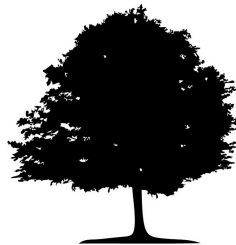


Poems

For Memorial Folders
&
Prayer Cards



Beddingfield Funeral Service
4323 Moorpark Avenue, Suite C ~ San Jose, CA 95129
Tel: 408-777-8100 ~ Fax: 408-777-8108
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FD1999

What Must I Do To Be Saved?

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,
And thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

For whosoever shall call upon the
Name of the Lord shall be saved.

In my Father's house are many mansions

I go to prepare a place for you.
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again, and receive you
Unto myself; that where I am,
There ye may be also.

Jesus... Said,
He that believeth in me hath
EVERLASTING LIFE.

What Must I Do To Be Saved?

MF-1

Dearest God, the Father in Heaven

MF-2

Dearest God, the Father in Heaven,
Accept the submission of Thy servant
To your loving will.

Our Little Love One, so precious to you in heaven,
Was permitted to be with us for such a short while.

Comfort Our hearts with the knowledge that
Through the redemptive graces of Your Own Son,
Our Little One is now in the tender arms of
It's heavenly Mother Mary.

Keep it within Your Sacred heart and inspire
Our family to draw even closer to You.

Through it's sweet intercession may the
Holy Spirit permeate

Our hearts with love for one another,
And be mindful always of Your constant love for us
In every joy and sorrow we may be permitted to
endure, until

Our souls are united to You
And our beloved ones for all eternity.

Amen

From The Lips of an Angel

Jesus has called me home because my task is finally done.
I see you all below me and your tears glisten in the sun.
I was greeted by the loved ones who have gone
Before me; an angel named _____ led me to the gates.
Let go of your pain and sadness, only beauty and
Happiness awaits.
My road to Heaven was not an easy one; I may
Have stumbled, but I never fell.
I love to listen to each of your hearts; they hold
Memories like the ocean within a shell.
I am so proud of my six little angels on earth, who
Took such loving care of me to the end.
My friends, my beautiful family and especially my
Loving Mother, I promise you we will meet again.
Here in Heaven there is no pain, only love and
Peace in God's Holy Light.
I will shine on you with the warmth of the sun,
And I will watch over you with the moon at night.
Until we meet again my loved ones, I will forever
Be in your hearts.
Know that through every passing thought and
Prayer, we are never far apart.
As I listened in my final hours, the
Blessed Virgin Said to me,
"_____, such perfect angels don't belong on
Earth; please come home to me."

Taps
MF-4

From the Lips of an Angel

MF-3

TAPS

Day is done,
Gone the sun from the lake,
From the hill,
From the sky.

Thanks and praise for our days
Neath the sun,
Neath the stars,
Neath the sky.

As we go, this we know,
God is nigh.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
forever and ever.

Amen

The Lord's Prayer (Spanish)
MF-5S

The Lord's Prayer

MF-5

Padre Nuestro

Que estés en los cielos, santificado sea
tu nombre. Venga tu reino. Hágase tu
voluntad, como en el cielo, así también
en la tierra. El pan nuestro de cada día,
dánoslo hoy. Y perdónanos nuestras
deudas, como también nosotros
perdonamos a nuestros deudores. Y no
nos metas en tentación, mas líbranos
del mal; porque tuyo es el reino, y el
poder, y la gloria, por todos los siglos.

Amén

I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou lifted me up, and hast
Not made me foes to rejoice over me.
O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast
Healed me.
O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave:
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.
Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give
Thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.
For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is
Life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the
Morning.
And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.
Lord, by the favour thou hast made my mountain to
Stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.
I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made
Supplication.
What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to
The pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy
Truth?
Here, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou thy
helper.
Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with
Gladness.
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and
Not be silent...O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto
Thee for ever.

I Will Extol Thee, O Lord

MF-6

Serenity Prayer

MF-7

God grant me the serenity
To accept the things
I cannot change;
The courage to change
The things I can
And the wisdom
To know the difference.

