A landscape photograph of a single tree in a field at sunset. The tree is on the left side of the frame, and the sun is setting on the right, creating a warm, golden glow. The sky is blue with scattered white clouds. The field is green and yellow, with some small white flowers.

Reynolds

Our family caring for yours

Funeral Service • Memorial Masons • Funeral Plans

Readings, Psalms, Prayers, Poems,
Hymns and Music for a Funeral Service





Introduction

Losing a loved one is a very difficult time and a funeral can be a stressful and upsetting occasion.

The Funeral Service plays an important role in helping a family to come to terms with the loss of a loved one.

Reynolds Funeral Service is able to provide a number of different services or ceremonies that help to make the day more unique. We are here to assist you to make all the necessary arrangements and will organise a dignified funeral service in accordance with your wishes.

This book is for guidance only and offers examples of prayers, psalms, readings, poems, hymns and popular music which are suitable for inclusion in a funeral service or ceremony. You are welcome to use any of these and then discuss your requirements with your chosen funeral service officiant. If you are looking for something to include that is not shown within these pages then please feel free to contact your designated funeral director with your requirements.

If you require assistance with the arranging of the order of service, we will be pleased to guide you in this respect.

James & Stephen Reynolds

Here to help

We understand what you are going through at this difficult time and we are here to help.

Memorial Stationery – we are highly respected in the design and print of bespoke memorial and funeral stationery. Memorial Stationery offers both classical and innovative modern designs.

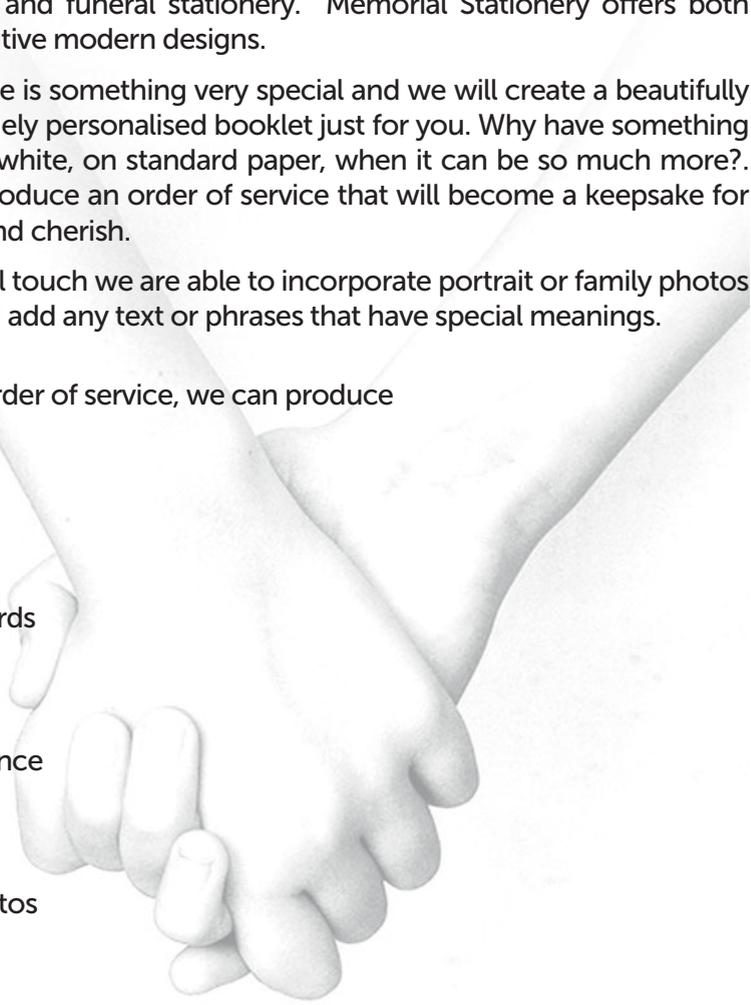
The Order of Service is something very special and we will create a beautifully designed and uniquely personalised booklet just for you. Why have something basic, in black and white, on standard paper, when it can be so much more?. We will help you produce an order of service that will become a keepsake for everyone to have and cherish.

