

THEMES:

Love, loss and Making the most of the moments we have

A Prayer (Of Remembrance) - Karen Lindsay

It is our hope and heart's desire that we will be granted the coping and healing gifts of strength, courage and wisdom:

The strength to endure the pain and loss,

The courage to speak openly of our loss,

And the wisdom to give thanks for a life that touched us, and filled our lives with joy.

Spirit of Life and Love, grant these gifts today and in the long days ahead.

Beannacht - John O'Donohue

On this day when

the weight deadens

on your shoulders

and you stumble,

may the clay dance

to balance you.

And when your eyes

freeze behind

the grey window

and the ghost of loss

gets in to you,

may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green,
and azure blue

come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,

may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

For The Living - Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

It is the work of the living

to grieve the dead.

It is our work to wake each day,

to live into the world that is.

It is our work to weep,

and it is our work to be healed.

Some part of us knows

not only the absence of our beloveds,

but also their presence,

how they continue to teach us,

how they invite us to grow.

It is our work to be softened by loss,

to be undone, destroyed, remade.

Wounded, we recoil,

and it is our work to notice how,

like crushed and trampled grass,

we spring back.

It is our work to meet death again

and again and again,

and though it aches to be open,

it is our work to be opened,

to live into the opening

until we know ourselves

as blossoms nourished from within

by the radiance of the ones

who are no longer physically here.

They have given us their love light to carry.

It is our work to be in service to that light.

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Instructions on Not Giving Up (Or the worry poem) - Ada Limón

More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out
of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbor's
almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving
their cotton candy-colored blossoms to the slate
sky of Spring rains, it's the greening of the trees
that really gets to me. When all the shock of white
and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave
the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath,
the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin
growing over whatever winter did to us, a return
to the strange idea of continuous living despite
the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then,
I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf
unfurling like a fist to an open palm, I'll take it all.

Today - Frank O'Hara

Oh! kangaroos, sequins, chocolate sodas!
You really are beautiful! Pearls,
harmonicas, jujubes, aspirins! all
the stuff they've always talked about

still makes a poem a surprise!
These things are with us every day
even on beachheads and biers. They
do have meaning. They're strong as rocks.

The Orange - Wendy Cope

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange—
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave—
They got quarters and I had a half.
And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It's new.
The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list

And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I'm glad I exist.

Why I wake Early - Mary Oliver

Hello, sun in my face.

Hello, you who make the morning

and spread it over the fields

and into the faces of the tulips

and the nodding morning glories,

and into the windows of, even, the

miserable and crotchety—

best preacher that ever was,

dear star, that just happens

to be where you are in the universe

to keep us from ever-darkness,

to ease us with warm touching,

to hold us in the great hands of light—

good morning, good morning, good morning.

Watch, now, how I start the day

in happiness, in kindness.