Welcome to my selection of poetry. Every single one of these poems has been read at a funeral service I have officiated at. The words in brackets are adaptations I have made to suit families better - but please be sure to list the original author if you are going to use them - this is someone's work and they should be credited for it. Copyright may exist on some work.

This document is 38 pages long, *so be sure to check the page number and just print the page you want!*

I hope this gives you inspiration...Tj x

Remember Me by Anthony Dowson
Speak of me as you have always done.
Remember the good times, laughter, and fun.
Share the happy memories we've made.
Do not let them wither or fade.
I'll be with you in the summer's sun
And when the winter's chill has come.
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze.
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease.
I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep,
But the memories we've shared are yours to keep.
Sometimes our final days may be a test,
But remember me when I was at my best.
Although things may not be the same,
Don't be afraid to use my name.
Let your sorrow last for just a while.
Comfort each other and try to smile.
I've lived a life filled with joy and fun.

Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become
(Live on for me now, for regrets I have none.)

Donna Ashworth
WHEN SOMEONE HAS GONE
When someone has gone,
you can bring them back, for just a little while,
by talking them into life.
By painting a picture with your memories and your words,
breathing their essence back into existence,
for just a few moments.

When someone has gone,
you can see them again, for a minute or two,
by being all the things they once were.
By allowing their best traits to filter through you,
shaping your words, your thoughts and your deeds, back out into this world.

When someone has gone,
you can feel them again, for just a moment,
by playing their music and singing their favourite songs.
By giving yourself up to the notes that brought them alive once upon a time, it will again.
(By giving yourself up to the notes that brought them alive once upon a time, it will bring them back again,
If only for a moment)

When someone has gone,
you can keep a part of them alive,
by giving the love you had for them a forever place in your life,
a forever seat at your table and a glorious chapter in your book.
Stories never die.
Tell them all.

His Journey's Just Begun By Ellen Brenneman
(This poem can be modified for gender)

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.

As We Look Back - author unknown
As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering …..
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?

For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us …..
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?

Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgement,
Courage and integrity?

We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made.
To let us have the very best?

And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We're thanking you now.

And we are hoping you knew all along,
How much you meant to us.

"NO MATTER WHAT" BY DEBI GLIORI
No Matter What is a children's story book which teaches children about love and loss. It would make a lovely reading for the funeral of a mum or dad who has left young children behind.

Small said: "But what about when you're dead and gone? Would you love me then? Does love go on?"
Large held Small snug as they looked out at the night, at the moon in the dark and the stars shining bright. "Small, look at the stars – how they shine and glow. Yet some of those stars died a long time ago. Still they shine in the evening skies… love, like starlight, never dies".

SHE IS GONE (HE IS GONE) David Harkins
You can shed tears that she/he is gone
Or you can smile because she/he has lived

You can close your eyes and pray that she/he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she/he has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her/him
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/him and only that she/he is gone
Or you can cherish her/his 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/he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

REMEMBER ME Margaret Mead
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 a shore gazing at a beautiful sea,
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity,
Remember me.
Remember me in your heart:
Your thoughts, and your memories,
Of the times we loved,
The times we cried,
The times we fought,
The times we laughed.
For if you always think of me, I will never have gone.

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 the tombstone
From the beginning...to the end

He noted that first came the date of birth
And spoke 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 they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
Know what that little line is worth

For it matters 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 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?

LET ME GO Christina Rossetti
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 to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

TO THOSE WHOM I LOVE & THOSE WHO LOVE ME Anon

When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so many things to see and do,
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears,
But be thankful we had so many good years.
I gave you my love, and you can only guess
How much you've given me in happiness.
I thank you for the love that you have shown,
But now it is time I travelled on alone.
So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while that we must part,
So treasure the memories within your heart.
I won't be far away for life goes on.
And if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near.
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear,
All my love around you soft and clear.
And then, when you come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.

“To those whom I love & those who love me”
By Celebrant of Colours
When I am gone, release me, let me go.
For I am never far from you, this fact you surely know.

So you mustn't tie yourself to me, with too many precious tears,
But be thankful that we had, so many amazing years.

I gave you all my love, and you can only guess
Just how much you've given back to me,
in such joyful happiness.

I truly thank you for all the love that you have shown,
But for now, it is time, that I travel on, alone.

So grieve for me a while, shed tears if you must,
Then allow your sadness, to be comforted by trust.

Laws of nature mean that, for now, we are apart,
So treasure all the memories, that you hold within your heart.

