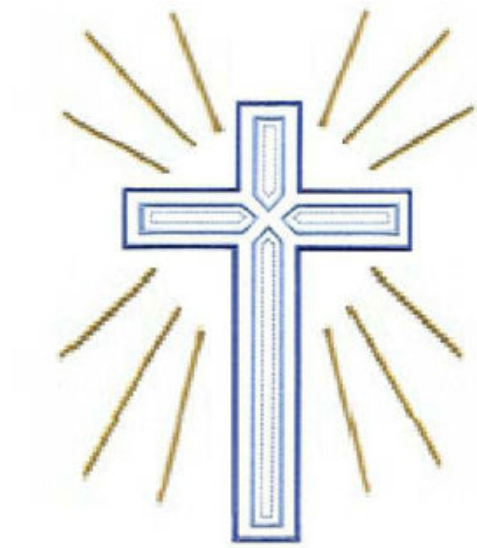


Funerals

Readings (Religious)



Rest In Peace

John 6.35-40

Jesus said to them, 'I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty. But I said to you that you have seen me and yet do not believe. Everything that the Father gives me will come to me, and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away; for I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me. And this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day. This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day.'

John 11.17-27

When Jesus arrived, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb for four days. Now Bethany was near Jerusalem, some two miles away, and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them about their brother. When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary stayed at home. Martha said to Jesus, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him.' Jesus said to her, 'Your brother will rise again.' Martha said to him, 'I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day.' Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?' She said to him, 'Yes, Lord, I believe that you are the Messiah, the Son of God, the one coming into the world.'

John 14.1-6

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

Romans 8.31-end

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

'For your sake we are being killed all day long;
we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.'

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

1 Corinthians 15.1-26,35-38,42-44a,53-end

I should remind you, brothers and sisters, of the good news that I proclaimed to you, which you in turn received, in which also you stand, through which also you are being saved, if you hold firmly to the message that I proclaimed to you - unless you have come to believe in vain.

For I handed on to you as of first importance what I in turn had received: that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve. Then he appeared to more than five hundred brothers and sisters at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to one untimely born, he appeared also to me. For I am the least of the apostles, unfit to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace towards me has not been in vain. On the contrary, I worked harder than any of them - though it was not I, but the grace of God that is with me. Whether then it was I or they, so we proclaim and so you have come to believe.

Now if Christ is proclaimed as raised from the dead, how can some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not been raised; and if Christ has not been raised, then our proclamation has been in vain and your faith has been in vain. We are even found to be misrepresenting God, because we testified of God that he raised Christ - whom he did not raise if it is true that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, then Christ has not been raised. If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile and you are still in your sins. Then those also who have died in Christ have perished. If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied.

But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have died. For since death came through a human being, the resurrection of the dead has also come through a human being; for as all die in Adam, so all will be made alive in Christ. But each in his own order: Christ the first fruits, then at his coming those who belong to Christ. Then comes the end, when he hands over the kingdom to God the Father, after he has destroyed every ruler and every authority and power. For he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death.

But someone will ask, 'How are the dead raised? With what kind of body do they come?' Fool! What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And as for what you sow, you do not sow the body that is to be, but a bare seed, perhaps of wheat or of some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen, and to each kind of seed its own body.

So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body.

For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

'Death has been swallowed up in victory.'
'Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?'

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.

1 Corinthians 15.20-end

But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have died. For since death came through a human being, the resurrection of the dead has also come through a human being; for as all die in Adam, so all will be made alive in Christ. But each in his own order: Christ the first fruits, then at his coming those who belong to Christ. Then comes the end, when he hands over the kingdom to God the Father, after he has destroyed every ruler and every authority and power. For he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death. For 'God has put all things in subjection under his feet.' But when it says, 'All things are put in subjection,' it is plain that this does not include the one who put all things in subjection under him. When all things are subjected to him, then the Son himself will also be subjected to the one who put all things in subjection under him, so that God may be all in all.

