my dad

A widow's habit by Roz Farrell

I hung the washing on the line
I hung your clothes right next to mine
The air that blew was fresh and fine
Old habits die hard
In my yard

I found a hat you used to wear
I found a strand of your hair
I left it there
Then placed them both
Next to your chair
I read your card
Old habits die hard
In my yard

The other day
I cooked your favourite meal
Remembering the way
It made you feel
I cooked the with lard
Old habits die hard
In my yard.

Memories soaked in lye
Memories that will not lie
Memories soaked in dye
Memories that will not die.

Eyes refuse to cry
Refuse to cry
Cry

I hung the washing on the line
I hung your clothes right next to mine
The air that blew was fresh and fine
Old habits die hard
In the yard
That is my mind.

Classic & Traditional

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

By Clare Harner

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep. OR But recall our love, strong and deep.
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. OR I'm with you forever, it's never goodbye.

If I should go before the rest of you

by Joyce Grenfell

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.

A Song

When I am dead my dearest
Sing no sad songs for me
Plant no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress tree
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet
And if you will, remember
And if you wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows
I shall not feel the rain
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, with no more pain
And dreaming through the twilight
That does not rise nor set
Happily I may remember
And happily may forget

DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL

by Canon Henry Scott Holland

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.

SONG IX, FROM TWELVE SONGS by WH Auden

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 not 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.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun" by
William Shakespeare (*from Cymbeline*)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown'd be thy grave!

Remember by Christina Rossetti
Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone away into the 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 that you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Let Me Go by Christina Rossetti
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 for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that once we shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the master plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

Nocturne by Simon Armitage
The day has counted
Its last grain of corn
Into the stone jar.

A rabbit runs by the fence.
Night's umbrella goes up,
Moth-eaten by stars.

Nothing gold can stay by Robert Frost
Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Remembering our loved ones

He is Gone by David Harkins

YOU can shed tears that he is gone, **(Can be changed to she)**

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.

Something Beautiful Remains by Martha Vashit Pearson

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 lingers on

In sweet refrain.

For every joy that passes

Something beautiful remains.

There is no death by A Perry

The dust we tread shall change between the showers

To golden grain or rainbow tinted flowers.

And ever near us though unseen,

The Immortal spirits tread

Through all the boundless universe in life

There are no dead

When I go by Donna Ashworth

When I go, don't learn to live without me,

just learn to live with my love in a different way.

And if you need to see me, close your eyes, or look in your shadow,

when the sun shines, I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet and you will know that I did not leave.

There is no leaving when a soul is blended with another.

When I go, don't learn to live without me,

Just learn to look for me in the moments.

I will be there.

Extract from '**On the Death of the Beloved**' by John O'Donohue

Let us not look for you only in memory,
Where we would grow lonely without you.
You would want us to find you in presence,
Beside us when beauty brightens,
When kindness glows
And music echoes eternal tones.

When orchids brighten the earth,
Darkest winter has turned to spring;
May this dark grief flower with hope
In every heart that loves you.

May you continue to inspire us:
To enter each day with a generous heart,
To serve the call of courage and love
Until we see your beautiful face again
In that land where there is no more separation,
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,
And where we will never lose you again.

Look for me in rainbows

Time for me to go now, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, way up in the sky.
In the morning sunrise when all the world is new,
Just look for me and love me, as you know I loved you.

Time for me to leave you, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, high up in the sky.
In the evening sunset, when all the world is through,
Just look for me and love me, and I'll be close to you.

It won't be forever, the day will come and then
My loving arms will hold you, when we meet again.
Time for us to part now, we won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, shining in the sky.

Every waking moment, and all your whole life through
Just look for me and love me, as you know I loved you.
Just wish me to be near you,
And I'll be there with you.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

'Rejoice with me' - Betty Pearson

Don't seek my name on a tombstone
Don't pray for me on your knees
Don't look for me in a graveyard
Don't mourn my passing please.

Look for me in the morning
When the sun is on the rise.
Listen for me in the afternoon
When birdsong fills the skies.

Watch for me in the evening
When the winter sun dips low,
When the air is chill and the frost is keen
And the burning fire's aglow.

Look to the sky at nightfall
When the moon is riding high.
Seek the star that's burning bright
And know love will never die.

Rejoice with me and be happy
I am beyond all mortal pain.
I am free. I am home. I am waiting
Until we are together again.

