A Service for the Burial of Ashes

For

Baby

We gather together this day

in these solemn and painful moments

Though we gather in the shadow of death and the darkness of grief we gather also in love.

Love for Baby , love for Mum and Dad,

and love for each other.

We meet in this loving presence

to acknowledge our loss of one so young.

May we know love this day

that in our pain we may find comfort;

in our sorrow, hope;

in our questioning, understanding;

And in this experience of death, healing.

Let us be silent and hold one another.

*Silence*

Often we are found in our grief and comforted

Calmed by some kindness

Brought alive again by beauty

That catches us undefended**.**

Even when the sun is most thin and far

Even at the hour the storm is at its height love abides,

We can go through renewal nests within sorrow

Love, even beyond anger, beyond death.

We are held in an embrace invisible but infinite

Moving with all creation

Between wholeness and fragmentation

Moving always towards the one.

Small joys and great sorrows pass

And we, with steps uncertain, move on

To whatever is next

But continually seen, heard, held

By life, infinite and remote, intimate and abiding.

Love do not let us go.

*Barbara Pescan*

We trust that beyond the absence:

There is a presence

That beyond the pain:

There can be healing

That beyond the brokenness:

There can be wholeness.

That beyond the hurting:

There can be forgiveness

That beyond the silence:

There may be the word.

That beyond the word:

There may be understanding.

That through all understanding:

There is love.

our hearts and minds

We hold Mum who has carried her baby to birth with love.

And Dad who has watched and waited.

And for all family and friends who have opened their hearts to this little one and when hearts are breaking.

So when love causes pain, may love come and heal us,

When love seems far away, may it come and find us,

When love asks for sacrifice, then may it grant us strength,

And when love grows cold, may it come as a fire and warm us into life again.

We give thanks for the love of Mum and Dad,

For the love from which Baby has come,

The love that will go with this little one,

and the love that will be home.

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust,

Memory to memory,

Story to story,

Blessing to blessing,

Strength to strength,

Gratitude to gratitude,

Spirit to spirit,

Love to love,

The wheel turns ever,

And what came out of the earth,

Returns now in peace.

*Mark Belletini*

The Cord   
  
We are connected,   
Our child and we,  
by an invisible cord,  
That no one can see.   
  
It's not like the cord,  
That connects us 'til birth   
This cord can't been seen   
By any on Earth.   
  
This cord does it's work,   
Right from the start,   
It binds us together,  
Attached to our hearts.   
  
We know that it's there   
Though no one can see   
The invisible cord   
From our child to we.   
  
The strength of this cord   
Is hard to describe.   
It can't be destroyed   
It can't be denied.   
  
It's stronger than any cord   
Man could create   
It withstands the test   
Can hold any weight.   
  
And though you are gone,   
Though you're not here with we,  
The cord is still there   
But no one can see.   
  
It pulls at our heart s  
We am bruised...   
We am sore,   
But this cord is our lifeline   
As never before.

We am thankful that we are  
Connected this way   
Parents and child   
Death can't take it away!   
~ Author Unknown

**Tears**

Be thankful for tears,

Tears that flow unchecked,

That run in rivulets

Down to the sea of love;

That have to merge eventually

With something larger than the self.

Be thankful for tears

The tears that bring release

For knotted nerves

Twisted as sinews,

Bringing a breathing out

beyond despair.

Be thankful for tears,

And then beyond the tears,

Beyond the hopelessness

That has to offer up the grief

Till no more fall,

Because no more can fall -

The tiny step that is a journey’s start,

A slow step onward,

Numb at first and seeming dead,

Where haltingly, but gradually

One grass blade starts to grow

Watered by tears;

Somehow a kind of healing can begin.

*Cecily Taylor*