

Selected Readings for Children

HOPE  SONS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Established 1887

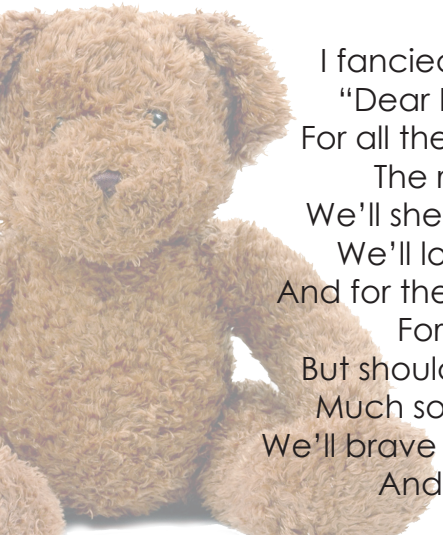


A Child Loaned

"I'll lend you for a little time
A child of Mine," He said,
"For you to love the while he lives,
And mourn for when he's dead.
It may be six or seven years
Or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back,
Take care of him for Me?
He'll bring his charms to gladden you,
And should his stay be brief,
You'll have his lovely memories
As solace for you grief."

"I cannot promise he will stay,
Since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there
I want this child to learn.
I've looked this wide world over,
In my search for teachers true.
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,
I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love,
Not think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come to call
And take him back again?"

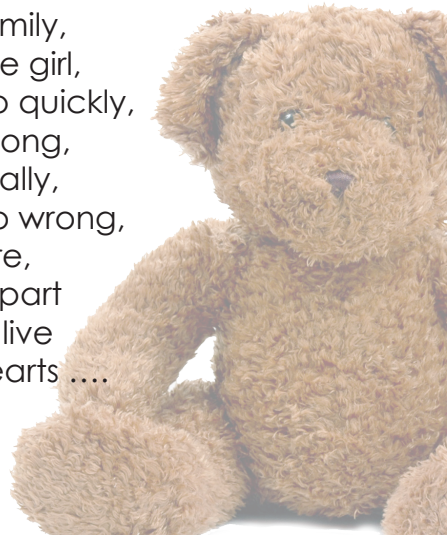
I fancied that I heard them say,
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done,
For all the joy Thy child shall bring,
The risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness,
We'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
Forever grateful stay.
But should the angels call for him,
Much sooner than we planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,
And try to understand."



I dreamt that the time had come to
carry back to my Father
The treasures I was sent to gather on earth.
So I held out my chalice to my brother angel to be
filled with the values of my life.
I thought of bright achievement, of renown and success,
but they vanished in the emptiness of glamour.
When it was handed back to me,
I found my cup filled to the brim with
what I thought were tiny things,
hardly noticed and long forgotten,
but now, sparkling with the inner light of
the love they contained.
Then I walked holding tight the grail of my soul
and there was joy in heaven.

Fernand de Vinck

A tiny angel face, two sparkling little eyes,
The cutest button nose,
Our precious sweet surprise,
Mummy loved you dearly,
You set Daddy's heart a whirl
The joy of all our family,
Our most darling little girl,
You closed your eyes so quickly,
You didn't stay for long,
Taken oh so tragically,
Sweet baby it seems so wrong,
Divided as we are,
We will never be apart
As you will always live
inside your parents hearts



A Little Angel Only Lent...

A little angel only lent
That's what they said you were
I had an angel only lent
When it's a baby I prefer.

I had an angel lent to me
For what reason I don't know
An angel lent but not for long
For too soon he had to go.

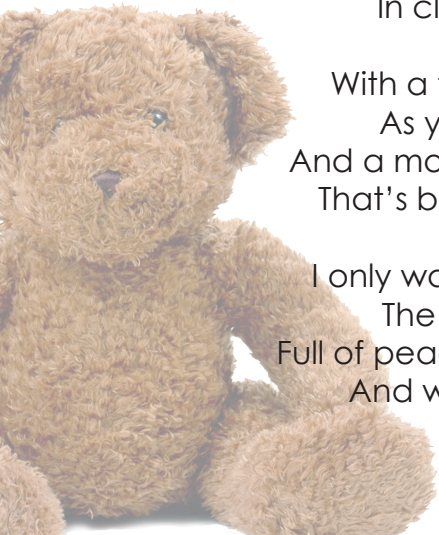
My angel was not meant for keeps
And I'm not really sure why
My angel was not meant to live
Instead he was here to die.