Otherwise, what will those people do who receive baptism on behalf of the dead? If the dead are not raised at all, why are people baptized on their behalf?

And why are we putting ourselves in danger every hour? I die every day! That is as certain, brothers and sisters, as my boasting of you - a boast that I make in Christ Jesus our Lord. If with merely human hopes I fought with wild animals at Ephesus, what would I have gained by it? If the dead are not raised,

'Let us eat and drink,
for tomorrow we die.'

Do not be deceived:

'Bad company ruins good morals.'

Come to a sober and right mind, and sin no more; for some people have no knowledge of God. I say this to your shame.

But someone will ask, 'How are the dead raised? With what kind of body do they come?' Fool! What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And as for what you sow, you do not sow the body that is to be, but a bare seed, perhaps of wheat

or of some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen, and to each kind of seed its own body. Not all flesh is alike, but there is one flesh for human beings, another for animals, another for birds, and another for fish. There are both heavenly bodies and earthly bodies, but the glory of the heavenly is one thing, and that of the earthly is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; indeed, star differs from star in glory.

So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a physical body, there is also a spiritual body. Thus it is written, 'The first man, Adam, became a living being'; the last Adam became a life-giving spirit. But it is not the spiritual that is first, but the physical, and then the spiritual. The first man was from the earth, a man of dust; the second man is from heaven. As was the man of dust, so are those who are of the dust; and as is the man of heaven, so are those who are of heaven. Just as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we will also bear the image of the man of heaven.

What I am saying, brothers and sisters, is this: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

'Death has been swallowed up in victory.'
'Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?'

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.

1 Thessalonians 4.13-end

We do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve, as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord for ever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.

Revelation 21.1-7

I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

'See, the home of God is among mortals.
He will dwell with them;
they will be his peoples,
and God himself will be with them;
he will wipe every tear from their eyes.
Death will be no more;
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.'

And the one who was seated on the throne said, 'See, I am making all things new.' Also he said, 'Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.' Then he said to me, 'It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.'

Further Readings

Old Testament and Apocrypha

Genesis

42.29-end The sorrow you would cause me would kill me
2 Samuel 1.17,23-end David's lament for Saul and Jonathan
2 Samuel 12.16-23 David's son dies
Job 19.23-27 I know that my Redeemer lives
Isaiah 53.1-10 The suffering servant
Isaiah 61.1-3 To comfort all who mourn
Lamentations 3.22-26,31-33 The love of the Lord never ceases
Daniel 12.1-3[5-9] Everyone whose name shall be found written in the book
Wisdom 2.22 - 3.5,9 The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God
Wisdom 3.1-5,9 The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God
Wisdom 4.8-11,13-15 Age is not length of time
Ecclesiastics 38.16-23 Do not forget, there is no coming back

Psalms

Psalms 6
Psalm 23
Psalm 25
Psalm 27
Psalm 32
Psalm 38.9-end
Psalm 42
Psalm 90
Psalm 116
Psalm 118.4-end
Psalm 121
Psalm 130
Psalm 139

New Testament

The passages printed on this page are included in this list.

Matthew 25.31-end The final judgement
Mark 10.13-16 Let the little children come to me
Mark 15.33-39; 16.1-6 He has risen, he is not here
Luke 12.35-40 The coming of the Son of Man
Luke 24.1-9[10-11] The Resurrection
John 5.[19-20]21-29 Whoever hears my word and believes him who sent me, has eternal life
John 6.35-40[53-58] All that the Father gives me will come to me
John 11.17-27 I am the resurrection and the life
John 14.1-6 In my Father's house are many rooms
John 19.38-end The burial of Christ
John 20.1-11 The Resurrection of Christ
Romans 6.3-8[9-11] All of us who have been baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death
Romans 8.18-25[26-30] The future glory
Romans 8.31-end Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ
Romans 14.7-12 Christ the Lord of the living and the dead
1 Corinthians 15.1-26,35-38,42-44a,53-end The resurrection of the dead
1 Corinthians 15.20-end The resurrection of the dead
2 Corinthians 4.7-15 We carry in our mortal bodies the death of Jesus
2 Corinthians 4.16 - 5.10 The heavenly body
Ephesians 3.14-19[20-21] The power to understand Christ's love
Philippians 3.10-end God's purposes for us
1 Thessalonians 4.13-18 So we shall always be with the Lord
2 Timothy 2.8-13 If we have died with him, we shall also live with him
1 Peter 1.3-9 We have been born anew to a living hope
1 John 3.1-3 We shall be like him
Revelation 7.9-end The crowd worshipping in heaven
Revelation 21.1-7 Behold I make all things new
Revelation 21.22-end; 22.3b-5 The Lord God will be their light