I won't be gone too far away,
Think always of our love we used to share

So if you ever need me,
Just simply call me and I’ll be there.

And though you cannot see or touch me,
I promise I will be close.
And if you listen carefully with your heart, I know that you will hear,
All my love surrounding you, so gentle, soft and clear.

And then, when you finally come this way alone,
I'll be here to greet you with a smile and a
'Welcome Home'.

When tomorrow starts without me - David M Romano

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Are 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 love me
As much as I love you
And each time 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 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 promised you
Today your life on earth is past
But here it starts anew

I promise no tomorrow
For today will always last
And since each day's the same way
There's no longing for the past

So when tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right here in your heart

Afterglow by Helen Lowrie Marshall
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;
And for you to recall, happy memories that I leave,
When my life is finally done.

COURAGE BY UNKNOWN AUTHOR
Courage! What if the snows are deep,
And what if the hills are long and steep,
And the days are short and the nights are long,
And the good are weak and the bad are strong.
Courage! The snow is a field of play,
And the longest hill has a well-worn way,
There are songs that shorten the longest night,
There's a day when wrong shall be ruled right,
So courage! Courage! 'Tis never so far
From a plodded path to a shining star.

THE ROSE BEYOND THE WALL A. L. FINK
Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by the morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive–
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forever-more.

The Long Goodbye Ellen Miller
It's been a long time since we first felt the beginning to this end.
And today we pray before you; your family and your friends.
We've watched your thoughts get more obscure with every passing day;
As this heartless thing called Alzheimer's made them fade away.
Gradually it took the gleam from those once so loving eyes.
To befall on such a giving man...it seemed so unjustified.
Stripping you of everything, leaving nothing in its place...
Except a look of sadness left upon your face.
As long as we have searched, through all the tears we've cried...
We've tried to find the reason for this long good-bye.
But now it's time to take back all your memories...
As you are finally free from this cruel disease.
We pledge to remember the man that you once were;
A good hearted, giving man is all that will be heard.
And every night when we look up and see a certain star...
We will know within our hearts exactly where you are.
So on this day we say good-bye as you now depart.
Although far from our touch, never far from our hearts.

Who Cares For The Carer By John Weaver & Dedicated to Liz
Who cares for the carer? is the question that I ask.
Who is helping them help another with their overwhelming task
Who is trying to ensure they remain healthy, fit and strong
As they nurse and feed the one in need all day and all night long?

Who thinks about the carer? is the thought that comes to me
When all thought is for the needy and that's the way it ought to be
But just a little bit of thoughtfulness would not go astray
For the one who works and struggles without a thought for pay.

Who worries about the carer? is my other great concern
If they should fall to sickness where would the needy turn?
The one they love is the one they want and on whom they depend
To wash and feed and dress them and to be with them to the end

Who would care for the needy? is the fact we have to face
If something happened to the carer then who would replace
That committed and devoted, caring loving soul
Who gave their all without complaint in a hard and stressful role.

But we know who will care for the carer
When their mortal coil is through
When all their earthly labours get the recognition that is due
When at last they can rest eternal with no further demands
In peace and joy and secure in the Greatest Carer's hands.

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep Mary Elizabeth Frye/Clare Harner
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 glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning 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 weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!)

My Mother kept a garden. ANON
My Mother kept a garden.
A garden of the heart;
She planted all the good things,
That gave my life its start.

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

And when the winds and rains came,
She protected me enough;
But not too much, she knew I'd need
To stand up strong and tough.

Her constant good example,
Always taught me right from wrong;
Markers for my pathway
To last my whole life long.

I am my Mother's garden,
I am her legacy.
And I hope today she feels the love,
Reflected back from me.

Your Mother is Always With You by Deborah R Culver
She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street.
She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself.

She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well.
She's your breath in the air on a cold winters' day.
She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow.

She is Christmas morning.

Your mother lives inside your laughter.
She's the place you come from, your first home.
She's the map you follow with every step you take.

She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy.
But nothing on Earth can separate you.
Not time.
Not space.
Not even death.

Funeral Blues By: W. H. Auden (Four Weddings and a Funeral)
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 the 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.

“There is No Night Without a Dawning” by Helen Steiner Rice
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

I Am Standing Upon The Seashore. Henry Van Dyke
I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts
for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until, at length,
she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone"

Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast, hull and spar as she was when she left my side.
And, she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.
And, just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying...

Death comes in its own time, in its own way.
Death is as unique as the individual experiencing it.