Hail Mary, full of grace.
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou amongst women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.

Amen.

Hail Mary

MF-8

Hail Mary (Spanish)

MF-8S

Dios te salve, Maria, llena eres de gracia,
el Señor es contigo.
Bendita tú eres entre todas las mujeres.
y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre, Jesús.
Santa María, Madre de Dios,
ruega por nosotros pecadores,
ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte.

Amén.

The tide recedes
But leaves behind
Bright seashells on the sand.
The sun goes down
But the gentle warmth
Still lingers on the land.
The music stops
And yet it echoes on
In sweet refrains.
For every joy that passes,
Something beautiful remains.

M.D. Hughes

Poem by M.D. Hughes

MF-9

Fathers Are Wonderful People

MF-10

Fathers Are Wonderful People

Fathers are wonderful people too little understood,
And we do not sing their praises as often as we should.
For, somehow, Father seems to be the man who pays the bills,
While Mother binds up little hurts and nurses all our ills.
And Father struggles daily to live up to "his image"
As protector and provider and "hero of the scrimmage."
And perhaps that is the reason we sometimes get the notion
That Fathers are not subject to the thing we call emotion.
But if you look inside Dad's heart, where no one else can see,
You'll find he's sentimental and as "soft" as he can be.
But he's too busy every day in the grueling race of life,
He leaves the sentimental stuff to his partner and his wife.
But Fathers are just wonderful in a million different ways,
And they merit loving compliments and accolades of praise.
For the only reason Dad aspires to fortune and success
Is to make the family proud of him and to bring them happiness.
And like Our Heavenly Father, he's a guardian and a guide,
Someone that we can count on, to be always on our side.

- Helen Steiner Rice

What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without sorrow
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

Annie Johnson Flint

What God Hath Promised

MF-11

On Children

MF-12

On Children

And a woman who held a babe against
Her bosom said "speak to us of children."
And he said "your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you.
And though they are with you, yet belong not to you.
You may give them your love, but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies, but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which
you can not
Visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make
them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children, as living
arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the
Path of the infinite, and He bends you
With His might, that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hand, be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that
Flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable."

Kahill Gibran, The Prophet

Create in me a clean heart, O God
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me away from Thy presence,
and take not Thy holy spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation
And uphold me with a willing spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways
And sinners will return to Thee.
Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.

Amen

Why Did You Have to Leave?

MF-14

Create in Me

MF-13

Why Did You Have to Leave?

The tears wouldn't stop
When I heard the news.
The pain filled my soul
As you slipped away.

Why did you have to leave?
Why couldn't you stay just a little longer?
I asked God why
But the answer never came.

I prayed you would come back
But I knew you wouldn't.
Why did you have to leave?
Why couldn't your heart get better?

The hurt beat like a drum
When you went to heaven.
The sorrow flowed through my body
When your hands let go.

Why did you have to leave?
Why couldn't you hold on?
I hoped it was only a dream
But I never woke up.

I wished I could bring you back
But it was only a wish.
Why did you have to leave?
Why couldn't God have let you stay?

I will never know the reason
Why God took you away.
The pain may dull as the years pass
But my love will never fade.

May I Go?

May I go now? Do you think the time is right?
May I say goodbye to pain filled days and endless lonely nights?
I've lived my life and done my best, an example tried to be,
So I can take that step beyond and set my spirit free?
I didn't want to go at first, I fought with all my might,
But something seems to draw me now to a warm and living light.

I want to go I really do. It's difficult to stay,
But I will try as best I can to live just one more day,
To give you time to care for me and share your love and fears,
I know you're sad and afraid, because I see your tears.
I'll not be far, I promise that, and I hope you'll always know
That my spirit will be close to you wherever you may go.

Thank you so for loving me. You know I love you too.
That's why it's hard to say goodbye and end this life with you.
So hold me now just one more time and let me hear you say,
Because you care so much for me, you'll let me go today.

May I Go?

MF-15

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

MF-16

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 the snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn's 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 star that shines at night
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there, I did not die.

