Pause For Reflection





Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,

Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,

Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,

Heaven'sss morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A Prayer From St. Augustine

A tear evaporates A flower on my grave wilts,
But a prayer for my soul
God will hear.

Do not cry, my beloved ones,

For I am going to join my God

And await you in Heaven.

I die, but my love does not die.

I shall love you in Heaven

As I loved you on Earth.

To all those who loved me.

I ask of you that you pray for me
For that is the greatest proof of love.

Memories of David's childhood by his Brother Peter



Words on David's love for family by his
Son Alexander