“The Broken Chain” by Ron Tranmer

We little knew the day that
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we do the same.

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.

You left us peaceful memories.
Your love is still our guide,
And though we cannot see you
You are always at our side.

Our family chain is broken
and nothing seems the same,
but as God calls us one by one
the chain will link again.

A Fallen Limb / (Family Tree) - Author Unknown

A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says,
“Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times,
the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage,I’m counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease,my soul is at rest.
Remembering all,how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don’t worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.
Until the day comes when we’re together again.”

A Silent Tear By Gaynor Llewellyn

Just close your eyes and you will see
All the memories that you have of me
Just sit and relax and you will find

I'm really still there inside your mind
Don't cry for me now I'm gone
For I am in the land of song
There is no pain, there is no fear
So dry away that silent tear
I'm in that place that's filled with love
Known to you all, as "UP ABOVE"

- Don't think of me in the dark and cold
- For here I am, no longer old

Weep not for me, Constance Jenkins
Weep not for me though I am gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet flight
I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears.
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years.
There is no pain, I suffer not,
The fear now all is gone.
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on.
Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death,
But celebrate my life

Frances M. Coelho wrote the sad poem in 1939
A golden heart stopped beating, Hard working hands at rest,
It broke our hearts to see you go, God only takes the best.(We only lose the best).

They say that memories are golden, Well maybe that is true,
But we never wanted memories, We only wanted you.

Your life was love and labour, Your love for your family true,
You did your best for all of us, We will always remember you.

We sat beside your bedside,
Our hearts were crushed and sore, We did our duty to the end, 'Til we could do no more.

In tears we watched you sinking, We watched you fade away, And though our hearts were breaking, We knew you could not stay.

Our lips cannot speak how we loved you, Our hearts cannot tell us what to say, But God only knows how we miss you, (But you know how much we miss you), In our home that is lonely today.

Should you go First by A.K. Rowswell

Should you go first and I remain,
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In Spring I'll wait for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue,
In early Fall when brown leaves call
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain,
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will become a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though daily I may mope,
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain,
To finish with the scroll,
No length'ning shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy,
And memory is one gift of God/Love
That death cannot destroy.

A Successful Man By Bessie Anderson Stanley

That man 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 his niche and accomplished his task;
who leaves the world better than he found it;
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 he had.

If I Should Go Joyce Grenfell

If I should go 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.

The day God took you home by Genie Graveline
A million times we've needed you
A millions times we've cried
If love alone, could have saved you,
You never would have died.

In life we loved you dearly
In death we love you still
In our hearts we hold a special space
Which no one else can fill

It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone
For part of us went with you
The day God took you home

Look for me in rainbows Music and lyrics: Conn Bernard
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.

Tears ~Author Unknown
If tears could build a stairway,
and memories a lane,
I'd walk right up to Heaven
and bring you home again.
No farewell words were spoken
no time to say goodbye
you were gone before we knew it,
and only God knows why.
Our hearts still ache in sadness
and secret tears still flow,
what it meant to lose you,
no one will ever know.

“Who is to go?” by Margorie Pizer
How do we know, who is to go?
Who is to leave this world,
Suddenly, unexpectedly, or after long pain?
There is no saying who will be us tomorrow,
Or who will be bowed in sorrow.
So, while you are here
Grasp life with both hands
And pour your passion into living,
For who knows when you and yours
Maybe snatched away,
Out of the toil and the moil,
Out of our present existence.

My Broken Heart - Author Unknown
A broken heart is what I feel
It leads to flowing tears
The sorrow from this loneliness
Gives way to deeper fears
I hurt inside from losing you
I'm often asking why?
How could this end so suddenly?
I feel like I could die
It wasn't very long ago
That you and I embraced
It feels like only yesterday
And now my soul's displaced
I'm trying to find a peaceful thought
Where you and I were strong
But in the absence of your love
My happiness has gone
For all the times we've laughed, we've hugged
And all the times we've kissed
For all the times we've made sweet love
Your touch is what I've missed
I truly hope there comes a day

When love will reunite
I'll wipe away these lonely tears
I cry throughout the night

“I’ll always miss you”
Sometimes when I first awake
I think you’re still here
And for a fleeting moment,
The clouds all disappear

For you bought endless sunshine
Until you went away
And now I miss you desperately
Each minute of the day.

You would not like to see me sad
So what I try to do
Is live a bright and happy life
In memory of you.

For though, I’ll always miss you
And it’s dreadful being apart,
I haven’t really lost you,
You’re still here inside my heart.

