

"The life given to us by nature is short, but the
memory of a life well spent is eternal"
- Cicero

Candles of Remembrance

a virtual memorial event

Thursday, December 10th, 2020



Thank you for joining us!



Candles of Remembrance

Land Acknowledgement

We'd like to acknowledge that this event is being hosted on aboriginal land that has been inhabited by Indigenous peoples from the beginning.

As settlers, we're grateful for the opportunity to meet here and we thank all the generations of people who have taken care of this land for thousands of years.

In particular, we acknowledge that this is the traditional territory of the Anishinaabe, specifically Ojibwe, Chippewa people.

We recognize and deeply appreciate their historic connection to this place. We also recognize the contributions of Métis, Inuit, and other Indigenous peoples have made, both in shaping and strengthening this community in particular, and our province and country as a whole.

Thank you to our Community Partners

Angie Nussey, Singer/Songwriter

Annalise Steneke, Mariposa House Hospice

Dave Carson, Carson Funeral Homes

Rev. Linda Patton-Cowie, St. Mark's Presbyterian Church

Mayor Clarke, City of Orillia

The Mundell Funeral Home Team

Order of Service

Welcome	Whitney Vowels, Hospice Orillia
Reading - Caged Bird	Mayor Clarke, City of Orillia
Music - Start First	Angie Nussey
Lighting of the Candles	Hospice Orillia Staff
Reading - Talking With the Dead	Rev. Linda Patton-Cowie, St. Mark's Presbyterian Church
Reading - Separation	Mayor Clarke, City of Orillia
Memorials Submissions	Memorials
Reading - Remember Me	June Gunn
Reading - Candle of Love & Hope	David Carson, Carson Funeral Homes
Music - Clouds by Before you Exit	Performed by Annalise Stenekes & Chris Tomasini
Readings Salutation to the Dawn The Dragonfly Story She is Gone Traditional Irish Blessing	Michael Williams
Reading - Grief and Gratitude	Annalise Stenekes, Mariposa House Hospice
Reading - The After Loss Credo	The Mundell Funeral Home Team
Reading - How We Survive	Angie Lewis
Our Collective Grief	Louise Brazier, Hospice Orillia
Music - Sheppard of the Road	Angie Nussey

Lighting of Candles

1.

The first candle we light to honour our grief and the depth of our loss. As we experience the hurt of the present and the past, we offer it to the God of each of our understandings, asking that in our broken hearts; will be placed the gift of comfort and peace. We ask for healing and peace in this time of our need.

2.

The second candle we light to remember those who stood with us in our pain, who took the time to listen and who created a safe place for us to grieve. We are grateful for the courage that came to us in the care and support from others.

3.

The third candle we light as a sign of anticipation that each day may find us moving toward peace and that each day, as well, may leave us with hope. We trust in the coming of peace and rest, the end of pain and sorrow and that we will find comfort in our memories.

4.

The fourth candle is for the unspoken grief. The grief we cannot speak of or name, for the grief that no one recognizes.

5.

The fifth candle we light to remember those we loved, and continue to love, who have died. We pause to remember their name, their face, their voice and everything that made them special to us; the memory that binds them to us. May eternal love surround them.

Readings

Caged Bird, By Maya Angelou

*Recited by Mayor Clarke
City of Orillia*

A free bird leaps on the back of the wind
and floats downstream till the current ends
and dips his wing in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage
can seldom see through his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill
for the caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill
for the caged bird sings of freedom.



Readings

She is Gone

by David Harkins

Recited by Michael Williams

She Is Gone (He Is Gone)

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that 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 is 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 would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on

Remember Me, author unknown

Recited by June Gunn

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember me with tears,
Remember all the laughter,
We've shared throughout the months.
Now I am contented
That my life it was worthwhile,
Knowing that I passed along the way I made somebody smile.
When you are walking down the street
And you've got me on your mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps
Only half a step behind.
So please don't be unhappy Just because I'm out of sight
Remember that I'm with you
Each morning,noon and night.

