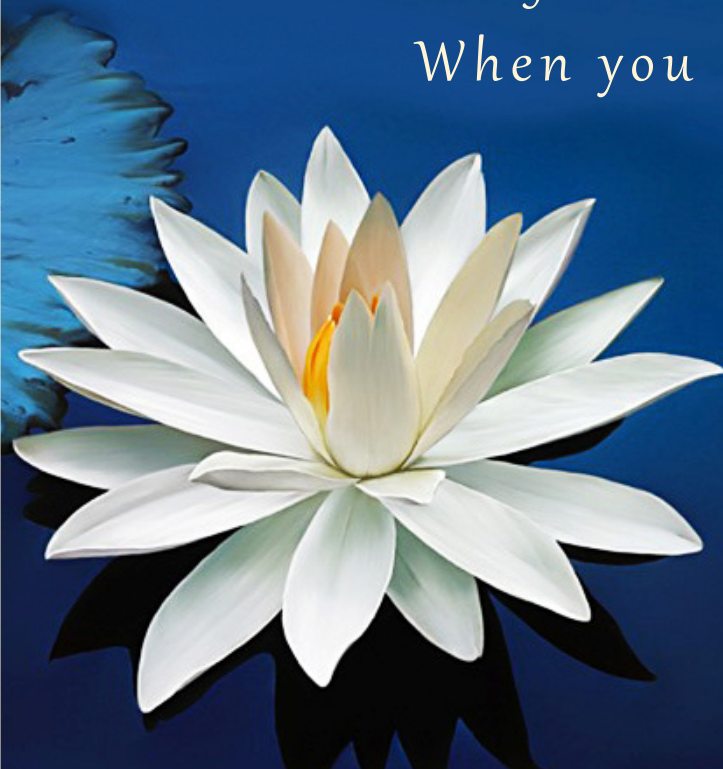


November Prayer Service

Remembrance of our Beloved Departed

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.

(Farewell My Friends - Rabindranath Tagore)



Ritual



*Footprints on the
Sands of Time*

Welcome

I welcome you to our liturgy of remembrance for all our loved ones who have died. The month of November gives us a special opportunity to pause together to remember their love, their faith and their generosity as they walked the path of life. Their footprints, in good times and in difficult times are carved in the earth and, forever, they remain close beside us, deep in our hearts.



Leader: God, be our shelter in time of need.

Response: Give us voice to proclaim your love.

Leader: O Divine Mystery

Response: We praise and thank you for all our beloved ones who have gone before us and now rejoice in your presence.

Leader: Happy are those who die in the Lord.

Response: happy, indeed, now they can rest forever after their work, since their good deeds go with them.

Opening Hymn: *In the Stillness*

In the stillness of this moment there is peace,
there is peace,

In the stillness of this moment there is peace,
there is peace,

And I rest, and trust, and breath, and know
That in the stillness of this moment there is peace.

(There is love, I feel love, I am peace, I am love, I am)

(Words & Music: Karen Drucker CD Shine)

Ritual of Remembrance



Play soft music of your choice

Sisters names are read from the Book of Remembrance.

After reading we are invited to hold a minute of silence.

Let us pray together:

Christ, be our light!

Shine in our hearts.

