

*We celebrate and give thanks
for
the life
of
Sister Edith Prince*



*Born
13 August 1932*

*Entered Eternal Life
11 May 2020*





Welcome and Acknowledgement of Country

INTRODUCTORY RITE

Leader In the waters of baptism Edith died with
Christ and rose with him to new life.
May she now share with him in glory.

Sprinkling of the coffin

We have been graced by her faith and
love. Please join in the Gathering Song.

Gathering Song *Journey Remembered*

O praise the Lord, my soul.
My God how great you are.
My heart and my soul sing out your praise.
My God, how great you are.

You have carried me within your arms
Whenever I've known fear.
You have waited patiently for me, then you drew me near.
You have run beside me even when I didn't want to know
That you are my home and my joy.

In the doubting times you touched my hope
And showed me how to be.
In the hours of fear and hopelessness your truth set me free
In the memory of family I learnt to know your name,
Learnt that you are my home and my joy.

Lord, bless the place where I was born
And those who carried me.
Lord, bless the many smiles who have kindly set me free.
Lord, bless the many little ones
Who've shown your face to me.
You are my home and my joy.

Lighting of the Paschal Candle

Sister We light the Paschal candle as a symbol of the light of Christ, which Edith brought into our world. May she live forever in the radiance of God's presence.

Lighting of paschal candle

Opening Prayer

Leader God of life, the day you birthed us into being is the day we began our journey back to you. You are with us every step of the way. Give us the grace to embrace our journey with joy and appreciation. Help us to see the beauty around us - the beauty of nature and the beauty of friendships. Let our gratitude for all your gifts make us aware of your presence and love for us.

We make this prayer through Christ our Lord.

All *Amen.*

LITURGY OF THE WORD

Gospel A reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew 6:25-34

I am telling you not to worry about your life and what you are to eat, nor about your body and what you are to wear.

Surely life is more than food, and the body more than clothing!

Look at the birds in the sky. They do not sow or reap or gather into barns; yet a loving God feeds them.

Are you not worth much more than they are?

Can any of you, however much you worry, add one single cubit to your span of life? And why worry about clothing?

Think of the flowers growing in the fields; they never have to work or spin: yet I assure you that not even Solomon in all his royal robes was clothed like one of these. Now if that is how God clothes the wild flowers growing in the field which are there today and thrown into the furnace tomorrow, will God not look after you, more, you who have so little faith? So do not worry; do not say, "What are we to eat?

What are we to drink? What are we to wear?"

It is Gentiles who set their hearts on all these things. Your loving God knows you need them all.

Set your hearts on God's kingdom first, and on God's saving justice, and all these other things will be given you as well.

So do not worry about tomorrow: tomorrow will take care of itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

The Gospel of the Lord.

All *Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ*

Prayers of Thanksgiving

Leader Many of Mary MacKillop's words of encouragement that we are so privileged to have, reflect the stunning messages of the Gospel we heard today. Edith's life holds echoes of these.

1. 'Look at the birds that feed from the Father's hand, are you not worth more than them?'

Edith spent many years as a midwife. She spoke fondly of the little ones and their mothers. They were precious to her. May we, too, be aware of children all over the world, hold them fondly in our prayer and entrust them to the providence of our loving God.

We pray with Mary MacKillop:

All

"God wants us by every means in our power to lead others to life."

2.

'Why worry about clothing? Think of the flowers growing in the fields; they never have to work or spin.'

Edith lived very simply, without being ostentatious. Yet she was attentive to the detail that brought a sense of caring to us, her sisters. Her gentle manner and warm smile were as charming as the flowers of the fields. May we heed our Chapter invitation to relate to each other with a new tenderness. We pray that we see in each other what Mary MacKillop saw:

All

"I saw that God would provide the means, would guide me on my way, and would provide a friend to do for me what I could not do for myself."

3.

'Set your hearts on God's kingdom first, and on God's saving justice, and all these other things will be given you as well.'

Edith embraced this sense of God's saving justice. She courageously set off to Peru so that this justice might become a reality in villages, and towns, in nations and all humanity. There she was, at the death of her companion Irene McCormack, 'shocked, angered, pained beyond words ... I didn't know I had such violence in me ... I couldn't say Father, forgive them ...'

Yet, she stayed with this dance of paradox until, in her own words 'As I sat on the beach and shouted at the sea ... felt as though the waves were washing over me and cleaning my heart of all the anger and hatred.'

May we too embark on our life's journey, day by day, with these words of Mary MacKillop encouraging us:

All

"Have we not all taken up the cross and shall we shrink from carrying it?"

4. 'So do not worry about tomorrow: tomorrow will take care of itself.'

In this time of uncertainty, anxiety and grief the world over, we pray with Mary MacKillop and all our deceased Sisters; with Edith and all her family members with her in heaven, that we may strengthen each other with faith and compassion.

We listen to the advice of Mary MacKillop:

All *"Be calm and full of hope ... do not give way to low spirits or anxiety of any kind."*

5. We pause in silence, to thank our God who walks with us ... to remember Edith ... to pray for her sisters Dorothy, Coral and Irene.

All *For every blessing, for family, for companionship, for trials that stretch us and joys that comfort us, for the cycle of the seasons and for all creatures great and small, we give thanks as we remember with Mary MacKillop that "Gratitude is the memory of the heart."*

Our Father

Leader Lord God, we have come together to celebrate the life of Edith, our sister and friend. As we continue our individual and community journey, may we always be thankful for the gift that Edith has been for us and honour her memory by emulating her example.

We ask this through Christ, our Lord.

All *Amen.*

FINAL COMMENDATION

Leader Before we go our separate ways, let us take leave of our sister Edith. May our farewell express our affection for her; may it ease our sadness and strengthen our hope. One day we shall joyfully greet her again, when the love of Christ, which conquers all things, destroys even death itself.

All *Amen.*

The coffin is sprinkled with holy water and incensed

Prayer

Leader Into your hands, God of Mercies, we commend our sister Edith in the sure and certain hope that, together with those who have died in Christ, she will rise with him on the last day. We give you thanks for the blessings which you have bestowed upon Edith in this life: and our communion with all the saints in Christ. Through Christ our Lord.

All *Amen.*

Leader In peace, let us take our sister Edith, to her place of rest.

During the singing of the Recessional Hymn all in attendance are asked to leave the chapel

Recessional *You Raise Me Up*

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.

There is no life, no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
But when you come and I am filled with wonder
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.

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A TRIBUTE TO EDITH

... whose life has been like a dance performed superbly by the two artists, gentleness and strength.

God only knows
what this joy, this laughter
bubbling inside my heart, could be!
Maybe the wind, a Playful Spirit, is scattering
the rose petals of my heart.

Or maybe as I sit at your feet, Master Poet,
my simple life hears words beyond my understanding.
Yet, I am a flute of reed full of emptiness,
and, not understanding, I find myself trembling with music.

Or maybe as my feet touch the grass
I feel the earth pregnant with joy,
giving birth to endless blossoms
and creatures great and small.
Above, Sister Moon glances amazed at Brother Sun,
while wonder spreads over my soul

Perhaps when the storm comes,
the wind shaking the forest
and lightning proclaiming the majesty of the sky,
I find my soul shouting 'God is strength!'

Yet, when sharing the peace and serenity
of distant fields and meadows,
or lulled by the murmur of a brook,
my heart in silence knows that
'God is gentle.'

And since I am a breathing in God's sphere,
and a leaf in God's forest,
I know that God is the Great Dancer of paradoxes -
strength and gentleness sway like steps
of one glorious movement.

(A blend of Tagore, Rumi, Gibran and Francis)





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