Other readings may be more suitable for a particular occasion, for instance, at the Funeral of a child:

Psalm 84.1-4
Song of Solomon 2.10-13
Isaiah 49.15-16
Jeremiah 1.4-8
Jeremiah 31.15-17

Matthew 18.1-5,10
John 10.27,28
1 Corinthians 13.1-end

So go and run free

So go and run free with the angels
Dance around the golden clouds
For the lord has chosen you to be with him
And we should feel nothing but proud
Although he has taken you from us
And our pain a lifetime will last
Your memory will never escape us
But make us glad for the time we did have
Your face will always be hidden
Deep inside our hearts
Each precious moment you gave us
Shall never, ever depart
So go and run free with the angels
As they sing so tenderly
And please be sure to tell them
To take good care of you for me

Author unknown.

The Final Flight

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 his call, I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day, To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way, I've found that peace at the end of the 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 too I will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My Life's been full, I savoured much, Good friends, good times, a loved one'
touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief, Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me, God wanted me now, He set me free.

(Unknown)

If Tears Could Build A Stairway - Unknown

This is another very popular and flexible poem with words that are easy to adjust, lines can be added or removed, a name could be inserted to make it more personal and all religious references could also be removed if required.

If tears could build a stairway
and thoughts a memory lane
I'd walk right up to heaven
and bring you home again
No Farewell words were spoken
No time to say good-bye
You were gone before I knew it
And only God knows why.

My heart's still active in sadness
And secret tears still flow
What it meant to lose you
No one can ever know.
But now I know you want us
To mourn for you no more
To remember all the happy times
Life still has much in store.

Since you'll never be forgotten
I pledge to you today
A hallowed place within my heart
Is where you'll always stay.

God knows why, with chilling touch,
Death gathers those we love so much,
And what now seems so strange and dim,
Will all be clear, when we meet Him.
I Knew you for a Moment

Memories - Unknown

I thought of you with love today
but that is nothing new.
I thought about you yesterday
and days before that too.

I think of you in silence
I often speak your name
All I have are memories
and your picture in a frame.

Your memory is my keepsake
with which I'll never part
God has you in His keeping
I have you in my heart.

Footprints

One night I dreamed a dream.
I was walking along the beach with my Lord. Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life. For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand, one belonging to me and one to my Lord.
When the last scene of my life shot before me I looked back at the footprints in the sand. There was only one set of footprints. I realized that this was at the lowest and saddest times of my life. This always bothered me and I questioned the Lord about my dilemma.
"Lord, You told me when I decided to follow You, You would walk and talk with me all the way. But I'm aware that during the most troublesome times of my life there is only one set of footprints. I just don't understand why, when I need You most, You leave me."
He whispered, "My precious child, I love you and will never leave you, never, ever, during your trials and testings. When you saw only one set of footprints, It was then that I carried you."

From - A Grief Observed - C. S. Lewis - Three Semi Religious Funeral Readings

No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear. I am not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid. The same fluttering in the stomach, the same restlessness, the yawning. I keep on swallowing.

At other times it feels like being mildly drunk, or concussed. There is a sort of invisible blanket between the world and me. I find it hard to take in what anyone says. Or perhaps, hard to want to take it in. It is so uninteresting. Yet I want the others to be about me. I dread the moments when the house is empty. If only they would talk to one another and not to me.

