

MUSIC

Guests arrive: Koppgången by Helen Sjöholm
Ceremony begins: Nella Fantasia by Summer Watson

WELCOME ADDRESS

Ulf Wickbom

MUSIC

Con te partiró by Andrea Boccelli

READING

She is gone by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love you shared

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday

You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on

REMEMBERING MONICA

Ulf Wickbom



READING

Poetic Interlude

I wrote you a letter the other day
Or at least I tried to, I couldn't find the words to say
To say Thank You over and over again
Til the the ink was out in my favorite pen
See, you never once failed to care
Never faltered, such a heavy burden for you to bear
Always putting me at the top of your list
Taking care of me, ruling with an iron fist
You were so stubborn and strong
Stood up for me even when I was wrong
You never once made me feel alone
I knew you loved me with every piece of you, every bone
I hope you know you meant the world to me
And when you left, you took a piece of me
You see for years you carried and held my hand
Taught me to walk, taught me to stand
Told me stories and tucked me in bed
And kept every promise you ever said
You were my rock, my foundation
When I was weak, you were there, my motivation
You kept me grounded and never lied
Gave me comfort when I cried
Always knew the right words to say
And made sure that I knew to always pray
I wish I could have just one last heart to heart
And here I am, falling completely apart
You were the glue that held us all together
And we're all connected because of you, forever
The legacy that you have left behind
Is something people search for and never find
And I'll carry you with me til we meet again
I love you grandma, ta-ta until then

MUSIC

På jakt efter solen by Lisa Edahl

READING

‘Do not stand at my grave and weep’ by Mary Elizabeth Frye

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.

FAREWELL

Ulf Wickbom

POEM by Charlotte Zelmani

Inget farväl,
inga medvetna ord.
Så fort och tyst
gick du bort från vår jord.

Här går vi i rester
ur din svunna värld.
Bland tankar och minnen
som färgat din härd.

Allt som du älskat
oss bilder nu ger.
Du talar och skrattar.
Vi minns dig och ser.