“All Is Well” by Henry Scott Holland
Death is nothing at all,
I have only(merely) 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 (in) which you always used (to)
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity (sadness) or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray (live) 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.

Family by Josephine Zavala-Florez
Each of us has a special family that we can call our own.
A family that loves us for who we are,
so we do not feel alone.

They may not like everything we do
nor everything we say,
but the beautiful thing about “family”
is that they love us anyway.
Sometimes we feel rejected by people who do not care,
but our hearts are warmed when remembering
that our family is always there!
So hug them a little more often,
for sometimes we hurt the ones we love.
And tell them how much you love them,
for they were sent to you from above.

“The Ship of Life - Anon”
Along the shore I spy a ship, as she sets out to sea,
She spreads her sails and sniffs the breeze,
And slips away from me.

I watch her fading image shrink as she moves on and on,
Until at last, she is but a speck,
And someone says “She’s gone”

Gone where? Gone only from our sight and from our farewell cries,
That ship will somewhere reappear to other eager eyes.

Beyond the dim horizon’s rim,
Resound the welcome drums.
For while we’re crying “There she goes”
They, are shouting “Here she comes”

We are built to cruise for but a while,
Upon this trackless sea,
Until one day, we sail away,
Into infinity.

“When Tomorrow Starts Without Me – by David M. Romano”
When tomorrow starts without me
And I’m not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Are 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 love me
As much as I love you
And each time you think of me
I know you’ll miss me too
So when tomorrow starts without me
Don’t think we’re far apart
For every time you think of me
I’m right here in your heart.

Reading: "Warning" By Jenny Joseph
When I am an old woman I shall wear purple,
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension
(**on white wine and cigarettes,**
And converse trainers)
On brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells,
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.
You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils
and beer mats and things in boxes.
But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.
But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

In Loving Memory, Thinking of You
You are missed so dearly
Now you're no longer here
When I'm thinking of you,
Sometimes I shed a tear.

I will always treasure you,
You were so funny and kind.

Your love lives on within my heart
With memories of you in my mind.

Life goes on from day to day,
But something is out of place.

I would give almost anything
To once more, see your smiling face.

You were such a blessing,
So thoughtful and so true.

“A Sister” by Shiv Sharma.
A sister is someone who loves you from the heart,
No matter how much you argue you cannot be drawn apart.
She is a joy that cannot be taken away,
Once she enters your life, she is there to stay.

A friend who helps you through difficult times,
Her comforting words are worth much more than dimes.
A partner who fills your life with laughs and smile,
These memories last for miles and miles.

When she is by your side, the world is filled with life,
When she is not around, your days are full of strife.
A sister is a blessing, who fills your heart with love,
She flies with you in life with the beauty of a dove.

A companion to whom you can express your feelings,
She doesn't let you get bored at family dealings.
Whether you are having your ups or downs,
She always helps you with a smile and never frowns.

With a sister you cannot have a grudge,
She is as sweet as chocolate and as smooth as fudge.
Having a sister is not just a trend,
It is knowing you can always turn to her, your best friend.

I feel eternally grateful
To have known someone like you.

Farewell - Rabindrath Tagore
Farewell My Friends
It was beautiful
As long as it lasted
The journey of my life.
I have no regrets
Whatsoever (save)
The/My pain I’ll leave behind.
Along with (Those dear hearts)
Who love and care...
And the strings pulling
At (the) my heart and soul...
The strong arms
That held me up
When my own strength
Let me down.
At the turning of my life
I came across
Good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when 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.

Death of a Beloved - 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.

Feel no guilt in laughter - author unknown
Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he is not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; he would not want you to.
He'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 him back as clearly as though he were still here,
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.
For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart
And he will live forever locked safely within your heart.

Another Biker Who Has Gone Down by Connie Starren
I'm sorry, friends, that I can't be with you here today.
If you're gathered reading this, it means I've passed away.
But if I were there, I'd tell you not to shed a tear or frown.
I'd tell you just to simply say, "Another Biker has gone down."

If I were there, I'd tell you I have no more pain or strife,
That I loved my friends and family, and I had a wonderful life.
If I were there, I'd tell you how I loved the small blue highways,
I loved the curving mountain roads, and I loved to ride the back-road byways.

I loved to be 'in the wind'. I loved when that engine rumbled,
And the biker friends who rode with me, would help me when I stumbled.
You are amongst my dearest friends, brothers and sisters of the road,
We've travelled many miles together, shared many heavy loads.