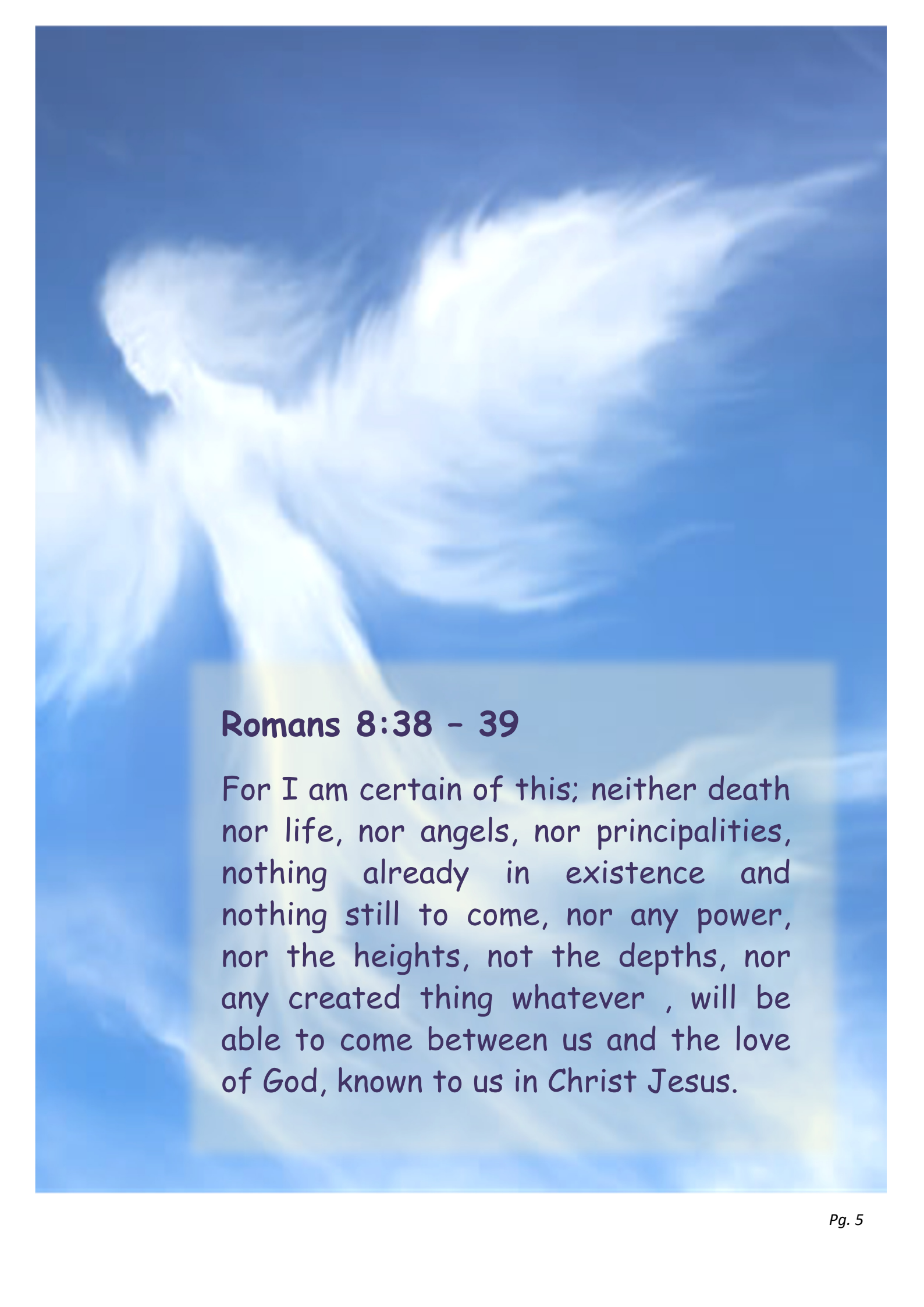
Shine through the darkness.

Christ be our light!

Shine in Your church gathered today.

Hymn: The Voice of an Angel *Liam Lawton*

When I'm lying in the darkness
And I'm half afraid to sleep
I keep thinking of tomorrow
And the thoughts that lie so deep
Then I pray in talking whispers
Cause I know that somewhere near
Is the presence of an angel
Come to hold me through my fear
And who are you who guides me
My messenger of light
Will you walk beside me now
Beyond the day and night
And who are you who guides me
With words I cannot write
It's the voice of an angel,
The voice of an angel, (2)
Come to hold me close this night
Then I close my eyes
And open the window of my heart
For I know that you will listen
Even though I kiss the dark
And as I'm slowly breathing
And the night just lingers on
I hear the voice of an angel
Come to calm me with a song.



Romans 8:38 - 39

For I am certain of this; neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nothing already in existence and nothing still to come, nor any power, nor the heights, nor the depths, nor any created thing whatever, will be able to come between us and the love of God, known to us in Christ Jesus.



Psalm 16 *(Nan C, Merrill)*

Remain ever before me,
O Living Presence,
for in You am I safe.
You are my Beloved; in You
and through You
I can do all things.

I look to those who are at one
with You and learn
from them of your ways;
My delight increases each time
I sense your Presence
within me!

