

We celebrate and give thanks at  
this  
**Vigil**  
for the life and love of  
**Sister Maureen Hodge rsj**



<b>Entered Life</b>	<b>9 September 1939</b>
<b>Entered Religious Life</b>	<b>25 March 1973</b>
<b>Professed</b>	<b>6 January 1976</b>
<b>Entered Eternal Life</b>	<b>11 May 2022</b>

St Joseph's Chapel  
16 York Street, South Perth  
4.00pm Wednesday 25 May 2022



Acknowledgement of Country Betty Keane rsj

Welcome Kath Hitchcock rsj

Entrance Hymn

**Hail Mary: Gentle Woman**

Hail Mary, full of grace  
The Lord is with you.  
Blessed are you among women,  
And blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
Pray for us sinners now  
And at the hour of death.  
Amen.

**Refrain**

*Gentle woman, quiet light,  
Morning star so strong and bright,  
Gentle mother, peaceful dove,  
Teach us wisdom, teach us love.*

You were chosen by the Father  
You were chosen for the Son.  
You were chosen from all women  
And for woman, shining one.

Blessed are you among women  
Blest in turn all women, too.  
Blessed they with peaceful spirits,  
Blessed they with gentle hearts.



## Lighting of the Paschal Candle Denise Casey rsj & Karen Scott rsj

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

*Paschal candle is lit.*

## Opening Prayer Maree Riddler rsj

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

## Pictorial Memorial

## Hymn

### How Beautiful

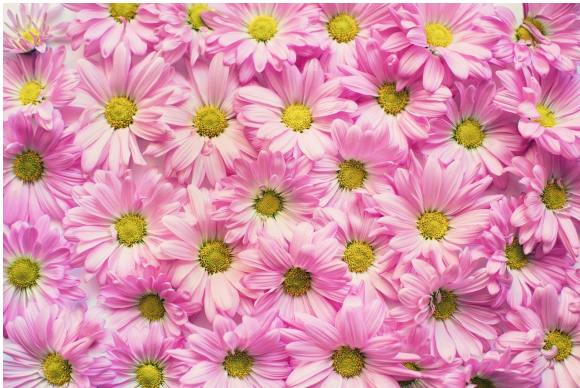
How beautiful, on the mountain top,  
Are the feet of those, who bring Your Word,  
How beautiful, on the city streets,  
Are the lips of those, who speak your peace. (repeat 4X)

How beautiful!

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

© 1877, *Gerard Manley Hopkins*



## Sprinkling of Coffin

*(in keeping with social distancing,  
only two people to approach the coffin at a time)*

**Blessing** Lyn Sparling rsj & Mary Engelbrecht rsj

Lyn: Let us now extend our hands in blessing towards Maureen.

Mary: The Christian life is a journey with others, people sharing life, hopes and fears. Together we thank you, God, for the gift of Maureen's life.

**All** Pour your blessing upon her.

Lyn: Maureen answered your call many times, in her life as a Sister of Saint Joseph and as a loving member of the Hodge and Brooks families. Now, after living in faith and joy, she has answered your final call to her.

**All** Pour your blessing upon her.

Mary: Maureen, we entrust you to God who created you. May your mother - Ivy, father - Ronald, brother - Peter and the heavenly community come to meet you as you go forth from this life. May you see your Redeemer face to face and enjoy God forever.

**All** Pour your blessing upon her.

*During the Recessional Hymn family and Sisters escort Maureen to  
the front gate.*

## Recessional Hymn

### Abide with Me

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!







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