



A Quiet Time, A Quiet Place

A quiet time...
A quiet place...
I seek His presence,
Know His grace
A breathless moment
Hours and space
Know no boundaries.
I embrace,
With my being,
Him, divine.
I am His...
And He is mine.
– Anna Lee Edwards McIpin



A Rose Forever

Blooms in your heart
It has no ending...
But it had a start.
The seed was planted long ago...
It never dies...
Just continues to grow.
The fragrance lingers...
It smells so sweet...
It fills the room...
With each heart beat
Its beauty mirrored in your eyes...
Through smiles or tears, it has no disguise.
And when you leave us here on earth...
You'll leave us something of great worth.
For that which death just will not sever...
Grows in the heart



Across the Years

Across the years I will walk with you~
In deep green forests; on shores of sand:
And when our time on earth is through,
In heaven, too, you will have my hand.

As I Sit in Heaven

As I sit in heaven and watch you every day
I try to let you know with signs, I never went away
I hear you when you're laughing and watch you as you sleep
I even place my arms around you to calm you as you weep
I see you wish the days away begging to have me home
So I try to send you signs so you know you are not alone
Don't feel guilty that you have life that was denied to me
Heaven is truly beautiful, just you wait and see
So live your life, laugh again
Enjoy yourself, be free
Then I know with every breath you take
You'll be taking one for me



After Glow

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave
when life is done.



Away in a Manger

Be near me, Lord Jesus;
I ask you to stay
Close by me forever and
Love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In your tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with you there.



Abide With Me

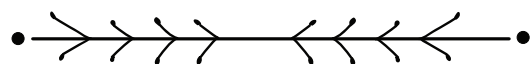
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide in me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide in me.

– Henry Francis Lyte



Acceptance

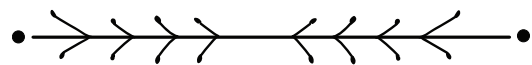
I beg you, Lord,
help me accept the partings
that must come —
from friends who go away,
my children leaving home,
and most of all, my dear ones
when you shall call them to yourself.
Then, give me the grace to say:
“As it has pleased you, Lord,
take them home,
I bow to your most holy will.
And if by just one word
I might restore their lives
against your will,
I would not speak.”
Grant them eternal joy.

He Only Takes the Best

God saw you were getting tired
And it was not meant to be,
So he put his arms around you
And whispered, “come to me”.

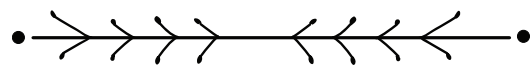
With tearful eyes we watched you
And saw you pass away,
Although we loved you dearly
We could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating
Hard working hands at rest
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.



Traditional Irish Prayer

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.



John 11:25-26

We know that God does not
willingly afflict us with grief.
He looks at those who grieve with pity.
He nourishes our souls with patience.
He comforts us and gives us
a sense of His mercy.
His words to Martha when her brother died bring a
Sense of peace of us in our pain.

Jesus said to her, “I am the resurrection and the life.
He who believes in me will live, even though he dies;
And whoever lives and believes in me will never die.
Do you believe this?”



23rd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want. He maketh me to
lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.
– The Twenty-Third Psalm



On Eagles Wings

And He will raise you up
on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the
breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you
in the palm of His hand.
And hold you
in the palm of His hand.

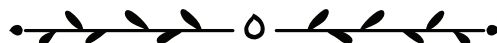


Proverbs 13:22

A good man leaves an inheritance
For his children's children...
Proverbs 13:22

A Mother's Love

A Mother's love is something
that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion
and of sacrifice and pain,
It is endless and unselfish
and enduring come what may
For nothing can destroy it
or take that love away...
It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
And it never fails or falters
even though the heart is breaking...
It believes beyond believing
when the world around condemns,
And it glows with all the beauty
of the rarest, brightest gems...
It is far beyond defining,
it defies all explanation,
And it still remains a secret
like the mysteries of creation...
A many splendoured miracle
man cannot understand
And another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.
– Helen Steiner Rice



The Broken Chain

We little knew that morning that
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly.
In death we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
You did not go alone;
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.
You left us peaceful memories,
Your love is still our guide;
And though we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.



I Farmed the Land

I farmed the land,
I tramped the woods.
These are the things I understood.

No grand schemes,
They passed me by -
I knew the brook,
the hills, the sky.

To hunt a bird,
To wet a line,
Gifts from God,
So good and fine

Friend and kin,
I loved them so;
Although I'm gone,
I'm sure they know I'm now at peace,
Life's battles done,

I face the foe and I have won.

– Earl Smithson



Crossing the Bar

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.

A Farmer's Hands

Hands that are large and tough
from years of rugged, outdoor work,
Hands with fingers sensitive to music,
but too thick to strike just one key on the piano,
or a single string on a violin.

Hands that are versatile,
simultaneously wielding an ax
and picking pinch berries from a nearby bush.
Hands that give thanks for food, for rain, for sun,
for late frosts, early springs, good yield, for soil,
for health, for a newborn calf.

Hands that are strong,
squeezing out a pailful of milk in just no time,
pulling strands of barbed wire taut,
carrying mountains of hay and oceans of water
to hungry, thirsty farm creatures,
Hands that are gentle,
marvelling at the softness of a furry kitten, rescuing
a killdeer's nest from the path of the plow patting the
shoulder of a disappointed child.

Hands that are inventive,
twisting, pounding, pinching until a machine is fixed,
shaping an idea into something useful.
Hands that are tired
from over a half century of tilling,
planting, weeding, harvesting.

Hands that I love –
a farmer's hands,
my father's.



Wonderful Mother

God made a wonderful mother,
A mother who never grows old;
He made her smile of the sunshine,
And he molded her heart of pure gold;
In her eyes He placed bright shining stars,
In her cheeks fair roses you see;
God made a wonderful mother,
And He gave that dear mother to me.



An Officer's Poem

Will the bagpipers play on my funeral day?
Will a sea of blue stretch down this long road
As Harley's rumble by and choppers thunder overhead
It is the sweet sounds of the bagpipers that I hear instead

All have come here to pay their respects
To listen to the story of the brave act I did.
Worry not for me because I'll be all right
It is my wife who needs comfort
Through these long nights.

Who will teach my boy what it is to be a man
Who will be there to hold my little girl's hand.
It is my family that needs you now, for I am at rest.
Let it be known that I worked with the best.
I did not live the longest of lives, nor one of great wealth.
It is the sacrifice I made that put me high upon this shelf,
treated as a pauper in life but as a king in death.
All I did was my job like so many before.
So when you turn to drink to comfort your way.
Remember what it is that I have to say.

When you raise your glass in memory of my name
Know you are my brother for you would have done the same.
It is only we who run toward what others run from
Now I run no more, for my work is done.

As this wooden vessel carries
My body through this sea of blue
Listen for the bagpipers to hear
What they play for it is their
sweet music that carries my soul
– Sergeant Joseph P.M. NYPD



A Firefighter's Prayer

When I am called to duty, God, whenever flames may rage;
Give me strength to save some life, whatever be its age.
Help me embrace a little child before it is too late
Or save an older person from the horror of that fate.
Enable me to be alert and hear the weakest shout,
And quickly and efficiently to put the fire out.
I want to fill my calling and to give the best in me,
To guard my every neighbor and protect his property.
And if, according to my fate, I am to lose my life;
Please bless with your protecting hand
my children and my wife.

