



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

More By Sarah B. Blackstone

Published by Family Friend Poems September 2009 with permission of the author.

Imagine if I was given one moment,
just a single slice of my past.
I could hold it close forever,
and that moment would always last.

I'd put the moment in a safe,
within my heart's abode.
I could open it when I wanted,
and only I would know the code.

I could choose a time of laughing,
a time of happiness and fun.
I could choose a time that tried me
through everything I've done.

I sat and thought about what moment
would always make me smile.
One that would always push me
to walk that extra mile.

If I'm feeling sad and low,
if I'm struggling with what to do,
I can go and open my little safe
and watch my moment through.

There are moments I can think of
that would lift my spirits every time.
The moments when you picked me up,
when the road was hard to climb.

For me to only pick one moment
to cherish, save and keep
is proving really difficult,
as I've gathered up a heap!

I've dug deep inside my heart,
found the safe and looked inside.
There was room for lots of moments;
in fact, hundreds if I tried.

I'm building my own little library,
embedded in my heart,
for all the moments spent with you
before you had to part.

I can open it up whenever I like,
pick a moment and watch it through.
My little library acts as a promise;
I'll never ever forget you.



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

REMEMBER ME

**To the living, I am gone,
To the sorrowful, I will never return,
to the angry, I was cheated.**

**But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.
I cannot speak, but I can listen.**

**I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea,
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity,
Remember Me.**

**Remember me in your heart,
Your thoughts, and your memories,
Of the times we loved,
The times we cried,
The times we fought,
The times we laughed.
For if you always think of me, I will never have gone.**



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

from *When I Am Gone* – Poems for Times of Loss and Grief

by Becky Hemsley

When it comes to grief, remember this:

You have not broken a bone.

There is no default treatment,

no cure,

no timeline

for your healing.

You cannot strap your heart to the heart next to it

and hope that it mends itself.

You cannot wrap it in a cast

and protect it from further breaking.

You cannot rest it for weeks or months.

You cannot rely on your other heart

like you might a leg or an arm.

You have not broken a bone.

And yet, like a broken bone, your heart will always now have a vulnerable spot. A bruise,

a burn, a scar.

And just as your arm can still ache after breaking

when it has been holding too much for too long,

so your heart may ache.

When it has been holding too much.

For too long.

But just as your once-broken arm can still hold things and your once-broken leg can

still dance,

so your heart will learn to carry you forward.

Even when it aches.



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

I Walk with You author unknown

**I stood by your bed last night, I came to have a peep.
I could see that you were crying, You found it hard to sleep.**

**I whined to you softly as you brushed away a tear, "It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well,
I'm fine, I'm here." I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,
You were thinking of the many times, your hands reached down to me.**

**I was with you at the shops today, Your arms were getting sore.
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.**

**I was with you at my grave today, You tend it with such care. I want to reassure you, that
I'm not lying there.**

**I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.
I gently put my paw on you, I smiled and said "It's me."**

**You looked so very tired and sank into a chair.
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.**

**It's possible for me, to be so near you every day.
To say to you with certainty, "I never went away."**

**You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew ...
in the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.**

**The day is over and I smile and watch you yawning
and say "Goodnight, bless you, I'll see you in the morning."**

**And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.**

**I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.
Be patient, live your journey out, then come home to be with me.**



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

Author Unknown

**Today I am thankful for tears
Though an ocean I have cried
The speak of our connection
Reminding me that love has not died.
Today I am thankful for the memories
They brighten the road of grief
They remind me of love shared
And provide a small relief.
Today I am thankful for love
Felt strongly in my soul
Love continues living forever
Keeping us together and whole.
Today I am thankful for friends
Those who didn't walk away
They saw my broken heart
And chose to sit and stav.
Today I am thankful for time
Eor the moments that were too ferv
Through the tears that are shed
Today I am thankful for you.**



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

DRU WEST, Writing your grief student, on the death of her daughter Julia.

Book Title: IT'S OK THAT YOU'RE NOT OK: Meeting Grief and Loss in a Culture That Doesn't Understand

Author: Megan Devine

Page: 46

“Over three years now since you left and I am still tired of having people ask, “How are you?” Do they really think I will tell the truth? I am tired of hearing how it was all planned before you were born and how you and I agreed to your death for my soul’s learning and for yours. No one here wants to acknowledge that there might just be chaos and that some things happen because they can, like cars running people over, like bullets ripping through a skull, or tearing open a heart, like blood clots filling the lungs so you can’t get air, or cancer consuming what is left of the body. A pre-mapped-out lifetime doesn’t make the death of someone you actually love any less devastating.

I am tired of hearing there is a reason for your death, for my heartbreak, and that when we get to the other side it will all make sense. It will never make sense, even when my heart stops hurting so much. I miss you. I wish you had never died.”



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

Idyll

by: Siegfried Sassoon

**In the grey summer garden, I shall find you
With day-break and the morning hills behind you.
There will be rain-wet roses; stir of wings;
And down the wood a thrush that wakes and sings.
Not from the past you'll come, but from that deep
Where beauty murmurs to the soul asleep:
And I shall know the sense of life re-born
From dreams into the mystery of morn
Where gloom and brightness meet. And standing there
Till that calm song is done, at last we'll share
The league-spread, quiring symphonies that are
Joy in the world, and peace, and dawn's one star.**



The Garden of Remembrance

A Community Memorial Ceremony

Fallen Limb
author unknown

A LIMB HAS fallen from the

Family Tree

that says

Grieve not for me

Remember the *BEST TIMES*,

the laughter, the song

the good life I lived

while I was STRONG.