

In Loving Memory
of
Desmond Sunderland

7th April 2024
May He Rest In Peace



Funeral Mass

The church of Our Lady's Nativity

Leixlip

Co. Kildare

Thursday: 11th April 2024

Entrance Hymn – O Moi Babbino Caro

Symbols of Desmond's Life :

Introduced by James Allis

Brought by Oran, Quinn, Molly and Emer

Eulogy

Read by his daughter Tara Sunderland

First Reading

A reading from the book of Ecclesiastes (3:1-8)

Read by Aoife Sunderland

There is a season for everything, a time for every occupation under Heaven:

A time for giving birth, a time for dying;

A time for planting, a time for uprooting what has been planted.

A time for killing, a time for healing;

A time for knocking down, a time for building.

A time for tears, a time for laughter;

A time for mourning, a time for dancing.

A time for throwing stones away, a time for gathering them up;

A time for embracing, a time to refrain from embracing.

A time for searching, a time for losing;

A time for keeping, a time for throwing away.

A time for tearing, a time for sewing;

A time for keeping silent, a time for speaking.

A time for loving, a time for hating;

A time for war, a time for peace.

This is the word of the Lord.

Responsorial Psalm: Sung by Ann Geraty

Second Reading

A reading from the letter of St Paul to the Romans (14:7-12)

Read by Des McGovern

The life and death of each of us has its influence on others; if we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord, so that alive or dead we belong to the Lord. This explains why Christ both died and came to life, it was so that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.

We shall all have to stand before the judgment seat of God; as scripture says; By my life – it is the Lord who speaks – every knee shall bend before me, and every tongue shall praise God.

It is God, therefore, that each of us must give an account of himself.

This is the word of the Lord.

Gospel Acclamation

A reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew (5:1-12)

Seeing the crowds, Jesus went up the hill. There he sat down and was joined by his disciples.

Then he began to speak. This is what he taught them:

‘How happy are the poor in spirit; theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Happy the gentle: they shall have the earth for their heritage. Happy those who mourn: they shall be comforted. Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right: they shall be satisfied. Happy the merciful: they shall have mercy shown them. Happy the pure in heart: they shall see God. Happy the peacemakers: they shall be called sons of God. Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right: theirs is the kingdom of heaven. ‘Happy are you when people abuse you and persecute you and speak all kinds of calumny against you on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.’

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

Prayers of the Faithfull

Read by Saoirse, Conor, Oran and Catriona

1. We pray for Dad/Des/ Grandad. In baptism he was given the pledge of eternal life. May he now be admitted to the company of the saints. *Lord, hear us.*
2. Dad touched all our lives. Help us keep alive the values and the ideals he put before us. *Lord, hear us.*
3. We pray for all our departed brothers and sisters. Today we pray for our Mam and sister Emer. May Dad be reunited with them in Gods kingdom where there is no more pain or suffering. *Lord, hear us.*
4. We pray for all who are suffering with ill health at this time. May they experience the loving kindness of the Lord in and through all who journey with the. *Lord, hear us.*

Reflection

The Lake Isle of Innisfree by William Butler Yeats.

Read by Niamh Sunderland

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Recessional – Going Home

