**November 2022 Resources.**

**Readings:**

### **Psalm 23: A Psalm of David.**

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures;  
He leads me beside still waters.  
He restores my soul;  
He leads me in paths of righteousness  
    for His name’s sake.  
Even though I walk  
    through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil;  
    for You are with me;  
Your rod and Your staff,  
    they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me  
    in the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
    my cup runs 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.

See also: Psalm 41: Like The Deer That Yearns For Running Streams; Psalm 24: To You, O Lord, I Lift Up My Soul

**Matthew 5:1-12**

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.

Seeing the crowds, Jesus went up the hill. There he sat down and was joined by his disciples. Then he began to speak. This is what he taught them:

‘How happy are the poor in spirit;

theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Happy the gentle:

they shall have the earth for their heritage.

Happy those who mourn:

they shall be comforted.

Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right:

they shall be satisfied.

Happy the merciful:

they shall have mercy shown them.

Happy the pure in heart:

they shall see God.

Happy the peacemakers:

they shall be called sons of God.

Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right:

theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

‘Happy are you when people abuse you and persecute you and speak all kinds of calumny against you on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.’

**Book of Ecclesiastes 3:1-11**

There is a season for everything, a time for every happening under heaven.

A time for giving birth and a time for dying;

a time for planting, a time for harvesting.

A time for knocking down and a time for building up.

A time for tears, a time for laughter, a time for mourning and a time for dancing.

A time for embracing and a time for refraining from embracing.

A time for holding and a time for letting go.

A time for keeping silent and a time for speaking.

A time for loving, a time for hating, a time for war, a time for peace. A time for forgetting and a time for remembering.

**First letter of St Paul to the Romans 14:7-12**

Alive or dead, we belong to the Lord.

The life and death of each of us has its influence on others; if we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord, so that alive or dead we belong to the Lord. This explains why Christ both died and came to life, it was so that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living. We shall all have to stand before the judgement seat of God; as scripture says: By my life – it is the Lord who speaks – every knee shall bend before me, and every tongue shall praise God. It is to God, therefore, that each of us must give an account of himself.

# John 14:2-14

# There are many rooms in my Father's house, and I am going to prepare a place for you. I would not tell you this if it were not so. And after I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to myself, so that you will be where I am. You know the way that leads to the place where I am going.” Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going; so how can we know the way to get there?” Jesus answered him, “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one goes to the Father except by me.

**Concluding Prayer:**

**Numbers 6:24-26**

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine on you, and be gracious to you; the Lord turn his face towards you and give you peace .

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

**Prayers of the Faithful:**

**Leader:** With faith and the comfort of God’s holy word, let us pray for all the faithful departed; that they may be found worthy of the promises of Christ.

**Participants:**

1 That all, to whom the promise of eternal life was given at baptism, may be brought to the fulfilment of that promise in the company of the angels and saints. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

2 That our departed sisters and brothers in our families and in our parishes may be granted everlasting peace and rest. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

3 That those who have died through acts of violence and war may find a place of justice and peace in God’s kingdom. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

4 That all in need may be grace with peace, justice and compassion; for all who bear the burden of poverty and homelessness, of loss of work, for the sick and all who are distressed in any way. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

5 That those who have died alone, unwanted and unmourned may be welcomed by the heavenly community. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

6 That all who have suffered the loss of loved ones and for all who mourn, may be sustained by God’s grace and receive the consolation of those who surround them *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

7 That we may continue in a spirit of solidarity and courage to face together the dangers of these times and as we remember all who suffer through Covid-19. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

8 That all who have died in the past year, including all who died from Covid-19, may, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. *(pause)*

Lord, hear us.

**Reflective Music:** Liam Lawton; There is a place

<https://youtu.be/OMpmNovi8G0>

**Reflective Music:** Christie Hennessy; Remember Me.

<https://youtu.be/ptIWtHSVqGI>

**Music:** Carey Landry; O healing light of Christ

<https://youtu.be/t18xXmNZUDY>

**Reflective Music** *– Lament by Fureys & Davey Arthur*

[*https://youtu.be/7n894h7Su2M*](https://youtu.be/7n894h7Su2M)

**Appendix 1 Grief and Loss Poems/Reflections**

**Do not stand at my grave and weep …**

Do not stand at my grave and 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 sun on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning’s hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circling flight.

I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there; I did not die.

**Remember Them** (There are many YouTube versions of this that could be played. I always used this as one person saying the first line and the rest giving the refrain.)  
At the rising of the sun and at its going down,  
We remember them.  
At the blowing of the wind and the chill of the winter,   
We remember them.  
At the opening of the Buds and in the rebirth of spring,   
We remember them.  
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of Autumn,  
We remember them.  
At the beginning of the year and when it ends,  
We remember them.  
As long as we live, they too will live,  
For they are now part of us as we remember them.   
When lost and sick at heart,  
We remember them.  
When we have joy we crave to share,  
We remember them.  
When we have decisions that are difficult to make,  
We remember them.  
When we have achievements that are based on theirs,   
We remember them.  
As long as we live they too will live,  
For they are now a part of us as we remember them.