For a more personal touch we are able to incorporate portrait or family photos of the departed and add any text or phrases that have special meanings.

In addition to the order of service, we can produce

- Thank you cards
- Bookmarks
- Remembrance cards
- Prayer cards
- Books of condolence
- Attendance cards
- Large printed photos
- Photo books

Just ask your funeral director for assistance.



Readings for a Funeral Service

From the Bible

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 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 forever. 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 people, 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 & Psalms

Old Testament and Apocrypha

Daniel 12: 1-3, 5-9 Everyone whose name shall be found written in the book

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 To everything there is a season

Ecclesiasticus 38: 16-23 Do not forget, there is no coming back

Genesis 42: 29-end The sorrow you would cause me would kill me

Isaiah 53: 1-10 The suffering servant

Isaiah 61: 1-3 To comfort all who mourn

Job 19: 23-27 I know that my Redeemer lives

Job 19: 25-26 I know that my Redeemer lives

Lamentations 3: 22-26, 31-33 The love of the Lord never ceases

2 Samuel 1: 17,23-end David's lament for Saul and Jonathan

2 Samuel 12: 16-23 David's son dies

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

Psalms

Psalms 6 Psalm 23

Psalms 25 Psalm 27

Psalms 32 Psalm 38: 9 - end

Psalms 42 Psalm 90

Psalms 116 Psalm 103: 13 - 17

Psalms 121 Psalm 118: 4 - end

Psalms 139 Psalm 130

Nunc Dimittis

Prayers

Support us, O Lord,
all the day long of this troublesome life,
until the shadows lengthen and
the evening comes,
the busy world is hushed,
the fever of life is over
and our work is done.
Then, Lord, in your mercy grant
us a safe lodging,
a holy rest, and peace at the last;
through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Our eyes, Lord, are wasted with grief;
you know we are weary with groaning.
As we remember our death
in the dark emptiness of the night,
have mercy on us and heal us;
forgive us and take away our fear
through the dying and rising
of Jesus your Son. **Amen.**

God be in my head,
and in my understanding;
God be in my eyes,
and in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
and in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
and in my thinking;
God be at my end,
and at my departing. **Amen.**

Holy God, we praise your name
for all who have finished this life
loving and trusting you,
for the example of their lives,
the life and grace you gave them,
and the peace in which they rest.
We praise you today for your servant (name)
and for all that you did through him/her.
Meet us in our sadness and fill our hearts
with praise and thanksgiving, for the sake of
the One who loves us all. **Amen.**

Lord, in weakness or in strength
we bear your image.
We pray for those we love
who now live in a land of shadows,
where the light of memory is dimmed,
where the familiar lies unknown,
where the beloved become as strangers.
Hold them in your everlasting arms,
and grant to those who care
a strength to serve,
a patience to persevere,
a love to last and a peace that
passes human understanding.
Hold us in your everlasting arms,
today and for all eternity;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O God, who brought us to birth,
and in whose arms we die,
in our grief and shock
contain and comfort us;
embrace us with your love,
give us hope in our confusion
and grace to let go into new life;
through Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Irish Blessing

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

Additional Readings and Poems

All readings and poems can be changed to suit your requirements and we will be pleased to amend them accordingly for the order of service.

Funeral Blues

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 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.

W. H. Auden

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the

boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

and after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness or farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of

Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Our revels are now ended.

Our revels are now ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air;

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the

gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

is rounded in a sleep.

William Shakespeare

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 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.

Mary Elizabeth Frye

Because You Have Lived

To laugh often and much.

To win the respect of intelligent people, and
the affection of children.

To earn the appreciation of honest critics.

To appreciate beauty.

To find the best in others.

To leave the world a bit better, whether by a
healthy child, or a garden patch.

To know even one life has breathed easier
because you have lived.