His Journey Has 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.

E. Brenneman

His Journey Has Just Begun

MF-17

Her Journey Has Just Begun

MF-18

Her Journey Has Just Begun

Don't think of her as gone away-
Her journey's just begun,
Life holds so many facets-
This earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing
That we could know today
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.

And think of her as living
In the hearts of those she touched...
For nothing loved is ever lost-
And she was loved so much.

E. Brenneman

Remember Me

To the living, I am gone.
To the sorrowful, I will never return.
To the angry, I was cheated.
And to the faithful, I have never left.
I cannot speak, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore
Gazing at a beautiful sea... remember me.
As you look in awe at a mighty forest,
And its grand majesty... remember me.
As you look upon a flower and admire
Its simplicity... remember me.
Remember me in your heart, your thoughts,
And your memories of 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.

Remember Me

MF-19

Softly and Tenderly

MF-20

Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals he's waiting and
Watching, watching for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
You are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
calling, O sinner come home!

Why should we tarry when Jesus is
pleading, pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his
mercies, mercies for you and for me?

O for the wonderful love he has promised
for you and for me!
Though we have sinned, he has
Mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

Christmas With Jesus

I see countless Christmas trees,
around the world below
With tiny lights like heavens stars reflecting
on the Snow

The sight is so spectacular, please
wipe away that tear
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that
people hold so Dear
But the sound of music can't compare with the
Christmas choir up here

For I have no words to tell you the joy
their voices bring
For it's beyond description,
to hear the angels sing

I can't tell you of the splendor or
the peace here in this Place
Can you just imagine Christmas with
our savior face to face?

I'll ask Him to light your spirit as I tell Him
of your love

So then pray for one another as you
lift your eyes above

Please let your hearts be joyful
and let your spirits sing
For I'm spending Christmas in Heaven
And I 'm walking with the King.

Christmas with Jesus

MF-21

He Only Takes the Best

MF-22

He Only Takes the Best

God saw that you were getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around you
And whispered, "Come with Me."
With tearful eyes, we let you go
And saw you slip away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.
Your precious heart stopped beating,
And hard working hands now rest.
God breaks our heart to prove to us
He only takes the best.

**To Those I Love
And Those Who Love Me**

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 tears.
Be happy that we had so many years.

I gave you my love and you can only guess
How much you gave to me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown
But now it's time I traveled alone.

So grieve a while for me if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part
So bless those memories in your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near
With all my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home."

To Those I Love

MF-23

God on His Throne

MF-24

God on his throne in heaven
Looked around at his flowers so fair,
And then sought a blossom on earth
To add to those he had there.

To be part of such heavenly company,
the bloom must be pure and sweet,
and the little bud that was chosen,
was the child who played at our feet.

Sorrow is great at the loss of our child,
At parting with one we love.
But the parting was made that our child
Might go to brighten the heavens above.

I Am Free

Don't grieve for me for now I'm free
I'm going where God has laid you see
I took His hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all
I could not stay another day
To laugh, to love, to work, or play
Tasks left undone must stay that way
I found that peace at the close of the day
If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joys
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
All these things I too shall miss
Be not burdened with times of sorrow
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow
My life's been full, I savored much
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch
If my time seemed all too brief
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your hearts and peace to thee
God wanted me now, He set me free.

I Am Free

MF-25

23rd Psalm

MF-26

23rd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea,
though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou
art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they
comfort me. Thou preparest a table before
me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou
anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth
over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in
the house of the Lord forever.

Footprints

One night I had a dream, I dreamed I was
walking along a beach with the Lord.
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 me, 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'd walk with me all the way.

But I have noticed that during the most
troublesome times in my life,
there is only one set of footprints.

I don't understand why when
I needed you the most you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My son,
My precious child, I love and would
never leave you. During your
times of trial and suffering when
you see only one set of footprints,
it was then that I carried you."

Author Unknown

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

MF-28

Footprints

MF-27

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love.

