



# **Remembering and Honoring**

- *Babies & Children*
- *Friends*
- *Relatives*
- *Loves*
- *Parents*
- *Spouses*



## *Didn't I tell you I loved you?*

*From, the Voices of Hope, Kol Tikvah*

Didn't I tell you I loved you?  
Didn't I tell you I cared?  
Didn't you know that you mattered?  
Wasn't it life that we shared?

But time kept ticking  
Our lives kept slipping  
And now that this journey is over  
Somehow it doesn't seem fair

Now there is no one to talk with  
No one to walk with and be with  
Still everything seems to remind me  
As if you're behind me still there

Can't hold the wind, Can't slow the tide  
Can't stop the rivers from flowing  
Can't hold the tears, Can't slow the time  
Can't stop the seasons  
From coming and going

I hope that I told you I loved you  
I hope that I showed you cared  
I hope that you know that you mattered  
What a great life we did share  
What a great journey we shared



# *Our Family Chain*

*Author Unknown*

They say memories are golden  
well maybe that is true.  
I never wanted memories,  
I only wanted you.

A million times I needed you,  
a million times I cried.  
If love alone could have saved you  
you never would have died.

In life I loved you dearly,  
In death I love you still.  
In my heart you hold a place  
no one could ever fill.

If tears could build a stairway  
and heartache make a lane,  
I'd walk the path to heaven  
and bring you back again.

Our family chain is broken,  
and nothing seems the same.  
But as God calls us one by one,  
the chain will link again.



# *In Memory of You*

*Author Unknown*

I find an old photograph and see your smile.  
As I feel your presence anew,  
I am filled with warmth and my heart remembers love.

I read an old card sent many years ago  
during a time of turmoil and confusion.  
The soothing words written then still caress my spirit  
and bring me peace.

I remember who you used to be, the laughter we shared  
and wonder what you have become.  
Where are you now, where did you go,  
when the body is left behind and the spirit is released to fly?

Perhaps you are the morning bird singing joyfully at sunrise,  
or the butterfly that dances so carelessly on the breeze,  
or the rainbow of colors that brightens a stormy sky,  
or the fingers of afternoon mist,  
delicately reaching over the mountains,  
or the final few rays of the setting sun lighting up the skies,  
edging the clouds with a magical glow.

I miss your being, but I feel your presence,  
in whatever form you choose to take,  
however you now choose to be.

Your spirit has become for me, a guardian angel on high  
guiding, advising, and watching over me.

I remember you. You are with me, and I am not afraid.



# ***Your Memory Will Keep Us Warm***

*By, Brenda Penepent*

*October, 2002, in memory of Orpha*

**How softly you came into my life;  
a voice, a word, a smile.  
Something about you spoke to my heart  
and we talked awhile.**

**Years have passed, through tears and trials,  
a journey of kindred souls.  
Our laughter has faded, though not the love,  
now your spirit has journeyed on.**

**I'll remember you as the flowers dance  
and the sun caresses my face.  
I will think of you fondly and  
smile through my tears  
in your memory, find peace to embrace.**

**As snow falls or storms rage outside my door  
I will think of the storms you have borne.  
For tomorrow's a promise to keep us safe,  
and your memory will keep us warm.**



# *In Death I Celebrate Your Life*

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Should I in pain and mournful silence dwell,  
And curse the gods for stealing you away?  
Should I declare my life a living hell,  
A moonless, starless night, a sunless day?  
In somber solitude upon this grate  
Of emptiness, should I with sadness toll  
My bells of woe? Should I bemoan my fate,  
Embrace these demons writhing in my soul?  
I'd rather smash this devastating scourge,  
Lift up my voice and sing in praise of you --  
Yes, mine will be a lilting, happy dirge  
In honor of the greatest man I knew.

Oh yes, my love, these smiles to you I give,  
For it was you who showed me how to live!



*"In Death I Celebrate Your Life" received a First Place Award  
in the September 1995 issue of Poets At Work.*



# *In Our Hearts*

*Author Unknown*

We thought of you with love today,  
but that is nothing new.

We thought about you yesterday,  
and days before that too.

We think of you in silence,  
We often speak your name.

Now all we have are memories,  
and your picture in a frame.

Your memory is our keepsake,  
with which we'll never part.

God has you in his keepsake,  
We have you in our hearts.



# *Thank*

*Allison Chambers Coxsey*

All my life I kept my dreams,  
Tucked somewhere deep inside;  
Till one by one you pulled them out,  
With nothing left to hide.  
You pointed to my deepest dreams,  
You told me I should try;  
Then gently told me I had wings,  
And showed me how to fly.  
Then somehow you reached in my heart,  
Made words flow like a stream;  
With loving inspiration,  
You became part of the dream.  
I never would have dreamed my dreams,  
They never would have come true;  
Those dreams would not be realized,  
If God had not sent you.





# *Some People*

*Copyright © Flavia*

**Some people come into our lives  
and quickly go.**

**Some people move  
our souls to dance.  
They awaken us  
to new understanding  
with the passing whisper  
of their wisdom.**

**Some people make the  
sky more beautiful to gaze upon.  
They stay in our lives for awhile,  
leave footprints on our hearts, and  
we are never, ever the same.**



# *Put My Memory In Your Pocket*

*Author Unknown*

All the warmth and tender feelings  
that were born on the day we met  
still live on and grow within me,  
much too precious to forget.

