

COMMUNION REFLECTIONS

DEATH IS NOT THE END

Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away into the next room,
whatever we were to each other that we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way, which you always used.
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort. Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.
All is well. Nothing is past; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before
only better, infinitely happier and forever
we will all be one together with Christ.
-Henry Scott Holland.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

One night a man had a dream.
He dreamt that he was walking along
a beach with the Lord.
Across the sky flashed the scenes of his life.
For each scene he noticed not one,
but two sets of footprints in the sand.
He understood immediately that one belonged to him,
and the other to the Lord.
But then he noticed a curious thing.
At the lowest and saddest times in his life there
was only one set of footprints.
This bothered him, and so he asked the Lord:
“How come that during the most difficult times in my life,
the very times when I most needed you, you left me on my own?”
The Lord replied, “My friend, during your trials and sufferings,
when you see only one set of footprints,
those footprints are mine.
It was then that I carried you.”

I'M FREE

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
I'm following the path God laid for me.
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 close of day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss.
Ah yes, these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow.
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full. I've savoured much.
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and share with me.
God wanted me now; He set me free.

PEACE AT LAST

May the Lord support us all the day long,
till the shades lengthen,
and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed,
and the fever of life is over,
and our work is done.
Then in his mercy, may he give us a safe lodging,
a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.
-Cardinal Newman.

GONE ONLY FROM OUR SIGHT

I am standing on the seashore.
Suddenly a ship at my side spreads her white sails to the
morning breeze, and starts out for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she is only a
ribbon of white cloud just above where sea and sky mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says: "There! she's gone." Gone where?
Gone from my sight – that is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her
load of living freight to the place of destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says:
"There! She's gone!" there are other voices ready to greet her with a glad shout:
"There! She comes!" And that is dying.

PERHAPS

Perhaps, if we could see the splendour of the land to which our loved ones are called from you
and me, we'd understand.

Perhaps, if we could hear the welcome they receive from old familiar voices all so dear, we
would not grieve.

Perhaps, if we could know the reason why they went, we'd smile – and wipe away the tears that
flow: we'd wait content.

I DID NOT DIE

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I did not die

A SIMPLE LIFE BUT CLOSE TO GOD

(Peig Sayers reflecting on her life on the Great Blasket Island)

It is a simple life we lived here,
But nobody could say that it was comfortable.
Often during life I have known God's holy help,
Because I was often in the grip of a sorrow
From which I could not escape.
Then the need was greatest, God would lay his merciful eye upon me,
and the clouds of sorrow would be gone without trace.
In their place would be a spiritual joy whose sweetness I cannot describe here.
We helped each other, and lived in the shelter of each other.
But my life is now spent, like a candle, and my hope is rising every day
that I'll be called into the eternal kingdom.
May God guide me on this long road I have not traveled before.
I think that everything is folly except for loving God.