



Wiseman's
Funeral Homes
"Our Family Serving Your Family"

Verse 1

Not dead to us who loved him,
Not lost, but gone before;
He lives with us in memory
And will forever more.

Verse 2

His life was earnest, his actions kind,
A generous hand, and active mind,
Anxious to please, loath to offend,
A loving brother and faithful friend.

Verse 3

His thoughts were all so full of us,
He never could forget,
And so we think that where he is
He must be watching yet.
As angels keep their watch up there,
Please, God, just let him know
That we down here do not forget,
We love and miss him so.



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Verse 4

His message:

Come to my Heavenly garden,
And see in perfect bloom,
The flower you loved so dearly,
And thought that I plucked too soon.
Then you will know the reason,
Though you know it not today,
Why in his promising manhood
I took you brother away.

Verse 5

His message;

Come to my Heavenly garden,
And see in perfect bloom,
The flower you loved so dearly,
And thought that I plucked too soon.
Then you will know the reason,
Though you know it not today,
Why in his promising manhood
I took you brother away.

Verse 6

A loving brother, true and kind,
No friend on earth like home we'll find,
For all of us he did his best,
And God gave him eternal rest.
In our hearts his memory lingers,
Sweetly, tender, fond and true,
There is not a day, dear brother,
That we do not think of you.



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Verse 7

He is gone but not forgotten,
And as dawns another year,
In our lonely hours of thinking,
Thoughts of him are always near.
Days of sadness will come o'er us,
Friends may think the wound is healed.
But they little know the sorrow
That lies within the heart concealed.

Verse 8

I think of him in silence,
His name I often recall,
There is nothing left to answer,
But his picture on the wall.

Verse 9

You were someone I could talk to
That no one can replace,
You were someone I could laugh with
Till tears ran down my face.
You were someone I could turn to
When I needed a helping hand,
You were someone I could count on
To advise and understand.
You were someone I thought more of
As each year came to an end,
You were my dearest mother
And also my dearest friend.
Thank you for the memories
That are yours and mine alone,
For they recall so many special moments
That you and I have known.



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Verse 10

A special smile, a special face,
And in our hearts a special place
No words we speak can ever say
How much we miss you everyday
To hear your voice and see you smile,
To sit and talk to you awhile
To be together in the same old way
Would be our dearest wish today
Put your arms around him Lord
Treat him with special care
Make up for all he suffered
And all that seemed unfair.

Verse 11

His weary hours and days of pain,
His troubled nights are past;
And in our aching hearts we know
He has found sweet peace at last.

Verse 12

Gone is the face we loved so dear,
Silent is the voice we loved to hear;
Too far away for sight or speech,
But not too far for thought to reach,
Sweet to remember him
Who once was here,
And who though absent, is just as dear.



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Verse 13

Her loving face I hope to see again,
Though the days have passed away;
Sleep on, dear wife, and take thy rest,
They miss you most who loved you best.

Verse 14

Oh, what could I give to clasp your hand;
Your kind dear face to see;
Your loving smile, your welcome voice,
That meant so much to me.
No one knows the silent heartache,
Only those who have lost can tell
Of the grief that is borne in silence
For the one I loved so well.

Verse 15

We are sad within our memory,
Lonely are our hearts today;
For the one we loved so dearly
Has forever been called away.

Verse 16

The rolling stream of life goes on
But still the empty chair
Reminds me of the face, the smile
Of one who once sat there.



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Verse 17

The midnight stars are shining
Upon your silent grave
Beneath it lies the one we love
And the one we could not save.

Verse 18

My lips cannot tell how I miss her,
My heart cannot tell what to say.
God alone knows how I miss her,
In a home that is lonesome today.

Verse 19

Deep in the heart lies a picture
Of a loved one laid to rest,
In memory's frame we shall keep it,
Because she was one of the best.

Verse 20

The depths of sorrow we cannot tell.
Of the loss of one we loved so well;
And while she lies in peaceful sleep,
Her memory we shall always keep.



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"A Prayer of Courage..."

Sweet Jesus, lay thy wounded hand,
Upon my weary head
Help me to have courage
In the pats that I must tread
Help me, and those I love
And give us grace to see.

The crosses that are bravely borne
Will bring close to thee
And if perchance a shadow falls,
In unsuspecting ways
Then place your wounded hand in mine,
And lead me through the days.

So Bless your people, one and all
With your unending grace
And help us to have courage,
Till we meet thee,
Face to face.



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"An Act Of Love"

An act of love need not be
a gesture great or grand ...
A smile can work a miracle
and show you understand.
Being there in time of need
transcends the spoken word;
A helping hand is simply grand
when hearts begin to bleed.

A prayer is nothing till it's heard
beyond the highest leaf,
But when it's unanswered, oh my friend,
how strong is our belief!
An act of love may simply be
a smile, a hug, a kiss ...
But it's a joy for all to see
when troubles come like this.



