

Recessional Hymn, Song or Reflection.

CONCLUDING PRAYER AND BLESSING

Let us pray,
Tender Shepherd of the flock,
The children whom we remember today now lie cradled in your love.
Soothe the hearts of their parents and families and bring peace to their lives

Give them strength and courage to face the future.

Amen

The Lord be with you.

Let us bow our heads and pray for God's blessing.

May the Lord Jesus go before you to protect you, and stand behind you to give you strength.

Amen

May He look upon you to keep you and bless you, in the name of the

Father,

Son and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Closing Hymn or Song.

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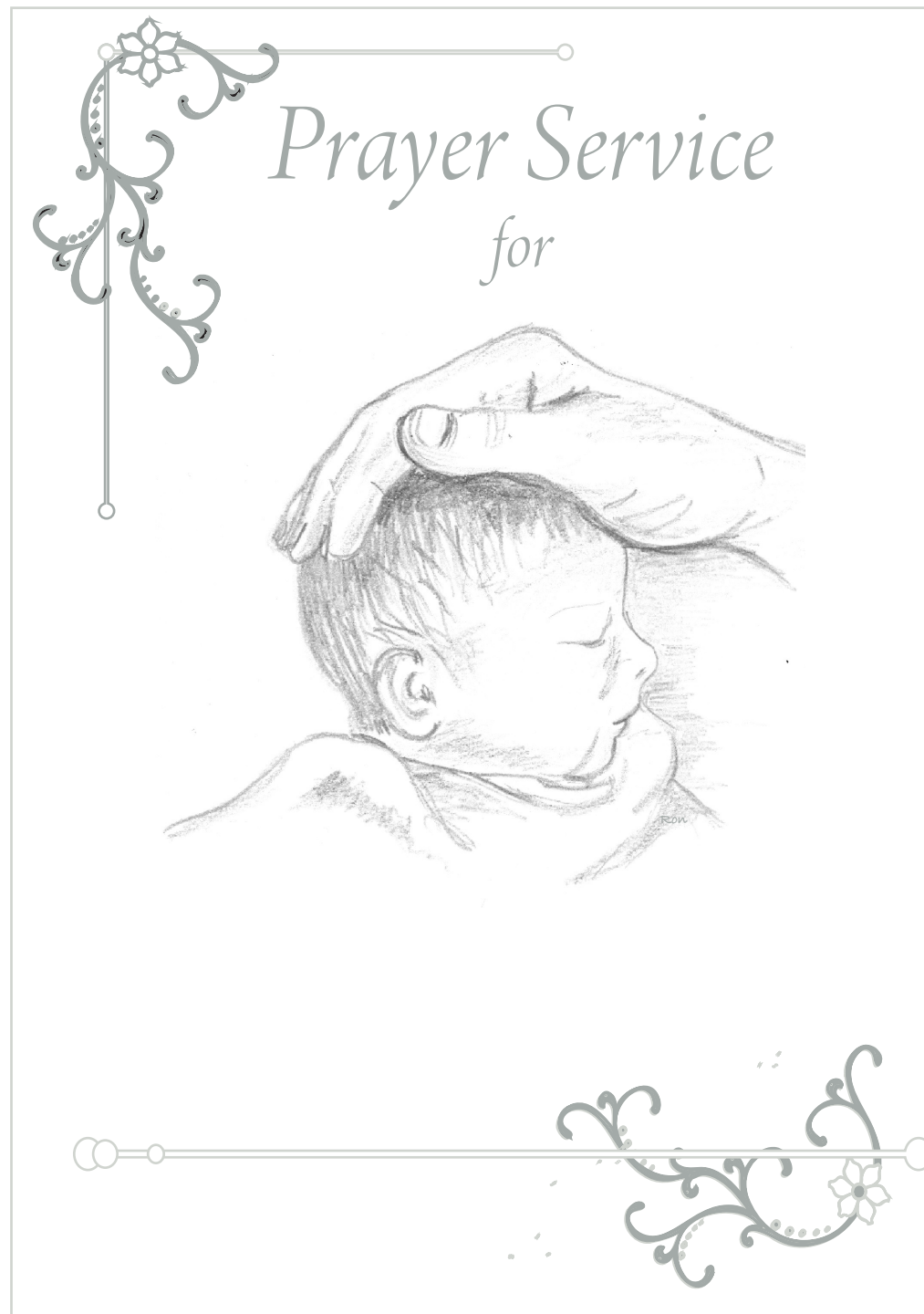
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(Leaflet Prayer Service)



We gather here to bid a final farewell to -

OPENING PRAYER

Let us pray,
Trusting in Jesus, the loving Saviour who gathered children into his arms and blessed them. We now commend(baby's name) to that same embrace of love, in the hope that they will rejoice and be happy in the presence of Christ. May the Angels and Saints lead to the place of light and peace where one day we will be brought together again.

FIRST READING

A reading from the Prophet Isaiah.
(Isaiah 49: 13-16, 20, 23)
Shout of joy, you heavens, exult, you earth! You mountains, break into happy cries! For the Lord consoles his people and takes pity on those who are afflicted. For Zion was saying "The Lord has abandoned me, the Lord has forgotten me". But does a woman forget her baby at the breast, or fail to cherish the child of her womb? Yet even if these forget, I will never forget you. See I have carved you on the palms of my hands. Once more they will speak in your hearing, those children you thought were lost. You shall know that I am the Lord and that those who hope in me will not be put to shame.

PSALM (Psalm 139: 13-18)

Lord, you created my innermost self, knit me together in my mother's womb. For so many marvels I thank you; a wonder am I an all your works are wonderful. You knew me through and through, my being held no secrets from you, when I was being formed in secret, textured in the depths of the womb. Your eyes could see my embryo, in your book all my days were inscribed, every one that is fixed is there. How hard for me to grasp your thoughts, how many, God there are. If I could count them, they are more than the grains of sand; if I come to an end, I am still with you.

SECOND READING - DEAR PARENTS

I did not die young
I lived my span of life,
Within your body
And with your love.
There are many
Who have lived long lives
And have not been loved as me.
If you would honour me
Then speak my name
And number me among your family.
If you would honour me.
Then strive to live in love
For in that love, I live
Never ever doubt
That we will meet again.
Until that happy day,
I will grow with God
And wait for you.

by Christy Kenneally

GOSPEL

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to Mark (10: 13-16)
"People were bringing little children to Jesus, for Him to touch them. The disciples turned them away, but when Jesus saw this He was indignant and said to them, "Let the little children come to Me; do not stop them, for it is to such as these that the Kingdom of God belongs. I tell you solemnly, anyone who does not welcome the Kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it". Then He put His arms around them, laid His hands on them and gave them His blessing.

This is the word of the Lord

HOMILY