All the golden love you gave me  
is no longer yours to give.  
If you must go on alone,  
take something for your own  
and let my memory live.

Put my memory in your pocket  
take it with you through the day.  
Tuck it underneath your pillow  
when the sun has gone away.

Let it be a sweet reminder  
of the happiness we knew.  
Put my memory in your pocket,  
let it be a part of you.  
Put my memory in your pocket,  
so you'll never be alone.



# *In Silence*

*By Joy Curnutt,  
with inspiration from Jason  
11-26-74 to 4-11-99*

In the silence you hear me,  
In the silence I am here.  
In the silence you can feel me,  
In the silence it is clear....  
That my spirit hasn't left you,  
I am just a thought away,  
You can see me in the shadows,  
Anytime you look my way.  
Look for me in the sunshine,  
And in the stars at night.  
In the wind, trees and flowers,  
Everything that is in sight.  
Talk to me, say my name,  
Know that I'm still here.  
In my death I have a new life,  
And one day it will be clear.  
So talk to me and look for me  
In everything you do,  
For I haven't gone so far away,  
I'm really right next to you.



# *A Love Song*

*By Nancy Williams, Mother of Gregory*

The mention of my child's name  
May bring tears to my eyes  
But it never fails to bring  
Music to my ears.

If you are really my friend,  
Please don't keep me  
From hearing the beautiful music.  
It soothes my broken heart  
And fills my soul with love.



# *Fingerprints*

~ Tom Krause ~

Your fingerprints are on my heart.  
Even though I never held your hand -  
    you touched me.  
Even though I never heard you speak -  
    you taught me.  
    You taught me about love.  
    You taught me about caring.  
    You taught me about courage.  
    You taught me about faith.  
    You taught me about happiness.  
    You taught me about sorrow.  
You brought me closer to my loved ones.  
    You brought me closer to myself.  
        In the time I cared for you,  
        my how life changed.  
        Never to be the same again.  
        Because of you  
I know I will somehow be stronger.  
        Because of you  
I know I will be more prepared for life.  
    All this from tiny fingerprints  
    that touched my heart.  
        Because of this  
you will live forever in my soul -  
    never to be forgotten.  
    I will always love you.  
    You are my child.



## *Empty Chairs At Our Holiday Table*

*Bj McRobbins*

I am the host of our holiday dinner. What can I serve that will appropriately honor the occasion? I will call my grandmother and she will recall how to prepare the traditional meal but she, as well as my mother, are gone. I will call my husband's grandmother, her advice, "Put the turkey in the oven for one hour at 100 degrees." Her Alzheimer's is extremely apparent now. My conclusion, "Who needs food anyway."

So I go to the sacred cupboard and pull out a stack of beautiful glass dishes. They are transparent except the opaque lacing of frosted leaves. They are perfect, even if they did just cost a dollar a piece. Then I put mismatched silverware here and there, placing them how I see fit because there is no one to scold me for table etiquette. Actually in all my research I have found there is no etiquette for holiday celebrations. Every odd tradition is essential and important.

Martha Stewart was very intent on the importance of a festive centerpiece. I will need help from my friends on this detail.

It is now time to seat my guests. My closest family member sits at my right, this one doesn't seem to understand this strange dinner at all and is quite frustrated to experience such a strange celebration. They would rather be eating turkey slathered with gravy and cheering for a favorite sports team. Little do they know we are cheering for a team today, the team of those experiencing loss. I hope we win.

Seated to my left is the plate of a missionary. His wife was murdered and he was falsely charged and is now held captive on a remote island. His place sits closest to me because my mother taught me to love the one the most that needs the most. He will sit next to me, so I can ever hold him close to my heart.

There is a place for my mother and all mothers that are represented. I see acceptance and pride at this seat. Mothers have known for centuries that celebrations are about more than food. They are about loved ones dear.



## *Empty Chairs At Our Holiday Table*

*Bj McRobbins*

Next there is the plate of my father. At this place I see amazement, amazement that daughters and sons often grow up to be something more wonderful than we can ever dream. I see the faces of many fathers at this seat

Next to my father is a small plate with kiddy silverware. It is the plate of a child. My dad loves his seating assignment. He will watch over the child and turn their plate when everything gets scooped to one side, he makes a bib out of his napkin for the child and listens to all their gooey whispers.

The child's plate is an interesting place setting indeed because it seems to grow and shrink. A fading image seems to come from the faces of many children and siblings young and old. I am glad the memories of all these dear ones have come to my table today.

My dear son and daughter sit next to this plate. They are more close to these guests than they realize. We are all just a whisper and breath away from an empty seat at holiday time.

There is a place setting for spouses and mates. The faces that appear here have a look that only one person can recognize and only one person can explain and describe.

Then there is a seat of honor, it is the seat of friendship. Here I see long lines of people, alive and in spirit taking their seat. Some are teachers, parents, spouses, divine appointments, siblings, children, mentors, friends and family. These are those that reach out to another with the hand and touch the heart.

So was our holiday table. By the way, Martha Stewart was wrong about the centerpiece, it just gets in the way of seeing what is really important at the table.