A Sailor's Prayer

We will not go gently into this dark night,
For the love we carry will guide the light,
And hold our tears 'til the morning's bright.
Awakened again into the night,
We will not go gently into this dark night,
The day surrounds us without its light,
And silence falls, come soon the night.
Where shadows cast past fire's light,
We will not go gently into this dark night,
The paths before us, the dark, the light,
We ask for nothing, we know what's right.
The truth, the glory, it's found its fight,
Our strength, our courage, our guiding light,
We will not go gently into this dark night,
And give our life without the right.
To call the sun into the night,
And question the question, what's wrong,
what's right, We will not go gently into this dark night.
For the love we share will guide the light,
And pray someday you find what's right?
We pray someday you find the light,
We will not go gently into this great night.
The paths before us, the dark, the light,
Tomorrow comes and so the fight,
Where Heroes fall but still we fight,
Their voices call into the night,
This war won't end, no end in sight.
We ask for nothing, we fight this fight,
We ask for nothing, we know what's right,
We ask for nothing, We found the light.

– Joseph Anthony Welteroth, US Navy/
Winter 1945, Pacific Ocean


Dedicated to those who have served
and are serving our great nation.

Published in the NY Times by
Joseph, Michael, Gregory, and Jacob
Welteroth.



Anima Christi

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
Water from the side of Christ, wash me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O good Jesus, hear me.
Within Thy wounds hide me.
In the hour of my death, call me.
And bid me come to Thee.
That with Thy saints I may praise Thee.
Forever and ever. Amen.



The Fisherman's Prayer

God grant that I may fish
Until my dying day.
And when it comes to my last cast,
I then most humbly pray,
When in the Lord's safe and landing net,
I'm peacefully asleep,
That in His Mercy I be judged as
Big enough to keep.

Surely Jesus loves fishermen
for He chose them for his own,
to be with Him and learn from Him
and someday share His home.
It must have been their trust in God
and patience He found and rare,
That keeps them very near His heart
and ever in His care.

– Anne Kujawa



Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.
Amen

Dear Lord, You Have Called Home

Dear Lord, you have called home a very special one, our mother who we loved and cherished like no other.

Please take her in your gentle loving arms and give her a place in heaven far away from any harm.

She is a very special, kind, loving lady this mother of ours, and we miss her more each day and each hour.

She gave such an abundance of kindness and love to each of us, and could always look on the good side with never a complaint or fuss.

She lived her life to the fullest, all 86 of her years, lots of days filled with happiness and of course some full of tears.

She leaves us so many happy memories and so much love, may we carry on in the way she has taught us till we meet above.

Guide us dear Lord in the way she would have us live, with kindness and happiness and lots of love to give.

Let her know how much we miss her and love her here, but we know she has found peace and joined you without fear.

Thank you God for lending us this jewel of a lady that we love.

Goodbye dear wife, mother, grandmother, and friend, till we meet above.

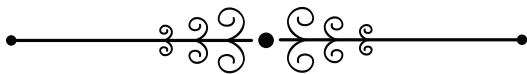
May we remember her always with all our love so real, and give us the peace in our heart she would want us to feel.

God please bless this wonderful lady we love like no other dear wife, mother, grandmother and friend.



God's Garden

God looked around his garden,
And He found an empty place.
He then looked down upon this earth,
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw that the road was getting rough
And the hills are hard to climb,
So He closed your weary eyelids,
And whispered "Peace be thine".
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.



God's Heavenly Garden

Sometimes God picks the flower
That is still in full bloom;
Sometimes the rosebud's chosen
That we feel He's picked too soon.

Sometimes the flower is fading
With petals floating down.
But God knows the perfect time
To gather flowers from the ground.

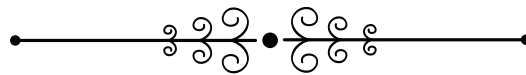
There is a Heavenly garden
in which God takes great pleasure
Because He's placed within it
The loved ones that we treasure.

He walks among the blossoms
Giving them eternal rest.
And I know that it must please Him
Because He chose our very best.

Faithful Gardener

The dewdrops glistened in the morning sun.
Up with the birds, she was ready to run.
She devotedly nurtured all God's earthly things,
He promised her all the joys they would bring.
She spent hours in the dirt working the soil,
Her passions awaited her there every day of her toil,
She tended them carefully as she prayed.
She thanked the Lord for her riches and blessings.
The life He had given, her faith, and her offspring.
She tirelessly worked in her gardens of many
And bountiful harvest brought forth plenty.
The time she committed in all that she loved
Blossomed as beautiful as her gardens had done.
Her children and grandkids developed strong roots
And flourished and blossomed abroad on the earth.
Her hunched-over posture, life's withering bloom,
Was worth it for all of the splendor she grew.
But this weary old gardener began to fade
For a disease took hold and she could not stay.
Her soul needed to soar, to soar to new heights
So He came and embraced her and took her to Light.
Now we celebrate her, for her spirit is free
We know through His promise, someday,
together we will be.

– Jennifer Hamre



If This Were My Last Day

If this were my last day I'm almost sure
I'd spend it working in my garden. I
Would dig about my little plants and try
To make them happy so they would endure
Long after me. Then I would hide secure
Where my green arbor shades me from the sky,
And watch how bird and bee and butterfly
Came hovering to every flower lure.
Then, as I rested, perhaps a friend or two,
Lovers of flowers, would come
And we would walk
About my little garden paths and talk
Of peaceful times when all the world
Seemed true.

This may be my last day, for all I know;
What a temptation just to spend it so!

– Anne Higginson Spicer



The Love of a Mother

A Mother's love is something
that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion
and of sacrifice and pain.

It is endless and unselfish
and enduring come what may
For nothing can destroy it
or take that love away.

It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
And it never fails or falters
even though the heart is breaking.

It believes beyond believing
when the world around condemns,
And it glows with all the beauty
of the rarest, brightest gems.

It is far beyond defining,
it defies all explanation,
And it still remains a secret
like the mysteries of creation.

A many splendor miracle
man cannot understand
And another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.



In Memory

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!

A Mother's Prayer

I pray you'll be my eyes
And watch her where she goes
And help her to be wise
Help me to let go
Every mother's prayer
Every child knows
Lead her to a place
Guise her with your grace
To a place where she'll be safe

I pray she finds your light
And holds it in her heart
As darkness falls each night
Remind her where you are
Every mother's prayer
Every child knows
Need to find a place
Guide her with your grace
Give her faith so she'll be safe
Lead her to a place
Guide her with your grace
To a place where she'll be safe



In Loving Memory

Yours was no ordinary life, but a life
Well lived and well loved
And your memory offers comfort,
With the enduring love
We will keep alive in our hearts.
We will remember
The happiest moments filled with joy,
And find solace in the many ways
You have touched so many lives.
In every heart you touched,
In every life you changed,
In every thought you inspired,
Your love lives on.
Your voice still echoes,
Your life still inspires,
Your light still shines...
And always will.
– Patsy Gaul



Gone Dear Father

Gone dear father, gone forever;
How we miss your smiling face.

But you left us to remember
None on earth can take your place.

A happy home we once enjoyed,
How sweet the memory still.

But death has left a loneliness
The world can never fill.



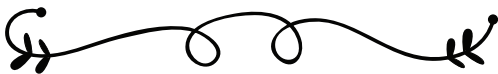
Gone Dear Mother

Gone dear mother, gone forever;
How we miss your smiling face.

But you left us to remember
None on earth can take your place.

A happy home we once enjoyed,
How sweet the memory still.

But death has left a loneliness
The world can never fill.



He Only Takes the Best - Male

God saw that he was getting tired
And the cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around him
And whispered "Come with me.

With tearful eyes we watched
Him suffer and fade away.
Although we loved him dearly
We could not make him stay.

A Golden heart stopped beating.
Hard working hands to rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.

What Makes A Dad

God took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous good of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then God combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, He called it...Dad



Lord Bless Us and Keep Us

The Lord bless us and keep us.
The Lord make his face shine upon us,
and be merciful unto us.
The Lord lift up his countenance upon us,
and give us peace for evermore.
Amen



He Only Takes the Best - Female

God saw that she was getting tired
And the cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around her
And whispered "Come with me."

With tearful eyes we watched her
suffer and fade away.
Although we loved her dearly
We could not make her stay.

