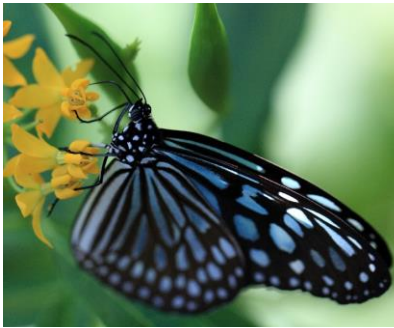


Memorial Service –

XXXXXXXXXX

What the caterpillar calls the end of the world, the
master calls a butterfly.

By Richard Bach



xxx was a dearly loved wife and the best friend of xxx and remembered with love and forever cherished by her son xxx and his wife xxxx, son xxx, and by her grandchildren, xxx, xxx, and xxx. They will all miss “Nana”.

Let us open xxx’s Memorial Service today with a beautiful poem –

Remember Me

Don’t remember me with sadness,
Don’t remember me with tears,
Remember all the laughter,
We’ve shared throughout the years.
Now I am contented
That my life it was worthwhile,
Knowing that along the way
I made somebody smile.
When you’re walking down the street
And you’ve got me on your mind,
I’m walking in your footsteps
Only half a step behind.
So please don’t be unhappy
Just because I’m out of sight,
Remember that I’m with you
Each morning, noon, and night.

xxx was born on xxx 5th, 19xx, and passed to the world of Spirit on xxx 24th, 20xx, at her residence, surrounded by her loving family at the age of xx.

xxx was a highly skilled xxx and xxx and could crochet like nobody else. She loved butterflies, and holidays, whether it was all in green for St. Patrick's Day, red and white for Canada Day, and especially loved the Christmas time.

There were also so many wonderful memories of going to "xxxxx".

xxxx was the oldest of six children.

She and xxx were childhood sweethearts and at the age of xx and xx married for xx years.

xx was very loving, very caring, and it was all about family. She loved to cook, usually way too much food which always creating a lot of leftovers. xx has had to learn to do so many things that xx looked after, like sewing on buttons, cooking for himself, cleaning the toilet and so much more. I am sure she is looking down and smiling. She was obviously a good role-model and teacher.

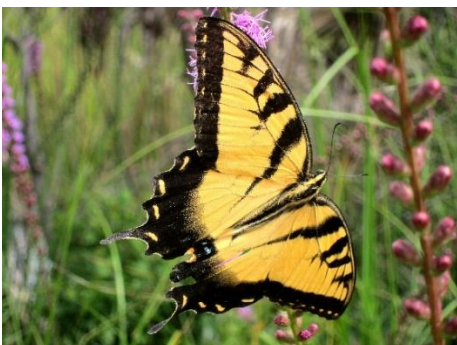
Another wonderful poem that would echo xx's thoughts is titled:

[While Waiting for Thee](#)

[Don't weep at my grave,](#)
[For I am not there.](#)
[I've a date with a butterfly](#)
[To dance in the air.](#)
[I'll be singing in the sunshine,](#)
[Wild and free,](#)
[Playing tag with the wind](#)
[While I'm waiting for thee.](#)

And to my family please know,

[~~ We are as the wings of a butterfly, bound together with the love of God~~](#)



One of the most beautiful analogies of one's passing has been captured in these words entitled:

WHAT IS DYING

I am standing upon the seashore,
A ship at my side spreads out her white sails to the morning breeze
And starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength
And I stand and watch her at length,
Until she hangs like a speck of white cloud,
Just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says: There! She's gone.

Gone where? Gone out of my sight and that is all.
She is just as large on mast and hull, as she was when she left my side,
Just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination.

The ships diminished size is in me, not in it, And just at that moment,
When someone at my side says: There! She's gone.

There are other eyes watching her coming,
And other voices ready to take up the glad shout: There! She comes.
..... **AND THAT IS DYING.**

LET US PRAY

Infinite Spirit, we thank you for this wonderful wife, mother, and grandmother in our lives.
We know she is around us, helping us, guiding us, loving us still.
We thank you for this knowledge that life is eternal, and her love, guidance, and strength are still there to help us on our earthly journey until we are re-united again.

Amen

Benediction

Thou God of Peace before we part, sent some kind Angel to each heart,
Lead us we pray with loving hand until we reach the Summerland.
Dear Angel Friends may your sweet peace remain with us till this life cease.
Then bear our Soul to that bright shore, where loved ones meet to part no more.

(Followed by the sprinkling of angels by each person)

