

Five Days Old

Christmas is in the air.

You are given into my hands Out of quietest, loneliest hands.

My trembling is all my prayer.

To blown straw was given All the fullness of heaven.

The tiny, not the immense, Will teach our groping eyes.

So the absorbed skies Bleed stars of innocence.

So cloud-voice in war and trouble Is at last Christ in the stable.

Now wonderingly engrossed In your fearless delicacies,

I am launched upon sacred seas,

Humbly and utterly lost In the mystery of creation,

Bells, bells of ocean.

Too pure fro my tongue to praise, That sober, exquisite yawn

Or the gradual, generous dawn At an eyelid, maker of days:

To shrive my thought of perfection

I must breathe old tempests into action.

onderingly engrossed In your fearless delicacies,

I am launched upon sacred seas,

Humbly and utterly lost In the mystery of creation,

Bells, bells of ocean.

I have so many things to see and do.

Reflections ON Life

Prayer Of St Francis

*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
How'ring there I've chased the shouting wind along
And flung my eager craft through the footless halls of air*

*Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where 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.*

Lord, make me an instrument of Your 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.

Divine Master, grant that I may seek ...

Not so much 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;

And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

A Butterfly! A Butterfly! Dew-drop right.
Resplendantly yellow, Son-rise might.

Cocoon unshackled, After such a fight!
Son-dried wings Freed of the night.

Pure harmony, Leaf-poised for flight;
Shimmering wholeness, My God, what a sight.

Flitter here; flutter there; Be my delight!
Grace emblending Each time you alight

Be free, Butterfly, Dance to the height!
In such stillness Shine your light.

Fly on! Fly on Little mite;
Give glory to God His Beacon Bright.

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

The Dash

Linda Ellis

*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 just what that line is worth.*

*For it matter 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?*

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 of snow

I am the sunlight 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 circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I am not there. I did not die.

Miss Me But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road,
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 that we once shared
Miss me - but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go it alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me - but let me go!

Together

Death is not the end of all.

I have only slipped away 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 have 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, think of me, pray for me

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, 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.

What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near; just around the corner. All is well.

Henry Scott-Holland

Footprints

One night a woman had a dream. She dreamed she was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from her life. For each scene, she noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to her, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of her life flashed before her, she looked back at the footprints in the sand. She noticed that many times along the path of her life there was only one set of footprints. She also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in her life.

This really bothered her and she 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 daughter, My precious child, I love you and 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."

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 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 close 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 I too 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's 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.*

I am standing on the sea-shore.

*A ship spreads its white sails
to the morning breeze
and starts for the ocean.*

*I stand watching
until it fades on the horizon,
and someone at my side says,
"She is gone".*

Gone where?

The loss of sight is in me, not in her.

*Just at the moment
when someone says "She is gone",
there are others who are watching her coming.*

*Other voices take up the glad shout
"Here she comes!"*

That is dying

Henry Scott Holland

God Saw You

God saw you getting tired, When a cure was not to be.
So he wrapped his arms around you and whispered "come to me"
You didn't deserve what you went through, so he gave you rest.
God's garden must be beautiful, He only takes the best.
And when I saw you sleeping, So peaceful and free from pain,
I could not wish you back, to suffer that again.