### (‘We Remember …’ was written by Rabbi Sylvan Kamens in the 1960's and published in 1970 in "New Prayers For The High Holy Days".)

# Nothing Gold Can Stay by Robert Frost

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

**Begin**  [**by Brendan Kennelly**](https://urldefense.proofpoint.com/v2/url?u=https-3A__wfupress.wfu.edu_catalog_the-2Dessential-2Dbrendan-2Dkennelly-2Dselected-2Dpoems_&d=DwMF-g&c=euGZstcaTDllvimEN8b7jXrwqOf-v5A_CdpgnVfiiMM&r=rnVyLo0DdV9M0U3XdmLO4HlssPE2kteMMHHnrbEDFlk&m=4koaGmEJ1pn5QkJPd49rReX1tsz8Ob7eFWuCbuYLknA&s=CCnGqlI6rmRwA0uk9d7Rl3GNPDzysGfaPVPmLh57Dis&e=)

Begin again to the summoning birds  
to the sight of the light at the window,  
begin to the roar of morning traffic  
all along Pembroke Road.  
Every beginning is a promise  
born in light and dying in dark  
determination and exaltation of springtime  
flowering the way to work.  
Begin to the pageant of queuing girls  
the arrogant loneliness of swans in the canal  
bridges linking the past and future  
old friends passing though with us still.  
Begin to the loneliness that cannot end  
since it perhaps is what makes us begin,  
begin to wonder at unknown faces  
at crying birds in the sudden rain  
at branches stark in the willing sunlight  
at seagulls foraging for bread  
at couples sharing a sunny secret  
alone together while making good.  
Though we live in a world that dreams of ending  
that always seems about to give in  
something that will not acknowledge conclusion  
insists that we forever begin.

— From [*The Essential Brendan Kennelly*](https://urldefense.proofpoint.com/v2/url?u=https-3A__wfupress.wfu.edu_catalog_the-2Dessential-2Dbrendan-2Dkennelly-2Dselected-2Dpoems_&d=DwMF-g&c=euGZstcaTDllvimEN8b7jXrwqOf-v5A_CdpgnVfiiMM&r=rnVyLo0DdV9M0U3XdmLO4HlssPE2kteMMHHnrbEDFlk&m=4koaGmEJ1pn5QkJPd49rReX1tsz8Ob7eFWuCbuYLknA&s=CCnGqlI6rmRwA0uk9d7Rl3GNPDzysGfaPVPmLh57Dis&e=)

# Death is nothing at all … (Henry Scott Holland)

Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped into the next room and I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other that we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.

Speak to me in the easy way which you used.

Put no difference in your tone.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me and pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same that it ever was.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight.

# In Lieu of Flowers by Shawna Lemay

Although I love flowers very much, I won’t see them when I’m gone. So in lieu of flowers:  Buy a book of poetry written by someone still alive, sit outside with a cup of tea, a glass of wine, and read it out loud, by yourself or to someone, or silently.  
Spend some time with a single flower. A rose maybe. Smell it, touch the petals.   
Really look at it.   
Drink a nice bottle of wine with someone you love.  
Or, Champagne. And think of what John Maynard Keynes said, “My only regret in life is that I did not drink more Champagne.” Or what Dom Perignon said when he first tasted the stuff: “Come quickly! I am tasting stars!”   
Take out a paint set and lay down some colours.  
Watch birds. Common sparrows are fine. Pigeons, too. Geese are nice. Robins.  
In lieu of flowers, walk in the trees and watch the light fall into it. Eat an apple, a really nice big one. I hope it’s crisp.   
Have a long soak in the bathtub with candles, maybe some rose petals.  
Sit on the front stoop and watch the clouds. Have a dish of strawberry ice cream in my name.   
If it’s winter, have a cup of hot chocolate outside for me. If it’s summer, a big glass of ice water.   
If it’s autumn, collect some leaves and press them in a book you love. I’d like that.   
Sit and look out a window and write down what you see. Write some other things down.   
In lieu of flowers,   
I would wish for you to flower.   
I would wish for you to blossom, to open, to be beautiful.

# On the Death of the Beloved by John O’Donohue

Though we need to weep your loss,  
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts,  
Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.  
  
Your love was like the dawn  
Brightening over our lives  
Awakening beneath the dark  
A further adventure of colour.  
  
The sound of your voice  
Found for us  
A new music  
That brightened everything.  
  