Songs of praise well from
my heart!

Love is my chosen food, my cup,
holding me in its power.
Where I have come from,
Where'er I shall go,
Love is my birthright,
My true estate.

I bless the Counselor who guides my way;
in the night also does my heart
instruct me.
I walk beside the Spirit of Truth;
I celebrate the Light.

I bask in The Oneness of All!
Thus my heart is glad, and my soul rejoices;
I shall not be afraid,
nor fall into the pit of despair;
For in Love's presence I know fullness
of joy.

You are my Beloved and, in You
will I live forever!



Reflection

I died in the springtime of my days
Before my dreams were painted
On the landscape.

Your gentle dry and muffled sob
followed me to the horizon.

That is the way it is
In death's dark hour,
One is broken in many pieces
And the other is made whole.

I left the time capsule
On that November day
As sunrise painted gold and red secrets
Over my rising star
And the dawn breeze
whispered music on my skin.

In that moment of passing on
my eyes spilled over
with the intensity of the beauty
that held my soul.

As I crossed the bridge you were there beside me
Letting me go
Into the fire.

I was drawn by desire to touch the source,
What I saw before me was beyond my thoughts,
beyond my dreams
And I was taken into the great embrace.

I do not want you to fall apart.
Our lives are forever entwined.
Thank you for your great liberating love;
It gave me strong roots of faith
and courage and identity
And it gave me wings.

You let me fly, unhindered, in eagle flight
to explore shapes and colours and rainbows
and possibilities
And now I am forever young.

Heaven reminds me of my family home
God looks so much like you.
Do not search for me among the dead;
the stone is rolled back. I am alive.

Intercessions

O Divine Mystery, people of every nation on earth have offered you their lives in service. Age after age, your glory has been revealed through their deeds of justice and mercy. May we learn how to serve you through the witness of their lives, and may we be strengthened by the power of their prayer for us.

With them, we pray.

Saints of Asia, pray for us;

That the seed of faith planted in your land may bring forth a rich harvest.

All: Saints of Africa, pray for us;

That the gifts of your people may enrich the faith of all peoples and creeds.

All: Saints of Europe, pray for us;

That our Christian heritage, preserved through times of prosperity and times of persecution, may be treasured by all believers.

All: Saints of North America, pray for us;

That we may stand before the world as witnesses to God's generous love.

All: Saints of Central and South America, pray for us;

That we may learn from you how to walk with the poor and oppressed within the whole community of life.

All: Saints of the Near and Far East, pray for us;

That your reverence for the holy may inspire us to live mindfully.

(Source: Intercessions of Mercy, adapted)

Concluding Prayer

In the name of Jesus who loves us into life.
In the name of Mary, mother of God,
mother of the nations.

In the name of Joseph who dreamed the
dream we offer our prayer of this day
for all who have died, in our families,
in our communities, in our neighbourhoods,
in the community of all life:

Eternal rest give to their souls O God
and let perpetual light shine on them.
May they rest forever in the fullness
of Light.

Amen

Blessing: Absence *(optional)*

May you know
that absence is full of tender presence
and that nothing is ever lost or forgotten.

May the absences in your life
be full of eternal echo.

May you sense around you the secret Elsewhere which
holds the presence that has left your life.

May you be generous in your embrace of loss.

May the sore well of grief
turn into a well of seamless presence.

May your compassion
reach out to the ones we never hear from
and may you have the courage
to speak out for the excluded ones.

May you become
the gracious and passionate subject of your own life.

May you not disrespect your mystery
through brittle words or false belonging.

May you be embraced by God
in whom dawn and twilight are one,
and may your belonging inhabit its deepest dreams
within the shelter of the
Great Belonging.

(John O'Donohue)

Contrary to what a lot of people believe (or hope),
comfort doesn't take the pain away.
Comfort slides in beside the pain,
pulling up a chair so that we have
something more than sorrow in our hearts.
Comfort gently expands our spirits
so that we can breathe again.
Comfort opens our eyes so that
we can see possibility again.
And on those days, whether it is
the next day or five years removed,
on that day when grief rears its dark head again,
comfort helps us remember that pain is not all there is.

Peggy Haymes

