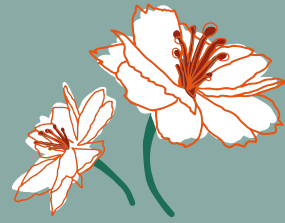


# Farewell poetry and readings to remember loved ones by



Please see below a selection of some of our favourite  
Celebration of Life readings

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How do I love thee?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right.

I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

# Charlottes Web

E. B. White



You have been my friend. That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my webs for you because I liked you. After all, what's a life, anyway? We're born, we live a little while, we die. A spider's life can't help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone's life can stand a little of that.

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## Imitations of Immortality

William Wordsworth

What though the radiance which was once so bright~  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind.

# The Wind in the Willows

## Kenneth Grahame



He saw clearly how plain and simple - how narrow, even - it all was; but clearly, too, how much it all meant to him, and the special value of some such anchorage in one's existence. He did not at all want to abandon the new life and its splendid spaces, to turn his back on sun and air and all they offered him and creep home and stay there; the upper world was all too strong, it called to him still, even down there, and he knew he must return to the larger stage. But it was good to think he had this to come back to, this place which was all his own, these things which were so glad to see him again and could always be counted upon for the same simple welcome.

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# Winnie the Pooh

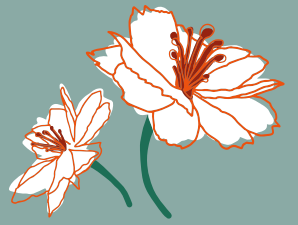
## A.A Milne

If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together... there is something you must always remember.

You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart... I'll always be with you.

# The Tempest

## William Shakespeare



Our revels are now ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded in a sleep.

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## Gone from my Sight

### Henry Van Dyke

Gone where?  
Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast,  
hull and spar as she was when she left my side.  
And, she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her  
destined port.

# No Matter What

## Debi Gliori



Small said: “But what about when you’re dead and gone?  
Would you love me then? Does love go on?”

Large held Small snug as they looked out at the night, at the  
moon in the dark and the stars shining bright.

“Small, look at the stars - how they shine and glow. Yet some of  
those stars died a long time ago. Still they shine in the evening  
skies... love, like starlight, never dies”.

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# Fahrenheit 451

## Ray Bradbury

Everyone must leave something behind when he dies, my  
grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a  
wall built or a pair of shoes made. Or a garden planted.  
Something your hand touched some way so your soul has  
somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree  
or that flower you planted, you’re there. It doesn’t matter what  
you do, he said, so as long as you change something from the  
way it was before you touched it into something that’s like you  
after you take your hands away.

# The Velveteen Rabbit

## Margery Williams



“Real isn’t how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “It’s a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real.”

“Does it hurt?” asked the Rabbit.

“Sometimes,” said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful.

“When you are Real you don’t mind being hurt.”

“Does it happen all at once, like being wound up,” he asked, “or bit by bit?”

“It doesn’t happen all at once,” said the Skin Horse. “You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don’t matter at all, because once you are Real you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.”

“I suppose you are real?” said the Rabbit.

“The Boy’s Uncle made me Real,” he said. “That was a great many years ago; but once you are Real you can’t become unreal again. It lasts for always.”