

Poem

What will matter

Read by Paul

Live a life that matters.

Ready or not, someday it will all come to an end.
There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours or days.
The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away.
It won't matter where you came from, or on what side of the tracks you lived,
at the end.

It won't matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant
Even your gender and skin colour will be irrelevant.
So what will matter?
How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought, but what you built;
not what you got, but what you gave.
What will matter is not what you learned, but what you taught.
What will matter is not your memories, but the memories that live in those who
loved you.

What will matter is how long you will be remembered, by whom and for what.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident.
It's not a matter of circumstance, but of choice.
Choose to live a life that matters.

Michael Josephson

Reflective Music

Gabriel's Oboe

Andre Rieu & Johann Strauss Orchestra





Poem

Remember me

Speak of me as you have always done.
Remember the good times, laughter, and fun.
Share the happy memories we've made.
Do not let them wither or fade.

I'll be with you in the summer's sun
And when the winter's chill has come.
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze.
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease.
I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep,
But memories we've shared are yours to keep.
Sometimes our final days may be a test,
But remember me when I was at my best.

Although things may not be the same,
Don't be afraid to use my name.
Let your sorrow last for just a while.
Comfort each other and try to smile.

I've lived a life filled with joy and fun.
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become.

Anthony Dawson