This is to have succeeded

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

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.

Dylan Thomas

She Is Gone (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.

David Harkins

On Death

You would know the secret of death.
But how shall you find it unless you seek
it in the heart of life?
The owl whose night-bound eyes
are blind unto the day cannot
unveil the mystery of light.
If you would indeed behold the spirit
of death, open your heart
wide unto the body of life.
For life and death are one, even as the river
and the 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.
Your fear of death is but the trembling of the
shepherd when he stands before the king
whose hand is to be laid upon him in honour.
Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his
trembling, that he shall wear
the mark of the king?
Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling?
For what is it to die but to stand naked in
the wind and to melt 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

For Katrina's Sun Dial

Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love,
Time is eternity.

Henry Van Dyke

Look for me in Rainbows

Time for me to go now,
I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows,
way up in the sky.
In the morning sunrise when all
the world is new,
Just look for me and love me,
as you know I loved you.

Time for me to leave you,
I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows,
high up in the sky.
In the evening sunset,
when all the world is through,
Just look for me and love me,
and I'll be close to you.
It won't be forever, the day will
come and then
My loving arms will hold you,
when we meet again.

Time for us to part now,
we won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows,
shining in the sky.
Every waking moment,
and all your whole life through
Just look for me and love me,
as you know I loved you.
Just wish me to be near you,
And I'll be there with you.

Conn Bernard & Vicki Brown

Happiness

Happiness is silent,
or speaks equivocally for friends,
Grief is explicit and her song never ends,
Happiness is like England,
and will not state a case,
Grief, like Guilt, rushes in and talks apace.

Stevie Smith

Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at 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
you 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 always 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 effort
Without the ghost of a shadow in it
Life means all that it ever meant
It is the same as it ever was
There is absolute unbroken continuity
What is death but a negligible accident?
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.
Nothing is past; nothing is lost
One brief moment and all will
be as it was before
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting
when we meet again!

Canon Henry Scott Holland

Goodbye

Goodbye my family, my life is past.
I loved you all to the very last,
Weep not for me, but courage take,
Love each other for my sake,
For those you love don't go away,
They walk beside you every day.

Frances Day

One Final Gift

Scatter me not to the restless winds,
Nor toss my ashes to the sea.
Remember now those years gone by...
When loving gifts I gave to thee.
Remember now these happy times...
The family ties we shared.
Don't leave my resting place unmarked
As though you never cared.
Deny me not one final gift
For all who come to see...
A single lasting proof that says
I loved...and you loved me.

D.H. Cramer

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 for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that once we shared
Miss me, but let me go.
For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the master plan
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

Edgar A Guest

No Night

There is no night without a dawning
No winter without a spring
And beyond the dark horizon
Our hearts will once more sing...
For those who leave us for a while
Have only gone away
Out of a restless, care worn world
Into a brighter day

Helen Steiner Rice

Footprints

One night I had a dream...
I dreamed I was walking along the beach
with the Lord, and
Across the sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene I noticed two sets of
footprints in the sand;
One belonged to me,
and the other to the Lord.
When the last scene of my life
flashed before us,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that many times
along the path of my life,
There was only one set of footprints.
I also noticed that it happened at the very
lowest and saddest times in my life
This really bothered me, and I questioned
the Lord about it.
"Lord, you said that once I
decided to follow you,
You would 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 in times when I
needed you the most, you should leave me.
The Lord replied, "My precious, precious
child. I love you, and I would never,
never leave you during your times
of trial and suffering.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you."

Adapted from the poem by Mary Stevenson

From the Ode: Intimations of Immortality, Stanza X

What though the radiance which
was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of
glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

William Wordsworth

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

Our memories build a special bridge

Our memories build a special bridge
When loved ones have to part
To help us feel we're with them still
And soothe a grieving heart
They span the years and warm our lives
Preserving ties that bind
Our memories build a special bridge
And bring us peace of mind

Emily Matthews

If I should die and Leave you here a while

If I should die and
Leave you here a while
Be not like others sore undone,
Who keep long vigils
By the silent dust and weep.
For my sake turn again
To life and smile
Nerving thy heart
And trembling hand to do
Something to comfort
Other hearts than thine.
Complete these dear
Unfinished Tasks of mine,
And I, perchance
May therein comfort you.