The reason for my angel's death
Is really not very clear
My angel left so suddenly
Like he was never there.

My little angel was only lent
Oh how I want for you
To be my new-born son instead
In clothes of baby blue.

With a teddy lying at your side
As you sleep in our bed
And a mobile hanging from above
That's blue and green and red.

I only want that you should have
The life I wished for you
Full of peace and joy and happiness
And with all of my love too.



Brave Little Spirit

Brave Little Spirit
Dared to try
Before she was born,
She had to die.

Brave Little Spirit
Did not cry,
But put down her feet
To walk the sky.

Brave Little Spirit
For each eye
A daisy we give
To see on high.

Brave Little Spirit
Lullaby.
Hear our song, we pray
As we bid goodbye ...

*By Anne Struck
Stockton, California
Lovingly lifted from
Bereavement Magazine*

A Wee Bit of Heaven

A wee bit of heaven
Drifted down from above,
A handful of happiness,
A heart full of love;



Fly

Fly, fly little wing
Fly beyond imagining
The softest cloud, the whitest dove
Upon the wind of heaven's love
Past the planets and the stars
Leave this lonely world of ours
Escape the sorrow and the pain
And fly again.

Fly, fly precious one
Your endless journey has begun
Take your gentle happiness
Far too beautiful for this
Cross over to the other shore
There is peace forevermore.
But hold this mem'ry bittersweet
Until we meet.

Fly, fly do not fear
Don't waste a breath, don't shed a tear
Your heart is pure, your soul is free
Be on your way, don't wait for me
Above the universe you'll climb
On beyond the hands of time
The moon will rise, the sun will set
But I won't forget.

Fly, fly little wing
Fly where only angels sing
Fly away, the time is right
Go now, find the light.

Celine Dion



They all felt awkward and unhappy suddenly because it was a sort of goodbye they were saying, and they didn't want to think about it. Then Christopher Robin called out,
"Pooh!"

"Yes," said Pooh.

"When I'm ... when ... Pooh!"

"Yes, Christopher Robin?"

"I'm not going to do nothing any more."

"Never again?"

"Well, not so much. They don't let you."

Pooh waited for him to go on, but he was silent again.

"Yes, Christopher Robin?" said Pooh helpfully.

"Pooh, when I'm ... you know, when I'm not doing Nothing, will you come up here sometimes?"

"Just me?"

"Yes, Pooh."

"Will you be here too?"

"Yes Pooh, I will be really, I promise I will be, Pooh."

"That's good," said Pooh.

"Pooh, promise you won't forget about me, ever.

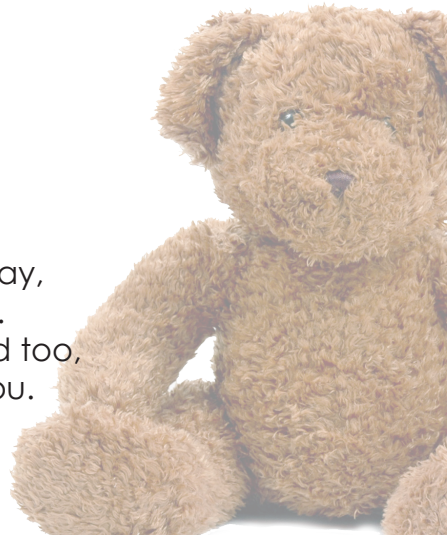
Not even when I'm a hundred."

"I promise," he said.

"Pooh, whatever happens, you will understand, won't you?"

A.A. Milne, from "The House at Pooh Corner"

You were taken away,
So tragically that horrible day.
Our deepest thoughts are hard to say,
But we love you in a special way.
Always remembered and sadly missed too,
Our lives will be different without you.



I was a little stranger, which, at my entrance into the world, was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was divine ... My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the Estate of Innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious: yea, and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from my eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or rents or exaction, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I entertained like an angel with the work of God in their splendour and glory, I saw all in the peace of Eden; heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All time was eternity and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

Thomas Traherne



We cannot judge a biography by its length, by the number of pages in it: we must judge by the richness of the contents ... Sometimes the 'unfinished' are among the most beautiful symphonies.

