

A Service to Celebrate the Life

— of —

Elizabeth Agnes Earle

who passed away 19th November 2022



Funeral Mass

St. Brigid's Parish, Blanchardstown

Wednesday: 23rd November 2022

11.00am

Celebrant: Fr. Dan Joe O'Mahony

Soloist: Michelle Donnelly

Harpist: Denise Kelly

Flautist: Elizabeth (Beth) Earle

Entrance Hymn : Home away from Home (Flute Beth Earle)

Reading 1: Maureen Fothergill

A reading from the book of Wisdom (Chapter 3: Verses 1-6.9)

The souls of the virtuous are in the hand of God,
and no torment shall ever touch them.
in the eyes of the unwise, they did appear to die,
their going looked like a disaster,
their leaving us, like an annihilation;
but they are in peace.

If they experienced punishment as men see it,
their hope was rich with immortality;
slight with their affliction, great will their blessing be.

God has put them to the test
and proved them worthy to be with him;
he has tested them like gold in a furnace,
and accepted them as a holocaust.
they who trust in him will understand the truth,
those who are faithful will live with him in love,
for grace and mercy await those he has chosen

*This is the Word of the Lord
Thanks be to God.*

Reading 2: Deirdre Earle

**A reading from the second Letter of St. Paul to Timothy
(Chapter 4: Verses 6-8)**

As for me, I am already being poured out as a libation, and the time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight I have finished the race; I have kept the faith. From now on there is reserved for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me on that day, and not only to me but also to all who have longed for his appearing.

*This is the Word of the Lord
Thanks be to God.*

Responsorial Psalm: The Lord is my Shephard

Gospel Acclamation Hymn: On Eagles Wings

Prayers of the Faithful:

Rob Earle

We pray for our Nana, Elizabeth, who has died: - may God now welcome her into his heavenly home of eternal happiness and peace

Lord, hear us

Lord, graciously hear us.

Aisling Fothergill

We pray for our family, and also the carers who looked after her at home, and the nurses, doctors and staff at Connolly Memorial Hospital who looked after Betty in her final days; - we pray for all who are sick, may they also receive the love and care from families and friends.

Lord, hear us

Lord, graciously hear us.

Tom Fothergill

We pray at this time of global trouble and anxiety, that all of us gathered here; remember those living with conflict or are displaced from their families or homes- may God bless and protect them all.

Lord, hear us

Lord, graciously hear us.

Beth Earle

We pray for all who have died, especially Nana's relatives and friends, who have gone before her; her siblings Cora, Mamie, Vincent, Nora, her brother-in-law Seamus, her son in law Tony; - may God unite them all in the happiness and peace of his heavenly home.

Lord, hear us

Lord, graciously hear us.

Offertory Procession Hymn: Ag Criost an Siol

Acclamation of Faith: He is Lord

Communion: Panis Angelicus



Irish Blessing: May the Road Rise

Reflection : Brenda McLoughlin (Earle)

When Great Trees Fall

Maya Angelou

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder, lions hunker down in tall grasses, and even elephant lumber after safety

When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence, their senses eroded beyond fear

When great souls die, the air around us become light, rare, sterile. We breathe, briefly.

Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity.

Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised walks never taken

Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes leave of us. Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink, wizened.

Our minds, formed and informed by their radiance, fall away. We are not so much maddened as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of dark, cold caves.

And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration.

Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed.

We can be. Be and be better. For they existed.

Recessional: An Chuileann (Flute - Beth Earle)



Elizabeth Agnes Earle

19.11.1933 to 19.11.2022