

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



Treasa Barry



Rita Boyd



Bernie Bracken



Johnny Bracken



Conor Brady



Freda Brophy



*Natalie Browne
(née Walsh)*



Nancy Buckley



Gerry Cleary



Jennifer Coghlan



Gerry Corcoran



Noel Coughlan

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



John Craven



Cormac Delaney



Michael Delaney



Christina Doyle



John English



*Margaret Fereday
(née McGarry)*



Padraig Gibbons



Patrick Gleeson



Claire Grimes



David Hanevy



Marie Harding



Elizabeth Higgins

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



*Michael
(Mick) Hogan*



Liam Hayes



Kevin Hayes



*Noel (Flossy)
Hogan*



*Anne Coleman
(née Kelly)*



Cyril Kelly



Jack Kelly



*Kathleen (Caith)
Kearney*



Fionbarr Joyce



Eileen McCarthy



Mary McNamara



Brendan Larkin

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



*Stephen (Steve)
Martin*



Frank Masterson



Mark Molloy



Mary Ann Molloy



Maureen O'Neill



*Christina (Golly)
O'Brien*



Kieran O'Donoghue



*Deirdre (Dee)
O'Meara*



Baby Henry Pardy



Kevin Purcell



Sr. Maeve Quinlan



*Elizabeth (Betty)
Reid*

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



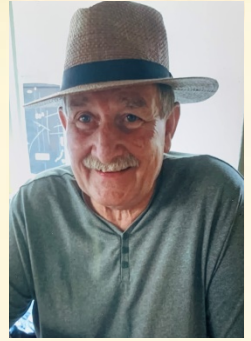
*Bridget (Bessie)
Reynolds*



Jack Ryan



*Eamon (Ned)
Sheeran*



*Michael (Sluggie)
Walsh*



Frank Watkins



Margaret White



Mary Wynne

*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)

Feathers

I sent you a little white feather
I placed it right there in your way
I wrapped it in love with a message
to let you know you'll be okay

I drew you a colourful rainbow
It followed your car for a while
I made a spectacular rainbow
I hoped it would show me your smile

I flew down a beautiful robin
It landed right there on your ledge
I prayed he would give you the strength
to push yourself back from the edge

I try every day to remind you
that I never did go away
the feathers, the rainbows, the robins
are my way of trying to stay.

(Donna Ashworth)

NOVEMBER QUESTIONS

Where did you go when your eyes closed and you were
cloaked in the ancient cold?

How did we seem, huddled around the hospital bed?
Did we loom as figures do in dream?

As your skin drained, became vellum, a splinter of whitethorn
from your battle with the bush in the Seangharraí stood out in
your thumb.

Did your new feet take you beyond, to fields of Elysia, or did
you come back along Caherbeanna mountain where every
rock knows your step?

Did you have to go to a place unknown?
Were there friendly faces to welcome you, help you settle in?

Did you recognize anyone?
Did it take long to lose the web of scent, the honey smell of
old hay, the whiff of wild mint and the wet odour of the earth
you turned every spring?

Did sounds become unlinked, the bellow of cows let into fresh
winterage, the purr of a stray breeze over the Coillín, the ring
of the galvanized bucket that fed the hens, the clink of lime-
stone loose over a scailp in the Ciorcán?

Did you miss the delight of your gaze at the end of a day's
work
over a black garden, a new wall or a field cleared of rock?

Have you someone there that you can talk to, someone who is
drawnto the life you carry?

With your new eyes can you see from within?

Is it we who seem outside?

(John O'Donohue)