Where there is injury, pardon,

Where there is doubt, faith,

Where there is despair, hope,

Where there is darkness, light,

And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not

So much seek to be consoled, as to console;

To be understood, as to understand;

To be loved, as to love;

For it is in giving that we receive,

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;

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

If You Could See Me Now

Our prayers have all been answered.

I finally arrived.

The healing that had been delayed
has now been realized.

No one's in a hurry.

There's no schedule to keep.

We're all enjoying Jesus,
just sitting at His feet.

If you could see me now,
I'm walking streets of gold.

If you could see me now,
I'm standing tall and whole.

If you could see me now,
you'd know I've seen His face.

If you could see me now,
you'd know the pain is erased.
You wouldn't want me to ever
leave this place,

If you could only see me now.
My light and temporary trials
have worked out for my good.
To know it brought Him glory
when I misunderstood.

Though we've had our sorrows,
they can never compare.

What Jesus has in store for us,
no language can share.

You wouldn't want me to ever
leave this perfect place

If you could only see me now

If you could see me now

If you could only see me now.

If You Could See Me Now

MF-29

To One in Sorrow

MF-30

To One in Sorrow

Let me come in where you are weeping, friend
And let me take your hand.

I, who have known a sorrow such as yours,
Can understand.

Let me come in-I would be very still Beside
you in your grief;

I would not bid you cease your weeping, friend,
Tears bring relief.

Let me come in-I would only breath a prayer,
And hold your hand,

For I have known a sorrow such as yours,
And understand.

Grace Noll Crowell

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 of farewell,
When I embark.
For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Crossing the Bar

MF-31

Fireman's Prayer

MF-32

Fireman's Prayer

When Jam called to Duty, God,
whenever flames may rage,
give me strength to save some life,
whatever be its age. Help me embrace a
little child before is is too late,
or save an older person from the
horror of that fate. Enable me to be
alert and hear the weakest shout, and
quickly and efficiently to put
the fire out. I want to fill my calling
and to give the best in me, to guard
my every neighbor and protect
his property. And if, according to
my fate, Jam to lose my life,
please bless with Your protecting hand
my family and my friends.

0 Gentlest Heart of Jesus

0 Gentlest Heart of Jesus,
ever present in the Blessed Sacrament,
ever consumed with burning love for
the poor captive souls in Purgatory
have mercy on the soul of Thy
departed servant. Be not severe in Thy
judgment, but let some drops of Thy
precious blood fall upon the devouring
flames, and do Thou 0 merciful Savior
send Thy angels to conduct Thy departed
servant to a place of refreshment, light
and peace.

Amen

May the souls of all the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen

O Gentlest Heart of Jesus

MF-33

Psalm 130

MF-34

Psalm 130

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, 0 Lord
Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to
the voice of my supplications.
if Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, 0 Lord,
who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
that though mayest be feared.
I wait for Lord, my soul doth wait, and in
His word I do hope.
My should waiteth for the Lord more than they
that watch for the morning; I say, more than
they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord
there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

"She was different, she was special, unique
in a thousand ways, she was giving, she was
loving, and we'll miss her all our days . . .

. . . Her legacy was friendship, she was so
giving of her time, her bequest was her faith
of God, her children, her books of rhyme.

She knew sorrow in great measure, and was
stung by illness, too, but neither could
defeat her, nothing her faith subdue . . .

. . . Of course, the Lord will welcome her,
with His angels magnifying the beauty of
that celestial place, devoid of pain and
crying. And so instead of mourning as we
remember her this hour, we really should be
celebrating the blooming of a flower.

For heaven will be much richer when she
puts her pen to rhyme, describing golden
avenues, with lyricalness sublime. But
forgive us, Lord, for pining, for wishing she
were here, it's hard to give up someone we
have come to love so dear."

Because you see she was so different, in a
thousand ways, we'll miss her all our days.

She Was Different

MF-35

John 14:2-3

MF-36

John 14:2-3

In my Father's house are
many mansions;
if it were not so,
I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you,
and if I go and prepare
a place for you, I will come again
and receive you unto myself,
that where I am
there ye may be also.