Mary Lee Hall

You've just walked on ahead of me

You've just walked on ahead of me
And I've got to understand
You must release the ones you love
And let go of their hand.

I try and cope the best I can
But I'm missing you so much
If I could only see you
And once more feel your touch.

Yes, you've just walked on ahead of me
Don't worry I'll be fine
But now and then I swear I feel
Your hand slip into mine.

Author Unknown

If I should die

If I should die before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor, when I'm 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.

Joyce Grenfell

When I am dead my dearest

When I am dead my dearest
Sing no sad songs for me
Plant thou no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress tree
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet
And if thou wilt remember
And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not fear the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Rossetti

At every turning of my life

At every turning of my life
I came across
good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when the 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.

Rabindranath Tagore

A Reflection on an Autumn Day

I took up a handful of grain and let
it slip flowing through my fingers,
and I said to myself

This is what it is all about. There is no longer
any room for pretence. At harvest time the
essence is revealed - the straw and chaff are
set aside, they have done their job.
The grain alone matters - sacks of pure gold.

So it is when a person dies the essence
of that person is revealed. At the moment
of death a person's character stands out
happy for the person who has forged it
well over the years. Then it will not be the
great achievement that will matter, nor, how
much money or possessions a person has
amassed. These like the straw and the chaff,
will be left behind. It is what he has made
of himself that will matter. Death can take
away from us what we have,
but it cannot rob us of who we are.

Author Unknown

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?

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?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
but how many were sorry
when he passed away?

Author Unknown

The stream that overflows

And when the stream that
overflows has passed,
A consciousness remains upon
the silent shore of memory;
Images and precious thoughts
that shall not be
and cannot be destroyed.

William Wordsworth, from The Excursion

After Glow

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.

Carol Merkel

My candle burns at both ends

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends
It gives a lovely light!

Edna St.Vincent Millay

Footprints on the Sands of Time

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, - act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A Flower

A flower and not a flower;
of mist and yet not of mist;
At midnight she was there;
she went as daylight shone.
She came and for a little while was
like a dream of spring,
And then, as morning clouds that vanish
traceless, she was gone

Po Chu - I

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry away
Like to the summers rain;
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick

If only

If only we could see the
splendour of the land
To which our loved ones are
called from you and me
We'd understand
If only we could hear the
welcome they receive
From old familiar voices all so dear
We would not grieve
If only we could know the reason
why they went
We'd smile and wipe away
the tears that flow
And wait content.

Author Unknown

We seem to give them back to Thee

We seem to give them back to Thee,
O God who gavest them to us.
Yet as Thou didst not lose them in giving,
So do we not lose them by their return.
Not as the world giveth, givest Thou O
Lover of souls.
What Thou givest Thou takest not away,
For what is Thine is ours also if we are thine.
And life is eternal and love is immortal,
And death is only an horizon,
And an horizon is nothing save
the limit of our sight.
Lift us up, strong Son of God that
we may see further;
Cleanse our eyes that we may see more
clearly; Draw us closer to Thyself
That we may know ourselves to be nearer
to our loved ones who are with Thee.
And while Thou dost prepare a place for us,
prepare us also for that happy place,
That where Thou art we may be also for
evermore.!

