

Committal Prayers

Gail Turnbull



June 17, 2023
Louisa Cemetery
Wentworth, Quebec, Canada

We gather this afternoon to lay to rest our beloved Gail/Mom. She filled our lives with laughter and stories. She loved her family and her many friends, lighting our lives. She delighted in learning in music and faith and sharing both with all she encountered. We miss her deeply and will always be inspired by her generosity, kindness and strength. Gail held a quiet, constant faith—believing that death was end of life here on earth, but not the end of her spirit and her love. We gather to honour her legacy of love and strength.

Dear Lord, welcome Gail, who lived her life with an eager involvement and a responsive heart. Welcome her as she goes forth now on a new journey to an unknown place.

Tony to place urn in grave

It is always hard to say goodbye to someone we love, be we can do so a little more easily knowing Gail/Mom is embarking on the next stage of a fascinating journey. She will love appreciatively what lies before and rejoice in what she discovers. Help we who are left be comforted in the hope that we will all be together again one day.

I Am Always With You

When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so many things to see and do
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears
Be thankful we for our shared years.
I gave you my love, and you can only guess
How much you have given me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you have shown
Now it is time that I travel this way on my own.
So grieve for me awhile, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while we must part,
Treasure the memories within your heart.
I won't be far away, life goes on,
When you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near.
If you listen with your heart, you will hear
All my love around you, strong and clear.
And then, when you come this way in turn,
I'll greet you with a smile and a "Welcome Home"



As we remember Gail at this time and for eternity; hold before us our beginning and our ending, the dust from which we come, the love for which we live and the death to which we move, with a firm hope in your eternal love and purposes for us.

By Herself to Her Friends

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a
stone,

Nor when I'm gone speak in a
solemn
tone

But be the usual selves that I have
known.

Weep if you must, Parting is hell,
But life goes on, So sing as well.

Joyce Grenfell

Jim to distribute roses.

“In Blackwater Woods”

by Mary Oliver

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars
of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,
the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders
of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is
nameless now.
Every year
everything
I have ever learned
in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side
is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.