Readings

Separation, by W.S. Merwin

*Recited by Mayor Clarke
City of Orillia*

Your absence has gone through me
Like thread through a needle.
Everything I do is stitched with its color.

The Dragonfly Story by Walter Dudley Cavert

Recited by Michael Williams

In the bottom of an old pond lived some grubs who could not understand why none of their group ever came back after crawling up the lily stems to the top of the water. They promised each other that the next one who was called to make the upward climb would return and tell what had happened to him. Soon one of them felt an urgent impulse to seek the surface; he rested himself on the top of a lily pad and went through a glorious transformation which made him a dragonfly with beautiful wings. In vain he tried to keep his promise. Flying back and forth over the pond, he peered down at his friends below. Then he realized that even if they could see him they would not recognize such a radiant creature as one of their number. The fact that we cannot see our friends or communicate with them after the transformation which we call death is no proof that they cease to exist.

Grief and Gratitude

by Francis Ward Weller

*Recited by Annalise Steneke,
Mariposa House Hospice*

The work of being human is to
carry grief in one hand and gratitude in the other
and to be stretched large by them.

How much sorrow can I hold?

That's how much gratitude I can give.

If I carry only grief, I'll bend toward cynicism and despair.

If I have only gratitude, I'll become saccharine and won't develop much
compassion for other people's suffering.

Grief keeps the heart fluid and soft, which helps make compassion possible.

Readings

A Salutation to the Dawn by Kalidasa, Classical Sanskrit

Recited by Michael Williams

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course
Lie all the verities and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of achievement;
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day
Such is the salutation of the Dawn

The Candle of Love & Hope

Recited by David Carson, Carson Funeral Homes

We light this candle to remember our lost loved one
and to acknowledge the power of love.
Because of the love shared with a special person we are richer.
Our love for them will not die so their essence will live on.
We know the power of love can change pain to comfort,
loneliness to friendship and despair to hope.
This candle affirms our hope for the future,
that through the love and care of friends, family, and community
we will be able to go on.

Traditional Irish Blessing by William Witherup

Recited by Michael Williams

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face;
The rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Readings

Talking with the Dead by Robert McDowell, Poetry as Spiritual Practice

*Recited by Rev. Linda Patton-Cowie
St. Mark's Presbyterian Church*

Morning.
Ocean rain and fog.
I wake uneasy in the God Beach motel,
scratching in my brain to set the day right
and here it is, the calendar reminding me
that on this day a year ago you died.

On this day a year ago you packed your
gentle manner and disarming clarity, your
kindness and bawdy humor, your high
pitched laugh and pixie face and crossed
over, leaving the phone dead, the crowded
dining room hollow, the reservoir iced over,
the lovers ashen, the tennis courts deserted.

Ever since I've wanted to get even
With Death.

I've wanted to bring you back Where you
belong--a purely selfish act, If I could pull it
off. I've wanted to join you, Loving your
company, happy where you were.

Your exit knocked me off my stride.
A rhythm I can't seem to find again.
The Left Behind can't help but make it all
about them.

We wade in shadows for answers we
can't have, and though we never left a
word unsaid, I'd give a world to sit with
you and talk just as we used to do.

Now it's in my head, the work of
keeping you alive. Just as you constantly
renewed yourself (and have again, for
all we know),

I keep your lesson close;
Be open, honest, true;
Be rigorous and loyal,
But most of all be joyful in everything I
say and do.

The world is shining even as we lose the
people, things and scenes we cherish
most.

Walking on the beach, my son whose
middle name is yours collects stones
and makes up stories for each one.

A life can be a model. I learned that
much from you.