Take the Love - Donna Ashworth

Take the love you had for me
And turn it into laughter
Turn it into blinding light
To shine on you thereafter

Take the love you have for me
And show it to the world
Something so amazing
Needs to blossom and unfurl

Take the love that made us
Keep it burning bright
Let that fire guide you
Let it warm you through the night

Take the love you shared with me
And spread it out with gladness
My life will not have been in vain
If you can fight the sadness

Take the love my darling/darlings or
Take the love my dear ones
It's yours to carry on
Grow that love forevermore
And then I won't be gone

The Fallen Limb

A limb has fallen
From the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says,
"Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times,
The laughter, the song.
The good life I lived
While I was strong.
Continue my heritage,
I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely
The sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease,
My soul is at rest.
Remembering all,
How I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions.
No matter how small.
Go on with your life,
Don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly,
So keep up your chin.
Until the day comes
We're together again.

Afterglow

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.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

One at Rest by AJ Stanley

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

And in my fleeting lifespan
As time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
To laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now when time began.
or if time will ever cease?
I was here, and I used it all
And now I am at peace

A Silent Tear

Just close your eyes and you will see
All the memories that you have of me
Just sit and relax and you will find
I'm really still there inside your mind
Don't cry for me now I'm gone
For I am in the land of song
There is no pain, there is no fear
So dry away that silent tear
Don't think of me in the dark and cold
For here I am, no longer old
I'm in that place that's filled with love
Known to you all, as up above.

Remember Me by Margaret Mead

To the living, I am gone,
To the sorrowful, I will never return,
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen.
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at
a beautiful sea,
As you look upon a flower and admire its
simplicity,
Remember me.

Remember me in your heart:
Your thoughts, and your memories,
Of the times we loved,
The times we cried,
The times we fought,
The times we laughed.
For if you always think of me, I will never
have gone.

'Memory' by Barry Hodges

Life, on its urgent journey,
leaves behind the blissful drama of the
past,
and on the plains of doubt
and despair the light of memory is cast.

Within the realms of tomorrow
lay the laughter and the tear,
which makes the hour and the day
of the by gone year.

Take hopes and dreams,
make them your aim for future to weave
and touch the heart with memory again.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

When tomorrow starts without me By David Romano

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.

If I Should Go Tomorrow

If I should go tomorrow
It would never be goodbye
For I have left my heart with you
So don't you ever cry

The love that's deep within me
Shall reach you from the stars
You'll feel it from the heavens
And it will heal the scars

Love Shines Through

Love shines through
Like a shadow in the moonlight
Like the whisper of the seas
Like the echoes of a melody
Just beyond our reach
In the shadow of our sorrow
Past the whisper of goodbye
Love shines through eternity
A heartbeat from our eye

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

Remember Only My Best

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.

Grief by Donna Ashworth

Take grief by the shoulders and shake it,
shake it until it remembers where it came from
and what it's made of.
Show grief, remind grief, that it is in fact just love –
and send it home to whence it came.

Take grief all the way back to its roots
and remind it that love is all consuming,
all encompassing and eternally enduring.
Shake that grief by the shoulders until it's love again.
Because that's where grief began.
That's where grief began.

A Litany of Remembrance – We Remember Him (or her)
(Sometimes used as a military blessing)

by Sylvan Kamens and Jack Riemer

In the rising of the sun
and in its going down
We remember him

In the blowing of the wind
and in the chill of winter
We remember him

In the opening of buds
and in the warmth of summer
we remember him

In the rustling of leaves
and in the beauty of the autumn
We remember him

In the beginning of the year
and when it ends
We remember him.

So long as we live, he too shall live,
for he is now a part of us,
as we remember him.

Grief

Grief doesn't just show up the day they die
Grief shows up on a random Monday night
Grief shows up in aisle five at the grocery store
Grief shows up when their favourite song comes on the radio
Grief shows up at the dining room table
Grief shows up at a party
Grief shows up in photos on our phone
Grief shows up on those sleepless nights
Grief shows up when the phone rings and it isn't them
Grief shows up when you go to dial their number and
realise they'll never answer again
Grief shows up time and time again always unexpected
and never invited
Grief doesn't just show up the day they die.

Gone, but not forgotten (can be for any gender)

By Ellen Brenneman

Don't think of her/him as gone away
Her/His journey's just begun,
Life holds so many facets
This earth is only one.

Just think of her/him as resting
From the sorrow and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.

Think how she/he must be wishing
That we could know today
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.

And think of her/him as living
In the hearts of those she/he touched
For nothing loved is ever lost
And she/he was loved so much.

Mourner's Prayer

Build me up of memory
loving and angry, tender and honest.
Let my loss build me a heart of wisdom,
compassion for the world's many losses

Each hour is mortal
and each hour is eternal
and each hour is our testament.

