



## *Hospice Memorial Service Program - May 2023*

### *Welcome*

Christine Dumont, Hospice and Palliative Care Director

### *Readings*

Jeffrey Mitchell, Hospice Nurse

*"Gone from My Sight" by Henry Van Dyke*

Kristie Bonyman, Hospice Social Worker

*"Litany of My Journey" by Joyce Rupp*

### *Litany of Remembrance*

Ruth Kletnick, Hospice Chaplain

with Shannon Doonan, Marcia Flinkstrom, Karen Baldiga, and Marie  
Eastman

### *Readings*

Laura Davie, Hospice Volunteer

*"I am Always with You"*

Shannon Doonan, Hospice Volunteer Coordinator

*"Everywhere"*

### *Moment of Quiet Reflection*

Rev. Maureen E. Steer

Holistic Disciplines Manager

### *Closing Remarks*

Hayley Bustos

Assistant Director of Hospice and Palliative Care

### *Benediction*

Rev. Maureen E. Steer



## Holistic Disciplines Manager

Christine Dumont

### *Welcome*

My name is Christine Dumont; I'm the director of Hospice here at Cornerstone VNA. I'd like to take a moment to welcome you to our Spring Hospice Memorial Service. We in Hospice have many wishes for our patients and families, and these are a few of them:

Comfort on difficult days.

Smiles when sadness intrudes.

Rainbows to follow the clouds.

Laughter to kiss your lips.

Sunsets to warm your heart.

Hugs when spirits sag.

Beauty for your eyes to see.

Friendships to brighten your being.

Faith so that you can believe.

Confidence for when you doubt.

Courage to know yourself.

Patience to accept the truth.

And love to complete your life.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Jeffrey Mitchell

*Gone from My Sight*

*Henry Van Dyke*

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white sails  
to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.  
She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come to mingle  
with each other.  
Then someone at my side says,  
"There, she's gone!"  
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.  
Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.

And just at that moment when someone says,  
"There, she is gone,"  
there are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout,  
"Here she comes!"

And that is - "dying."



Kristie Bonyman, Social Worker

My name Kristie and I'm one of the Social Workers with the hospice team. It's been my privilege and honor to care for your loved one through the end of their life. Thank you for entrusting us to come alongside you and care for them. I'm going to read a Litany of My Journey.

*Litany of My Journey,*

*Joyce Rupp*

I beg assistance, God of my journey  
To accept that all of life is only on loan to me,  
To believe beyond this moment.  
To accept your courage when mine might fail.  
To hold all of life in open hands.  
To treasure all as gifts and blessings.  
To look at the painful part of my life and to grow through it.  
To allow love to embrace me on days that might feel empty and lonely.  
To receive the truth of your presence.

## Ruth Kletnick and Hospice Team

### *Litany of Remembrance*

In the rising of the sun and its going down.

*We remember them.*

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter.

*We remember them.*

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring.

*We remember them.*

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer.

*We remember them.*

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn.

*We remember them.*

In the beginning of the year and when it ends.

*We remember them.*

When we are weary and in need of strength.

*We remember them.*

When we are lost and sick at heart.

*We remember them.*

When we have joys, we yearn to share.

*We remember them.*

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us. We ask that they go on living in us who have loved them so deeply in our hearts and minds, in our courage and conscience.

*As we remember them.*



Laura Davie, Hospice Volunteer

As a Cornerstone VNA hospice volunteer and someone who has experienced a hospice team care for loved ones, it is fellowship that I read the poem "I am Always with You" as part of this service.

Before I begin, take a moment to breathe deeply.

Listen to these words on behalf of the one you have lost.

### *I am Always with You*

When I am gone, release me. Let me go.

I have so many things to see and do.

You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears.

But be thankful, we've had many good years.

I gave you my love and you can only guess  
how much you've given me in happiness.

I thank you for the love that you have shown.

But now it's time I travel on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must.

And let your grief be comforted by trust.

It is only for a while that we must part.

So treasure the memories within your heart.

I won't be far away as life goes on.

And if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near.

And if you listen with your heart you'll hear  
all my love around you. Soft and clear.

And then when you come this way alone.

I'll greet you with a smile and a welcome home.

## Shannon Doonan, Hospice Volunteer Coordinator

My name is Shannon Doonan and I am the Hospice Volunteer Coordinator. Although I haven't met a lot of you personally, I have heard about some of the wonderful experiences the volunteers have had with your loved ones during visits and the bonds that have been created. I heard this poem called Everywhere and thought it was very comforting and beautiful, so I wanted to share it.

### *Everywhere*

I know my hurt will ease in time  
And soon I'll come to see  
The subtle signs that somehow say  
Your spirit's here with me  
I'll think of you when butterflies  
Take rest upon a flower  
Reminding me how beautiful  
And fragile is life's hour  
I'll recognize your warmth and light  
In every ray of sun  
I'll hear you in the whispering winds  
When my world is undone  
I'll feel your soft and sweet embrace  
When waves engulf the shore  
Their strength will be a sign to me  
You're there to help me soar  
I'll know that I am not alone  
When gazing at the stars  
For when you're looking back at me  
That moment will be ours  
I'll miss you 'til we meet again  
But know I am aware  
That every minute until then  
I'll feel you everywhere.



Maureen Steer

## *Quiet Reflection*

And now I'd like to invite you into a quiet space. A time of reflection and a time of safety where you can really engage in this memorial. Enter into those emotions that often times because of things being busy or a long to do list we often put to the side. Invite those emotions in to sit with them during the memorial to give you some time to process. We'd like you to have a few moments of silence just to reflect on the person's life, what they meant to you, invite some memories in and if tears flow, that's ok too. We'd like to give you a few minutes to have a time of quiet just to do that reflection.

[Quiet Reflection Time]





Hayley Bustos, MSN, FNP-C, ACHPN

### *Closing Remarks*

I'm Hailey Bustos, the Assistant Director of Cornerstone VNA Hospice and Palliative Care. We all want to thank you for joining us for the Fall memorial service. We hope you've enjoyed it. We also want to extend an invitation to come by Cornerstone View and visit the Memorial Butterfly Garden and pick up the butterfly that bears the name of your loved one.

I want to leave you with a poem today.

### *On the Death of the Beloved (partial)*

*By John O'Donohue*

Though we need to weep your loss,  
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts  
Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.  
Let us not look for you only in memory,  
Where we would grow lonely without you.  
You would want us to find you in presence,  
Besides us when beauty brightens,  
When kindness glows  
And music echoes eternal tones.

We hope that you continue to have moments of beautiful remembrance and connections to your loved ones.

Maureen Steer

*Benediction*

And now we'll end with an adaptation of an Irish blessing:

*May the road always rise up to meet you.*

*May the sunlight be on your face.*

*May the wind always be at your back.*

*And may the rain fall softly on your fields.*

*And until we meet again,*

*May you be held by divine loving hands.*

Thank you very much, be well.