Another Time Another Place

I've always heard there is a land beyond the mortal
dreams of man where every tear will be left behind,
but it must be in another time.

There'll be an everlasting light shining a purest
holy white and every feat will be erased,
but it must be another place.

So I'm waiting for another time and another place,
where all my hopes and dreams will be captured
with one look at Jesus' face.

Oh, my heart's been burnin' my soul keeps yearnin',
sometime I can hardly wait for the sweet,
sweet someday when I'll be swept away
to another time and another place.

I've grown so tired of earthly things, they promise
peace, but furnish pain. All of life's sweetest joys
combined could never match those in another time.

And though I've put my trust in Christ and felt His
spirit move in my life I know it's truly just a
taste of His glory in another place.

Another Time Another Place

MF-37

When I Must Leave You

MF-38

When I Must Leave You

When I must leave you for a little while-
please do not grieve and shed wild tears,
and hug your sorrow to you through the years,
but start out bravely with a gallant smile,
and for my sake and in my name,
live on and do all things the same.
Feed not your loneliness on empty days,
but fill each waking hour in useful ways.
Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer,
and I in turn will comfort you and hold you near.
And never, never be afraid to die,
for I am waiting for you in the sky!

Laborer's Task

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
now the battle day is past;
now upon the farther shore
lands the voyager last.
Father, in the gracious keeping,
leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
calmly now the words we say,
left behind, we wait in trust
for the resurrection day.
Father in the gracious keeping,
leave we now thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton, 1870

Laborer's Task

MF-39

Life Has Happiness

MF-40

Life Has Happiness

Life has happiness, joy and sorrow
But never promises about tomorrow
Your smile, laugh and loving touch,
A happiness you gave no one can touch.

Life is unfair when it takes anyone
The words you will hear
flowing from every tongue
We all sit and ask ourselves why,
But deep inside we know
even the good must die.

It is hard to let go of the ones we love
We must remember they are with God above
You have now taken your place with the best,
our loving God and eternal rest.

Benediction

May God, the compassionate and lover of man, remember the souls of all the faithful departed, particularly the soul of our deceased brother (sister) His servant, in whose behalf we offered these prayers and supplications. May the Lord God forgive all his (her) sins, committed willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or ignorantly, both deadly or venial. May he (she) be worthy to see the light of the cross, to hear the trumpet of Gabriel and blessed call, and to behold the divine vision, to wear the incorruptible crown, to enter the inapproachable sanctuary and the bride-chamber of the light, and all believers in His name may go preserve in peace, and grant them the kingdom of heaven.

Amen

Benediction

MF-41

Comfort

MF-42

Comfort

Another leaf has fallen,
another soul has gone.
But still we have God's
promises in every Robin's song.
For he is in His heaven,
and though he takes away,
he always leaves to mortals
the bright sun's kindly ray.
He leaves the fragrant blossoms
and lovely forest green.
And give us new found comfort
when we on him will lean.

Franklin Lee Stevenson

Pilot's Prayer

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds
of earth and danced the skies on
laughter's silvered wings.

Sunward I've climbed and joined the
tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds . . .
And done a hundred things you have
not yet dreamed of.

Wheeled and soared and swung high in
the sunlit silence.

Hovering there I've chased the shouting
winds along and slung my eager craft
through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue;
I've topped the wing swept heights with
easy grace, where never lark, or even
eagle, flew; and while with silent
lifting mind, I've trod the high un-trespassed
sanctity of space, put out my hand, and
touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee Jr.

Pilot's Prayer

MF-43

The Whole World

MF-44

The whole world is His now.
As the sun shines above,
with angels he's flying,
touched by God's love.

How at ease and now happy,
his freedom he's won.

He won't be forgotten;
Beloved father, brother,
friend and son.