Readings

How We Survive

by Mark Rickerby

Recited by Angie Lewis

If we are fortunate,
we are given a warning.
If not, there is only the sudden horror,
the wrench of being torn apart;
of being reminded that nothing is permanent,
not even the ones we love,
the ones our lives revolve around.
Life is a fragile affair.
We are all dancing on the edge of a precipice,
a dizzying cliff so high we can't see the bottom.
One by one, we lose those we love most into the dark ravine.
So we must cherish them without reservation.
Now. Today. This minute.
We will lose them or they will lose us someday.
This is certain.
There is no time for bickering.
And their loss will leave a great pit in our hearts;
a pit we struggle to avoid during the day and fall into at night.
Some, unable to accept this loss,
unable to determine the worth of life without them,
jump into that black pit spiritually or physically, hoping to find them there.
And some survive the shock, the denial, the horror, the bargaining,
the barren, empty aching, the unanswered prayers,
the sleepless nights when their breath is crushed
under the weight of silence and all that it means.
Somehow, some survive all that and, like a flower opening after a storm,
they slowly begin to remember the one they lost
in a different way...
The laughter, the irrepressible spirit, the generous heart,
the way their smile made them feel, the encouragement they gave
even as their own dreams were dying.
And in time, they fill the pit
with other memories the only memories that really matter.
We will still cry. We will always cry.
But with loving reflection more than hopeless longing.
And that is how we survive.
That is how the story should end.
That is how they would want it to be.

Readings

I need to talk about my loss.
I may often need to tell you what happened –
or to ask you why it happened.
Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself
face the reality of the death of my loved one.
I need to know that you care about me.
I need to feel your touch, your hugs.
I need you just to be “with” me.
(And I need to be with you.)
I need to know you believe in me and in my
ability to get through my grief in my own way.
(And in my own time.)
Please don’t judge me now –
or think that I’m behaving strangely.
Remember I’m grieving.
I may even be in shock.
I may feel afraid. I may feel deep rage.
I may even feel guilty. But above all, I hurt.
I’m experiencing a pain unlike any I’ve ever felt before.
Don’t worry if you think I’m getting better
and then suddenly I seem to slip backward.
Grief makes me behave this way at times.
And please don’t tell me you “know how I feel,”
or that it’s time for me to get on with my life.
(I am probably already saying this to myself.)
What I need now is time to grieve and to recover.
Most of all, thank you for being my friend.
Thank you for your patience.
Thank you for caring.
Thank you for helping, for understanding.
Thank you for praying for me.
And remember, in the days or years ahead,
when you may have a loss when you need me
as I have needed you I will understand.
And then I will come and be with you.

The After Loss Credo

by Barbara Hills LesStrang

Recited by the Mundell Funeral Home Team

Memorial Names

Ada Chepyha

Alan Durston

Alexander Donald Brandt

Andrew Sparkes

Angelo Staffiere

Avery Lynn VanHemert

Betty Veley

Bill Martin

Blu Gagno

Clarence Veley

Coos Uylenbroek

Dave Bryer

David Hill, Jr.

David Hill, Sr.

Elizabeth Rouble

Ethann Storm McAulay

Gina Hill

Glorianne Boulrice

Isabella Marguerite Drover

James Reeve

Janet Ann Heydon

Joe Simonds

Joel Snowden

Joyce Stafford

Karen Clark

Karen Lockwood

Kelly Copeland

Kristina Lanoue

Len Brazier

Lena King

Lorraine Traill Stevens

(nee Bloodworth)

Mary Jenkins

Marie Stenekes

Mengzhen

Michael Hilliard

Michael O. Machum

Neddie Majesky

Phyllis Ann Ramsay-Marsden

Pierre Harris Lund

Roland Shields

Royce Bell

Shawn Richards

Steve Lewis

Steven Makins

Susan Findlay

Veer Mohan

Victor Samaroo

Candles of Remembrance

a virtual memorial event

Thank you for joining us today.
Please know that our hearts are with
you during this difficult time.

Proudly supported by:



Ontario

North Simcoe Muskoka Local
Health Integration Network
Réseau local d'intégration
des services de santé de
Simcoe Nord Muskoka



My home. My hospice.



NSMHPCN
North Simcoe Muskoka Hospice Palliative Care Network

**ANGIE
NUSSEY**



MUNDELL FUNERAL HOME LIMITED

SINCE 1914
MCMXIV

**mariposa
house** HOSPICE

CARSON
FUNERAL HOMES
Cremations & Life Celebrations

Thank you for joining us!



My home. My hospice.