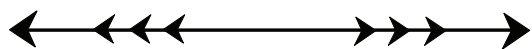
A golden heart stopped beating.
Hard working hands to rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.



Butterfly

As you danced in the light with joy,
love lifted you. As you brushed against
this world so gently, you lifted us.

– T.C. Ring



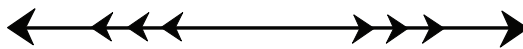
I'll Lend You A Child

I will lend you, for a little time,
A child of mine, He said.
For you to love the while she lives,
And mourn for when she's dead.
It may be six or seven years,
Or twenty-two or three.
But will you, till I call her back,
Take care of her for Me?
She'll bring her charms to gladden you,
And should her stay be brief.
You'll have her lovely memories,
As solace for your grief.
I cannot promise she will stay,
Since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there,
I want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over,
In search for teachers true.
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,
I have selected you.
Now will you give her all your love,
Nor think the labour vain.
Nor hate me when I come
To take her home again?
I fancied that I heard them say,
'Dear Lord, Thy will be done!'
For all the joys Thy child shall bring,
The risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter her with tenderness,
We'll love her while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
Forever grateful stay.
But should the angels call for her,
Much sooner than we've planned.
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,
And try to understand.
– Edgar Guest

Why God Made Little Girls

God made the world with its towering trees,
Majestic mountains and restless seas,
Then paused and said, "It needs one more thing..."
Someone to laugh and dance and sing,
To walk in the woods and gather flowers...
To commune with nature in quiet hours."

So God made little girls
With laughing eyes and bouncing curls,
With joyful hearts and infectious smiles,
Enchanting ways and feminine wiles,
And when he completed the task He'd begun,
He was pleased and proud of the job He'd done,
For the world, when seen through a little girl's eyes
Greatly resembles Paradise.



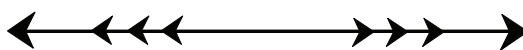
To All Parents

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," He
said. "For you to love the while he lives and mourn
when he is dead,

"It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or
three. "But will you, till I call him back, take care of
him for me?

"He'll bring his charms to gladden you, but should
his stay be brief, "You'll have his lovely memories,
as solace for your grief,

"I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth
return, "But there are lessons taught down there I
want this child to learn.



Native American Proverb

When you were born, you cried and the world
rejoiced.
Live your life in a manner that when you die, the
world cries and you rejoice.



Finding Beauty

If we cannot see beauty in winter
We shall scarcely find beauty in spring.
For the way we appreciate nature
Determines what nature will bring.

If we cannot see God in the mountains,
In fields of grain and the grass,
We may never behold God completely
When this lower existence will pass.

If we turn from a few notes of music,
A whole symphony's splendor is gone;
Each day will be dull and insipid
Unless we can sing at the dawn.

Each moment that passes will flavor
Our futures with sorrow or mirth;
If we would find beauty in heaven,
Let us learn to find beauty on earth.
—Frank H. Keith



Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there's some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Winter Rose

My love is like a winter rose,
Her beauty blooming still,
Though time's relentless river flows
And frost lies on the hill

My love is like a treasured song
That ever sweeter grows;
My heart, with gladness sings along
Though years the rhythm slows.

My love is like a winter rose
That frost can never kill;
In memory's soil her goodness grows
And beauty blossoms still.
— John C. Bonser



At Seasons Turn

As autumn dries the April blood in leaves,
The sun sinks deep and dies in valley depths;
Gradually, darkness spreads across the fields,
Settles in the dry and ragged woods,
And wraps the weathered wind-haunted farms —
We, amazed at windows, the last light spent,
Elevators stuffed with grain and tractors
Grazing, conjure up the vagrant days
Of summer's end, or dream toward some certain
South.
And harvest ends with abstract sighs
And bourgeois rites, uneasy labor in which
The marching blood cannot unite with will,
Conscripted to the dollar-driven Times.
Eastward, the circuits of a city cool...

Above, late geese cry and soar out of view;
Though night begins to congregate the stars,
The plains extend the dark and barren miles;
And human fires flicker low in veins
And soon an interstellar distance grows.
— Lannie Kornelius



So God Made a Farmer

And on the 8th day God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a caretaker!" So, God made a farmer!

God said I need somebody to get up before dawn and milk cows and work all day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper and then go to town and stay past midnight at a meeting of the school board. So, God made a farmer!

I need somebody with strong arms. Strong enough to rustle a calf, yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry and have to wait for lunch until his wife is done feeding and visiting with the ladies and telling them to be sure to come back real soon...and mean it. So, God made a farmer!

God said "I need somebody that can shape an ax handle, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire make a harness out of hay wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And...who, at planting time and harvest season, will finish his forty hour week by Tuesday noon. Then, pain'n from "tractor back", put in another seventy two hours. So, God made a farmer!

God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double speed to get the hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop on mid-field and race to help when he sees the first smoke from a neighbor's place. So, God made a farmer!

God said, "I need somebody strong enough to clear trees, heave bails and yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink combed pullets...and who will stop his mower for an hour to mend the broken leg of a meadow lark. So, God made a farmer!

It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight...and not cut corners. Somebody to seed and weed, feed and breed...and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk. Somebody to replenish the self feeder and then finish a hard days work with a five mile drive to church. Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who'd laugh and then sigh...and then respond with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life "doing what dad does." So, God made a farmer!

So God Made a Farmer

And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, I need a caretaker." It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners; somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed and rake and disc and plow and plant and finish a hard week's work with a drive to church; somebody who would bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who would laugh, and then sigh and then reply with smiling eyes, when his children say that they want to spend their life "doing what dad does"

— So God made a Farmer



God Took the Strength of a Mountain

God took the strength of a mountain
The majesty of tree.
The warmth of summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea.
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night.
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight.
Then God combined these qualities,
There was nothing more to add,
His masterpiece was now complete,
He lovingly called it, Dad.



A Trucker's Prayer

Oh Lord be with me today as I head out onto
the open road for I know not the dangers that
this day may hold with a map by my side.

Oh Lord let it be you that is my daily guide and
as I head out to where the yellow line never
ends it sure is good to know that you will be
riding with me once again and where I have
taken my last load there will be one final trip
that I must take. One that will be on a road
that is paved with gold and there I will rest for
there will be no more trips to take once I have
entered Heaven's Gates.



A Biker's Prayer

May the sun rise in front of me,
the rain fall behind me
and the wind follow me.
May the angels guard my travels
for they know what is ahead of me.
Keep me safe through rolling hills
and swirling turns.
Let the eagle guide me to
the mountain tops.
Let the moon's light guide me
through the night.
Lord, thank you
for letting me be a biker.



The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory,
For ever and ever.
Amen

Pilot's Prayer

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've 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 halls of air.
Up, up, along delirious burning blue,
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grade,
Where never lark or even 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.



Heritage Biker Poem

When you first see me, I might hear you say, "Look
at that biker trash going his own way." Yes, it's true
I have a beard. So did Abe Lincoln. And yes, it's true I
have long hair. So did Andrew Jackson. And yes, it's
true I do wear leathers. So did Davy Crockett. These
are our ancestors; they're a lot like me. You don't
look down on them, but you sure look down on me.
But I wear the beard to protect my face from the sun,
wind, and scars that time can't erase. The long hair
I have, that's what I select. It's not this way because
of neglect. These leathers I wear for my own safety,
to shield me from cagers, who say they can't see
me. This bike is my life; it gives me great pride. That
all one-percenters can feel deep inside. My ride is a
Harley, and I can honestly say that my ancestors died
for the American way. Freedom is my choice, and it
comes from inside me. It makes me feel bold that I
can always ride free! So look at me now; shake your
head in sorrow. I may be the man, who saves you
tomorrow.

A Special Bouquet

The angel was arranging the Lord's upper room,
In the window of heaven where pretty flowers bloom.