If I could be there with you, we'd laugh and share memories from our past,
And this gathering would be just one more tale, another story, not our last.
But today I can't be with you, except in heart and memory stores.
So, you'll have to laugh, remember the past,
and then let your engines roar!

Please smile and do not shed a tear, wipe away that silly frown,
I'm off upon that final ride, another Biker who has gone down.

The Big Plan by Gunnar Hassenplug
I doubt I'll get to heaven with an invite from the man,
so I parked my bike grabbed a beer and built myself this plan!
I'm building myself a ramp as tall as ever seen,
I'll supercharge my bike, and add a couple wings!
Timing will be critical, speed will factor in,
angle and approach and I'll whistle me a tune!
Then one day when my journey is coming to its end,
Open up them pearly gates cause this biker's jumpin' in!

A Biker Funeral Author Unknown
Sunday morning early comes
This sweltering summer's day;
Chrome and coffee polished off
As bike and rider wake,

And rumble off to clubhouse for
A changing of the brew;
Black vests in formation–fast
and tight–a loud tribute.

Iron horses, hundreds strong,
Come thund'ring through the gate;
Sleeping souls on notice, fallen
Biker nears his fate.

A mile of gleaming metal lines
The circle and the park;
Out of saddles, boots hit brick
And make for chapel's heart.

Members of the Club stand post,
Proud brothers in the wind;
Shaded eyes the tears disguise,
And loss they feel within.

Friends and family pay respects
To biker and his mate;
Praises made and prayers raised,
Blues legends resonate.

Final words and kisses, then
The pipes' Amazing Grace;
Souls of bike and rider seek
Eternal resting place.

Sunday morning early comes
This sweltering summer's day;
One more rider, Heaven bound,

Roars through the Pearly Gates.

His Journey Goes On by Joe Eliston
It's all about the journey
It's the part that counts
Even when he gets there
He may just turn around.

He rides like an eagle, flying
All along the stars;
It's all about the journey
Safe now from any harm.

Too soon he left to travel
Beyond where we can see
But it's all about the journey
Forever riding free.

I Ride Alone by Graeme Cook
My big right hand, gloved and fisted,
Feeling now, the throttle twisted,
Crisp exhaust roar, sounding sweet,
Drop the clutch, and hit the street,
The revs rise sharply, grab next gear,
Excitement tinged with hint of fear,
Watch that tacho needle wind,
All and sundry left behind,

Front-wheel down now, still I'm flying,
Through the gearbox, deftly plying,
Speedo reads two hundred plus,
Got up there without a fuss,
Hard on brakes, back through the box,
For an instant, rear wheel locks,
Round the bend, my weight I'm shifting,
As the rear wheel, neatly drifting.

Throttle on, and forward blast,
The next corner, looming fast,
Leaning in hard, and tyres gripping,
Miles behind me, quickly slipping,
White posts like a picket fence,
Concentration, full, intense.
Bugs on visor, flatly splattered,
Speed limits, completely shattered.

Through the curves, around the ton,
Down the last hill, over-run,
City lights below are glowing,
Common sense, bike is slowing,
Reality, once more it bites,
To draw me back from dizzy heights,
Down the driveway, to home I glide,

Wish my mate was by my side!

My Last Ride Author Unknown
My hands are clenched around chrome bars
the engine's rumble sounds so sweet.
I twist the throttle with my palm
and roar off down the street.

The slapping of my leathers
and raging winds on either side,
drum a beat of sweet contentment
as I ride this, my last ride.

Alone on my tin pony,
to the heavens I've been called,
but fret not my dear loved ones,
I'm not lonely here at all.

The speedometer is just a blur
as tears blow from my eyes,
the bike and I roll forward
off into the calling skies.

I hope I touched your lives one day,
and left a treasured mark,
now I'll ride on to forever,
with your memory in my heart.

We Ride As One Author Unknown
We're many in number but we ride as one,
With the pavement beneath us and our face in the sun.
With the wind at our backs and our gear all on,
We ride in remembrance of those who have passed on.

As the engines start up, and our rumble grows loud.
We ride for our brethren who can no longer be found.
The sunglasses we wear are to cover our tears.
Remembering those who ride that we've held so dear.

So let us ride to help make others aware.
That the roads that we ride are for all to share.
And to those not with us or by our side,
May God be your partner on your final ride.

