



Remembering Grace

April 11th 2015

Welcome and Prayers

Readings

Robert, on behalf of Jenny and David

There are two days of the week upon which I never worry, two carefree days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, all its pains and aches, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I have wrought, or unsay a word that I have said. All that it holds of my life's joys, regrets and sorrows is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of rock and sweet waters out of the barren desert, the Love that can make all things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, the joy of the morning for the woe of the night. Save for the beautiful perfume of roses in the heart of the day that has gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine. It is now God's.

The other day about which I do not worry is To-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible adversities, burdens, perils and failures is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister Yesterday. It is a day of God's.

Its sun will rise in roseate splendour or behind a mask of weeping clouds, but it will rise and the same love and patience will shine with tender promise as unflinching as in the past. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace, everything is in the safekeeping of that Infinite Love that holds forever treasures higher than the skies, deeper than the sea. To-morrow is "God's Day".

I have left for myself but one day of the week, "TO-DAY". If there are cares and burdens to be carried they will be measured out to me "sufficient unto the day". Almighty Love will surround me and Almighty Strength sustain me moment by moment.

It is not the experience of to-day that drives men mad, it is remorse for something that has happened or fear of what may happen. Yesterday and To-morrow are God's Days. I leave them to Him.

Jasper

IF I SHOULD DIE

by: Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

If I should die,
And you should live,
And time should gurgle on,
And morn should beam,
And noon should burn,
As it has usual done;
If birds should build as early,
And bees as bustling go,-
One might depart at option
From enterprise below!
'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand
When we with daisies lie,
That commerce will continue,
And trades as briskly fly.
It make the parting tranquil
And keeps the soul serene,
That gentlemen so sprightly
Conduct the pleasing scene

William

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

BY **ROBERT BROWNING** (1812-1889)

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Carol

IN MEMORIAM CXXX

Tennyson

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou
I seem to love thee more and more

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die

Bill

The Waste Land

BY T. S. ELIOT 1888–1965

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

Elly

Grace

Eleanor Hall

I'll think of you

When the sun sets the contrails on fire
and the day makes its exit with your great gold ribbons in the sky

The silence and the noise
Heaped bowls leaking milk and fruit foaming from the rim
The smile that melted wax – the dimples that we kissed

The sun that held you

June the second - sleepover

June the third - Racing punts

The wrapping paper that danced on the river

Scones and jam

Halloween with cobwebs between your fingers

Lying in the grass

English class

Pulling faces at the mirror

Spying on the neighbours

People come back as butterflies – you told me that

I will look for you

Grace of all graces

Stuart

FERN HILL

Dylan Thomas

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.
And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.
All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.
And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
Flying with the ricks, and the horses

Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all

Shining, it was Adam and maiden,

The sky gathered again

And the sun grew round that very day.

So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm

Out of the whinnying green stable

On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,

In the sun born over and over,

I ran my heedless ways,

My wishes raced through the house high hay

And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows

In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs

Before the children green and golden

Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me

Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,

In the moon that is always rising,

Nor that riding to sleep

I should hear him fly with the high fields

And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,

Time held me green and dying

Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Robert, on behalf of Grace's friends

Love and Go On

David Harkins

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 she has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her

Or you can be full of the love 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's 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

O you can do what she would want:

Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Blessing



With love from Grace's Friends

'Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.'

You would take our breath away with your beautiful face,
You would take our breath away with your dimples and your smile,
You would take our breath away with your passion for life
and want of no regret,
You would take our breath away with your unwavering loyalty,
You would take our breath away with your eternal faith.

It was you who took our breath away Grace.