May I create worthy memories
all the days of my life.

This Heritage

She is not dead,
she who leaves us this great heritage
of remembered joy.
She still lives in our hearts,
in the happiness we knew,
in the dreams we shared.
She still breathes,
in the lingering fragrance wind
blown, from her favourite flowers.
she still smiles,
in the moonlight's silver and
laughs in the sunlight's gold.
She still speaks,
in the echoes of words
we've heard her say again and again.
She still moves,
in the rhythm of waving grasses,
and in the dance of the tossing
branches.

She is not dead:
her memory is warm in our hearts,
comfort in our sorrow.
she is not apart from us,
but a part of us.
For love is eternal and
those we love shall be with us
throughout all eternity.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

Raise a glass by James Mooney

Do not mourn me,
Don't drown me in black cloth and
quiet whispers.
Laugh loud, drink deep, tell the stories
that made me live.

Remember the bad jokes,
The nights that stretched into dawn,
The times we swore we'd never
forget...
And don't.

I was here
A life well lived
I want something more than tears.

So raise a glass,
And dance a little,
Let the wind take my name...
I'll be listening.

Do not mourn me,
Celebrate me.

When I die by Jimmy Osborne

When I'm finally laid to rest,
Please don't put me in a wooden casket;
Or leave flowers at my grave,
In a pretty little basket.

Don't pump me full of chemicals
And put me on display;
Just bury me beneath the earth,
And plant a seed upon my grave.

And as my body rots below,
My atoms reassimilated;
In my place a tree will grow,
From the place I originated.

Precious minerals, returned to earth,
Little molecules of me -
The fuel for yet another life,
As I become a tree.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

Hobbies & Pastimes

I can find other themed poems when requested

Sailing – the sea – fishing

The Unknown Shore

Sometime at Eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away
With no response to a friendly hail
In the silent hush of the twilight pale
When the night stoops down to embrace the day
And the voices call in the water's flow

Sometime at Eve
When the water is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.
Through purple shadows
That darkly trail o'er the ebbing tide
And the Unknown Sea,
And a ripple of waters' to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To mystic isles
Where at anchor lay
The craft of those who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore

A few who watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay
Some friendly barques were anchored near
Some loving souls my heart held dear
In silent sorrow will drop a tear
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from the storm and gale
And greeted friends who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore

Gone Fishin' (adaptable)

I thought I'd better let you know
The reason I've gone missing,
I'm where there's ten pound angel fish
That's right I've just gone fishing.

A man named Peter at some gates
Asked if I'd had permission,
My anglers license got me in
And now I'm happy fishing.

By this lovely river in Heaven
The waters are crystal clear
You get a bite at every cast
Better than rivers back there

My old pal's/(dad's casting by my side
And my dear (nan) mum's cheek I'm kissin,
Don't worry all I'm happy here;
Yes! I've simply just gone fishin.

Footprints by Robert Longley

Few things are as fleeting
As footprints in the sand
Sometimes we walk alone
And sometimes hand in hand

Both paths tell a story
That waves may wash away
As long as we have the memory
They live with us each day

Come to the beach and remember
Make some footprints of your own
And think of days now absent
And the memories we've known

The water can be healing
It always was for me
Just take time to remember
And I think that you will see

The Sight of the Ocean

I have lied in the sight of the ocean
Where the water runs into the land
I have walked on the beach in the
morning

And left my footprints in the sand
But musical waves have been calling
And the ocean is so wide and vast
That I've struck for the silver horizon
And put out to sea at last.

Gardening & Nature

The Rose Beyond The Wall

A rose once grew where all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And, as the days passed swiftly by,
it spread its branches, straight and tall....

One day, a beam of light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide ~
The rose bent gently toward its warmth
then passed beyond to the other side...

Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted ~ the rose blooms there ~
Its beauty even greater now,
nurtured by God's own loving care

I am there by Iris Hesselden

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 you 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.

Remembered Robin By Della Parry

I remembered you well within my heart
You were always the best, that will never
part

On a winter's morn, looking out into the
wood

Recalling your face, your unyielding love
Sat on a bough, in his best dress
Was the little brown bird with a red breast

I can't deny that you are gone
But within that robin I know you live on.
For every time I hear his tiny wings
I remember you and your quirky things.
Sometimes he lands on my windowsill
And with a wink of his eye
I know you're with me still.

Feathers by Donna Ashworth

I left you a little white feather
I placed it right there in your way
I wrapped it in love with a message
To let you know you'll be OK
I drew you a colourful rainbow
It followed your car for a while
I made it a beautiful rainbow
I hoped it would show me your smile
I flew down a beautiful robin
It landed right there on your ledge
I prayed he would give you the strength
To push yourself back from the edge
I try every day to remind you
That I never did go away
The feathers, the rainbows, the robins
Are my way of trying to stay.