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"Beatitudes For Friends Of The Aged"

Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and palsied hand.
Blessed are they who know that my ears today
Must strain to catch the things they say.
Blessed are they who seem to know
That my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.
Blessed are they who looked away
When coffee spilled at table today.
Blessed are they with a cheery smile
Who stop to chat for a little while.
Blessed are they who never say,
"You've told that story twice today."
Blessed are they who know the ways
To bring back memories of yester years.
Blessed are they who make it known
That I'm loved, respected and not alone.
Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss
To find the strength to carry the Cross.
Blessed are they who ease the days
On my journey Home in loving ways.

Esther Mary Walker



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"A Newfoundlander"

Born and raised, that was me,
a Newfoundlander, proud to be.
In Life I shared my life and glories,
but now I'm gone think back to stories.
When you feel the coastal air,
just close your eyes because I am there.
I'm in the breeze for you to feel,
and I'm in your hearts to help you heal.
Remember me and time we shared,
I thank you all who loved and cared.

"FAREWELL"

To My family, friends, and
loved ones I now must say farewell,
Do not grieve, or mourn for me For
I am going where peace does dwell.

I know that I must leave you now,
I hope you understand; Although
You can not see me, I will be
Close at hand.

As you continue on your journey
My memories will be there too;
And one day when you are lonely
They will comfort you.

So God bless and keep you my dear ones
Until you reach your end;
There you will find me waiting
And we will meet again.



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"FISHERMAN'S PRAYER"

God grant that I may live to fish
Until my dying day
And when it comes to my last cast
I then must humbly pray
When in the Lord's safe landing net
I'm peacefully asleep
That in his mercy, I be judged
As big enough to keep

"FOOTPRINTS"

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it. "Lord, You said that one I decided to follow you, You'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My son, My precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then I Carried You.



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"God's Garden"

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best
He knew the roads were getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb
So he closed your weary eyelids and whispered
"Peace be thine:
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you did not go alone
For part of us went with you
The day god called you home



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"Going Home"

Going home, going home,
I'm just going home.
Quiet-like, slip away -
I'll be going home.
It's not far, just close by;
Jesus is the Door;
Work all done, laid aside,
Fear and grief no more.
Friends are there, waiting now.
He is waiting, too.
See His smile! See His hand!
He will lead me through.

Morning Star lights the way;
Restless dream all done;
Shadows gone, break of day,
Life has just begun.
Every tear wiped away,
Pain and sickness gone;
Wide awake there with Him!
Peace goes on and on!
Going home, going home,
I'll be going home.
See the Light! See the Sun!
I'm just going home.



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"He Only Takes The Best"

God saw you getting tired,
And a cure was not to be,
So he put his arms around you,
And whispered, "Come to me."

With tearful eyes we watched you,
And saw you pass away,
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest.
God broke our hearts
To prove to us,
He only takes the best.



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"His Journey's Just Begun"

Don't think of him as gone away-
his journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets-
this earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.

Think he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.

And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
For nothing loved is ever lost-
and he was loved so much.



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"I Needed The Quiet"

I needed the quiet so he drew me aside
Into the shadows where we could confide
Away from the bustle where all the day long
I hurried and worried when active and strong.

I need the quiet tho at first I rebelled
But gently, so gently, my cross he upheld
And whispered so sweetly of spiritual things
Tho weakened in body, my spirit took wings
To heights never dreamed of when active and gay
He loved me so greatly, he drew me away.

I needed the quiet, no prison my bed
But a beautiful valley of blessings instead
A place to grow richer, in Jesus to hide
I needed the quiet so he drew me aside.



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"I'm Free"

Don't grieve for me now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid you see,
I took His hand when I heard His call,
I turned my back and left it all.

I couldn't stay another day
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy:
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss;
Ah, yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life was full, I savored much -
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps our time seemed all too brief -
Don't lengthen now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and share my glee.
God wanted me now; He set me free.



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"Keep My Memory"

Keep my memory with you,
For memories never die;
I will be there with you,
When you look across the sky.

I will be there in the clouds,
In the birds that fill the air;
In the beauty of a fragrant rose,
You will find my memory there.

You will find me in the tenderness
Of a baby's gentle touch;
You will hear me if you listen,
In the twilight's gentle hush.

When your hearts are heavy,
And you feel that you are alone;
Just reach down deep inside of you,
For your heart is now my home.

I will always be with you,
I will never go away;
For I will live on in your hearts,
Forever and a day.



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"Mother"

For Everything
you've done for me,
For raising me so happily,
For being dear as dear can be -
I love you, Mother!

For Patience
And for constant care
For readiness to give and share,
For all the times
When you were there -
I love you, Mother!

And for the love
You've always shown
In a way that's all your own,
For being the dearest friend
I've know...
I love you, Mother!