Viktor Frankl

Welcoming a Special Child

A meeting was held quite far from earth;
It's time again for another birth.
Said the angels to the Lord above,
"This special child will need much love.

He may not run or laugh or play;
His thoughts may seem quite far away,
In many ways he won't adapt,
And he'll be known as handicapped.

So let's be careful where he's sent;
We want his life to be content.
Please, Lord, find parents who
Will do a special job for you.

They will not realise right away
The leading role they're asked to play;
But with this child sent from above
Comes stronger faith and richer love.

And soon they'll know the privilege given
In caring for their gift from heaven;
Their precious charge, so meek and mild,
Is heaven's very special child.

Edna Massimilla

A tiny little moonbeam,
that danced inside our hearts
A little life has been taken
before it even starts.



Life Is Like a Butterfly

Life is like a butterfly.
Softly, softly
One never knows why
It touches your cheek, then says, "Goodbye".

Fragile and sweet, like blooming flowers
Life's loves and trials last only the hours
That they touch your heart, then say, "goodbye"
Life is like a butterfly.

*by Geraldine F Reeves
El Paso, Texas*

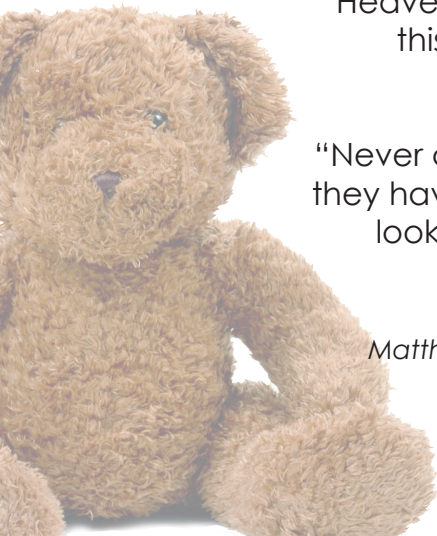
At that time the disciples came to Jesus and asked,
"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven?"

He called a child, set him in front of them, and said,

"I tell you this: unless you turn round and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of Heaven. Let a man humble himself till he is like this child, and he will be the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.

"Never despise one of these little ones; I tell you, they have their guardian angels in Heaven, who look continually on the face of my heavenly Father."

Matthew 18: verses 1-5 and 10 (The New English Bible)



Love to . . .

I lay you in my single arm.

 You fit

I stroke your brow above those eyes

 I'll never see

And touch your eyelids with my lips

 To bless them, closed

I pull you to my body

 And shield you from the world with my hands

I clutch you to my breast,

 Previous Treasure

Your parents love you

 And hold you, forever, in their hearts.

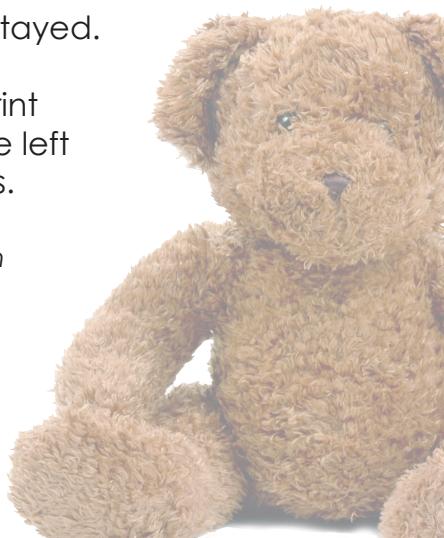
Little Footprints

How very softly
you tiptoed into our world.

 Almost silently,
only a moment you stayed.

But what an imprint
your footsteps have left
upon our hearts.

Dorothy Ferguson



Adaptation of Ecclesiastes Chapter 3

For everything there is a season;
a time for every occupation under heaven
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time for planting, a time for uprooting;
a time for tears, a time for laughter;
a time for mourning, a time for dancing;
a time for searching, a time for losing;
a time for conflict, and a time for peace.

I had thought that your death
Was a waste and a destruction,
A pain of grief hardly to be endured.
I am only beginning to learn
That your life was a gift and a growing
And a loving left with me.
The desperation of death
Destroyed the existence of love,
But the fact of death
Cannot destroy what has been given.
I am learning to look at life again
Instead of your death and your departing.