There will always be loss - Donna Ashworth
There will always be loss
There will always be gain
There will always be sunshine
After the rain

There will always be light
There will always be dark
There will always be damage

Inside of your heart

There will always be joy
There will always be pain
There will always be ways
To remember their name

There will always be death
There will always be life
And that plain simple truth
Will still cut like a knife

There will always be loss
There will always be gain
There will always be sunshine
To dry up the rain

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

May God be with you and bless you:
May you see your children's children.
May you be poor in misfortune,
rich in blessings.
May you know nothing but happiness
From this day forward.

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home,
And may the land of a friend always be near.

May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.

And this the one from the movie Blow -
"May the wind always be at your back and the sun upon your face.
And may the wings of destiny carry you aloft to dance with the stars."

Our Precious Sister - Louise Nielsen
Sometimes we still hear the sound of your voice,
we wish you were still here with us,
but you had no choice.

We know an Angel held you as your body said goodbye.
But that doesn't stop our hearts from breaking.

"We miss you and we cry".

No one can believe that you are really gone,
our hearts are broken
and our thoughts are as one.

"He was so lovely",
we've heard people say,
"Why did he have to die this way?"

We try not to be angry,
we kneel and we pray,
asking God to be with us,
as we face each day.

We understand everyone's emptiness
and their sorrow too, because
"Our cherished name.....we all miss you".

Precious sister -author unknown
We know you are happy in Heaven above,
surrounded by the Angels
and all of their love.

But today on earth,
our hearts still grieve,
because you are no longer here with us.
as much as we need.

If flowers grow in heaven.
On land that's wild and free.
Lord, place some in my sister's arms.
And tell her they're from me.

Please tell her that I love her.
And miss her every day.
And tell her there's still so much
That I would like to say.

Remembering her is easy,
She's in everything I do.
I miss her so much every day.
But I know she's safe with You

If tears could build a stairway
Made from all the pain
I would walk right up to Heaven
And bring her back again.

"Lord, please take care of her.
And I hope she will see.
That she was such a special person
And a special sister to me.

A Fisherman's Prayer
Our fisherman,
Who art on riverbanks
Angler be thy name.
Thy fishing season comes
Thy casting will be done.
The weather will be heavenly.
Give us this day lots of bites
And forgive us our laughter,
As we forgive you, your
Lies about the one that got away!
Lead us to a shoal of fish
And deliver us a big catch
For thine is the Carp
The Pike and the Trout
Forever and ever
Amen.

Gone Fishin' by Delmar Pepper

I've finished life's chores assigned to me,
So put me on a boat headed out to sea.
Please send along my fishing pole
For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.

Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishin' with the Master of the sea.

We will miss each other for awhile,
But you will come and bring your smile.
That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.

To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.
If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em
I've gone fishin'

My Trumpet Is Silent - Author Unknown

My trumpet is silent
As it is with my life too
No more shall I play for you
There is nothing left to do.

Don't be sad for me today
For me please do not weep
Call upon your memories
They are yours to keep.

The band upstairs is striking up
For me they now await
To play again I now can do
As I pass through heaven's gate.

The audience is waiting
Familiar faces all around
Once again the baton strikes
And I hear that familiar sound.

It's grand to be reunited
With band members both old and new
We start to play it sounds so good
Just perfect like I expected it would.

Roots by Donna Ashworth
When I said "Always"
I meant it you see

There was little in life
That could divide you and me

And even in death
There is scarce to be done

When the soul that departs
Is so loved by someone

When I said "Always"
I meant it you see

Our love is still as strong
As the roots of a tree.

The Miners Workplace - Malc Abbot, adapted by Celebrant of Colours

They had no workers playtime,
No music while you work.

Nothing but long hard labour,
That all but heroes shirk.

Yes a miner was a hero,
And should anyone doubt my word,

Let me mention some of the dangers,
Though I'm sure you will have heard.

Have you ever lain in a confined space,
With a constant water flow?

A broken roof above you,
And a sodden floor below?

Heard the noise of tortured strata,
As the earth gives threatening growls,

To the puny sweating humans
Hacking at her bowels?
(OR
Reminding the sweating humans
That constant danger prowls..)

Have you ever sat in the gleam of a lamp
And heard the timbers creak

Like the hinges on the gates of hell?
You dare not move or speak.

Have you watched the rocks come flying,
Towards your weakened frame?

Found yourself praying for sunlight
You may never see again?

So when you speak of heroes,
And speak of them with pride,

Give some thought to Britain's miners,
And how many of them have died.

They have no place in history,
OR (Just a small footnote in history)
No glory in their deeds.

