Precious Memories:
Gathering together in Remembrance

We have gathered together today, in this place, in a spirit of sharing and supporting, because we have experienced the loss of a baby or child.

For some it may have been through miscarriage, or stillbirth, where reasons may be known or unexplained. For some, the loss of the child may have been through abortion, where hard decisions were wrestled with. For others, a child may have lived longer, only to be cruelly taken. Every child has a life of promise. Each parent has hopes and dreams for their child. And when that child is lost, all that is known for sure are the feelings of pain, anger, perhaps guilt, emptiness, grief and sorrow.

Today, here, we remember each precious child that has been lost. We share memories of the difficult times. We share those thoughts and our prayers in this house which has witnessed the joys and sorrows of the thousands who have worshipped here over the years. Like those before us, we offer support and hope for each other for a better, peaceful future.

This afternoon is an opportunity for gathering together with music, readings, candles to light, and time for quiet reflection or prayer.

This gathering is for you - you are most welcome.
Fleetingly Known

(Sung to the tune of *Morning Has Broken.*)

Fleetingly known, yet ever remembered,
These are our children now and always,
Those whom we see not, we will forget not
Morning and evening, all of our days.

As we recall them, silently name them,
Open our heart Lord, now and always.
Grant to us grieving, love for the living,
Strength for each other, all of our days.

Safe in your peace Lord hold these our children,
Grace, light and laughter, grant them each day;
Cherish and hold them 'till we may know them,
When to your glory we find our way.
Poetry Reading:

**Rainbow Child**

*By Christy Brown*

Dear smiling child on a rainbow  
I see you still, standing on the happier side of us,  
Giving us new knowledge of this life  
As you hold out your hand.

You will always be with us in the better part of our dreaming,  
The dark incomprehensible beauty of you  
Stirring us to efforts beyond our strength,  
Hoping to catch a glimmer of your flame.

You are gone now to a sunnier someplace,  
And yet you will never be gone  
For you are forever in the wind and in the fall of leaf,  
And these endure beyond the fragile mind of men.  
Child on a rainbow look down kindly on us.

★★ Pause for quiet reflection or prayer ★★

Lighting the tea lights in memory of a lost child:

You are invited to light a candle in memory of your child.

A lighted candle is a timeless symbol of everlasting life and freedom.

★★★ Musical Interlude ★★★
Too Soon

By Mary Yarnell

This was a life
That had hardly begun.
No time to find
Your place in the sun.
No time to do
All you could have done,
But we loved you enough for a lifetime.

No time to enjoy
The world and its wealth.
No time to take life
Down off the shelf.
No time to sing the song of yourself,
Though you had enough love for a lifetime.

Those who live long endure sadness and tears,
But you’ll never suffer the sorrowing years:
no betrayal, no anger,
no hatred no fears,
just love- only love - in your lifetime.
Let There be Love

Let there be love shared amongst us,
    Let there be love in our eyes,
May now your love sweep this nation,
    Cause us, O Lord, to arise.
Give us a fresh understanding,
    Filled with your love that is real.
Let there be love shared amongst us,
    Let there be love.

Let there be hope shared amongst us,
    Let there be hope in our eyes,
May now your hope sweep this nation,
    Cause us, O Lord to arise.
Give us a fresh understanding,
    Filled with your hope that is real.
Let there be hope shared amongst us.
    Let there be hope.

Let there be peace shared amongst us,
    Let there be peace in our eyes,
May now your peace sweep this nation,
    Cause us, O Lord to arise.
Give us a fresh understanding,
    Filled with your peace that is real,
Let there be peace shared amongst us.
    Let there be peace.
Poetry Reading:

Dear Friend,
Go ahead and mention my child;
The one that died, you know.
Don’t worry about hurting me further,
The depth of my pain doesn’t show.
Don’t worry about making me cry,
I’m already crying inside.
Help me to heal by releasing the tears
That I’m trying to hide.
I’m hurt when you just keep silent,
pretending he didn’t exist.
I’d rather you’d mention my child,
Knowing that he has been missed.
You asked me how I’m doing,
I say ‘pretty good’ or ‘fine’.
But healing is something ongoing,
I feel it will take a lifetime.

Author Unknown

Pause for quiet reflection or prayer

You are invited to write the name of your child on the back of the rainbow notelets. These can be put in the basket provided and will later be put into our Book of Remembrance.
Cradling Song.

We cannot care for you the way we wanted,
Or cradle you or listen to your cry;
But separated as we are by silence,
Love will not die.

We cannot watch you growing into childhood,
And find a new uniqueness everyday;
But special as you would have been among us,
You still will stay.

So through the mess of anger, grief and tiredness,
Through tensions which are not yet reconciled,
We give to God the worship of our sorrow
And our dear child.

Lord, in your arms which cradle all creation
We rest and place our baby beyond death,
Believing our child alive in heaven,
Breathes with your breath.

Our floral posies, which we now distribute, are for you to take away in remembrance.
Poetry Reading

**Tomorrow**

Just as surely as my child
Walked towards eternal life,
I too must walk towards my own light,
finding a way through this
Tunnel of darkness
To the brightness of a new day.
So in my own time, I learn to live again
With laughter, love and joy -
For myself, for my child
For those still in need.

Just for this moment,
Just for this day,
I set up my hope
Upon tomorrow

**A Celtic Blessing**

May the road rise up to meet you.

May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm on your face,
And the rain fall soft on your fields.
And, until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His Hand.

The National Help Line is 0808 802 5433
Text-2-Talk:
TEXT: LIFECARE + Your Message To: 88020

Entrance Music: Albinoni’s *Adagio* followed by Ravel’s *Pavane*
Music to Leave by: Enrico Morricone’s *Gabriel’s Oboe*

The statue featured on the front cover of this booklet is to be found in the memorial garden at the cemetery, Quibo Lane, Weymouth