Whatever you enfolded in your gaze  
Quickened in the joy of its being;  
You placed smiles like flowers  
On the altar of the heart.  
Your mind always sparkled  
With wonder at things.  
  
Though your days here were brief,  
Your spirit was live, awake, complete.  
  
We look towards each other no longer  
From the old distance of our names;  
Now you dwell inside the rhythm of breath,  
As close to us as we are to ourselves.  
  
Though we cannot see you with outward eyes,  
We know our soul's gaze is upon your face,  
Smiling back at us from within everything  
To which we bring our best refinement.  
  
Let us not look for you only in memory,  
Where we would grow lonely without you.  
You would want us to find you in presence,  
Beside us when beauty brightens,  
When kindness glows  
And music echoes eternal tones.  
  
When orchids brighten the earth,  
Darkest winter has turned to spring;  
May this dark grief flower with hope  
In every heart that loves you.  
  
May you continue to inspire us:  
  
To enter each day with a generous heart.  
To serve the call of courage and love  
Until we see your beautiful face again  
In that land where there is no more separation,  
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,  
And where we will never lose you again.

# For Grief by John O’Donohue

When you lose someone you love,  
Your life becomes strange,  
The ground beneath you becomes fragile,  
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;  
And some dead echo drags your voice down  
Where words have no confidence  
Your heart has grown heavy with loss;  
And though this loss has wounded others too,  
No one knows what has been taken from you  
When the silence of absence deepens.  
  
Flickers of guilt kindle regret  
For all that was left unsaid or undone.  
  
There are days when you wake up happy;  
Again inside the fullness of life,  
Until the moment breaks  
And you are thrown back  
Onto the black tide of loss.  
Days when you have your heart back,  
You are able to function well  
Until in the middle of work or encounter,  
Suddenly with no warning,  
You are ambushed by grief.  
  
It becomes hard to trust yourself.  
All you can depend on now is that  
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.  
More than you, it knows its way  
And will find the right time  
To pull and pull the rope of grief  
Until that coiled hill of tears  
Has reduced to its last drop.  
  
Gradually, you will learn acquaintance  
With the invisible form of your departed;  
And when the work of grief is done,  
The wound of loss will heal  
And you will have learned  
To wean your eyes  
From that gap in the air  
And be able to enter the hearth  
In your soul where your loved one  
Has awaited your return  
All the time.

# In Blackwater Woods by Mary Oliver

Look, the trees  
are turning  
their own bodies  
into pillars

of light,  
are giving off the rich  
fragrance of cinnamon  
and fulfillment,

the long tapers  
of cattails  
are bursting and floating away over  
the blue shoulders

of the ponds,  
and every pond,  
no matter what its  
name is, is

nameless now.  
Every year  
everything  
I have ever learned

in my lifetime  
leads back to this: the fires  
and the black river of loss  
whose other side

is salvation,  
whose meaning  
none of us will ever know.  
To live in this world

you must be able  
to do three things:  
to love what is mortal;  
to hold it

against your bones knowing  
your own life depends on it;  
and, when the time comes to let it go,  
to let it go.

# Talking to Grief by Denise Levertov

Ah, Grief, I should not treat you  
like a homeless dog  
who comes to the back door  
for a crust, for a meatless bone.  
I should trust you.  
  
I should coax you  
into the house and give you  
your own corner,  
a worn mat to lie on,  
your own water dish.  
  
You think I don't know you've been living  
under my porch.  
You long for your real place to be readied  
before winter comes. You need  
your name,  
your collar and tag. You need  
the right to warn off intruders,  
to consider  
my house your own  
and me your person  
and yourself  
my own dog.

# Separation by W.S. Merwin

Your absence has gone through me  
Like thread through a needle.  
Everything I do is stitched with its color.

# 10. The Window by Rumi

Your body is away from me  
but there is a window open  
from my heart to yours.

From this window, like the moon  
I keep sending news secretly.

## **Going Home** (Funeral Hymn and, again, plenty versions on You Tube that could be used. Older generations might also like ‘Nearer My God to Me.)

Going home, going home,  
I'm just going home.  
Quiet-like, slip away-  
I'll be going home.  
It's not far, just close by;  
Jesus is the Door;  
Work all done, laid aside,  
Fear and grief no more.  
Friends are there, waiting now.  
He is waiting, too.  
See His smile! See His hand!  
He will lead me through.

Morning Star lights the way;  
Restless dream all done;  
Shadows gone, break of day,  
Life has just begun.  
Every tear wiped away,  
Pain and sickness gone;  
Wide awake there with Him!  
Peace goes on and on!  
Going home, going home,  
I'll be going home.  
See the Light! See the Sun!  
I'm just going home.

**Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night by Dylan Thomas**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

From [*The Poems of Dylan Thomas*](https://bookshop.org/a/262/9780811221146), published by New Directions. Cop