

A Service to Celebrate the Life

— of —

***Fergus McGee***

*24th September 1945 - 8th August 2021*



*Funeral Mass*

*St. Mochta's Church*

*Porterstown*

*11th August 2021*

*10.00am*

*Celebrant: Father Mícheál Comer*

*Harpist: Teresa O'Donnell*



## **Symbols from Fergus's life on the offertory table**

- Family photo, to symbolise his love of family
- His pilots hat, to represent his love of flying
- A bowl of stones from Enniscrone beach, his happy place
- A tablet computer, to show his love of technology
- His tools, to represent the fact that he could fix anything and had a tool for everything

## **First Reading**

A reading from the prophet Isaiah (25:6-9)

On this mountain, the Lord of hosts will prepare for all peoples a banquet of rich food. On this mountain he will remove the mourning veil covering all peoples, and the shroud enwrapping all nations, he will destroy Death forever.

The Lord will wipe away the tears from every cheek, he will take away his people's shame everywhere on earth, for the Lord has said so.

That day, it will be said. See, this is our God in whom we hoped for salvation, the Lord is the one in whom we hoped. We exult and we rejoice that he has saved us.

The word of the Lord

## **Responsorial Psalm**

The Lord is my shepherd (Psalm 23)

The response to the psalm is: The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.

Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose.

Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit. R.

He guides me along the right path; he is true to his name.

If I should walk in the valley of darkness no evil would I fear.

You are there with your crook and your staff; with these you give me comfort. R.

You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes.  
My head you have anointed with oil; my cup is overflowing. R.

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.  
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell for ever and ever. R

## **Second Reading**

A Reading from the first letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians

If I speak with human tongues and angels as well but have not love, I am as a noisy gong, a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophesy and with full knowledge, comprehend all mysteries; if I have faith great enough to move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give everything I have to feed the poor and hand over my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind. Love is not jealous, it does not put on airs, it is not snobbish.

Love is never rude or self seeking. It is not prone to anger; neither does it brood over injuries. Love does not rejoice over what is wrong but rejoices in the truth. There is no limit to love's forbearance; to its trust, it's hope, its power to endure. Love never fails.

Prophecies will cease, tongues will be silent, knowledge will knowledge is imperfect and our prophesying is imperfect. When the perfect pass away. Our comes, the imperfect will pass away. When I was a child I used to talk like a child, think like a child, reason like a child. When I became a man I put childish ways aside. Now we see indistinctly, as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face; then I shall know even as I am known. There are in the end three things that last: Faith, Hope and Love and the greatest of these is Love.

The Word of the Lord.



## **Prayers of the Faithful:**

1. We pray that Fergus may walk through death to life, that Gods mercy may descend like dew upon him, and that He will hold him forever in the palm of His hand.

**Lord hear our prayer.**

2. For all in the world who are presently overwhelmed by sorrow or loss that they may be offered comfort and hope in the resurrection of the Lord.

**Lord hear our prayer.**

3. For all our family and friends who have shared in the joys and sorrows of Fergus's life, and whose love and support over these last difficult days has been such a consolation, that they may experience Gods peace, love and serenity all the days of their lives.

**Lord hear our prayer.**

4. That God may grant eternal rest to all those whom we have loved in this life but whom death has taken from us. We remember them today as they welcome into Heaven.

**Lord hear our prayer.**

5. We pray for the doctors, nurses and staff of both St James's and Connolly hospital and in particular the staff of Beech ward who cared for Fergus with such gentle dignity. May God give them strength to continue their work.

**Lord hear our prayer.**

## **COMMUNION REFLECTION.**



## THE SHIP

What is dying?

I am standing on the seashore, a ship sails in the morning breeze  
and starts for the ocean.

She is an object of beauty,  
and I stand watching her till at last 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 in the mast, hull and spars, as she was when I saw her,  
and just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination.

The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says, She is gone  
there are others who are watching her coming,

and other voices take up a glad shout:

"There she comes!"

- and that is dying.





*Sadly missed along life's way  
Quietly remembered every day  
No longer in our life to share  
But in our hearts you're always there*

## High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, – and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew –  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

*by John Gillespie Magee*