A Soldiers Prayer

I saw this soldier kneeling down, for this was the first quiet place he had found. He traveled through jungles, river, and mud, his hands were scarred and toil-worn. He had fought for days from night till morn. He folded his hands and looked to the sky... I saw the tears, as they welled in his eyes. He spoke to God, and this is what he said,

"God bless my men, who now lie dead, I know not what You have in mind, but when you judge, please be kind. . . when they come before You, they will be poorly dressed, but will walk proudly, for they have done their best. Their boots will be muddy and their clothes all torn. . . but these clothes they have so proudly worn. Their hearts will be still and cold inside, for the have fought their best and did so with pride. So please take care of them as they pass Your way. . . the price of freedom the have already paid."

A Soldier's Prayer

MF-45

The Rose Beyond the Wall

MF-46

The Rose Beyond the Wall

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
budded and blossomed in God's free light,
watered and fed by 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 and 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 or 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.

A. L. Frink

Mothers are a gift from the Lord

Proverbs 31:25-31

Strength and dignity are her clothing,
and she smiles at the future.
She opens her mouth in wisdom,
and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.
She looks well to the way of her household,
and does not eat the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and bless her;
Her husband also, and he praises her, saying,
"Many daughters have done noble,
but you excel them all."
Charm is deceitful and beauty is vain,
But a woman who fears the Lord,
she shall be praised.
Give her the product of her hands,
and let her works praise her in the gate.

Proverbs 31:25-31

MF-47

The Eleven O'clock Toast

MF-48

The Eleven O'clock Toast

My brothers and friends, you have heard
the tolling of eleven strokes. This is to
remind us that with Elks, the hour of
eleven has a tender significance.

Wherever an Elk may roam, whatever
his lot in life may be, when the hour falls
upon the dial of night the great heart of
Elldom swells and throbs. It is the
golden hour of recollection, the home-
coming of those who wander, the mystic
roll call of those who will come no
more. Living or dead, and Elk is never
gotten, never forsaken. Morning and
noon may pass him by, the light of day
sink heedlessly in the West, but ere the
shadows of midnight shall fall the
chimes of memory will be pealing forth
the friendly message,
"To our absent brothers."

In the Garden

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
 And the voice I hear,
 Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.
 And He walks with me,
 and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
 None other has ever known.
I'd stay in the garden with Him,
Tho' the night around me be falling;
 But He bids me go,
 Thru the voice of woe;
His voice to me is calling.
 And He walks with me,
 and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
An the joy we share as we tarry there,
 None other has ever known.

In the Garden

MF-49

God's Loan

MF-50

God's Loan

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," He said. For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he's dead. It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two 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 his lovely memories as solace for your grief. I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return, but there are lessons taught down there I want the child to learn. I've looked the wide world over in search for teachers true, and from the throng that crowd life's lanes I have selected you. Now will you give him all your love nor think the labor vain, nor hate Me when I come to call, to take him back again? I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done, for the joy Thy child will 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 shall the angels call him much sooner than we planned, we'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

Edgar A. Guest

They Softly Walk

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace.
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands,
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths
Of sleep.

They are not lost who fine
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms, They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And the stars and God.
They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again,
And shall live through the years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality.

Hugh Robert Orr

They Softly Walk

MF-51

I Cannot Think of Them as Dead

MF-52

I Cannot Think of Them as Dead

I cannot think of them as dead,
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's House is mansioned fair,
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

Frederick L. Hosmer

The Dash Between the Dates

Graveside services were over now.
Everyone had left and I was alone.
I began to read the names and dates
Chiseled here and there on every stone.

The names showed whether it was Mom or Dad,
Or daughter or baby son.
The dates were different, the amount the same,
There were two dates on every one.

It was then that I noticed something
Just a simple line.

It was the dash between the dates,
And placed there, it stood for time.

All at once it dawned on me,
How important that little line!
The dates placed there belong to God,
But the line is yours and mine.

It's God who gives this precious life,
And it's He who takes away;
But the line between He gives to us
To do with that we may.

We know He's written the first date down
Of each and every one;
And we're sure the hands will write again,
For the last date has to come.

The hands will write the last date down
Quite soon, perhaps, for some;
But upon the line between my dates and yours,
I trust He'd write, "Well done, well done!"

The Dash Between the Dates

MF-53

Here She Comes

Henry Van Dyke MF-54

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...