The Funeral Service for Pauline

Held at Mason Park Chapel Thursday 23rd September 2021 at 2pm Celebrant Father Mike Pullar

Death Is Mothing 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 still are.

Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which 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 enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be forever the same as it always was, let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it alway was;
there is absolutely unbroken continuity.

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near, just round the corner...

All is well.

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed -and gazed- but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.















Pauline's family extend heartfelt thanks to those who could be with us today. In this sad and unpredictable time, we also appreciate all the love and support received from those who have not been able to physically be with us.