The angel said, "Lord better take heed,
In this vacant spot another flower we need."

The Lord looked over and said right away, go
down to Earth and get a flower for my bouquet.

The angel was off in a whisk of a sigh, looking for
buds that gleamed and shined. For some reason,
they were not the right kind.

When suddenly there stood a flower so ruby and
fair "this is the one" the angel said the Lord wants
up there.

So he snapped it up quickly, this flower to gain,
For he didn't want it to feel any pain. Then away
they went back to the Master's Land, The angel
leading the flower, they walked hand in hand.

"Here is your flower, Lord," the angel was sighing,
"But I left the other flowers down there crying."
For they were heartbroken so at this hour, I hope
you know they loved this flower.

Then the Lord turned around, he said, "I have all
the power, I'll send new strength to those dear
broken flowers.

My spirit shall call them as they Honor me,
Then come glad morning, blossoms they'll glee."

And as time goes on, their sorrows will brow
dimmer. Deep wounds will heal, and their flower
they'll remember.

They know the Lord giveth and taketh away.
And the Lord needed this flower for His special
bouquet.

Celestial Flight

She is not dead - but only flying higher,
Higher than she's flown before,
And earthly limitations will hinder her no more.

There is no service ceiling, or any fuel range,
And there is no anoxia, or need for engine change.
Thank God that now her flight can be to heights
her eyes had scanned,
Where she can race with comets, and buzz the
rainbow's span.

For she is universal like courage, love and hope,
And all free, sweet emotions of vast and godly
scope.

And understand a pilot's Fate is not the thing she
fears,
But rather sadness left behind, your heartbreak
and your tears.

So all you loved ones, dry your eyes.
Yes, it is wrong that you should grieve,
For she would love your courage more, and she
would want you to believe
She is not dead.
You should have known that she is only flying
higher. Higher than she's ever flown.
– Elizabeth MacKethan Magid



May the Angels Lead You

May the angels lead you into Paradise, may the
Martyrs receive you at your coming, and take you
to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the choirs of the
Angels receive you, and may you with the once
poor Lazarus, have rest everlasting.
Amen

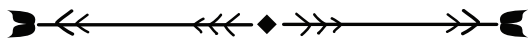


May the Souls of all the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen



Celebration of Life

The celebration of life,
shared in the beginning, and again, in the end.
Yet we forget to celebrate it, in every moment we live.
Time, days, years, go on, but are we alive?
Alive and do not know it, sleeping in the world
and dead to the life we are to live.
To celebrate all life,
the sparrow who sang in the morning,
and died in the night,
why do we not celebrate its life?
To know thyself is to know you are alive -
to give, to love, to seek truth, beauty, and suffer pain.
In life as it is meant to be, pain is forgotten, and
strength is all that's left to be gained
in the moment by moment celebration of life.
– Deborah Peabody

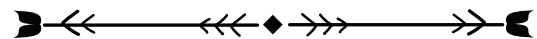


I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me.
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 or play.
Tasks undone must stay that way.
I found that peace at close of day.
If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah, 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've savored 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 share with me
God wanted me now:
He set me free.

My Journey is Just Begun

Don't think of me as gone away
My journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.
Just think of me as resting
from the sorrows and the tears,
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.
Think how I must be wishing
that you could know today
how nothing but your sadness
can really pass away.
And think of me as living
in the hearts of those I've touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost
for one who is loved so much.



Remember Me

Remember me whenever you see a sunrise,
Remember me whenever you see a star,
Remember me whenever you see a rainbow
Or woods in autumn colors from afar.

Remember me whenever you see the roses
Or seagulls sailing high in a sky of blue.
Remember me whenever you see waves
Shining in the sun
And remember, I'll be remembering you!

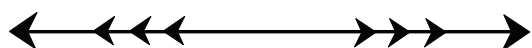
Remember me whenever you see a teardrop,
Or meadows still wet with the morning dew.
Remember me whenever you feel love
Growing in your heart,
And remember, I'll be remembering you!
Remember me whenever you feel love
Growing in your heart,
And remember, I'll be remembering you!



The Time Has Come for Me to Leave This Life

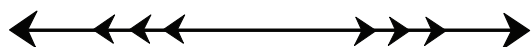
The time has come for me to leave this life. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that day.

– Paul's Second Letter to Timothy



Taps

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.
Go to sleep, peaceful sleep,
May the soldier or sailor, God keep.
On the land or the deep,
Safe in sleep.
Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.
Thanks and praise, for our days,
'neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky;
As we go, this we know, God is nigh.
Sun has set, shadows come,
Time has fled, Scouts must go to their beds
Always true to the promise that they made.
While the light fades from sight,
And the stars gleaming rays softly send,
To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.



It's Difficult

It's difficult when someone
Who is loved cannot be there,
But memories that are made and shared
Will keep a loved one near.
And God, with loving wisdom,
Will be there to guide us through;
He'll help us meet tomorrow
And He'll give us strength anew.

The Day God Called You Home

God looked around his garden
And He found an empty place.
He then looked down upon this Earth,
And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you.
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best.

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

He saw that the road was getting rough,
And the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, "Peace Be Thine."

It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.



Magnificent

My soul glorifies the Lord,
My spirit rejoices in God, my Savior.
He looks on his servant in her nothingness;
Henceforth all ages will call me blessed.
The Almighty works marvels for me.
Holy is his name!
His mercy is from age to age
On those who fear him.
He puts forth his arm in strength
And scatters the proud-hearted.
He casts the mighty from their thrones
And raises the lowly.
He fills the starving with good things,
Sends the rich away empty.
He protects Israel his servant,
Remembering his mercy,
The mercy promised to our ancestors,
To Abraham and his children forever.



Safely Home

I am home in Heaven, dear ones;
Oh, so happy and so bright!
There is perfect joy and beauty
In this everlasting light.
All the pain and grief is over,
Every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace forever,
Safely home in Heaven at last.
Did you wonder I so calmly
Trod the valley of the shade?
Oh! But Jesus' love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade.
And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread;
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,
Could I have one doubt or dread?
Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still.
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's will.
There is work still waiting for you,
So you must not idly stand;
Do it now, while life remaineth —
You shall rest in Jesus' land.
When that work is all completed,
He will gently call you Home;
Oh the rapture of that meeting,
Oh, the joy to see you come!

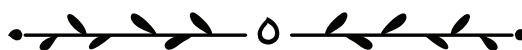


Someone Prayed

The day was long, the illness I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear,
And then it lifted – but I did not know
Someone had knelt for me in prayer,
Had taken me to God that very hour
And asked the easing of my pain, and He,
In infinite compassion, had stooped down
To lighten, then give rest to me.
Someone had prayed,
By faith in Christ a hand
Took hold of God and brought him down
To touch my hand in sweet relief and peace;
For I am His, and He doth know His own.

Keep Me Busy

Lord, I don't want to sit about
Broken and tired and worn out.
Afraid of wind, and rain, and cold
Let me stay busy when I'm old.
Although I walk at a slower pace,
Still let me meet life face to face!
Let me garden, plant, and sew;
Set phlox and peony row on row.
Hew wood for winter's cozy fire,
And at some useful labor tire.
This is my prayer as time goes by,
Lord, keep me busy till I die.



Death is Nothing at All

Death is nothing at all...
I have only slipped away into the next room...
I am I, and you are you...
What ever we were to each other,
That we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way you always used.
Put no difference into your tone;
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed at the
Little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, and think of me.
Let my name be ever the household
Word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect,
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.
– Henry Scott Holland

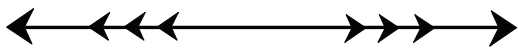


He is Gone (Remember Me)

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that he will
come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see
all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow
and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind be empty
and turn your back,
Or you can do what he would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.



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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.

