Ennis Parish

REMEMBERING OUR DEAD November 2011- November 2012

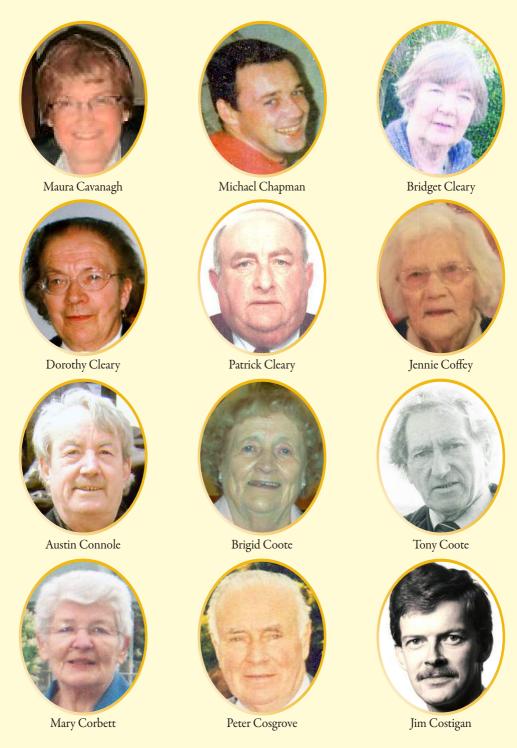
Feast of All Souls Friday November 2nd, 2012 I cannot ease your aching heart, Nor take your pain away; But let me stay and take your hand And walk with you today.

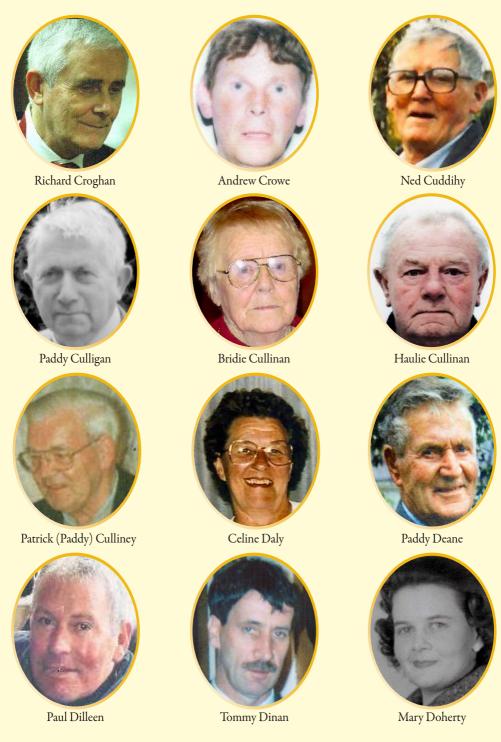
I'll listen when you need to talk,
I'll wipe away your tears;
I'll share your worries when they come,
I'll help you face your fears.

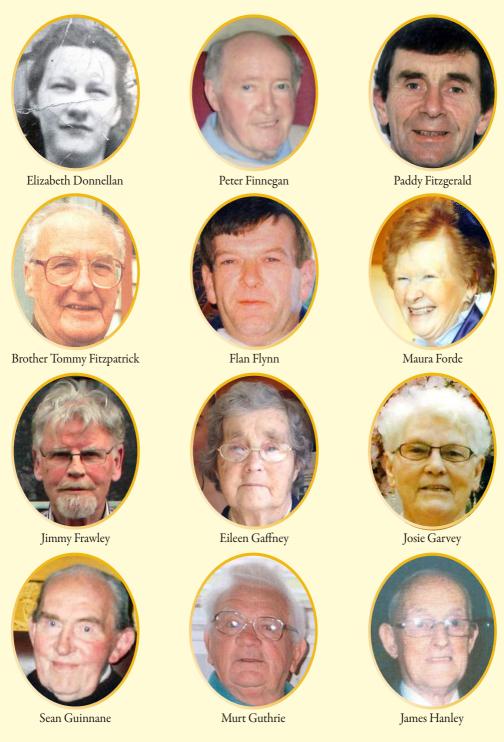
I'm here and I will stand by you, On each hill you have to climb; So take my hand, let's face the world... And live just one day at a time.

