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Appendix

On the Death of the Beloved

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.

Your love was like the dawn
Brightening over our lives
Awakening beneath the dark
A further adventure of colour.

The sound of your voice
Found for us
A new music
That brightened everything.

Whatever you enfolded in your gaze
Quickened in the joy of its being;
You placed smiles like flowers
On the altar of the heart.
Your mind always sparkled
With wonder at things.

Though your days here were brief,
Your spirit was live, awake, complete.

We look towards each other no longer
From the old distance of our names;
Now you dwell inside the rhythm of breath,
As close to us as we are to ourselves.

Though we cannot see you with outward eyes,
We know our soul's gaze is upon your face,
Smiling back at us from within everything
To which we bring our best refinement.

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,
Beside us when beauty brightens,
When kindness glows
And music echoes eternal tones.

When orchids brighten the earth,
Darkest winter has turned to spring;
May this dark grief flower with hope
In every heart that loves you.

May you continue to inspire us:
To enter each day with a generous heart.
To serve the call of courage and love
Until we see your beautiful face again
In that land where there is no more separation,
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,
And where we will never lose you again.

On the Death of Anne Brontë

by Charlotte Brontë

There's little joy in life for me,
 And little terror in the grave;
I 've lived the parting hour to see
 Of one I would have died to save.

Calmly to watch the failing breath,
 Wishing each sigh might be the last;
Longing to see the shade of death
 O'er those beloved features cast.

The cloud, the stillness that must part
 The darling of my life from me;
And then to thank God from my heart,
 To thank Him well and fervently;

Although I knew that we had lost
 The hope and glory of our life;
And now, benighted, tempest-tossed,
 Must bear alone the weary strife.