Marjorie Pizer, The Existence of Love



In a baby castle, just beyond my eye,
My baby plays with Angel toys that money
cannot buy.

Who am I to wish her back
Into this world of strife,
No, play on my baby,
You have Eternal life.

At night when all is silent
And sleep forsakes my eyes,
I'll hear her tiny footsteps come running to my side,
Her little hands caress me so tenderly and sweet,
I'll breathe a prayer and close my eyes
And embrace her in my sleep.

Now I have a treasure
That I rate above all other,
I have known true glory
For I am still her Mother.

The Mystery of Life

So sacred and sweet,
The **Giver of Joy**
So deep and complete;
Precious and priceless,
So loveable, too,
The world's sweetest
Miracle Babyis you.

“Remembering with Love”

Helen Steiner-Rice



Love is this
That you lived amongst us these few years
And taught us love.

Love is this
That you died amongst us and helped us
To the source of life.

With all our love
We wish you bon voyage.

Love lives.

Lindy Hemmy



Benediction

In that sacred place where you are,
Goodnight, dear child, sleep.
Sleep with the stars in the sky.
Sleep in the earth.
Sleep, dear child,
Sleep.

Mary Poppins had gone. Jane read the note she had left.
“Mrs Brill!” she called. “What does ‘Au Revoir’ mean?”
“I think, Miss Jane dear, it means ‘To meet again’.”
Jane and Michael looked at each other. Joy and understanding shone in their eyes. They knew what Mary Poppins meant.

Michael gave a long sigh of relief.

“That’s all right,” he said shakily.

“She always does what she says she will.”

He turned away.

“Michael, are you crying?” Jane asked.

He twisted his head and tried to smile at her,

“No, I’m not,” he said. “It is only my eyes.”

P.L. Travers, from Mary Poppins

“He whom we love and lose is no longer where
he was before; he is now wherever we are.”

St John Chrysostom

They are not lost, our dearest loves,
Nor have they travelled far,
Just stepped inside home’s loveliest room,
And left the door ajar ...



My Garden

My garden is yesterday's vision
It emerged from a patch of barren ground
Now it blossoms in concert with nature
Full of beauty and colours profound

My garden is a treasure of memories
One of nature's renditions of art
The result of a life's dedication
From the creative part of my heart

Such beauty is found in a garden
Full of colours full of perfumes full of peace
In my garden I find that perfect
And the pressures of life find release

There is glory to be found in a garden
Be it summer or autumn or spring
Is anything more dear, than air crisp and clear
And birds in the garden that sing
My garden is where Diva's gather,
in a duet of fragrance and song
A unison of sound with nature is found,
in my garden I'm in tune, I belong.

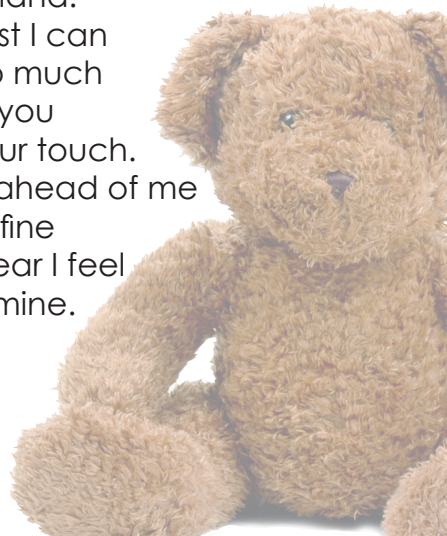


Tears

If tears could build a stairway,
and memories a lane,
I'd walk right up to Heaven
and bring you home again.
No farewell words were spoken
no time to say goodbye
you were gone before I knew it,
and only God knows why.
My heart still aches in sadness
and secret tears still flow,
what it meant to lose you,
no one will ever know.

My Little Angel

You've just walked on ahead of me
And I've got to understand
You must release the ones you love
And let go of their hand.
I try and cope the best I can
But I'm missing you so much
If I could only see you
And once more feel your touch.
Yes, you've just walked on ahead of me
Don't worry I'll be fine
But now and then I swear I feel
Your hand slip into mine.





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