Furrows and Fields

I spent my life in furrows and fields
Working and tilling the land
Observing the beauties created
By God's almighty hand

I have touched the richness of soil
I've born the wind and sun on my face
And I would choose this life and this land
Over any other place

A life filled with crimson-dawned mornings
When I was up to greet the sky
Days spent with family and creation
All throughout my life

I was blessed to experience each springtime
Where raindrops have washed the earth clean
While summer's sun nurtured my harvests
Fields bearing the lushness of green

And my life's been strengthened by trials
For the weak can never belong
In a living where nature and the elements
Form a body and a courage that's strong

Still, I've also been blessed some miracles
During trying times when I couldn't go on
Until God sent me the help I needed
And kept me right where I belonged

So having witnessed the power of God
Upon my life and upon the seasons
I know there's a purpose in everything
Though sometimes we don't know the reasons

...And so my life must be no different
Just like the crops that I have grown
For I am also God's child and seed
That at harvest much come home...

To share in the joy of His presence
And to humbly kneel at His feet
Entering into His joy, and His rest
For a season of everlasting peace.



When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All 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 love me
As much as I love you
And each time that you think of me
I know you'll miss me too.

But when tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand.

She said my place was ready
In heaven far above
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love.

But when I walked through heaven's gates
I felt so much at home
When God looked down and smiled at me
From His great golden throne.

He said, "This is eternity
And all I've promised you".
Today for life on earth is past
But here it starts anew."
"I promise no tomorrow,
But today will always last;
And since each day's the same day,
There's no longing for the past."
"But you have been so faithful,
So trusting and so true;
Though at times you did do things,
You knew you shouldn't do."
"But you have been forgiven
And now at last you're free;
So won't you take my hand
And share my life with me?"

So when tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.

The Watch (Navy Poem)

For (more than) twenty years,
This sailor has stood the watch
While some of us were in our bunks at night,
This sailor stood the watch
While some of us were in school
learning our trade,
This shipmate stood the watch
Yes ... even before some of us were born
into this world,
This shipmate stood the watch
In those years when the storm clouds of war
were seen brewing on the horizon of history,
This shipmate stood the watch
Many times he would cast an eye ashore
and see his family standing there,
Needing his guidance and help,
Needing that hand to hold during those
hard times,
But he still stood the watch
He stood the watch for twenty years,
He stood the watch so that we, our families,
And our fellow countrymen could sleep soundly
in safety,
Each and every night,
Knowing that a sailor stood the watch
Today we are here to say:
"Shipmate ... the watch stands relieved.
Relieved by those YOU have trained, guided,
and lead
Shipmate you stand relieved ...
we have the watch!"
"Boatswain ... Standby to pipe the side ...
Shipmate's going Ashore!"



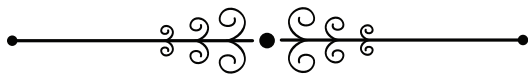
There is an Open Gate at the End of the Road

There is an open gate at the end of the road.
Through which each must go alone
And there is a light we cannot see
Our Father claims His Own.
Beyond the gate our loved one finds happiness
and rest.
And there is comfort in the thought-
That a loving God knows best.



Friends

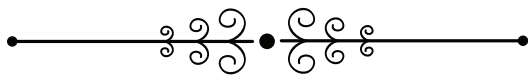
Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made
And the things which in common we share;
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else
On that all life's splendor depends
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up,
Is found in the making of friends.



Memories in the Heart

Fell no guilt in laughter, he knows how much you care
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he's not there to share
You cannot grieve forever, he would not want you to
He'd hope that you can carry on, the way you always do
So talk about the good times and the ways you showed
you cared
The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared
Let memories surround you.

A word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day
That brings him back as clearly as though he were still
here
And fills you with the feelings that he is always near
For if you keep these moments, you will never be apart
And he will live forever locked safe within your heart
– Anon



High School

Yesterday is gone,
Tomorrow is here,
We must go forward,
Have no fear.
We cannot stop the clock,
Time does not wait,
But we can hold the memories
Of this time that was great
– Chris Butler

The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
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.

So think about this long and hard...
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect,
and more often wear a smile...
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read
with your life's actions to rehash ...
would you be proud of the things they
say about how you spend your dash?



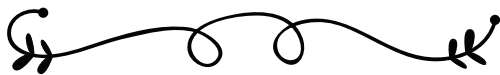
Family Chain

We little knew that morning,
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we do the same.

It broke our hearts to lose you,
You did not go alone,
For part of us went with you,
the day God called you home.

You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide
And though we cannot see you,
You are always by our side.

Our family chain is broken
And nothing seems the same
But as God calls us one by one
The chain will link again.



You are a Good Man

You are a good man

A man who embodies
Old-fashioned values
Like character and integrity,
And when I see these things in you,
I feel proud.

You are a loving man,

A man who shows his devotion
In countless acts of thoughtfulness,
And when I'm wrapped
In the warmth of your embrace,
I feel truly fulfilled.

You are my man,

A man who is my partner,
My lover; and my very best friend,
And every time I see you
Or touch you or hear your name...

I feel love.

You and I

Here we are on earth together,
It's you and I,
God has made us fall in love, it's true,
I've really found someone like you

Will it say the love you feel for me, will it say,
That you will be by my side
To see me through,
Until my life is through

Well, in my mind, we can conquer the world,
In love you and I, you and I, you and I

I am glad at least in my life I found someone
That may be here forever to see me through,
But I found strength in you,
I only pray that I have shown you a brighter day,
Because that's all that I am living for, you see,
Don't worry what happens to me

Cause' in my mind, you will stay here always,
In love, you and I, you and I, you and I, you and I
In my mind we can conquer the world
In love, you and I, you and I, you and I



Earth Prayer

To live content with small means,
to seek elegance rather than luxury,
and refinement rather than fashion,
to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich,
to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly,
to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages,
with open heart,
to bear all cheerfully,
do all bravely,
await occasions,
hurry never—
in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and
unconscious,
grow up through common.
This is to be my symphony.
— William Ellery Channing



When I'm Gone

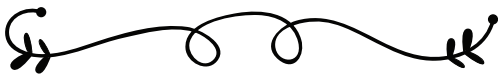
When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so much to see and do.
You must not tie yourself to me with tears.
Be happy that we had so many years.

I gave you my love, you cannot guess
How much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown.
But now it's time I traveled on alone.

So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must.
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for awhile that we must part.
So bless the memories in your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on;
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see me, I'll be there.
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you soft and clear.

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



Eternal Love

God's love is eternal
We have nothing to fear,
No matter the problem
He'll always be near.
We can't understand
The reason sometime,
But eventually we find
The rhythm and rhyme
For His greater plan
Of our lives on this earth,
There's a reason for all things
From the time of our birth.
If our love remains constant
With faith and with hope,
Our God will reward us
And teach us to cope-
Til the day our life's over
And we journey to heaven
To tranquility and peace.
– Dolores Karides

She Was the Greatest Woman

She was the greatest woman
That ever walked this earth.
She lived live to the fullest
from the moment of her birth.

She accomplished many things
In her life.
Had five children
And a wonderful life.

She enjoyed making people happy
With her generous hugs and many smiles.
She worked very hard for a living
Met lots of people and traveled many miles

Now she is so called 'gone'
But the love we have for her will linger on For
her spirit with us will always be Now far into the
future we will have to see

For the wonderful 'she' we talk about
Is none other than our mom, Dorothy.
– Monica Lessard Engel



When I Come to the End of the Day

When I come to the end of the day,
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 we once shared —
Miss me—but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Maker's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds —
Miss me, but let me go.



One Wish

If we had one lifetime wish
One dream that could come true,
We'd pray to God so hard
For yesterday and you.

The things we feel so deeply
Are the hardest things to say,
But we, your family, love you
In a very special way.

They say memories are golden
Well maybe that is true,
But we never wanted memories
We only wanted you.

