



## *Hospice Memorial Service Program - Fall 2023*

### *Welcome*

Christine Dumont, Hospice and Palliative Care Director

*"May Time Soften Your Pain" by Anonymous*

### *Readings*

Jeffrey Mitchell, Hospice Nurse

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

Marcia Flinkstrom, Hospice Social Worker

*"Litany of My Journey" by Joyce Rupp*

### *Litany of Remembrance*

Ruth Kletnick, Hospice Chaplain

with Jayme Thibeault, Lauren Kay, Maureen Steer,

Amy Gardner, Ray Caron, and Katie LeBlanc

### *Moment of Quiet Reflection*

Rev. Maureen E. Steer, Holistic Disciplines Manager

### *Readings*

Janet Gnall, Hospice Volunteer

*"There is No Night Without a Dawning" by Helen Steiner Rice*

Jayme Thibeault, Hospice LNA & Hospice Volunteer Coordinator

*"Afterglow" by Helen Lowrie Marshall*

Amy Gardner, Hospice LNA

*"In Memoriam" by William Morecomb*

### *Benediction and Closing Remarks*

Rev. Maureen E. Steer, Holistic Disciplines Manager



Christine Dumont

## *Welcome*

Hello, my name is Christine Dumont, and I'm the Director of Hospice and Palliative Care here at Cornerstone VNA. I'd like to welcome you all to our Fall Hospice Memorial Service. And on behalf of our team, I would like to tell you that it was an honor and a privilege to care for your loved one. I'd like to start by reading a poem entitled *May Time Soften Your Pain*, by an anonymous author.

## *May Time Soften Your Pain*

In times of darkness, love sees...  
In times of silence, love hears...  
In times of doubt, love hopes...  
In times of sorrow, love heals...  
And in all times, love remembers.  
May time soften the pain  
Until all that remains  
Is the warmth of the memories  
And the love.  
-Anonymous

Jeffrey Mitchell

## *Reading*

Thank you, Christine. My name is Jeff Mitchell. I'm a registered nurse with Cornerstone Hospice, working as an RN case manager and a manager here in the office. I want to thank you for sharing this time with us to remember

so many of the loved ones of yours that we have had the honor of taking care of over this past year. I have a reading called *Gone from My Sight*.

*Gone from My Sight, by 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.”

Marcia Flinkstrom

### *Reading*

Thank you, Jeff. My name is Marcia. I'm a hospice social worker here at Cornerstone. I just want to thank you for allowing me to be a part of your life and your loved ones as you face some of the most difficult times. Today, I'm going to read a reading, Litany of my Journey, written by Joyce Rupp.

### *Litany of My Journey, by 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.*

Maureen Steer

### *Moment of Quiet Reflection*

Thank you, Ruth. It's time in the program now for our moment of silence. And in the world that's so busy, and that we take a lot of time to take care of the next thing. I'd ask you to just take a minute and slow down and just be present and allow yourself time to be in this moment and allow yourself the time to be present for your grief. So we would invite you into this space to think about your loved one. Think about memories. Cry a few tears if needed. And just allow yourself to be here.

Janet Gnall

*Reading*

Thank you, Maureen. Hi, my name is Janet Gnall, and I am a volunteer here at Cornerstone. We volunteers want to say thank you for sharing your precious time with us. We are humbled to have a window into your loved one's life. I hope that the reading that I am about to share with you gives you some comfort during your grief.

*"There is No Night Without a Dawning" by Helen Steiner Rice*

There is no night without a dawning

No winter without a spring  
And beyond the dark horizon  
Our hearts will once more sing...  
For those who leave us for a while  
Have only gone away  
Out of a restless, careworn world  
Into a brighter day

- by Helen Steiner Rice

Jayne Thibeault

*Reading*

Thank you, Janet. My name is Jayme Thibeault, and I'm the hospice volunteer coordinator and a hospice LNA. It has been my pleasure to care for your loved ones at the end of their lives. The poem I am going to read seems fitting as one of my favorite things is listening to their memories about their lives and happy stories that you each share. The poem is called Afterglow.

*"Afterglow" by Helen Lowrie Marshall*

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;  
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

*Helen Lowrie Marshall*

Amy Gardner

*Reading*

Thank you, Jayme. I'm Amy. I am an LNA on the hospice team, and I'm going to read for you In Memoriam by William Morecomb.

*"In Memoriam" by William Morecomb*

For a second you were flying  
Like you always wanted to  
Now you'll fly forever  
In skies of azure blue

We'll see your smile in every ray  
Of sunshine after rain  
And hear the echo of your laughter  
Over all the pain

The world's a little quieter now  
The colours have lost their hue  
The birds are singing softly  
And our hearts are missing you

Each time we see a little cloud



Or a rainbow soaring high  
We'll think of you and gently  
Wipe a tear from our eye

Maureen Steer

### *Benediction and Closing Remarks*

Thank you, Amy. And I would like to leave you with this blessing.

May the road rise to meet you.  
May the wind always be at your back.  
May the sun shine warm against your face.  
And may the rains fall softly on your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May you be held in loving, caring hands.

Be well.