Finding You in Beauty by Walter Rinder

The rays of light filtered through
The sentinels of trees this morning
I sat in the garden and contemplated
The serenity and beauty
Of my feelings and surroundings
Completely captivated me
I thought of you

I discovered you tucked
Away in the shadow of the trees
Then rediscovered you on the smiles of the flowers
As the sun penetrated the petals
In the rhythm of the leaves
Falling in the garden
In the freedom of birds
As they fly searching as you do

Now, you will never leave me,
For I will always find you
In the beauty of life

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In the beauty of life

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

Cars - Biking - Travel

Still the motor

I have seen death too often
to believe in death
It is not an ending, but a withdrawal
As one who finishes a long journey.
Stills the motor
Turns off the lights
Steps from the car
And walks up the path
To the home that awaits him.

His journey goes on by Joe Elliston

It's all about the journey
It's the part that counts
Even when he gets there
He may just turn around.
He rides like an eagle, flying
All along the stars;
It's all about the journey
Safe now from any harm.
Too soon he left to travel
Beyond where we can see
But it's all about the journey
Forever riding free.

Bike and Man

Author Unknown

In the saddle, he finds his throne
Bike and man, a fusion known
Rumble and roar, his favourite tune
Through winding roads, beneath the moon

Wind whispers secrets in his ear
As he rides on without a fear
With every turn, he finds release
In the harmony of speed and peace

Through valleys deep and mountains high
He feels the earth beneath him fly
For on his bike, he's truly free
One with the road, for eternity

In heaven's realm, where spirits soar
He rides on, forevermore
His earthly journey may have ceased
But in the heavens, he's released

With wings of freedom, he ascends
His spirit and his bike, amends
Among the stars, he finds his home
Forever free to roam and roam

Though fate may claim his mortal form
His spirit rides, forever warm
In heaven's embrace, he finds his peace
His journey now will never cease.

Dance

Imagine You Dancing by

Tanya Lord

I imagine you dancing
Skipping among the clouds
Happily singing with the angels
Looking down upon the crowds.

I imagine you laughing
Your heart lovingly set free
You understand my grief
In ways I cannot see.

I imagine you greeting
The others that I love
That sadly left this earth
For a home with you above.

I imagine you watching
The many things I do
Proudly standing beside me
As I remember and honour you.

All these visions give me hope
That death is not the end
That an eternity awaits us
That together we will spend

Pets

Four Feet by Rudyard Kipling

I have done mostly what most men do,
And pushed it out of my mind;
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,
Four-Feet trotting behind.

Day after day, the whole day through --
Wherever my road inclined --
Four-feet said, "I am coming with you!"
And trotted along behind.

Now I must go by some other round, --
Which I shall never find --
Somewhere that does not carry the sound
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.

Music

Listen for me

Listen for me in the music,
In the songs we held so dear
I'll find a way to play them,
So you will feel me near.
Each verse will lift your spirits,
Embrace your weary soul
Each word my soul is sending,
To help you feel more whole.

Listen for me in the music.
And nature's music too
The birds will sing my message,
They'll chorus my love for you
The wind will play the trees,
As you are walking by.

If you listen very closely,
My heart's in every sigh
Listen for me my loves,
I'll find a million ways
To whisper in your ears,
The I'm not far away.

Everything I Need To Know About Life I Learned From My Dog

- Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joy ride.
- Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.
- When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.
- Run, romp, and play daily.
- Be loyal.
- Never pretend to be something you're not.
- Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.
- If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.
- When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently.
- Thrive on affection and let people touch you - enjoy back rubs and pats on your neck.
- When you leave your yard, make it an adventure.
- Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.
- No matter how often you're scolded, don't pout - run right back and make friends.
- Bond with your pack.
- On cold nights, curl up in front of a crackling fire.
- When you're excited, speak up.
- When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body.
- Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.
- If you stare at someone long enough, eventually you'll get what you want.
- Don't go out without ID.
- Leave room in your schedule for a good nap.

Sports & Gambling

Bingo! by Michael Ashby (*This can be totally adapted to the person*)

My mum's playing bingo in heaven
With a happy smile on her face
If she'd known there was a bingo hall in heaven
She'd have looked more forward to the place!

Past 78 and heaven's gate
It's 83 and time for tea
With 61 and a baker's bun
And no queue for the lavatory!

