

# GATHERING AND WELCOME

## OPENING PRAYER

The God of heaven has made his home on earth  
**Christ dwells among us and is one with us**

Highest in all creation, he lives among the least,  
**He journeys with the poor and welcomes the weary**

Come now all who thirst  
**And drink the water of life**

Come now all who hunger  
**And be filled with good things**

Come now all who seek  
**And be warmed by the fire of love**

## CAROL

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come, and behold him,  
born the King of angels:

*O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!*

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created:

Sing, choirs of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God,  
In the Highest;

## A READING

Remember  
*Christina Rossetti*

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me  
by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more  
day by day

You tell me of our future that  
you planned:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember;  
do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember  
and be sad.

## **CAROL**

Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round yon virgin mother and child;  
Holy infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,  
Shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heav'nly hosts sing alleluia;  
Christ the Saviour is born;  
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light.  
Radiant beams from thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace:  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

## **A READING**

### **Four Candles**

The first candle represents our grief.

The pain of losing you is intense  
It reminds us of the depth of our love for you

The second candle represents our courage.

To confront our sorrow,  
To comfort each other,  
To change our lives.

This third candle we light in your memory.

For the times we laughed,  
The times we cried,  
The times we were angry with each other,  
The silly things you did,  
The caring and joy you gave us.

This fourth candle we light for our love.

We light this candle that your light will always shine  
As we enter this sad time and share this day of remembrance  
With family and friends.  
We cherish the special place in our hearts  
That will always be reserved for you.

We thank you for the gift  
Your living brought to each of us.

## **LIGHTING OF THE CANDLE**

I bring a light from Winsley – one of four dedicated at a ceremony  
round the Tree of Light at Dorothy House.  
This is for us a way of remembering and honouring the people we  
hold in our hearts and minds this evening.

*(We light our candles)*

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For ourselves, for each other and for those we remember,  
let us say together:

**Bless these lights**  
**Bless us in our tears and laughter**  
**Bless us with love and friendship**

**Bless these lights**  
**Bless us with wisdom and peace**  
**Bless us with love and friendship**

**Bless these lights**  
**Bless us with hope and healing**  
**Bless us in our love and friendships**

Be silent.

Be still.

Wait before your God.

Say nothing.

Ask nothing.

Be still.

Let your God look upon you.

That is all.

God knows.

God understands.

God loves you with an enormous love.

God only wants to look upon you with love.

Quiet.

Still.

Be.

Let your God love you.

*Edwina Gateley*

*When our candles are lit we share a moment of quiet*

## READING

### A Celtic Blessing *from Anam Cara by John O'Donohue*

On the day when  
the weight deadens  
on our shoulders,  
may the clay dance  
to balance you.

And when your eyes  
freeze behind  
the gray window  
and the ghosts of loss  
get in to you  
may a flock of colours,  
indigo, red, green  
and azure blue  
come to awaken in you  
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays  
in the curach of thought  
and a stain of ocean  
blackens beneath you,  
may there come across the waters  
a path of yellow moonlight

## CAROL

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled:  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem:  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel:  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn King.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings;  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth:  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn King.

## **READING**

### **I Wish You Enough**

A father and daughter were saying goodbye at an airport. Her plane had been called. I was sitting nearby and heard him say 'I wish you enough.'

She said, 'Daddy, your love and care in my life have been more than enough.'

They kissed goodbye and she added 'I wish you enough, too.'

Then she left to board her plane.

As he watched her go he was crying. I asked him if there was anything I could do.

He shook his head, but smiled and thanked me. 'I am saying goodbye to my daughter forever. I am old and have an illness that will soon take its toll. My daughter lives a long way away. She has work to do and so do I.

We both know this will be the last time we will see each other.' I said, 'I heard you say, "I wish you enough"; what did you mean?' He smiled again. It's a saying in our family, passed down through generations. I don't quite know where it came from, but it's precious to us.'

Then he closed his eyes for a moment and spoke it from memory:

*I wish you enough sun to keep your outlook bright.  
I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun. I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit strong. I wish you enough pain to make life's joys seem precious. I wish you enough luck to satisfy your needs. I wish you enough loss to appreciate what you keep. I wish you enough hellos to help you through the final goodbye.*

When he left, I wrote the words down. Now I know them by heart.  
And from my heart, I say:

*My friends, I wish you enough.*

## **FINAL BLESSING**

On our heads and our houses  
**The blessing of God**

In our coming and going  
**The peace of God**

In our life and believing  
**The love of God**

At our end and new beginning  
**The arms of God to welcome us and bring us home. Amen**