If teardrops were a stairway
And heartaches made a lane
We'd walk a path to heaven
And bring you back again.

A thousand times we needed you
A thousand times we've cried.
If our love could have saved you,
You never would have died.



My Last Day on Earth

What should I like that day to be?
How should I wish to spend it?
Enjoy His love each passing hour,
And for His glory end it.

I would not leave my wonted place,
Nor drop my daily duty;
But fill it with His fragrant grace,
Adorn it with His beauty.

Since life's short day will soon be passed,
Let every day be as my last,
And this my warm endeavour:
Each hour to list what He doth say,
Serve his blest wishes all the way,
Then dwell with Him forever.
– Geo. C.

All is Well

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Whatever we were to each other, we still are.
Please, call me by my old familiar name.
Speak of me in the same easy way you always did.
Laugh, as we always laughed, at the little jokes we shared
together.
Think of me and smile.
Let my name be the household name it always was,
Spoken without the shadow of a ghost in it.
Life means all it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
Death is inevitable, so why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval very near.
Nothing is past or lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before,
Only better and happier.
Together forever.
All is well.

– Henry Scott Holland



The Master's Way

Not ours to know the reason why
Unanswered is our prayer,
But ours to wait for God's own time
To lift the cross we bear,
Not ours to know the reason why
From loved ones we must part,
But ours to live in faith and hope,
Though bleeding to the hearts;
Not ours to know the reason
Why this anguish, strife and pain,
But ours to know a crown of thorns
Sweet grace for us gain,
A Cross, a bleeding heart and crown
What greeter gifts are given?
Be still my heart, and murmur not,
These are the Keys to Heaven.



The Man in the Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you king for a day,
Just go to a mirror and look at yourself,
And see what THAT man has to say.
For it isn't our father or mother or wife
Whose judgment upon you must pass;
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass.
Some people may think you are a straight-shootin' chum
And call you a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest.
For he's with you clear up to the end
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test,
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.



Psalm 121

I lift up my eyes to the hills —
where does my help come from?
My help comes from the LORD,
the Maker of heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot slip —
He who watches over you will not slumber;
indeed, He who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD watches over you —
the LORD is your shade at your right hand;
the sun will not harm you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The LORD will keep you from all harm —
He will watch over your life;
the LORD will watch over your coming and
going both now and forever more.

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 a rescued soul;

Who 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.



Psalm 62:1-2

Each of us carries a burden.
We can share our cares and comfort each
other.
Most of all, we can pray,
not for lighter burdens but for stronger backs.
The Lord will always be there to support us.
He will sustain us and not let us fall.

My soul finds rest in God alone;
My salvation comes from him.
He alone is my rock and my salvation;
He is my fortress, I will never be shaken.



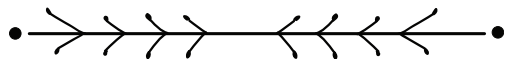
Glad I Touched Shoulders With You

There's a comforting thought at the end of the day'
When I'm weary and lonely and sad—
That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart
And bids it be merry and glad.
It gets in my soul and drives out the blues
And finally thrills through and through.
It's just the sweet memory that chants the refrain:
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you".

Did you know you were brave?
Did you know you were strong?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed?
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face
And the sound of your ringing true?

Did you know I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I battle and strive,
For a place that I know I must fill,
I am thankful for sorrow I'll meet with a grin,
What fortune may send good or ill.
I may not have wealth, and I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true.
For I have in life that courage you gave,
When once I touched shoulders with you.



God Gives Us a Gift

God gives us each a gift of life
To cherish from our birth.
He gives us friends and those we love
To share our days on Earth.

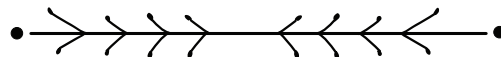
He watches us with loving care
And takes us by the hand,
He blesses us with countless joys
And guides the lives we've planned.

Then, when our work on Earth is done,
He calls us to His side,
To live with Him in happiness
Where peace and love abide.

High Flight

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 halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept
heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even 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.

— John Gillespie Magee, Jr.



I Needed the Quiet

I needed the quiet so He drew me aside,
Into the shadows where we could confide.
Away from the bustle where all the day long
I hurried and worried when active and strong.
I needed the quiet though at first I rebelled,
But gently, so gently, my cross He upheld,
And whispered so sweetly of spiritual things.
Though weakened in body, my spirit took wings
To heights never dreamed of when active and gay.
He loved me so greatly He drew me away.
I needed the quiet. No prison my bed,
But a beautiful valley of blessings instead--
A place to grow richer in Jesus to hide.
I needed the quiet so He drew me aside.
— Alice Hansche Mortenson

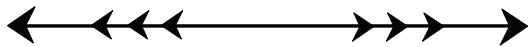


Christmas with Jesus

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below
With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow
The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear
But the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas
choir up here.

I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring,
For it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing.
I know how much you miss me, I see the pain inside your heart
But I am not so far away, We really aren't apart.
So be happy for me, dear ones, You know I hold you dear.
And be glad I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

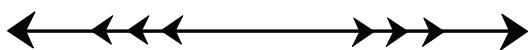


Because of Thee

Because of Thee O Lord
The night is not so dark.
And wind and waves don't matter
Because you're the captain of my "bark."

Because of Thee O Lord,
I have a song within.
For there is peace and rest and hope
And cleansing for my sin.

Because of Thee O Lord
I never walk alone.
A friend, you are that loves me
And makes me now thine own.



Paul's Second Letter to Timothy

The time has come for me to leave this life.
I have fought the good fight.
I have finished the race.
I have kept the faith.
Now there is in store for me the
crown of righteousness which the Lord,
the righteous judge,
will award to me on that day.

My Farewell

When my time is done...
And I'm no longer here
Don't cry for me...
Don't shed a tear

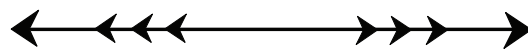
It's never easy to say
Goodbye...but it is even
Harder when you question
"The Way"

I loved you all...as you
Must know..but now it's
Time that I must go

If you need me...look
Within your heart...there
You will find me...
We never really part

If you hear a faint
Ringng or buzz in your
Ear..It's me whispering
Softly...I'm still right here

So put on a smile...
Not shedding a tear
I didn't go far, I am
STILL RIGHT HERE.



Do Not Look Forward to the Chances of This Life

Do not look forward to the changes and chances of
this life in fear; rather look to them with full hope
that, as they arise, God, whose you are,
will deliver you out of them.

He is your keeper. He has kept you hitherto,
Do you but hold fast to His dear hand, and
He will lead you safely through all things; and when
You cannot stand, He will bear you in His arms.

Do not look forward to what may happen tomorrow,
Our Father will either shield you from suffering,
or He will give you strength to bear it.
– Saint Francis de Sales



Should You Go First

Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In Spring I'll watch for roses red
When fades the lilac blue,
In early Fall when brown leaves fall,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain
To finish with the scroll,
No length'ning shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy,
And memory is one gift of God
That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do;
Walk slowly down that long, lone path,
For soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take,
That I may walk the same,
For someday, down that lonely road,
You'll hear me call your name.
– Albert Rowswell



Though I Cannot Share the Pain You Feel

Though I cannot share the pain you feel,
I can help you move beyond it.
I have walked the path of grief
And hold out a hand to guide you.
I can show you that good things
can still take place in spite of
the magnitude of your loss.

Serenity Prayer

God grant me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I can,
and the wisdom to know the difference.
Living one day at a time;
enjoying one moment at a time;
accepting hardship as the pathway to peace.
Taking, as Jesus did, this sinful world as is,
not as I would have it;
trusting that He will make all things right
if I surrender to His will;
that I may be reasonably happy in this life,
and supremely happy with Him forever in the next.



Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

To everything there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under heaven;
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which
is planted;
A time to kill and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones,
And a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from
embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.



