

Anastasia Ahern



Kathleen Bass



Frances Byron



Bridget Callaghan



Teresa Campbell



Una Cavanagh



Thomas Cooke



Ivor Corboy Banks



Margaret Corrigan



Jodie Coughlan



Ann Curtis



Maureen Daly



Kathleen Davis



Kevin Deane



Gerry Dolan



Michael Doran



Anne Dwyer



Sheila Fanning



Eilís Feehan



Michael Flanagan



Frankie Gallagher



Roma Gilmartin



Billy Gleeson



Pauric Goonan



Maureen Guinan



John Harte



Stephen (Curly) Hayes



James Hehir



Ann Hogan



Tony Hogan



Chrissie Hogan



Mary Hutchinson



Michael (Mouse) Kelly



Kathleen Kennedy



Maura Kerrigan



John Kinnarney



Ann Kirwan



William Kirwan



Helen Liffey



Michael Loughnane



Bridget Maddox



John Maher



Frances Mahon



Nuala Maloney



Steve Martin



Mary McCarthy



Michael McCarthy



John McDonnell



Jimmy McEvoy



Jimmy Morris



Brendan Naylor



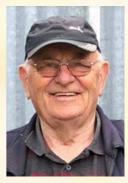
Tom Nestor



Sally Nugent



Damien (Damo) O' Shea



Sean Oakley



Patrick O' Brien



Mary O'Connor



Ger Pardy



James Parsons



Denise Revill



Margaret Scully



Patrick Sherlock



Daniel (Dan) Shortt



Patrick Spain



Dermot Sullivan



Bernadette Turner



Noel Watkins



Brigid White

May the Lord support us all the day long,
Till the shades lengthen and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed,
and the fever of life is over,
and our work is done.
Then in his mercy may he give us a safe lodging,
and holy rest, and peace at the last.

(John Henry Newman)

Bed-time

by Thomas Hood

The evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest;
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the nest.
"Caw!" says the rook, as he flies overhead;
"It's time little people were going to bed!"

The flowers are closing;
The daisy's asleep;
The primrose is buried
In slumber so deep.
Shut up for the night is the pimpernel red;
It's time little people were going to bed!

The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing;
The bees are returning,
No more the birds sing.
Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Here comes the pony,
His work all done;
Down through the meadow
He takes a good run;
Up goes his heels and down goes his head;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Good night, little people,
Good night and good night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there's no more to be said,
It's time little people were going to bed!

The Berevement Journey



Ní imithe uainn ata siad ach imithe romhainn

They are not gone from us but gone before us