



A SERVICE OF FAREWELL FOR  
EDWARD GERALD PATRICK ST. GEORGE

at

FORTUNE POINT  
LUCAYA, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND  
THE BAHAMAS

on

Wednesday, 29<sup>th</sup> December 2004

## READINGS

*A Reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes 3: 1-11*

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted, a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. What gain has the worker from his toil? I have seen the business that God has given to the sons of men to be busy with. He has made everything beautiful in its time; also he has put eternity into a man's mind, yet so that he cannot find out what God had done from the beginning to the end.

Perhaps if we could see  
The splendour of the land  
To which our loved are called,  
We'd understand

Perhaps if we could hear  
The welcome they receive  
From old familiar voices,  
We would not grieve

Perhaps if we could know  
The reason why they went,  
We'd wipe away the tears that flow  
And wait - content.

Count your blessings instead of your crosses,  
Count your gains instead of your losses,  
Count your joys instead of your woes;  
Count your friends instead of your foes.  
Count your courage instead of your fears;  
Count your laughs instead of your tears.  
Count your full years instead of your lean;  
Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.  
Count your health instead of your wealth;  
Count on God instead of yourself.

## **Fathers are wonderful people**

Fathers are wonderful people too little understood  
and we do not sing their praises as often as we should  
for, somehow, Father seems to be the man who pays the bills.  
While Mother binds up little hurts and nurses all our ills  
and Father struggles daily to live up to his image –  
as protector and provider and the hero of the scrimmage.  
And perhaps that is the reason we sometimes get the notion  
that Fathers are not subject to the thing we call emotion.  
But if you look inside Dad's heart, where no one else can see,  
you'll find he's sentimental and as soft as he can be,  
But he's so busy everyday in the gruelling race of life.  
He leaves the sentimental stuff to his partner and his wife,  
but Fathers are just wonderful in many different ways,  
and they merit loving compliments and accolades of praise.  
For the only reason Dad aspires to fortune and success  
is to make the family proud of him and to bring them happiness.  
And like Our Heavenly Father, he is a guardian and a guide,  
someone that we can count on to be always on our side.

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's glint 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 the circling 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.

Death is nothing 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 are still. 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 employed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that 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 ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very just around the corner. All is well.

*~Henry Scott Holland*

### **From 'What Is Dying'**

*by Bishop Brent*

What is dying? I am standing on the sea shore, a ship sails to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean. She is an object of beauty and I stand watching her till at last she fades on the horizon, and someone at my side says, "She is gone."

Gone! Where? Gone from my sight – that is all; she is just as large in mast's hull and spars as she was when I saw her, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination. The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her; and just at the moment when someone at my side says, "she is gone," there are others who are watching her coming, and other voices take up a glad shout, "There she comes." And that is dying.