



Brunskill Family Funeral Service

A Selection of Suggested Poems and Readings

'Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep' by Mary Elizabeth Frye

*Do not stand at my grave and forever weep
I am not there
I do not sleep
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glints on snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn's rain
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight
I am the soft stars that shine at night
Do not stand at my grave and forever cry
I am not there
I did not die*

'Death Is Nothing At All' by Henry Scott Holland

*Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away to the next room
I am I, and you are you
Whatever we were to each other
That, we are still
Call me by my old familiar name
Speak to me in the easy way which you have always used
Put no difference in your tone
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was
Let it be spoken without effect
Without a trace of a shadow on it
Life means all that it ever meant
It is the same as it ever was
There is 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*



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'Farewell My Friends' by Rabindranath Tagore (1861 - 1941)

*It was beautiful as long as it lasted
the journey of my life.
I have no regrets whatsoever
Save the pain I'll leave behind.
Those dear hearts who love and care...
And the strings pulling at the heart and soul...
The strong arms that held me up
When my own strength let me down.
At every turning of my life I came across good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when time raced me by.
Farewell, farewell my friends I smile and bid you goodbye.
No! Shed no tears for I need them not
All I need is your smile.
If you feel sad do think of me
For that's what I'll like when you live in the hearts
Of those you love, remember then
You never die.*

'Funeral Blues' or 'Stop all the Clocks' by W H Auden

*Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.*

*Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.*

*He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.*

*The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.*



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'Happy the Man' by John Dryden

*Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own.
He who secure within can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been and I have had my hour*

'Turn Again To Life' by Mary Lee Hall

*If I should die and leave you here a while
Be not like others sore undone
Who keep long vigil by the silent dust
For my sake turn again to life and smile
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort other hearts than mine.
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine
And I perchance may therein comfort you.*

'The Ship' by Charles Henry Brent

*I am standing upon that foreshore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails in the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like
a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.
Then someone on my side says, 'There! She's gone!'
'Gone where?'
'Gone from my sight, that's all.'
She is just as large in mast and spar and hull as ever she was when she left my side,
just as able to bear her load of living freight to her place of destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at that moment when someone at my side says,
'There! She's gone!' there are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout,
'Here she comes!'
And that is dying.....*



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'Desiderata' by Max Ehrmann

*Go placidly amid the noise and the haste,
and remember what peace there may be in silence.
As far as possible, without surrender,
be on good terms with all persons.
Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others,
even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.
Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious
to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others,
you may become vain or bitter, for always
there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.
Keep interested in your own career, however humble;
it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery.
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;
many persons strive for high ideals,
and everywhere life is full of heroism.
Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection.
Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment,
it is as perennial as the grass.
Take kindly the counsel of the years,
gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.
Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.
Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.
You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.
Therefore be at peace with God,
whatever you conceive Him to be.
And whatever your labours and aspirations,
in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul.
With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams,
it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.*



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'If I Should Go' by Joyce Grenfell

*If I should go before the rest of you,
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone
Nor, when I am gone, speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must, parting is hell
But life goes on, so sing as well.*

'Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live?'- Author Unknown

*Not, how did he die, but how did he live?
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Nor what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away?*

'She Is Gone' by David Harkins (or 'He Is Gone')

*You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want:
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on*



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'The Dash' by Linda Ellis

*I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning....to the end.
He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.
For the dash represents all the time that they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them 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 spent YOUR dash?*

'A Life Well Lived' – Author Unknown

*A life well lived is a precious gift
Of hope and strength and grace
From someone who has made our world
A brighter better place*

*It's filled with moments, sweet and sad
With smiles and sometimes tears
With friendships formed and good times shared
And laughter through the years*

*A life well lived is a legacy
Of joy and pride and pleasure
A living, lasting memory
Our grateful hearts will treasure*



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'Dry Your Tears' – Author Unknown

*Please dry your tears and laugh again
Let go your hurt, release your pain
Accept that my time on earth was complete
My lessons all learned, some bitter, some sweet
Envisage the me who was healthy and strong
Don't hold the memory of where it went wrong
Know that the place where I am feels so safe
I'm surrounded by love and bathed in white light
Don't cling on to heartbreak and think I'm afar
For I stand by your side, wherever you are
In your joy and your sorrows, every night, every day
I'm there with my love, just one thought away
Step into the sunshine, come out of the rain
For me dry your tears, for me laugh again*

'God Looked Around His Garden'-Author Unknown

*God looked around his garden and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the 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 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.*

'Afterglow' – Author Unknown

*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*



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'His Journey's Just Begun' by Ellen Brenneman

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

*Just think of him as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days or years*

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

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

'Remember Me' by Anthony Dowson

*Speak of me as you have always done
Remember the good times, laughter and fun
Share the memories we've made
Do not let them wither and fade
I'll be with you in the summer's sun
And when the winter's chill has come
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease
I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep
But memories we've shared are yours to keep
Sometimes our final days may be a test
But remember me when I was at my best
Although things may not be the same
Don't be afraid to use my name
Let your sorrow last for just a while
Comfort each other and try to smile
I've lived a life filled with joy and fun
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become*



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Psalm 23: The Lord Is My Shepherd

*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 prepares 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.*

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 what 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*



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John14: 1-6

*Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me.
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 if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again and will take you myself,
That where I am you may be also.
And you know the way to 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, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except
through me.'*

'Footprints In The Sand' by Carolyn Joyce Carty

*One night a man had a dream.
He dreamed he was walking along a beach with the Lord.
Across the sky flashed scenes from his life.
For each scene he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand;
One belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.
When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand.
He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints.
He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.
This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it:
"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way.
But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of
footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me".
The Lord replied: "My son, my precious child, I love you and I would never leave you.
During your times of trial and suffering when you see only one set of footprints,
it was then that I carried you".*



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An Old Irish Blessing

*May the road rise to meet you
May the wind always be at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And rains fall soft upon your field
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the palm of his hand*