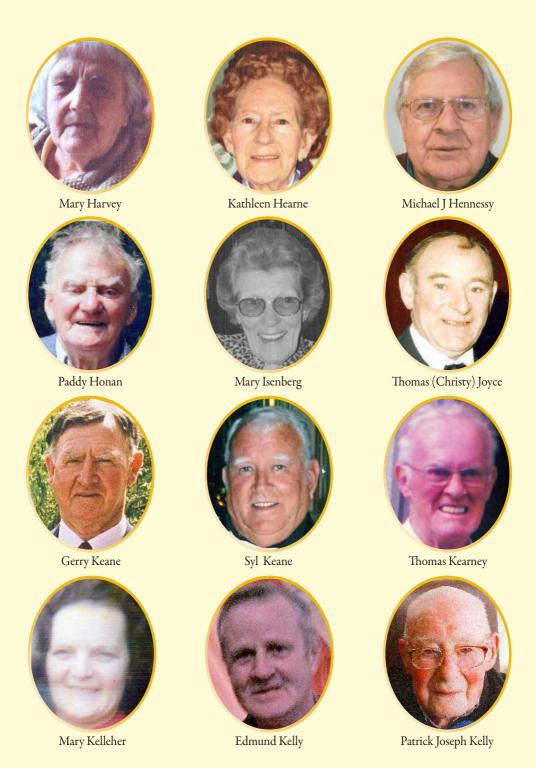
You're not alone, for I'm still here, I'll go that extra mile; And when your grief is easier, I'll help you learn to smile!













Tony Kenny



Katarzyna Kluk



Michael Leyden



Eamonn Kenny



Pauline Killeen



Ann Lacey



Yolanta Liucvaite



Stephen Kenny



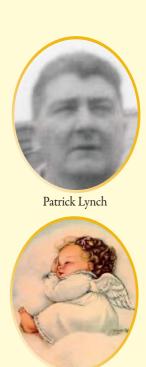
Tommy Killoughery



Maureen Lavery



Finola Loftus



Baby Jamie Mahony



Margaret McKeen



Bernadette Minogue



John Lyons



Mary Maloney



John McNamara



Eamon Moloney



Teresa Madigan



Baby Luca Mangan



Fr Johnny Meehan



Anna Moroney



Gerry Moroney



Noreen Moroney



Albert Mounsey



Sr Celine Murphy



Michael Murphy



Monica Murphy



Noreen Murphy



Michael Normoyle



Mary O'Callaghan



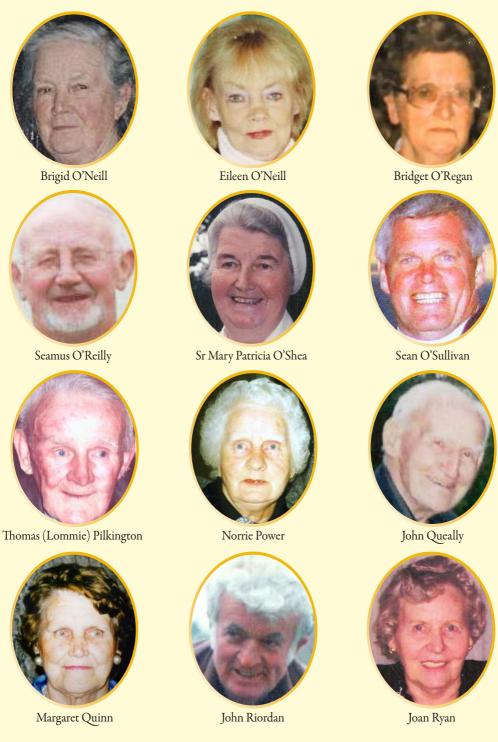
Margaret O'Dea



P J O'Driscoll



Kathleen O'Malley













Una Ryan



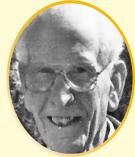




Beatriz Martinez Sanchez













Micheál Vaughan



Mary Walsh



Eugene White



Thomas Whittaker

Ní imithe uainn atá siad ach imithe romhainn



They are not gone from us but gone before us



Absence

People tell me they feel the dead after they have died, helping, guiding, in every predicament

Since your death, all I feel is sorrow; and a gratitude that you did not stay, bedbound or forgetful;

An absence also,
Everywhere:
Huge
Profound
and unrelenting.
Padraig J Daly



Ag Críost an síol, ag Críost an fómhar, In iothlainn Dé go dtugtar sinn. Ag Críost an mhuir, ag Críost an t-iasc, I liontaibh Dé go gcastar sinn.

Ó fhás go haois, is ó aois go bás Do dhá láimh, a Chríost, anall tharainn. Ó bhás go críoch, ní críoch ach athfhás, I bPárthas na nGrást go rabhaimid.

Christ the seed, Christ the Autumn,
Into the haggard of God may we be taken
Christ the Sea, Christ the fish
May we be gathered into the nets of God.

From youth to old age, from old age to death may the hands of Christ enfold us

From birth to death not the end but new life

May we be in Paradise