After 41 and time for fun,
She's won with 54 and wiped the floor
I really do thank my lucky stars
My mum landed in heaven instead of on Mars!

The Last Race by *Barbara Campbell*

I liked a little gamble
A bet I loved to place
A rush of the adrenaline
I loved to watch the race

I studied all the form
Running heavy on the course
Sometimes picking colours
An eye on my favourite horse

For me it wasn't gambling
It was a treasured way of life
It took my mind so far away
From trouble and from strife

So now it's time for resting
I've passed the winners line
Think of me, a winning ticket
And how I lived this life of mine

The Footballer's Prayer by *Paul Cookson*

Our team
Which art eleven
Hallowed be thy game
Our match be won
Their score be none
On turf
As we score at least seven
Give us today no card of red
And forgive us our lost passes
As we forgive those
Who lose passes against us
Lead us not into retaliation
And deliver us from penalties
For three is the kick off
The power and scorer
For ever and ever
Full time!

The Last Bet by *Barbara Campbell*

I liked to have a gamble
Cards ready to be cut
A rush of the adrenalin
Betting on my luck

I studied all the cards
Should I double down or split
Relying on my game plan
Knowing when to stand or hit

For me it wasn't gambling
It was a treasured way of life
It took my mind so far away
From trouble and from strife

So now it's time for resting
I've got my final buy-in
Think of me, my winning bet
And how I loved this life of mine.

An Avid Football Fan by Dr Denise Lochrie

I loved to watch the football
It was my favourite game and
Every match unlike the last
They never were the same

The crowds all cheered together
(name of team) we love you!
Waving scarves and banners
And even singing too

An avid fan of footy
I loved to watch them play
So, continue on without me
Supporting come what may

And, I'll keep up tradition
No matter where I'll be
Cheering on behind the veil
Of course, you won't spot me

But rest assured I'll be there
My team within my heart
A little space between us
Doesn't mean we're far apart
So, remember when you're cheering

That I am cheering too
Of course supporting (name of team)
My favourite team it's true!

The Rugby Prayer

Our ball which art oval
Gilbert be thy name
Thy will be kicked
They will be passed
On this pitch as it is at Twickenham
Give us this day our many tries
And forgive us our fouls
As we forgive the ref who notices them
Lead us not into touch
But deliver us from penalties
For thine is the try line
The goal kick and the glory
Ruck over and over Amen

The Rugby Player's Last Try by Michael Ashby

The rugby ball inside the coffin
Rather gave the game away
As a diehard rugby warrior
Determined to play on in future days

Believing there was more than one H in heaven
At the ends of astral turf grounds
And that the rugby universe cup
Was still in its early rounds

After a lifetime that had seemed eighty minutes
With a body clock now in the red
The gladiator scored his last mortal try
Touching his head down on mother earth's bed

Humour

Dance on, Wild one by Margaret Brierley

(can be adapted by gender and with different songs/bands)

She wasn't one for sitting still,
She live life loud and free,
With a joke to tell, a tale to spin,
And a wink just meant for me.
She'd find the party, grab a glass,
Then dance upon the table,
And if the DJ played Sweet Caroline,
Well, Lord help those who were able!

She spoke her mind, she made you laugh,
She never played it small,
And if she had to leave today,
She'd say, "Don't cry at all!

Just crank the tune and raise a glass,
And laugh the way I would-
Remember me in sequins, dear,
Up to no damn good!"

So here's to her, that firebrand,
Who lives with joy so bright,
May she find a stage in heaven's bar,
And dance all through the night.

Life Goes On

by Michael Ashby

I want fireworks at my funeral
To brighten up your eyes
I want clowns at my funeral
To return all your smiles

I want dancing at my funeral
To help you move along
I want a party at my funeral
Filled with your happy throng

So, party, party, party
And cheer my spirit with song
As my last wish is you celebrate
That life truly does go on

A cup of tea

Death is too negative for me
So I'll be popping off for a long cup of tea
Do splash out on two bags in the pot
And for my god's sake keep the water hot.

Please pick the biggest mug you can find
Size really does matter at this time.
I'll pass on the lapsang with that souchong
And that stuff with bergamot
And stick with my favourite friend
You know the Yorkshire tea blend

Breakfast! thanks for reminding me
There's just time before I fail
To stand on ceremony
Two rashers of best back, Should keep me
Smelling sweet up the smokestack.
So, *mother*, put the kettle on for me
It's time, *mother*, for my long cup of tea

'Cheers' by Barry Hodges

I like do drink tea, it's nice you see
And coffee is fine in its turn.
Horlicks and Oxo are merely just so so
But it's not for them that I yearn.