Attributed to Bede Jarrett

On Dying

A ship sails and I stand watching till she
fades on the horizon and someone
at my side says She is gone.
Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is
all. She is just as large now as when I last
saw her. Her diminished size and total loss
from my sight is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at
my side says she is gone there are others
who are watching her coming over their
horizon and other voices take up a glad
shout There she comes!
That is what dying is. An horizon and
just the limit of our sight. Lift us up,
Oh Lord, that we may see further

Bishop Charles Henry Brent

Only we who grieve

'Tis only we who grieve
They do not leave
They are not gone
They look upon us still
They walk among the valleys now
They stride upon the hill
Their smile is in the summer sky
Their grace is in the breeze
Their memories whisper in the grass
Their calm is in the trees
Their light is in the winter snow
Their tears are in the rain
Their merriment runs in the brook
Their laughter in the lane
Their gentleness is in the flowers
They sigh in autumn leaves
They do not leave
They are not gone
'Tis only we who grieve

Author Unknown

God's Garden

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.

Author Unknown

Our Father (Mother) Kept A Garden

Our Father kept a garden.

A garden of the heart;
He planted all the good things,
That gave our lives their start.

He turned us to the sunshine,
And encouraged us to dream:
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rain came,
He protected us enough;
But not too much because he knew
We would stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example,
Always taught us right from wrong;
Markers for our pathway that will last
a lifetime long.

We are our Fathers garden,
We are his legacy.
Thank you Dad we love you.

Author Unknown

His (Her) Journey's Just Begun

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 and 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.

Ellen Brenneman

If Tears Could Build A Stairway

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.

Author Unknown

Success

To laugh often and love much;
To win the respect of intelligent persons
And the affection of children;
To earn the approbation of honest critics
And to endure the betrayal of false friends;
To appreciate beauty;
To find the best in others;
To give of one's self;
To leave the world a bit better,
Whether by a healthy child,
A garden patch
Or a redeemed social condition;
To have played and laughed with
enthusiasm
And sung with exultation;
To know even one life has breathed easier
Because you have lived -
This is to have succeeded.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A Child on Loan

"I'll lend to you for a little time,
A child of mine," God said,
"For you to love while he lives
And mourn for when he's dead."

"It may be one or seven years
Or twenty-one or three,
But will you till I call him back,
Take care of him for me?"

"He'll bring his charms to gladden you
And should his stay be brief,
You'll have these precious memories
To comfort you through grief."

"I cannot promise he will stay
Since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there
I want this child to learn."

"I've looked this world over,
In my search for teachers true.
In the crowds of this great land,
I have selected you."

"Now will you give him all your love
Not think the labor vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call
To take him back again?"

I fancied what I heard them say,
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done.
For all the joy Thy child shall bring,
the risk of grief we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness,
we'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
forever grateful stay.

But should the angels call for him,
sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes
and try to understand."

Edgar Guest

Feel no guilt in laughter

Feel no guilt in laughter,
she'd know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that
she is not here to share.

You cannot grieve forever;
she would not want you to.
She'd hope that you could carry
on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times and
the way you showed you cared,
The days you spent together, all the
happiness you shared.

Let memories surround you.
A word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time,
an hour, a day,
That brings her back as clearly
as though she were still here,
And fills you with the feeling
that she is always near.
For if you keep those moments,
you will never be apart
And she will live forever locked
safely within your heart.

Anon

That woman (man) is a success

That woman is a success
Who has lived well,
Laughed often and loved much;
Who has gained the respect of intelligent
men and the love of children;
Who has filled her niche and
accomplished her task;
Who leaves the world better
than she found it,
Whether by an improved poppy,
A perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
Who has never lacked appreciation of
Earth's beauty or failed to express it;
Who looked for the best in others.
And gave the best she had.

Bessie Anderson Stanley

Don't make me a hero when I'm gone

I went to a funeral today.
Someone who obviously
knew the family well
stood to 'say a few words'.

Well, the lady in the coffin was
hardly recognisable!

She'd been so unbelievably
good at everything

It's a wonder anyone liked her at all.

So don't make me a hero when I'm gone.

There'll be good things about me to miss
And some not so good, which you'll be
better off without
So keep things in balance.

Whatever you do, have a laugh.
I've loved tears of laughter rolling
down my cheeks

Tummy aching with hilarity
Always made me feel better about things.

So have a good laugh, It'll do you good –
And don't make me a hero when I'm gone.