There are moments, most unexpectedly, when something inside me tries to assure me that I don't really mind so much, not so very much, after all. Love is not the whole of a man's life. I was happy before I ever met H. I've plenty of what are called 'resources'. People get over these things. Come, I shan't do so badly. One is ashamed to listen to this voice but it seems for a little to be making out a good case. Then comes a sudden jab of red-hot memory and all this 'commonsense' vanishes like an ant in the mouth of a furnace ...

Meanwhile, where is God? This is one of the most disquieting symptoms. When you are happy, so happy that you have no sense of needing Him, so happy that you are tempted to feel His claims upon you as an interruption, if you remember yourself and turn to Him with gratitude and praise, you will be - or so it feels - welcomed with open arms. But go to Him when your need is desperate, when all other help is vain, and what do you find? A door slammed in your face, and a sound of bolting and double bolting on the inside. After that, silence. You may as well turn away. The longer you wait, the more emphatic the silence will become. There are no lights in the windows. It might be an empty house. Was it ever inhabited? It seemed so once. And that seeming was as strong as this. What can this mean? Why is He so present a commander in our time of prosperity and so absent a help in time of trouble?

C. S. Lewis

Also From - A Grief Observed

An odd by-product of my loss is that I'm aware of being an embarrassment to everyone I meet. At work, at the club, in the street, I see people, as they approach me, trying to make up their minds whether they'll 'say something about it' or not. I hate it if they do, and if they don't. Some flunk it altogether. R. has been avoiding me for a week. I like best the well-brought-up young men, almost boys, who walk up to me as if I were a dentist, turn very red, get it over, and then edge away to the bar as quickly as they decently can. Perhaps the bereaved ought to be isolated in special settlements like lepers.

To some I'm worse than an embarrassment, I am a death's head. Whenever I meet a happily married pair I can feel them both thinking. 'One or other of us must some day be as he is now'.

C. S. Lewis

More From - A Grief Observed

Something quite unexpected has happened. It came this morning early. For various reasons, not in themselves at all mysterious, my heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks. For one thing, I suppose I am recovering physically from a good deal of mere exhaustion. And I'd had a very tiring but very healthy twelve hours the day before, and a sounder night's sleep; and after ten days of low-hung grey skies and motionless warm dampness, the sun was shining and there was a light breeze. And suddenly at the very moment when, so far, I mourned H. least, I remembered her best. Indeed it was something (almost) better than memory; an instantaneous, unanswerable impression. To say it was like a meeting would be going too far. Yet there was that in it which tempts one to use those words. It was as if the lifting of the sorrow removed a barrier. Why has no one told me these things? How easily I might have misjudged another man in the same situation. I might have said, 'He's got over it. He's forgotten his wife', when the truth was, 'He remembers her better because he has partly got over it.' ...

Looking back, I see that only a very little time ago I was greatly concerned about my memory of H. and how false it might become. For some reason - the merciful good sense of God is the only one I can think of - I have stopped bothering about that. And the remarkable thing is that since I stopped bothering about it, she seems to meet me everywhere. Meet is far too strong a word. I don't mean anything remotely like an apparition or a voice. I don't mean even any strikingly emotional experience at any particular moment. Rather, a sort of unobtrusive but massive sense that she is, just as much as ever, a fact to be taken into account.

Life And Death - A Semi Religious Funeral Reading

Birth is a beginning and death a destination, but life is a journey a going -- a growing from stage to stage, from childhood to maturity and youth to age. From innocence to awareness and ignorance to knowing; From foolishness to discretion and then perhaps, to wisdom. From weakness to strength or strength to weakness and, often, back again. From health to sickness and back we pray, to health again. From offense to forgiveness, from loneliness to love, from joy to gratitude, from pain to compassion, and grief to understanding -- from fear to faith. From defeat to defeat to defeat -- until, looking backward or ahead, we see that victory lies not as some high place along the way, but in having made the journey, stage by stage.