But Britain gained her National pride
Because of men like these.

What's The Time - Patience Strong
We are all so busy thrusting through the busy day,
Seldom do we taste the the joy of lingering by the way,
To watch a sunset or a cloud,
To ponder or to pray.

Yet is seems we never lack a moment,
Just to say,
What's the time?

It is always time for taking stock,
Swiftly fly the minutes around the clock,
But when you ask the hour,
You get a shock,
that makes the world around you seem to rock,

What's the time?

Never fail your life to rearrange,
Taking in things, beautiful and strange.
Spare a second to absorb the view,
That draws your thoughts away into the blue.

Over the hedge,
Beyond the garden gate,
Make sure it's not too early,
Or too late.

What's the time?

A Postman's Lot
In a world of wires and waves, where bytes take flight,
There's a humble service, a beacon of light.
It's the postal service, with letters in hand,
Connecting hearts and minds across the land.

In a rush of emails, texts, and tweets,
Where messages fly with lightning speed,
There's still a service that's hard to beat,
The humble postal service, indeed.

With stamps as the tickets to journeys unknown,
A letter's a vessel, a message, a tone.
It carries our secrets, our hopes, and our dreams,
With letters penned in ink so fine,

They journey on a paper trail,
Through rain, sleet, and snow, or so it seems.
They still will shine,
In envelopes, they set sail.

A postman's bag, heavy with care,
Holds dreams, and news, and love's embrace,
He walks the streets, the paths he's aware of,
Delivering smiles to every place.

From mountains to valleys, from shore to shore,
The postman delivers, and we adore,
The joy of receiving a letter so dear,
In an envelope scented with love and with cheer.

In the heart of towns, a post office stands,
A place of stories, secrets, and cheer,
With a friendly face and helping hands,
They serve the community year after year.

In the age of email and instant delight,
The postal service still shines so bright.

For there's magic in waiting, in anticipation,
As we watch for the postman's timely visitation.

Packages wrapped with ribbons and twine,
Bring joy to doorsteps, a special surprise,
A gift from afar, a valentine,
Delivering happiness beneath the skies.

The handwritten words on a piece of paper,
A treasure to cherish, a memory maker.
In an age of screens, it's a welcome surprise,
To hold a real letter before our eyes.

Though technology races at a rapid pace,
The postal service endures, ever true,
Connecting hearts and bridging space,
With a handwritten note meant just for you.

Today on World Post Day,
Let's cherish this timeless art,
Of sending letters, cards, and more,
For in the words, we send from heart to heart,

We find a connection worth living for
In a world that's fast and often cold,
The postal service warms the soul,
With messages cherished, stories told,
It's a service that makes us whole.

Let's not forget this service so old,
Where stories are written, and sentiments told.
For the postal service, with its time-honoured grace,
Brings us together in a warm embrace.

A Craftsman of Words - Celebrant of Colours.

A signwriter's craft, a steady hand,
Transforms the mundane, across the land.

A craftsman of words, a painter of signs,
A pointed brush and focused lines.

He brings to life the storefront's plea,
A visual voice for all to see.

With brush and paint, a vision takes flight,
Letters emerge, shimmering bright.

From shopfronts bold to cafe's warm plea,
Their artful signs, a sight to see.

A skilled hand guides the paint with grace,
Each stroke precise, in perfect place.

The colors blend, a vibrant hue,
A message clear, for all to view.

A subtle art, a public grace,
He leaves his mark in every place.

The signwriter's work, a timeless art,
Leaving its mark, a work of heart.

A testament to skill and care,
The signwriter's work is everywhere.

For The Love of Film - Author Unknown
The darkened room, a shared escape,
Where stories bloom, and worlds reshape.

The scent of popcorn, a sweet delight,
As shadows dance in fading light.

The silver screen, a beckoning guide,
Where laughter rings, and tears can hide.

A collective hush, then a sudden cheer,
For moments held, both far and near.

The cinema's magic, a vibrant art,
A cherished place within the heart.

Linda Ellis - Remember Me
It's been a while since I left you
and I know you bear a heavy heart.
For years we were the best of friends
and in your eyes, we're now apart.
Though it may be true my idle feet
no longer tread the grounds of earth,
it is you who can truly justify
what the steps they took are worth.
Realize now that I am only gone
if you choose for me to be…
if you hesitate to speak my name
or recall each memory.
If you reject the image of my face
because it brings you pain,
then my life, my love, my laughter
will all have been in vain.
I know you miss my presence
from the steady tears upon your face,
but these tears you cry are not for me,
for I am in a better place.

