

We Remember Them

At the rising of the sun and its going down,
we remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of
winter, we remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth
of spring, we remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth
of summer, we remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty
of autumn, we remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends,
we remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;
for they are now a part of us,
as we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength,
we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart,
we remember them.

When we have joy we crave to share,
we remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to
make, we remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on
theirs, we remember them.

As long as we live, they, too, will live;
for they are now a part of us,
as we remember them.

A Poem for the Grieving

Author Unknown

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 stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.

Bereavement support groups

Bereavement support groups meet monthly at Middlesex Hospital and in the community. These groups are free and open to all. You do not need to preregister.

For more information about the ongoing support groups, call **860-358-6725** or visit **middlesexhospital.org/calendar**.

The Smarter Choice for Care



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Letting Go With Love



The Smarter Choice for Care



This ceremony may be adapted in any way that seems appropriate.

In Unison:

(Name)_____, we are gathered here as those who have cared for you during these last days. We are here to surround you with love and compassion as fellow travelers on this pilgrimage.

Hospice Staff Member:

We have tried to provide you with the best medical care that is currently available. Yet we humbly acknowledge our human limitations. And so, we must now recognize that we are mortal and we cannot keep you with us forever.

Family Member:

Life always seems too short. There is always more that we had hoped to see and do. There was much joy at your birth, and although we are now filled with sadness, we are honored to be by your side as you find solace and peace. We who have loved you and cared for you and walked hand in hand in this life, must now release our hold, and grant you the freedom to leave this earthly life.

A reading may be added at this time. Optional readings appear to the right, and on the back panel of this pamphlet.

Moment of silence/prayer/reflection

In Unison:

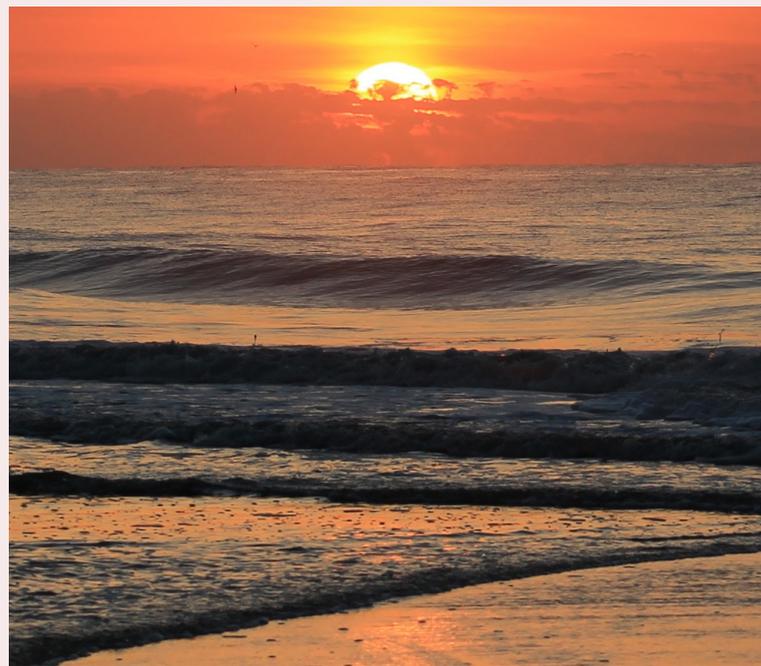
May you be led as the shadows lengthen and evening comes.

May you find peace as the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and your work is done.

May you go to a safe lodging, to a place of comfort, light and peace.

May you be raised on eagles' wings, borne on the breath of dawn, and made to shine like the sun.

(Name)_____, we let you go with love.



Optional Readings

The following readings, or any selection of inspirational poetry or readings, may be used.

Psalm 23:

The lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; he leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



In a beautiful blue lagoon on a clear day, a fine sailing ship spreads its brilliant white canvas in a fresh morning breeze and sails out to the open sea. We watch her glide away magnificently through the deep blue and gradually see her grow smaller and smaller as she nears the horizon. Finally, where the sea and sky meet, she slips silently from sight, and someone near me says, "There, she is gone."

Gone where? Gone from sight. That is all. She is still as large in mast and hull and sail, still just as able to bear her load. And we can be sure that, just as we say, "There, she is gone," another says, "There, she comes."

– Henry Van Dyke