Psalms 126:5

Those who sow in tears will reap with songs of joy.



The Other Room

Remember Anthony
The time seems short
But in the end
It has to be enough
In the background
I remained
My path was rocky and so rough
Caught in a maze
With no way out
Just looking for a door
It doesn't mean I love you less
I love you all the more
To leave the darkness
Far behind
While longing for the light
"Come take my hand"
The Angel said
"It's going to be all right"
There's work to do
It all makes sense
The veil brushed away
With clarity & vision
And strength to find my way
The sun has pushed the clouds aside
To see a flower bloom
I'll be waiting
Take your time
I'm only in the other room

Safe passage my darling son
Love, Mom



Matthew 5:3-8

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and
thirst for righteousness,
for they shall be satisfied.
Blessed are the merciful,
for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

To Those I Love and Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so much to see and do.
You must not tie yourself to me with tears.
Be happy that we had so many years.

I gave you my love, you cannot guess
How much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.

So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must.
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for awhile that we must part.
So bless the memories in your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on;
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see me, I'll be there.
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you soft and clear.

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



God Beholds Thee Individually

God beholds thee individually, whoever thou art.
"He calls thee by thy name." He sees thee, and
understands thee. He knows what is in thee, all thy
own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy dispositions
and likings, thy strength and thy weakness. He
views thee in thy day of rejoicing and thy day of
sorrow. He sympathizes in thy hopes and in thy
temptations; He interests Himself in all thy anxieties
and thy remembrances, in all the risings and fallings
of thy spirit. He compasses thee round, and bears
thee in His arms; He takes thee up and sets thee
down. Thou dost not love thyself better than He
loves thee.

– John H. Newman



St Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace,
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy;
O Divine Master, grant that I may
Not so much seek—
To be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love;
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
it is in dying that we are born—to eternal life.



Psalm 38:17

The path of grief is not easy.
Have you traveled in the mountains and looked
at a rock wall to see a tiny bush clinging to the
rocks? This is where we are at this point. Where
the saying “hang in there” has a real meaning.
God nourishes that small plant, and His comfort
is ever with you to nourish you on your journey.
For I am about to fall, and my pain is ever with
me.



Hebrews 12:1-2

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great
a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside
every weight and the sin that clings so closely,
and let us run with perseverance the race
that is set before us,
Looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter
of our faith, who for the sake
of the joy that was set before
Him endured the cross, disregarding its shame,
and has taken his seat at the right hand
of the throne of God.

I'm Still Here

Friend, please 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 Autumn's 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 the 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, friend, I'm every place!



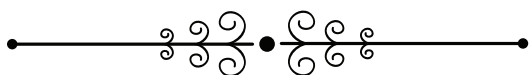
Footprints

One night I had a dream. I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the skies flashed scenes from my life. In each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand. One was mine, and one was the Lord's.

When the last scene of my life appeared before me, I looked back at the footprints in the sand, and to my surprise I noticed that many times along the path of my life there was only one set of footprints. And I noticed that it was at the lowest and saddest times in my life.

I asked the Lord about it. "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way. But I notice that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why you left my side when I needed You most."

The Lord replied, "My precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, where you see only one set of footprints, I was carrying you."



The Prayer Warrior

God saw she was getting tired
And a cure was not to be
So he put his arms around her
And whispered "Come, be with me."

It is so beautiful here
With the sun upon my face,
It's time for me to rest now
In the arms of his embrace.

So I say "Do not worry
For now I have been set free.
My loving father, and all the angels
Have more than welcomed me."

I am home in Heaven, dear ones
Oh, so happy and so bright!

John 14:1-3, 15-16, 27 KJV

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions:

If it were not so, I would have told you.

I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again, and receive you unto myself;
that where I am, there ye may be also.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another

Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you:

Not as this world giveth, give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled

Neither let it be afraid.



Letter from Heaven

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say
But first of all, I want to let you know, that I've arrived
okay.

I'm writing this from Heaven, where I dwell with God
above Here, there are no tears of sadness, just eternal love.

Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight
Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and
night.

The day I had to leave you, when my life on earth was
through,
God picked me up, hugged me and said "I welcome you".

He gave me a list of things, which he wished for me to do
And foremost on the list was to watch and care for you.

When thinking of my life on earth,
and all those busy years,
Because you are human,
they are bound to bring you tears.

And when you lie in bed at night
with the day's chores put to flight
God and I a closet to you....in the middle of the night.

But don't be afraid to cry, it does relieve the pain
Remember there would be no flowers,
if it were not for a little rain.

I wish that I could tell you all the things
that God has planned
But if I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand.

One thing is for certain even though
my life on earth is over
I am closer to you now that I ever was before.

So remember when you're walking down the street
and have me in mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps, only half a step behind.

And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free,
Remember you're not going. you're coming here to me.

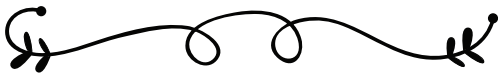


Comfort

Do not feel awkward.
We are clumsy human beings
Who, when grief stricken,
Have permission to cry.
When Jesus came to Lazarus's tomb,
He wept.
He weeps with you now.

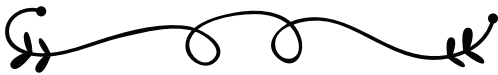
John 11:33 KJV

When Jesus therefore saw her weeping,
And the Jews also weeping which came with her,
He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.



Ephesians 4: 2-6

Be always humble, gentle, and patient. Show your love by being tolerant of one another. Do your best to preserve the unity, which the Spirit gives by means of the peace that binds you together. There is one body and one Spirit, just as there is one hope to which God has called you. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism; there is one God and Father of all people, who is Lord of all, works through all, and is in all..



Isaiah 43: 1-3a

But now thus says the LORD, he who created you, O Jacob, he who formed you, O Israel: Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you; when you walk through fire you shall not be burned, and the flame shall not consume you. For I am the LORD your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior. I give Egypt as your ransom, Ethiopia and Seba in exchange for you.

When You Thought I Wasn't Looking

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I saw you hang my first painting on the refrigerator,
and I wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I saw you feed a stray dog,
and I thought it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I saw you make my favorite cake for me,
and I knew that little things are special things.

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I heard you say a prayer,
and I believed that there was a God to talk to.

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I felt you kiss me goodnight,
and I felt loved.

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I saw tears come from your eyes,
and I learned that sometimes things hurt,
but it's alright to cry,

When you thought I wasn't looking,
I saw that you cared,
and I wanted to be everything that I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I looked...
And I wanted to say thanks for all the things
I saw when you thought I wasn't looking.

We Love You, Mom



If Tomorrow Starts Without Me

If tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not here to see,
If the sun should rise to find your eyes are filled with tears for me:
I hope you will not cry the way you might that day,
Thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me and you know that I love you,
And each time that you'd think of me,
please know I'd miss you too;

If tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand,
That an angel came and called my name,
and took me by the hand.
The angel said my place was ready, in heaven far above,
And that I'd have to leave behind all those I dearly love.
But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye
For all my life, I'd always thought, that I would never die.
I have so much to live for, so much left yet to do,
It seems almost impossible, that I'd be leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad,
The thought of all the love we shared, and all the fun we had.
But then I walked through heaven's gates,
and felt so much at home.
When God looked down and smiled at me,
from His great golden throne,
He said, "This is eternity, and all I've promised you,
Today your life on earth is past, but here life starts anew.
I promise no tomorrow, but today will always last,
And since each day's the same way there's no longing for the
past.

You have been so faithful, so trusting and so true.
Though there were times you did some things you knew you
shouldn't do.
But you have been forgiven and now at last you're free.
So won't you come and take my hand and live in peace with me"

So if tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me, I'll be there in your heart.

Dear Jesus

Dear Jesus, this prayer I make
"Oh, take me as I am"
Lord, take me for thy sake
Into thy blessed realm.