A sacred pilgrimage.

Birth is a beginning and death a destination.

But life is a journey, a sacred pilgrimage -- made stage by stage -- to life everlasting.

Life And Death Are One - Kahlil Gibran - A Semi Spiritual Funeral Reading

Life and death are one, even as the river and sea are one
In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond;
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring.
Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity...

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and melt it into the sun?
And what is it to cease breathing but to free the breath from its restless tides,
that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?
Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb,
And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

Kahlil Gibran

Love Eternal - A Semi Religious Funeral Reading

In death there is beauty
We will sleep like angels
With the tranquility of innocence

Death will not conquer our love
As we are bounded by memories,
And our love will flourish

Death is our sadness
For I will long for your flesh,
But our journeys will not be far apart

Death is our sanctuary
From the woes of life;
In death we will find peace

Death brings us unwavering hope
For the time of resurrection;
In death we will find love eternal.

From The Pilgrim's Progress - John Bunyan - A Semi Religious Funeral Reading

I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name to me has been as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and has kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.

John Bunyan

It Is Right To Weep And Mourn - Author Unknown - A Semi Religious Funeral Reading

It is right to weep and mourn but not for thyself - for they have gone to a better place.

The tears release the tension: take courage - remember happy days you shared - and though you are sad, carry on as they would have you, living, loving, laughing, caring.

God is with you though you may not know it.

He will help you through your lonely days; just open your heart and let Him come in.

From - The Gardener - None Lives For Ever - Rabindranath Tagore

None lives for ever, brother, and nothing lasts for long.
Keep that in mind and rejoice.
Our life is not the one old burden, our path is not the one long journey.
One sole poet has not to sing one aged song.
The flower fades and dies; but he who wears the flower has not to mourn for it
for ever.
Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.
There must come a full pause to weave perfection into music.
Life droops toward its sunset to be drowned in the golden shadows.
Love must be called from its play to drink sorrow and be borne to the heaven of
tears.
Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.
We hasten to gather our flowers lest they are plundered by the passing winds.
It quickens our blood and brightens our eyes to snatch kisses that would vanish
if we delayed.
Our life is eager, our desires are keen, for time tolls the bell of parting.
Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.
There is not time for us to clasp a thing and crush it and fling it away to the dust.
The hours trip rapidly away, hiding their dreams in their skirts.
Our life is short; it yields but a few days for love.
Were it for work and drudgery it would be endlessly long.
Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.
Beauty is sweet to us, because she dances to the same fleeting tune with our
lives.
Knowledge is precious to us, because we shall never have time to complete it.
All is done and finished in the eternal Heaven.
But earth's flowers of illusion are kept eternally fresh by death.
Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

The Beauty Of Death - (Part Two - The Ascending) - Kahlil Gibran - A Semi Spiritual Funeral Reading

I have passed a mountain peak and my soul is soaring in the firmament of complete and unbound freedom;
I am far, far away, my companions, and the clouds are hiding the hills from my eyes.
The valleys are becoming flooded with an ocean of silence, and the hands of oblivion are engulfing the roads and the houses;
The prairies and fields are disappearing behind a white specter that looks like the spring cloud, yellow as the candlelight and red as the twilight.
The songs of the waves and the humans of the streams are scattered, and the voices of the throngs reduced to silence;
And I can hear naught but the music of eternity in exact harmony with the spirit's desires.
I am cloaked in full whiteness;
I am in comfort;
I am in peace.

Kahlil Gibran

There's a Handyman in Heaven

So there's a handy man in heaven now,
Who built his life on dreams.
No tasks, no chores, no obstacles.
But loved the challenge of extremes
A caring, honest provider
That unselfishly gave his all,
A heart of gold and hands of steel
That responded to the
call.
A Husband, a Dad, a Granddad too,
That would help you to the end.
A reliable person of integrity
That all wanted and enjoyed as a friend.
There's a handy man in Heaven now
Who's fixing Heaven's gate,
Oiling the hinges with pride and
care,
So that they will open for all who wait