Anon

Thoughtful People

Some people give comfort wherever
they go. They brighten
the lives of the people they know.

Their words are so cheerful
and so reassuring,

Their feelings for others,
So warm and enduring.

The ones they are close to
Have somewhere to turn
For deep understanding
and friendly concern.

They offer to help before anyone asks,
Hoping to lighten life's difficult tasks.

Some people give comfort
wherever they go,
And mean more to others
Than they'll ever know.

Amanda Bradley

Remember Me

To the living, I am gone
To the sorrowful, I will never return
To the angry, I was cheated
But to the happy, I am at peace
And to the faithful, I have never left
I cannot speak, but I can listen
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard
So as you stand upon the shore
Gazing at the beautiful sea, remember me
As you look in awe at a mighty forest
And in its grand majesty, remember me
Remember me in your hearts,
In thoughts, and the memories of the
Times we loved, the times we cried,
For if you always think of me,
I will never have gone.

Anon

Love Eternal

They are not dead,
Who leave us this great heritage
of remembering joy.

They still live in our hearts,
In the happiness we knew,
in the dreams we shared.

They still breathe, In the lingering
fragrance, windblown,
from their favourite flowers.

They still smile in the moonlight's silver,
And laugh in the sunlight's sparkling gold.

They still speak in the echoes of the words
we've heard them say, again and again.

They still move, in the rhythm of waving
grasses, in the dance of the tossing branches.

They are not dead;
Their memory is warm in our hearts,
comfort in our sorrow.

They are not apart from us, but part of us.

For love is eternal, and those we love shall
be with us, throughout all eternity.

Author Unknown

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore,
shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love,
her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers,
blessed by sons of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given;
Her sights and sounds;
dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

Uphill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the
whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night, a resting place?
A roof, for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Yes, those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call,
when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti

Scatter my ashes to the wind

Scatter my ashes to the wind
To help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something,
Let it be my faults, my weaknesses
And all prejudices against my fellow men.

If you wish to remember me,
Do it with a kind word or deed
To someone who needs you,

Then I will live forever.

Anon

I fall asleep

I fall asleep, in the full and certain hope,
That my slumber shall not be broken,
And that, although I be, all-forgetting,
Yet shall I not be, all-forgotten.
But continue my life,
In the thoughts, and deeds,
Of those I loved.

Samuel Butler

Epitaph on a Friend

An honest man here lies at rest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Robert Burns

Not In Vain

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

If Tomorrow Starts

If tomorrow starts without me,
and I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your
eyes all filled with tears for me:
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
the way you did today,
While thinking of the many things
we didn't get to say.
I know how much you care for me,
and how much I care for you,
And each time that you think of me
I know you'll miss me too;

But when tomorrow starts without
me, please try to understand,
that an angel came and called my
name and took me by the hand,
and said my place was ready in
heaven far above,
and that I'd have to leave behind
all those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away,
a tear fell from my eye,
for all life, I'd always thought
I didn't want to die.

I had so much to live for and
so much yet to do,
It seemed almost impossible that
I was leaving you.
I thought of all the love we shared
and all the fun we had.
If I could relive yesterday,
I thought, just for a while,
I'd say goodbye and hug you and
maybe see you smile.

But then I fully realised that this could be,
For emptiness and memories would
take the place of me.
And when I thought of worldly things
that I'd miss come tomorrow.
I thought of you, and when I did my heart
was filled with sorrow.

But when I walked through Heaven's
gate, I felt so much at home.
When God looked down and smiled at me,
from His great golden throne,
He said, "This is eternity and all
I've promised you,
Today your life on earth is past but
here it's starts anew.
I promise no tomorrow,
but today will always last,
And since each day's the same,
there's no longing for the past.

But you have been so faithful,
so trusting, so true.
Though there were times you did some
things you knew you shouldn't do.
And you have been forgiven
and now at last you're free
So won't you come and take my hand
and share my life with me?"