Dear Jesus, I ask of thee
To bless me on my way
Oh guide, protect, & keep me;
Send forth thy heavenly ray.

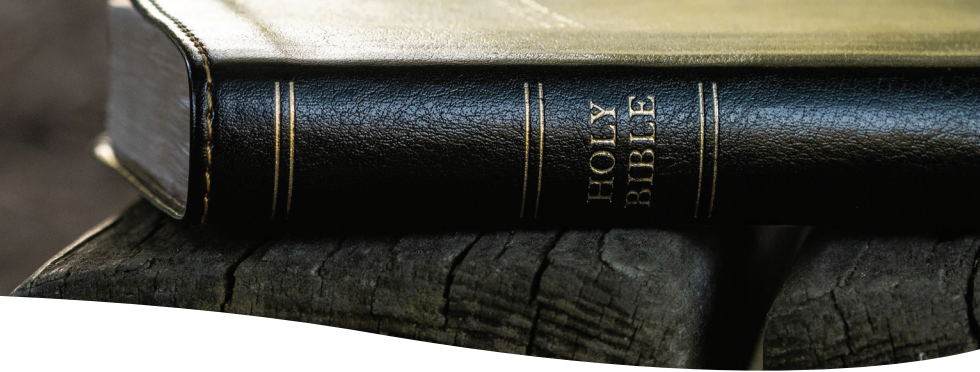
Dear Jesus, I know that thou
Wilt hear my humble prayer
Keep thou me ever in the fold
And shelter me safely there.

Dear Jesus, I thank thee
For all that thou hast done
And Lord for all the precious gifts
And most of all thy Son.

Dear Jesus, forgive me now
In all my wayward sins.
Cleanse my soul & purge thou me
And make me whole within.

Dear Jesus, last of all I plead
Be with me all the day
Until the shadows softly come
And I must go away.

Dear Jesus, grant that then
I may come home to thee
And there thru endless ages
I may forever be.
– Written by Jeanette

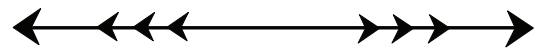


Psalm 91

You who dwell in the shelter of the Most High,
Who abide in the shadow of the Almighty,
Say to the Lord, "My refuge and my fortress,
My God, in whom I trust."
For he will rescue you from the snare of the fowler,
From the destroying pestilence.
With his pinions he will cover you,
and under his wings you shall take refuge;
His faithfulness is a buckler and a shield.
You shall not fear the terror of the night
Nor the arrow that flies by day;
Not the pestilence that roams in darkness nor the
Devastating plague at noon
Though a thousand fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right side,
Near you it shall not come.
Rather with your eyes shall you behold
and see the requital of the wicked.
Because you have the Lord for your refuge;
You have made the Most High your stronghold.
No evil shall befall you,
nor shall affliction come near tent,
For to his angels he has given command about
you, That they guard you in all your ways.
Upon their hands they shall bear you up,
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.
You shall tread upon the asp and the viper;
You shall trample down the lion and the dragon.
Because he clings to me, I will deliver him;
I will set him on high because he acknowledges
my name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in distress;
I will deliver him and glorify him; with length of
days I will gratify him
And will show him my salvation.

Psalm 100 A – Psalm of Praise

Make joyful noise unto the
Lord, all ye lands.
2 Serve the Lord with gladness:
come before his presence with singing.
3 Know ye that the Lord he is
God: it is he that hath made us,
and not we ourselves; we are his
people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his courts with
praise: be thankful unto him, and
bless his name.
5 For the Lord is good; his mercy
is everlasting; and his truth endureth
to all generations.



Jeremiah 29:11 RSV

Why do people keep saying, "lost"?
When told her grandpa was lost, a child said,
"Let's go find him." A child understands better
than we do. Our loved ones are not "lost."
We know they are with the Lord.
The shadow of death is thin.
Beyond it is a new life with the Savior.
He has plans for our loved ones and for us.
No one is "lost" who believes in Jesus Christ.
The future is bright!

For I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord,
plans for welfare and not for evil, to give you a
future and a hope.



Psalm 16: 1,2,5,8,9,11

Keep me safe, O God, for I have come to you for refuge. I said to the Lord, "You are my Master! All the good things I have are from you." Lord, you alone are my inheritance, my cup of blessing. You guard all that is mine. I know the Lord is always with me. I will not be shaken, for He is right beside me. No wonder my heart is filled with joy, and my mouth shouts His praises! My body rests in safety. You will show me the way of life, granting me the joy of your presence and the pleasure of living with you forever.



John 14:2-6,19

Jesus said,
"In my Father's house are many rooms;
if it were not so would I have told you
that I go to prepare a place for you?
And when I go and prepare a place for
you, I will come again and will take you
to myself, that where I am you may be also.
And you know the way I am going."

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life;
No one comes to the Father; but by me."
"Because I live, you will live also."



Romans 8:26

When God allowed this burden
to be put upon you,
He put his arms underneath you
to help you carry it.

God's Spirit is right alongside helping us along.
If we don't know how or what to pray, it doesn't
matter.

He does our praying in and for us, making prayer
out of our wordless sighs, our aching groans.

The Pain is Great

The pain is great, but greater is the comforter,
The hurt is there to make us stronger.
God never promised us a life without sorrow.
Jesus died to take away our sins,
but He did not take away our feelings.
Our bodies are not yet transformed.
That is why they get worn out and sick,
And that is why they die.

For the perishable must clothe itself with the
imperishable, and the mortal with immortality.
When the perishable has been clothed with the
imperishable, and the mortal with immortality,
then the saying that is written will come true;
"Death has been swallowed up in victory."
1 Corinthians 15:53-54



Psalm 128

Blessed is everyone who fears
The Lord,
Who walks in his ways!
For you shall eat the fruit
Of your handiwork;
Blessed shall you be,
And favored.

Your wife shall be like a fruitful vine
In the recesses of your home;
Your children like the olive plant
Around your table.

Behold thus is the man blessed
Who fears the Lord,
The Lord Bless you from Zion
May you see the prosperity
Of Jerusalem
All the days of your life.



John 12:27

Even now when your heart is twisted in pain,
God is with you. Jesus, too, suffered in anguish
and cried out to His father in heaven.
Our loving God and father gave His only Son
the courage and strength to go on.

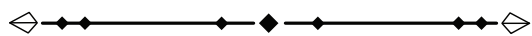
"Now my heart is troubled, and what shall I say?
'Father, save me from this hour?'
No, it was for this very reason I came to this hour.



John 14:2-6,19

Jesus said,
"In my Father's house are many rooms;
if it were not so would I have told you
that I go to prepare a place for you?
And when I go and prepare a place for
you, I will come again and will take you
to myself, that where I am you may be also.
And you know the way I am going."

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life;
No one comes to the Father; but by me."
"Because I live, you will live also."



Psalms 91:11-12

Lean on the God of all healing.
He walks beside you
Even when you feel alone.
He is always there
when we go through hard times.
He has been there for me
And now puts you in my path
So we can take comfort together.

For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard You in all your ways; they will lift you up
in their hands.

He Will Turn Our Pain Into Grace

He will turn our pain into grace,
Death is an intrinsic part of life.
We know it is there, but we must not dwell on
that, we need to move on – to seek life.
It is not the load that will break you down
But the way you carry it.

Be merciful to me, Lord, for I am faint; O Lord,
Heal me, for my bones are in agony.
– Psalm 6:2



Proverbs 3:5-6

Love is the definition of God.
Although it is true that no one
can know exactly how you feel, may it
comfort you to know others care deeply.
Every person you meet is
fighting a difficult battle.
Let those of us who have walked
the path of grief reach out
to help you along the way.

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and
lean not on your own understanding;
in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will
make your paths straight.



John 11:25,26

Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life;
he who believes in me, though he die,
yet shall he live, and whoever lives
and believes in me shall never die."