

**Death is nothing at all**

I have only slipped away into the next room  
I am I and you are you  
Whatever we were to each other  
That we are still  
Call me by my old familiar name  
Speak to me in the easy way you always used  
Put no difference into your tone  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow  
Laugh as we always laughed  
At the little jokes we always enjoyed together  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was  
Let it be spoken without effort  
Without the ghost of a shadow in it  
Life means all that it ever meant  
It is the same as it ever was  
There is absolute unbroken continuity  
What is death but a negligible accident?  
Why should I be out of mind  
Because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you for an interval  
Somewhere very near  
Just around the corner  
All is well.  
Nothing is past; nothing is lost  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before  
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

*Canon Henry Scott-Holland, 1847-1918*

**Do not stand at my grave and weep;**

I am not there.  
I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there.  
I did not die.

*attributed to many*

**A ship sails and I stand watching** till she fades on the horizon and  
someone at my side says She is gone  
Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large  
now as when I last saw her. Her diminished size and total loss from  
my sight is in me, not in her.  
And just at the moment when someone at my side says she is gone  
there are others who are watching her coming over their horizon  
and other voices take up a glad shout There she comes!  
That is what dying is. An horizon and just the limit of our sight. Lift  
us up, Oh Lord, that we may see further

*Bishop Brent*

**Not, how did he die, but how did he live?**

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?  
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?  
These are the units to measure the worth  
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.  
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?  
But had he befriended those really in need?  
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?  
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,  
But how many were sorry when he passed away?

*Anonymous*

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## **Death and Resurrection**



## **Poems**

Sometimes read at funerals –  
what do they say and what are their meanings?