At times I'm seen with Ovaltine, hot
chocolate
I try now and then.
Like a lamb to the slaughter
I even sip water,
But I wouldn't recommend it for me.

Tequila , not really but brandy is dandy
When winter is just setting in.
Sherry and Pernod but please
Don't let her know
That you're started to get hooked
on the gin.

Punch is a winner
Wine with the dinner
Brings paradise ever so near.

But I love to get panned, inexplicably
canned
On lashings and lashing
And I do take some thrashings,
When surrendering to wonderful
Glorious, marvellous,
Merciless, soaking wet beer.

Last Will and Testament by Max Scratchmann

I suppose, one day, I will be dead
And go to meet my maker,
So have this note set in my hand,
There for the undertaker,
Don't dress me in a shroud of white
Or rouge my cheeks all red,
It is not right to look a fright,
Even though you are stone cold dead.
Give me a brand new five pound note
And a Visa credit card,
I want to buy a proper plot in
Old St Peter's yard.,
And as I sit upon my cloud and look down
at the earth
I'll watch you use my worldly goods for
festival and mirth
And that will make me smile a smile, and
have a laugh quite hearty
To hear you say, the bugger's dead, let's
have ourselves a party!

Pardon Me for Not Getting Up by Kelly Roper

Oh dear, if you're reading this right now
I must have given up the ghost
I hope you can forgive me for being
Such a stiff and unwelcoming host

Just talk amongst yourself my friends
And share a toast or two
For I am sure you will remember well
How I loved to drink with you

Don't worry about mourning me
I was never easy to offend
Feel free to share a story at my expense
And we'll have a good laugh at the end

Religious

Heaven by Leanne Smith

Heaven always felt
So very far from here,
I could reach it in my dreams,
But when I woke it disappeared.
But since you've had to go,
It's now become so clear,
I can reach Heaven in my heart
Because I hold you dear.

You're still present in my laughter,
And you're present in my tears.
For as long as I feel love,
You will always be near.
I know Heaven is beautiful,
that's a guarantee.
You're running and dancing there,
while you wait for me.

I'll miss you every day,
It won't ever be the same,
But I'll feel you in life's moments
Until we meet again.
Now you're tending to God's garden,
Helping the flowers grow,
I'll feel you in the sunshine
And when the wind doth blow.

I'll remember you in all I do
And hope to make you proud,
Living each day to the fullest,
Until into Heaven I too am allowed.

*This poem is exclusive and unavailable elsewhere, thanks to
Leanne for letting me include it in the collection.*

Footprints by Mary Powers

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."

The Prophet by Khahil Gibran

For what is it to die?
But to stand naked in the wind
and to melt into the sun.
And what is it to cease breathing?
But to free the breath from its restless tides,
that it may rise and expand and seek God, unencumbered.

Only when you drink from the river of silence
shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached the mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.
And the earth shall claim your limbs.
Then shall you truly dance

To my Loving Grandad in Heaven (or Grandma)

Our time together was special
So were the memories we made
And although you live in heaven now
Those memories never fade

I bow my head in silence
And remember my grandad with love
And I know that you are up there
Watching from above

Everyday's a struggle
And nothing feels the same
And my heart breaks a little more
Every time I hear your name

You'll always be remembered
And time may heal my heart
But a piece of me is missing
Since the day we had to part

If heaven is for angels
Then I know that's where you'll be
And I know you will be waiting
When Heaven calls for me.

I'm Free

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
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

From the Bible (More can be provided if these don't suit)

JOHN 14:1-3: Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

ECCLESIASTES 3:1-4: There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens: a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance.

PSALM 46

God is our hope and strength,
a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved,
and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the
waters thereof rage and swell,
and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest. God is in the
midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed;

God shall help her, and that right early.
Be still then, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
and I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Life is a journey by Rabbi Alvin Fine
Birth is a beginning and death a destination
but life is a journey, a going, a growing from
stage to stage.

From childhood to maturity and youth to age;
From innocence to awareness and
Ignorance to knowing;
From foolishness to discretion
And then perhaps to wisdom.

From weakness to strength or
strength to weakness
and often back again;
from health to sickness
and back, we pray to health again.

From offence to forgiveness,
From loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude,
From pain to compassion
From grief to understanding,
From fear to faith.

From defeat to defeat to
defeat until, not looking
backward or ahead,
We see the victory lies,
not at some high point
along the way,
but in having made the
journey, step-by-step,
A sacred pilgrimage.

What our loved ones might advise us

Dust If You Must by Rose Milligan

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better
To paint a picture, or write a letter,
Bake a cake, or plant a seed;
Ponder the difference between want and need?