Thanks for the diapers, the washing, the folding,
The changing, repinings and all of the Holding -
The rocking, the singing, the Healing, your Smile -
The endurance it took to cope all the while
With so many children, so many --- you know
The cooking, the cleaning, the sewing and the work,
Honor is due
And so - For those hours, those days, all those years

I thank you dear Mother



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"My Mom - Our Mom"

I read a verse yesterday and I
Thought of you right away,
It spoke of all my pain and sorrow
And how I should deal with all of it.

It read, to start each day with
A smile and not tears,
To live on with all my happy memories
And not feed on all the loneliness I feel.

I could hear you speaking these words
In your mild soft voice - telling me to
Get on with life - make each day have
A purpose - draw strength from all
The good things life has given us.
Remember and cherish all our good times.

Mom - you were such a capable
Self-sufficient woman. We were so proud
To say you were "our mother".
You never raised your voice, you always used that
Mild loving touch with all of us. You were so proud
Of all of us - your children - your grandchildren
Your nieces and nephews. You have left us a wonderful
Legacy of memories - we will cherish forever.

You will always be "my mom - my friend - my hero."



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"SAFELY HOME"

I am in heaven dear ones;
Oh, so happy and so bright!
There is perfect joy and beauty
In this everlasting light.

All the pain and grief is over;
Every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace forever,
Safely home in heaven at last.

Did you wonder I so calmly
Trode the valley of the shade?
Oh, but Jesus' love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade.

And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread;
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,
Could I have one doubt or dread?

Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still;
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's Will.

There is work still waiting for you,
So you must not idly stand;
Do it now, while life remaineth-
You shall rest in Jesus' land.

When that work is all completed,
He will gently call you Home;
Oh, the rapture of the meeting,
Oh, the joy to see you come.



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"The Measure of a Man"

The Measure of a Man
is the shortest distance he
moves from his values in
loving his family & friends.

The Measure of a Man
is the length of his steps
when he walks to understand
his fellow man whether taking
a fragile shuffle or a purposeful stride.

The Measure of a Man
is the vastness of his mind
to use his talents in improving
his life and the lives of others.

The Measure of a Man
is to wander off track
only to learn humility and
the grace it would provide
him in judging himself and others.

The Measure of a Man
is to see no boundaries
to the love of his God
and the faith it would provide
in accepting God's will for him.



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"Weep Not"

Weep not,
The time has finally come.
I'm needed more elsewhere,
My job here is done.

Weep not,
You did all that you could.
My pain is all gone now,
You did just what you should.

Weep not,
I live on in your heart.
Think of me with love,
And we'll never be apart.

Weep not,
I know that you will try.
I know that you will miss me,
But we never say goodbye.

Weep not,
My life was not in vain.
My time with you was wonderful,
Now let go of the pain.

So weep not,
My family, my friend.
I'll love you all forever
Till we meet again.



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"Weep Not For Me"

Weep not for me though I am gone
 Into the gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
 Upon my soul's sweet flight.
I am at peace, my soul's at rest.
 There is no need for tears.
For with your Love, I was so blessed
 For all those many years.
There is no pain, I suffer not,
 The fear now all is gone.
Now put these things out of your thoughts,
 For in your memory, I live on.
Remember not my fight for breath,
 Remember not the strife.
Please do not dwell upon my death,
 But celebrate my life.

- Constance Jenkins



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"What is dying?"

I am standing on the seashore.
A ship sails in the morning breeze and
starts for the ocean.
She is an object of beauty and I stand
watching her
'till at last she fades on the horizon,
and someone at my side says, "She is gone."
Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all.
She is just as large in the masts,
hull, and spars as she was when I saw her,
and just as able to bear her load of living
freight to its destination.
The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me,
not in her; and just at the moment
when someone at my side says,
"She is gone," there are others watching her coming,
and other voices take up a glad shout,
"There she comes!" And that is dying.

Author Unknown



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"When I'm Gone"

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can that I ever frowned,
And remember only my smile.

Forget unkind words I have spoken
Remember some good I have' done,
Forget that I ever had heartache
Remember I've had loads of fun.

Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way,
Remember I've fought some hard battles
And won, ere the close of the day.

Then, forget to grieve for my going
I would not have you sad for a day,
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay.

Come in the shade of the evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west,
Stand a few minutes beside me
And remember only best.



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"Your Gentle Face"

Your gentle face and patient smile
with sadness we recall,
you had a kindly word for each
and died beloved by all.

In tears we watched you sinking,
we watched you fade away.

Our hearts were almost broken,
you fought so hard to stay.

We sat beside your bedside,
our hearts were crushed and sore.

We tried to comfort to the end,
but we could do no more.

But when we saw you sleeping so peacefully,
free from pain, we could not wish you back
to suffer that again.