



Prayer Anthology

Part Two: The Grieving

**The Art of
Dying Well**

Prayer Anthology

Part Two is for people with a friend or relative who is dying/has died.

Romanos The Melodist

“Curb your tears; accept me as your Mediatrix in the presence of Him Who was born from me, because the Author of Joy is the God generated before all ages. Remain calm; be trouble no longer: I come from Him, full of grace.”

Our Blessed Lady speaking in a hymn

Our Lady of Guadalupe to Saint Juan Diego

“Listen, put it into your heart, my youngest and dearest son, that the thing that frightens you, the thing that afflicts you, is nothing: do not let it disturb you. Am I not here, I who am your Mother? Are you not under my shadow and protection? Am I not the source of your joy? Are you not in the hollow of my mantle, in the crossing of my arms? Do you need something more? Let nothing worry you or disturb you.”

Saint Mechtilde of Magdeburg

The rippling tide of Love which all her life flowed secretly from God into her soul, drew it mightily back into its source.

Saint John Chrysostom

He whom we love and lose is no longer where he was before. He is now wherever we are.

Julian of Norwich

The highest bliss that is, is to have Him in clarity of endless life. Him verily seeing, Him sweetly feeling, all perfectly having in fullness of Joy.

Elisabeth Leseur

Prayer for her sister who had tuberculosis:

O Lord, she whom I love is ill.
Thou alone canst save her.
May that be Thy will!
Have pity on us!



Read and Pray

These prayerful reflections which have been chosen to help you hear God speaking to you.

Thou alone canst save her whom we love, and keep our hearts from breaking – hearts that entrust themselves to Thy love. Thou art the All-Powerful and All-Loving; O my God, do that which it is in Thy power to do, and give us joy again in giving life and healing to my beloved sister.

In: [The Spirit Rejoices](#)

Conclusion to “The Cloud of Unknowing”

Farewell, spiritual friend, with God’s blessing and mine upon you!

Almighty God, that true peace, sound counsel, and His own spiritual comfort and abundant grace may ever be with you and all His earthly lovers.

Bishop Brent

A ship sails and I stand watching ‘til she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says: “She is gone.” Gone where? Gone from my sight - that is all: she is just as large as when I saw her... The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her. And just at that moment when someone at my side says: “She is gone”, there are others who are watching her coming, and other voices send up a glad shout: “Here she comes!”... and that is dying.

Pamela Rosewell

One morning while Lotte was making breakfast in the kitchen, I sat next to Tante Corrie’s bed. She was lying on her right side, dressed in her blue nightgown with the white lace edging. She was very thin – literally skin and bone. There was nothing she could do without assistance. I held her hand, and together we looked at the birds for a few moments as they vied for a place on the perch of the feeder. I turned back toward Tante Corrie and saw that she was looking not at the birds, but at me. The only words I can use to describe the look on her face is that her eyes were full of love. And I marvelled again at the communication that is possible in silence.

In: [The Five Silent Years of Corrie Ten Boom](#)

Hilary Elfick

Is this the last line I can write that you can read?
For still your days go drifting long and slow.
Your voice has weakened as you lie in bed.

Against the rasping sheets they turn your bones.
It’s months since all we had to say was said
And still your days go drifting long and slow.



Reflections

Some of the reflections are from the Bible, others come from experts in spiritual matters, like the saints or great spiritual writers. Yet others are from people who are experts in suffering.

We long to ease the breaking of the thread.
The words I try to form you already know.
You read them smiling, see me in your head.

The loving that we have will never go.
Nothing now can change when life has fled.
And still your days go drifting long and slow.

I visualise you turning in your bed.

The words I try to form you already know.
It's months since all we had to say was said.
We long to ease the breaking of the thread.

Poem cited in *The Testing of Hearts* by Donald Nicholl

Simone Troisi and Christiana Paccini

The heart of Enrico was also being prepared [for the death of his young wife, Chiara], so that he came to think: My wife is going toward One who loves her more than I. Why should I be discontented?

In: *Chiara Corbella Petrillo – A Witness to Joy*

Blessed Columba Marmion OSB

In all circumstances we should have recourse to Jesus by prayer; He is our peace, our strength, our joy - and He belongs entirely to us.

From an unpublished text

Once it is thoroughly understood that the will of God is the same thing as God Himself, we see that we ought to prefer His adorable will to all besides, and take it, in what it does, in what it ordains, in what it permits, as the one norm of ours. Let us keep our eyes fixed upon this holy will, and not upon the things that cause us pain and trouble

Abandon yourself blindly to Love; He will take care of you despite every difficulty.
Nothing honours God so much as this surrender of oneself into His Hands.

Union with God

I find absolute submission to God's will a sovereign remedy in every trouble, and when I consider that in reality God's will is God Himself, I see that this submission is but the supreme adoration due to God, due to Him in whatever manner He may manifest Himself.

The Body of Jesus is Taken Down From the Cross and Given to His Mother ... We cannot imagine the grief of the Blessed Virgin at this moment. Never did mother love her child



Acknowledgement

This prayer anthology was compiled by a community of Benedictine Nuns living a life devoted to prayer in a convent on the Isle of Wight.

as Mary loved Jesus; the Holy Spirit had fashioned within her a mother's heart to love a God-Man. Never did human heart beat with more tenderness for the Word Incarnate than did the heart of Mary; for she was full of grace, and her love met with no obstacle to its expansion. Then she owed all to Jesus; her Immaculate Conception, the privileges that make of her a unique creature had been given to her in prevision of the death of her Son. What unutterable sorrow was hers when she received the blood-stained body of Jesus into her arms! ... O Mother, fount of love, make me understand the strength of thy love, so that I may share thy grief; make my heart glow with love for Christ, my God, so that I may think only of pleasing Him.

[In: Christ The Ideal Of The Monk](#)