I am no longer suffering.
I feel no pain, nor have I sorrow.
I've gone forward to this beautiful place
to spend today and every tomorrow.
So laugh at our jokes, remember our time
and freely speak my name.
If you'll relive our years together,
then it won't be an end that came.
Embrace the things we've shared;
revisit places we have been.
Keep me alive within your heart
and I will never die again.
Yes, it's true that it won't be the same
and the same...it will never be,
but I will always be by your side
if you will always remember me.

When I Am Old - TJ Celebrant of Colours
When I am an old woman I shall wear green,
With a red hat which doesn't go,
and doesn't suit me.

And I shall spend my pension
On two bottles of Baileys, one for me and one for my guests.
Then say we have no money for butter.

Which won't be the truth,
Because I like bread with my butter,
And usually buy two lots of Lurpak per week.

I shall dance to both ballroom and jazz,
Especially when no one is looking.
I shall grow my own veg, even if it means my husband George loses his lawn.

I shall pretend that it is for Stella and Bernard's children (Jonathan, Daniel and Emily)
That I play the 2p slots in Skegness,
When secretly it is me that loves to hear the jingle of falling coins.

I shall hoard pens; pencils and all things Irish,
alongside beer mats and things in boxes.

I may even learn to spit.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our mortgage and not swear in the street.
And set a good example to the neighbours.

But maybe I ought to practice these things a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear green…

Stay With Me - Elizabeth Shanahan-McCarthy Ward

Stay with me through another Spring,
I could not bear it if you should go.
We could watch the trees turn green,
And smell the flowers as they grow.

Do not leave me during Summer,
When the birds sing their sweet song,
And all the earth is filled with joy and life.
To leave me then would seem so wrong.

In the golden days of Autumn,
As leaves fall gently to the earth,
Stay with me a little longer,
Until Spring heralds its rebirth.

In the icy grip of Winter,
Share with me the firelight glow,
Very soon will follow Springtime -
There is no good time to go.

Do not leave me in the daylight hours,
For that would break my heart in two,
Don't slip away in the still of night,
I need to say goodbye to you.

But when you feel the time is right.
To take your leave of me,
Then whisper softly in my ear,
And my darling - I will set you free.
© 2025

Feathers - Donna Ashworth
I sent you a little white feather
I placed it right there in your way
I wrapped it in love with a message
to let you know you'll be okay
I drew you a colourful rainbow
It followed your car for a while
I made a spectacular rainbow
I hoped it would show me your smile
I flew down a beautiful robin

It landed right there on your ledge
I prayed he would give you the strength
to push yourself back from the edge

(It landed right there on the floor
I hope it would bring you the comfort
That you are so desperately looking for.)

I try every day to remind you
that I never did go away
the feathers, the rainbows, the robins
are my way of trying to stay.

My Broken Heart - Author Unknown
A broken heart is what I feel
It leads to flowing tears
The sorrow from this loneliness
Gives way to deeper fears
I hurt inside from losing you
I'm often asking why?
How could this end so suddenly?
I feel like I could die
It wasn't very long ago
That you and I embraced
It feels like only yesterday
And now my soul's displaced
I'm trying to find a peaceful thought
Where you and I were strong
But in the absence of your love
My happiness has gone
For all the times we've laughed, we've hugged
And all the times we've kissed
For all the times we've made sweet love
Your touch is what I've missed
I truly hope there comes a day
When love will reunite
I'll wipe away these lonely tears
I cry throughout the night

If You Must - Donna Ashworth
Cry if you must,
but laugh more
because
laughter
was
our
thing.

Weep if you must,
but sing more
because
such joy
music
brings.

Sleep if you must,
but walk more
because in
these woods
I roam.

Grieve if you must,
but live more
because
you
are
not
alone.

The Gardener - Mark Gregory

The gardener, with his spade and hoe,
Works in the sun and rain and snow;
He digs and plants and waters too,
And watches over what he grew.

He tends the flowers with loving care,
And prunes the branches here and there;
He weeds the beds and mends the fences,
And gathers up the fallen senses.

He is a lover of the earth,
And all the wonders it gives birth;
He is a lover of the bloom,
And all the fragrant, sweet perfume.

The gardener is a patient man,
He works from dawn as much he can;
And when the day is done and he's through,
He looks with pride at what he grew.

So let us all be gardeners fair,
And tend to life with love and care,
And watch the seeds we plant come through,
To bloom and flourish, strong and true.