



*"What will survive of us is love"*

*Philip Larkin*

***RECEPTION OF COFFIN***

***Ave Maria: Schubert***

Organist with Aoife Kennedy singing Ave Maria

***WELCOME & INTRODUCTION***

***ORDER OF SERVICE***

Conducted by the Father John Fricker

***FIRST READING***

***Ecclesiastes 3:1-8,11***

Michael Cryan

For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven:

A time to be born and a time to die;

A time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted;

A time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up;

A time to weep and a time to laugh;

A time to mourn and a time to dance;

A time to throw away stones and a  
time to gather stones together;

A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to seek and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to throw away;

A time to tear and a time to sew;

A time to keep silent and a time to speak;

A time to love and a time to hate;

A time for war and a time for peace.

He has made everything suitable for its time;

moreover, he has put a sense of past and  
future into their minds,

yet they cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end.



## *SECOND READING*

*While not a traditional funeral reading, we wanted to have time to remember how much love was in Margaret's life*

### *Corinthians Ch 13*

Michael Byrnes

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends.

But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end.

For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways.

For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.



***Gospel: John 14:1-6***

***Sermon: Fr John***

***Bidding Prayers:***

Margaret's Nieces and Nephews  
(Mark, Sheena, Fiona, Jude, Anne)

1. Let us pray for our sister Margaret, may the Lord grant her eternal life in the kingdom of God. Let us pray that she may enjoy the happiness of being reunited with loved ones and find joy in the company of the saints forever

Lord Hear Us // Lord Graciously Hear Us

2. Let us pray for those of our family and friends who have died. May they be united in the joy of communion of saints

Lord Hear Us // Lord Graciously Hear Us

3. We pray for Margaret's family and loved ones, that they may support one another in love and trust in God's goodness and mercy.

Lord Hear Us // Lord Graciously Hear Us

4. We pray for those who minister to the sick and dying, that they may bring comfort and dignity to all in their care.

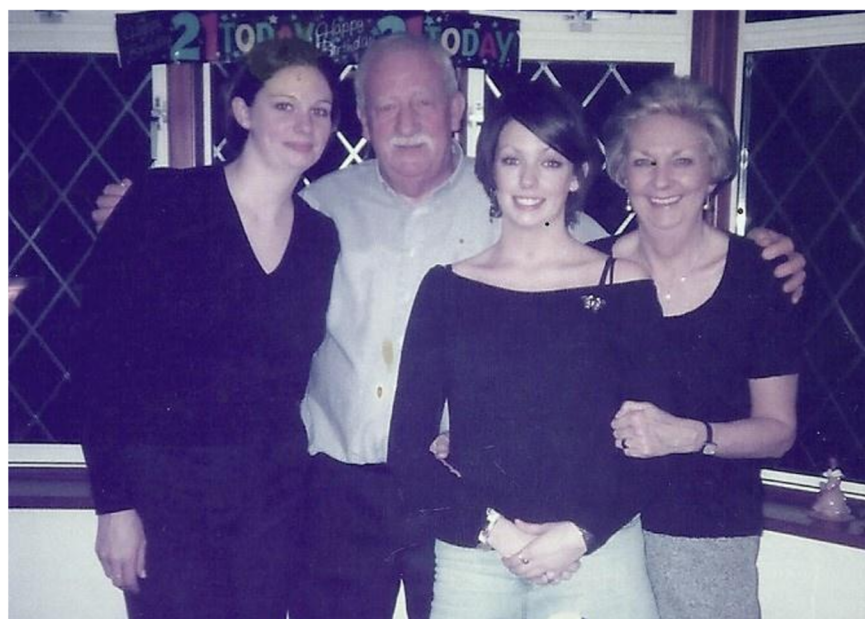
Lord Hear Us // Lord Graciously Hear Us

5. We pray for those suffering in mind or body, that Christ's presence will bring them healing and hope.

Lord Hear Us // Lord Graciously Hear Us

We ask Mary to pray with us as we say: HAIL MARY...

In silence we pray for our own needs.



***Liturgy of the Eucharist Gospel:***

***Offertory Procession***

Maureen Cryan and Berna Kennedy

***Offertory Hymn: Morning Has Broken:***

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