Dust if you must, but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim, and mountains to climb;
Music to hear, and books to read;
Friends to cherish, and life to lead.

Dust if you must, but the world's out there
With the sun in your eyes, and the wind in your hair;
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain,
This day will not come around again.

Dust if you must, but bear in mind,
Old age will come and it's not kind.
And when you go (and go you must)
You, yourself, will make more dust.

A selection of short poems by Rupi Kaur

Different verses can be used to suit

When death
takes my hand
I will hold you with the other
and promise to find you
in every lifetime

If you were born with
the weakness to fall
you were born with
the strength to rise

Like the rainbow
after the rain
joy will reveal itself
after sorrow

We have been dying
since we got here
and forgot to enjoy the view

Each *life* beautifully remembered

If I should ever have to leave you

by Donna Ashworth

If I should ever have to leave you love,
Please know I didn't choose it.
You were my waking thought,
My world, I wouldn't lose it.

If I ever have to leave you love,
Don't think I didn't fight it.
If I had my chance at all,
We would never be divided.

If I ever have to leave you love,
I truly rue the day,
I always thought I'd be with you,
Beside you, come what may.

If I ever have to leave you love,
Please know I'm always there.
That somehow I will find a way,
To show you how I care.

If I ever have to leave you love,
The one thing you must know,
Is that you meant the world to me,
I didn't want to go.

If I ever have to leave you love,
You'll always have my heart.
Never fear, my love is here,
Even when apart.

If I ever have to leave you love,
Try to hear my laughter.
And see my smile once in a while,
Let it live with you hereafter.

Meditations

When I die give what's left of me away
To children and old men that wait to die.
And if you need to cry,
Cry for your brother walking the street
beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms around anyone and give
them what you need to give me.

I want to leave you something,
something better than
words or sounds.

Look for me in the people
I've known or loved,
And if you cannot give me away,
at least let me live in your
eyes and not in your mind.

You can love me best by letting hands
touch hands,
And by letting go of children
that need to be free.
Love doesn't die, people do.
So when all that's left of me is love,
Give me away.

Before the coffee gets cold

By Sunithat Ashokkumar Munsami

Don't leave anything for later.

Later the coffee gets cold.

Later, you lose interest.

Later, the day turns into night.

Later, people grow up.

Later, people grow old.

Later, life goes by.

Later, you regret not doing something...

When you had the chance.

Life is a fleeting dance, a delicate

Balance of moments that unfold

Before us, never to return in quite the same way again.

Regret is a bitter pill to swallow,

A weight that bears down upon the soul

With the burden of missed chances and unspoken words.

So, let us not leave anything for later.

Let us seize the moments as they come,

With hearts open and arms outstretched

To embrace the possibilities that lie before us.

For in the end, it is not the things we did that we regret,

But the things we left undone,

The words left unspoken,

The dreams left unfulfilled.

Prose Readings

The Story of the Universe by Prof Brian Cox

Our story is the story of the Universe Every piece of everything, of everything you love and everything you hate, of the thing you hold most precious, was assembled by the forces of nature in the first few minutes of the life of the Universe, transformed in the hearts of the stars or created in their fiery deaths.

And when you die, those pieces will be returned to the Universe in the endless cycle of death and rebirth.

What a wonderful thing it is to be part of that Universe. What a story, what a majestic story.

You want a physicist to speak at your funeral

by Aaron Freeman.

You want a physicist to speak at your funeral. You want the physicist to talk to your grieving family about the conservation of energy, so they will understand that your energy has not died. You want the physicist to remind your sobbing mother about the first law of thermodynamics; that no energy is created in the universe and none is destroyed. You want your mother to know that all your energy, every vibration, every BTU of heat, every wave of every particle that was her beloved child remains with her in this world.

You want the physicist to tell your weeping father that amid the energies of the cosmos, you gave as good as you got. And at one point, you'd hope that the physicist would step down from the pulpit and walk to your brokenhearted spouse there in the pew and tell him that all the photons that ever bounced off your face, all the particles whose paths were interrupted by your smile, by the touch of your hair, hundreds of trillions of particles, have raced off you like children, their ways forever changed by you.

And as your widow rocks in the arms of a loving family, may the physicist let her know that all the photons that bounced from you were gathered in the particle detectors that are her eyes, that those photons created within her constellations of electromagnetically charged neurones whose energy will go on forever.

And the physicist will remind the congregation of how much of all our energy is given off as heat. There may be a few fanning themselves with their programs as he says it. And he will tell them that the warmth that flowed through you in life is still here, still part of all that we are, even as we who mourn continue in the heat of our own lives.

