

***All Things Bright and Beautiful***

*Henry Francis Lyte*

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful:  
The Lord God made them all.  
Each little flow'r that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
To gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

***Welcome***

***Lisa Kohler – Funeral Celebrant***

***Poem - Mark, A Fallen Limb***

A limb has fallen from the family tree.

I keep hearing a voice that says,

“Grieve not for me.

Remember the best times,  
the laughter, the song.

The good life I lived  
while I was strong.

Continue my heritage,  
I'm counting on you.

Keep smiling and surely  
the sun will shine through.

My mind is at ease,  
my soul is at rest.

Remembering all,  
how I truly was blessed.

Continue traditions,  
no matter how small.

Go on with your life,  
don't worry about falls.

I miss you all dearly,  
so keep up your chin.

Until the day comes  
we're together again.”

***Tribute to Don***

***Ian Crame***

***Reflection Music***

***The Lamb – John Tavena***

***Poem - Jacqui - The Dash***

I read of a man who stood to speak at the  
funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone,  
from beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of his birth,  
And spoke of the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time  
that he spent alive on earth,  
And now, only those who loved him  
know what that little line is worth.

So think about this long and hard;  
are there things you would like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left  
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough  
to consider what is true and real  
And always try to understand  
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger  
and show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives  
like we have never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect  
and more often wear a smile,  
Remembering that this special dash  
might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read,  
with your life's actions to rehash,  
Would you be proud of the things they say,  
about how your spent your dash?

***Poem - Paul***

***The Tyger by William Blake***

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?