

FRY BROS

Poem Suggestions

Including a poem in your loved ones Service booklet can be a heartfelt way to honour their memory, remember their personality, or bring comfort to all those joining the Service. At Fry Bros we understand that making selections like this can be overwhelming during the grieving process, so we have compiled a short list of poetry for you:

“Afterglow” by Helen Lowrie Marshall

“She is Gone” by David Harkins

“Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep” by Mary Elizabeth Frye

“He is Gone” by David Harkins

“Our Mother Kept a Garden” by Anonymous

“God’s Garden” by Anonymous

“Our Father Kept a Garden” by Anonymous

“Miss Me But Let Me Go” by Christina Rossetti

“The Dash” by Linda Ellis

“Remember Me” by Margaret Mead



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“Afterglow” by Helen Lowrie Marshall

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

“Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep” by Mary Elizabeth Frye

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.

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“Our Mother Kept a Garden” by Anonymous

Our mother kept a garden,
A garden of the heart.
She planted all the good things,
That gave our lives their start.
She turned us to the sunshine,
And encouraged us to dream;
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem.
And when the winds and rain came,
She protected us enough
But not too much because she knew,
We would stand up strong and tough.
Her constant good example,
Always taught us right from wrong,
Markers for our pathway
To last a lifetime long.
We are our mother's garden,
We are her legacy
And I hope today she feels the love,
Reflected back from me.

“Our Father Kept a Garden” by Anonymous

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A garden of the heart.
He planted all the good things,
That gave our lives their start.
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“The Dash” by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.
He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke 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 they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.
For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.
So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd 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's 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've 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 you spent YOUR dash?

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“She is Gone” by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone

Or you can smile because she lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back

Or you can open your eyes and see all she’s left.

Your heart can be empty because you can’t see her

Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday

Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she’s gone

Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back

Or you can do what she’d want

– smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

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– smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

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“God’s Garden” by Anonymous

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God’s garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, ‘Peace be thine’.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn’t go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

“Miss Me, But Let Me Go” by Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that once we shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the master plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

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“Remember Me” by Margaret Mead

Speak of me as you have always done.
Remember the good times, laughter, and fun.
Share the happy memories we've made.
Do not let them wither or fade.

I'll be with you in the summer's sun
And when the winter's chill has come.
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze.
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease.

I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep,
But memories we've shared are yours to keep.
Sometimes our final days may be a test,
But remember me when I was at my best.

Although things may not be the same,
Don't be afraid to use my name.
Let your sorrow last for just a while.
Comfort each other and try to smile.

I've lived a life filled with joy and fun.
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become.