So if tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
please know I'm in your heart.

David Romano

I miss your laughter

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
Within my heart, far more than I can bear.

Nicholas Gordon

Popular Hymns

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide

All things bright and beautiful

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound

And did those feet in ancient time (Jerusalem)

Be still, for the presence of the Lord

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising (Sing Hosanna)

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

Love divine all loves excelling

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy

Make me a channel of your peace

Morning has broken

Now thank we all our God

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder (How Great thou Art)

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven!

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation

Rock of Ages, cleft for me

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

The King of love my Shepherd is

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want (Crimond)

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son

To God be the glory, great things he has done

Popular Music for a Funeral Service

POPULAR

These are only suggestions and have been sung by many different artists.

A Mother's Prayer - Celine Dion

Always look on the bright side of life -
Eric Idle

Angels - Robbie Williams

Angels Brought Me Here - Guy Sebastian

As Time Goes By - Louis Armstrong

Because You Loved Me - Celine Dion

Bridge Over Troubled Water - Simon &
Garfunkel

Dancing With The Angels - Monk & Neagle

Danny Boy - Daniel O'Donnell

Don't Cry Daddy - Elvis Presley

Fields of Gold - Sting

Flower of Scotland - Amy MacDonald

Fly - Celine Dion

From A Distance - Bette Midler

Goodbye - Lionel Richie

Goodbye's the Saddest Word - Celine Dion

Green Green Grass of Home - Tom Jones

He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother - The
Hollies

Hero - Mariah Carey

I Can Feel You Drifting - Chalee Tennison

I Don't Wanna Close My Eyes - Aerosmith

I Need You - 3T

I Will Always Love You - Whitney Houston

I'll Be Missing You - Puff Daddy

In The Arms of An Angel - Sarah McLoughlin

I've had the time of my life - Jennifer
Warnes and Bill Medley

Looking Forward, Looking Back - Slim Dusty

Midnight Special - Creedence Clearwater

Moonlight Serenade - Glenn Miller

Morning Has Broken - Cat Stevens

Mull of Kintyre - Paul McCartney

My Heart Will Go On - Celine Dion

My Way - Frank Sinatra

On Eagle's Wings - Josh Groban

On The Road Again - Willie Nelson

One Sweet Day - Mariah Carey

Precious Child - Karen Taylor

Que Sera Sera - Doris Day

Sailing - Rod Stewart

Somewhere Over The Rainbow - Eva
Cassidy

Stairway To Heaven - Led Zeppelin

Tears in Heaven - Eric Clapton

Thank You For Loving Me - Jon Bon Jovi

The Green Green Grass of Home - Tom
Jones

The Last Farewell - Elvis Presley

The Rose - Bette Midler

The Way We Were - Barbara Streisand

There You'll Be - Faith Hill

Time To Say Goodbye - Andrea Bocelli & Sarah Brightman

Unchained Melody - The Righteous Brothers

Unforgettable - Nat King Cole

Up Where We Belong - Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warné

We'll Meet Again - Vera Lynn

What a Wonderful World - Louis Armstrong

When I Die - No Mercy

When I Grow Too Old To Dream - John McDermott

White Cliffs of Dover - Vera Lynn

Wind Beneath My Wings - Bette Midler

Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye - Vera Lynn

Wish You Were Here - Fleetwood Mac

Yesterday - The Beatles

You Are My Sunshine - Anne Murray

You Were Always On My Mind - Elvis Presley

You'll Be In My Heart - Phil Collins

You'll Never Walk Alone - Gerry and the Pacemakers

You're My Best Friend - Queen

Classical

Air on a G string - J.S.Bach

Canon - Pachelbel

Cello Concerto - Elgar

Claire de Lune - Claude Debussy

Funeral March - Beethoven

Fur Elise - Beethoven

New World Symphony (Going Home) - Dvorak

Nimrod - Elgar

Nocturne in E flat Major - Chopin

Piano Concerto 21 - Mozart

Prelude in C minor - Chopin

Serenade for Strings - Elgar

Sheep May Safely Graze - J.S.Bach

Solveig's song - "Peer Gynt" - Grieg

Symphony No.6 "Pastoral" - Beethoven

The Four Seasons (Winter) - Vivaldi

The Gadfly - Shostakovich

The Lark Ascending - Vaughan Williams

The Londonderry Air (Danny Boy)

