



COMFORT

Words for when words
fail us

TONG & PERYER 2007 Limited

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

The Love that Binds us

Our family is facing
some tough times right now,
and this is a chance
for us to pull together
and help each other through.
It's time for us to depend on each other,
to comfort and strengthen each other,
and to focus
on what's really important
in our lives...
The love that binds us all together.



Autumn Rain

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

I Need to Say Goodbye

I need to say goodbye although you're with me.
I stand beside your grave, yet you are here.
I miss you terribly and hope you miss me,
But when I turn to you, you're always near.
I talk to you as though you lived within me,
Not changed but simply moved in from outside.
I know each day you must a little leave me,
But here, as always, you must be my guide.
You were and are and will be, just as ever,
In many minds and hearts, not only mine.
No physical event can such love sever;
Death is a dimension, not a line.
And so goodbye does not mean you are gone:
So long as I still love you, you live on.

Death for one ought not mean death for two

Death for one ought not mean death for two.
We cannot die of grief unless we will.
Love requires us to love life still,
Lest love be less than life and death are due.
We cannot choose but choose for others, too,
For what we choose does what we are distill,
And open fields with inner sweetness fill,
That those who pass might hope or faith renew.
So may your love for loved ones that remain
Bring you through this season of despair
To some unquiet, sad, but gentle spring.
Emerging from your chrysalis of pain,
May you find a new world blossomed there
With new songs bittersweet that pleasure bring.

Life is beautiful, my child,

Life is beautiful, my child,
Though many things go wrong,
And you may hear much sadness in
Its strange and lovely song.
Though friends and loved ones die, my child,
They're never really gone.
Nor more nor less than yesterday,
In you they will live on.
They will live on in you, my child,
As everything you see,
Though it must vanish, will remain
Alive in memory.
Alive in what you think and feel
And dream and say and do,
For all who ever were still are
Upon this earth in you.

I miss your laughter, fun, and gentleness.

I miss your laughter, fun, and gentleness.
I miss the things I used to do for you.
I miss the time, now filled with emptiness,
When each day was a stage for something new.
I miss your love, though mine for you remains,
A passion with no outlet to the sea,
A teardrop in a desert, that contains
What's left of my maternal ecstasy.
I miss your presence, like a silent chord
That anchored even solitude in grace.
I miss, for my love's labor, the reward
Of seeing some small pleasure in your face.
All these I miss, and yet they are all here.



Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding

Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy;

And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.

And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

Much of your pain is self-chosen.

It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquillity:

For his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,
And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips,
has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears.

- Kahlil Gibran

Footprints in the Sand

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord. Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky. In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand. Sometimes there were two sets of footprints, other times there was one only. This bothered me because I noticed that during the low periods of my life, when I was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, I could see only one set of footprints, so I said to the Lord, "You promised me Lord, that if I followed you, you would walk with me always. But I have noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there has only been one set of footprints in the sand. Why, when I needed you most, have you not been there for me?" The Lord replied, "The years when you have seen only one set of footprints, my child, is when I carried you."



If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;
If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:.
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And---which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!

by Rudyard Kipling



All Is Well

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

Henry Scott Holland 1847-1918



Angel In Heaven

There's a special Angel in Heaven
that is a part of me.
It is not where I wanted her
but where God wanted her to be.
She was here but just a moment
like a night time shooting star.
And though she is in Heaven
she isn't very far.
She touched the heart of many
like only an Angel can do.
I would've held her every minute
if the end I only knew.
So I send this special message
to the Heaven up above.
Please take care of my Angel
and send her all my love.

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.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven:
a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain,
a time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.

Romans 8: 38-39

For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons,
neither the present nor the future, nor any powers,
neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to
separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord

Revelations 14:2

Then I heard a voice from heaven say, "Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on."
"Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labour, for their deeds will follow them."

John 4: 7

let us love one another:
for love is of God.

Mark 10:27

And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men
it is impossible, but not with God; for with
God all things are possible.



The Wisdom of Today

We often wish for more,
without realizing that life's most precious
treasures,
are often within the palms of our hands.
It is not success,
but rather the journey there,
that often makes our lives complete.
We are most at peace with the world,
when we accept the wonderful and amazing creature
. . .that is. . .ourselves.
When we give our all TODAY;
and look forward to giving
tomorrow the same,
then there is no reason for regretting our yesterdays.
Despise not the past,
for in it lies the wisdom of today,
and the hope of
tomorrow.

Eric Jordan 1985-1999)

If I should go tomorrow
It would never be goodbye,
For I have left my heart with you,
So don't you ever cry.
The love that's deep within me,
Shall reach you from the stars,
You'll feel it from the heavens,
And it will heal the scars.

Traditional

It is through giving that we receive,
and it is through dying
that we are born eternal life.

Saint Francis of Assisi

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 why 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!

I know God will not give me
anything I can't handle.
I just wish he didn't trust me so much.

Mother Teresa

'Say not in grief 'he is no more'
but live in thankfulness that he was'

Hebrew proverb

Yesterday is a memory, tomorrow is a mystery
and today is a gift,
which is why it is called the present.

Kindness is more important than wisdom,
and the recognition of this is the beginning of wisdom.

Theodore Isaac Rubin

What the caterpillar perceives is the end,
to the butterfly is just the beginning.

Tenderness and kindness are not signs
of weakness and despair
but manifestations of strength and resolution.

Gibran, Kahil

Everything that has a beginning has an ending.
Make your peace with that and all will be well.

If we want a love message to be heard,
it has to be sent out.
To keep a lamp burning,
we have to keep putting oil in it.

Mother Teresa