And you'll want the physicist to explain to those who loved you that they need not have faith; indeed, they should not have faith. Let them know that they can measure, that scientists have measured precisely the conservation of energy and found it accurate, verifiable and consistent across space and time.

You can hope your family will examine the evidence and satisfy themselves that the science is sound and that they'll be comforted to know your energy is still around. According to the law of the conservation of energy, not a bit of you is gone. You're just less orderly.

From 'Simple Truths' by Kent Nerburn

If we have played our part well – offering love where it was needed, strength and caring where it was lacking; if we have tended the earth and its creatures with a sense of humble stewardship – we will have done enough. We may pass quietly, and rest gently in the knowledge that we have left the world a little warmer, a little kinder, a little richer in love. Though our moment was brief, and our part small, somewhere in the fullness of time, our acts will bear fruit, and the earth will raise up a bit of goodness in our memory.

A Proverb

The 'gift' of grief is that it presents us with the opportunity to heal and grow and though losing a loved one is indeed a time of sorrow, we are reminded that the circle of life is a beautiful and never-ending rhythm of nature. It awakens us to the light and beauty of life and invites us to cherish each moment, to savour the beauty of the present. To have hearts full of gratitude and to honour our own lives.

Each *life* beautifully *remembered*

'The Station' by Robert J Hastings

Tucked away in our subconscious in an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long trip. We are travelling by train. Out the windows, we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving at a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of, flatlands and valleys, of mountains and hillsides, of city skylines and village halls.

But uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day at a certain hour, we will pull into the station. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we get there, so many wonderful dreams will come true, and the pieces of our lives will fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. How relentlessly we pace the aisles, waiting, waiting, waiting for the station.

"When we reach the station, that will be it!" we cry. "When I'm 18." "When I buy a new 450SL Mercedes Benz!" "When I put the last kid through college." "When I have paid off the mortgage!" "When I get a promotion." "When I reach the age of retirement, I shall live happily ever after!"

Sooner or later, we must realise there is no station, no one place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream.

So stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more ice cream, go barefoot more often, watch more sunsets, laugh more, cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The station will come soon enough.

*Beautiful Poems that can be used for
funerals*

Extract from 'Once' by Eevan Boland

I do not want us to be immortal or unlucky,
to listen for our own death in the distance.
Take my hand. Stand by the window.

I want to show you what is hidden in
this ordinary, ageing human love is
there still and will be until

An inland coast so densely wooded
not even the ocean fog could enter it
appears in front of us and the chilled-
to-the-bone light clears and shows us

A silvery man and wife.
Yellow-eyed. Edged in dateless moonlight.
They are mated for life. They are legendary.
They are safe.

When Great Trees Fall by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.

Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.

Each life beautifully remembered

Poems for those lost too soon

Gone too soon by Michael Jackson

Like a comet
Blazing cross the evening sky
Gone too soon

Like a rainbow
Fading in the twinkling of an eye
Gone too soon

Shiny and sparkly
And splendidly bright
Here one day
Gone one night

Like the loss of sunlight
On a cloudy afternoon
Gone too soon

Like a castle
Built upon a sandy beach
Gone too soon

Like a perfect flower
That is beyond your reach
Gone too soon

Born to amuse, to inspire, to delight
Here one day
Gone one night
Like a sunset
Dying with the rising of the moon
Gone too soon.

Sunflowers by Rupi Kaur

Despite knowing
They won't be here long
They still choose to live
Their brightest lives.

If I Had A Voice - by Caroline Wilkes

If I had a voice now
It would be loving
And I would say thank
you for all of your care.

If I had a voice now
I'd want to tell you
I'm sorry for not always
wanting to be there.

My life, it confused you, it
did so to me.
But I am released now,
and my heart is free.

The heart that was hidden
beneath all the pain,
It felt so much more
than I could explain.

And if I had a voice now,
I'd say out loud I love you;
I wish that
I'd made that clear.

And in my lifetime
I need you to know
That I was much more
than I did appear.

These are things that
I'd say through choice...
if I had a chance
and if I had a voice.

Poems for those in the services:

RAF: **'High Flight'** by John Gillespie Magee, RCAF

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 falls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, nor e'er 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.

Navy: **Crossing the Bar**

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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 crost the bar.

There are a range of poems that can be used for those in the army. Ask me if you want to know about these.

Thank you for using my collection of readings for
the celebration of your loved one's life.

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Funerals - Cremation or Burials | Celebrations of Life
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*Those we love and lose are
always connected by
heartstrings into infinity*

Please do get in touch if I can help you in the future:

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