The Planets "Venus" - Holst

Religious

Abide With Me

Amazing Grace - Leann Rimes

Ave Maria - Celine Dion

Be Not Afraid - John Michael Talbot

Come As You Are - John Michael Talbot

Hallelujah "Vocal" - Mozart

Here I Am Lord - John Michael Talbot

Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring - J.S.Bach

Onward Christian Soldiers - Tennessee Ernie Ford

Psalm 23

Requiem - Berlioz

Requiem -Pie Jesu - Faure

Symphony No.9 "Ode to Joy" - Beethoven

The Lord Is My Shepherd - John Michael Talbot

Well chosen words

Some advice on how to write and present the eulogy

Eulogy (noun) a funeral oration in praise of a person

Writing and presenting the eulogy is a way of saying farewell to someone who has died that, in a sense, brings the person to life in the minds of the listeners.

Many people still believe that eulogies are reserved just for the famous. However, for some, the opportunity to speak during the funeral service or ceremony about the person they knew is a welcome one.

Even if you are used to speaking in public, finding words to say about the person can be difficult because of the special circumstances of a funeral. You may be trying to cope with your own grief and feeling a heavy burden of responsibility to 'get it right' when speaking in front of other people. Whatever your thoughts, you should not feel pressured into giving the eulogy, or guilty if you feel unable to do so.

PLANNING AND WRITING

To whom will I be speaking and how will they be feeling?

How long should I speak – the length of the service (discuss with the officiant who will be taking the ceremony), will I hold the attention of the listeners?

How would the deceased wish to be remembered?

What made them 'special'?

Who was really close to them?

What were their favourite pastimes and interests?

What were their talents?

What were the highlights in their life?

What did I really like about them?

How will I end the eulogy?

Then – who can help me check my facts? Would I rather someone else read the eulogy on my behalf? Is anyone else going to speak about the deceased, and if so, do I need to liaise with them in order to avoid saying the same thing twice?

When writing the eulogy, space the lines out well so that the words will be easier for you to read.

SPEAKING

When thinking and writing about the deceased, there is no 'right' way to speak about them. However, when a person is feeling nervous or self-conscious, they can sometimes do things which may interfere with the ability of the listeners to follow and reflect on their words. The following advice or suggestions may help you, particularly if you are not used to speaking in public:

Wear clothes appropriate to the occasion. Remember that if you look 'out of place' you will only distract the listeners from your words.

Practice reading your eulogy aloud before the funeral ceremony, either in private or to a relative or friend – this could help you to make adjustments to the text, as well as giving you greater control over your emotions on the day of the funeral.

Stand up to give the eulogy, even though you may feel a little exposed. It will help the listeners to hear and see you better.

Stand still and try to be calm, fidgeting and nervous gestures will only distract from what you are saying.

When we are nervous we tend to speak too quickly. Therefore, try to speak slowly and you will then give yourself time to think and choose your words. You will also give the listeners time to take in and to think about what you are saying. Also, if you are in a large room, speaking slowly helps you to project your voice. If there is a lectern available on which you are able to place your notes, hold on to it with both hands so that you will have more stability.

Don't worry if you find yourself losing your place in your notes or if you feel overcome with the emotion of the occasion. Pause, take a few deep breaths and then carry on. There is no requirement for you to give a slick or polished talk and the listeners will be supportive.

Please remember that if you require any further help, Reynolds Funeral Service have many years experience in all aspects of funeral arrangements and will be pleased to assist you.



Peace of mind

A pre-arranged funeral plan is the ideal way to remove the emotional and financial worry and anxiety for loved ones:

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