

We commend to God our dear sister

SISTER GOEDELE M. De BELDER, O.S.B.

20 August 1935 – 20 July 2021

ENTRY HYMN

H. Lawes (1596–1662)



Glo - ry to you, our King,
Who made us for your own,
You are the light of life,
And peace of heart a - lone.

Breath of our inmost breath,
Hidden, yet close at hand,
Darkness of utter love:
Lost in your light we stand.

Open our eyes to you,
Teach us to bear your light,
Waken our sleeping hearts
To hunger for your sight.

Voice not of wind or fire
Speak in the hearts you made,
Speak there your words of power:
'Peace! Do not be afraid'.

Living, Life-giving light,
Guide us on all our ways;
Shine till created things
Flame like the bush ablaze.

Father, and Saviour-Son,
Spirit, whose love we sing:
You are the light of life,
Glory to you, our King.

GREETING

PENITENTIAL RITE

OPENING PRAYER

LITURGY OF THE WORD

FIRST READING: 1 John 4:7–12

'Let us love one another'

Responsorial Psalm

From Ps 95

Response: Sing to the Lord, bless his name

O sing a new song to the Lord,
sing to the Lord all the earth.
O sing to the Lord, bless his name. **(R)**

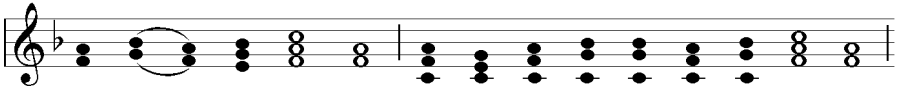
It was the Lord who made the heavens,
his are majesty and state and power
and splendour in his holy place. **(R)**

Give the Lord, you families of peoples,
give the Lord glory and power,
give the Lord the glory of his name. **(R)**

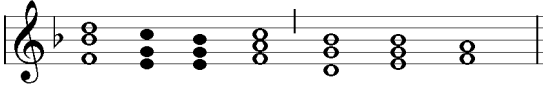
Bring an offering and enter his courts,
worship the Lord in his temple.
O earth, tremble before him. **(R)**



FINAL COMMENDATION



O Li - ght so joy - ous. E - ter - nal splendour of the Father.

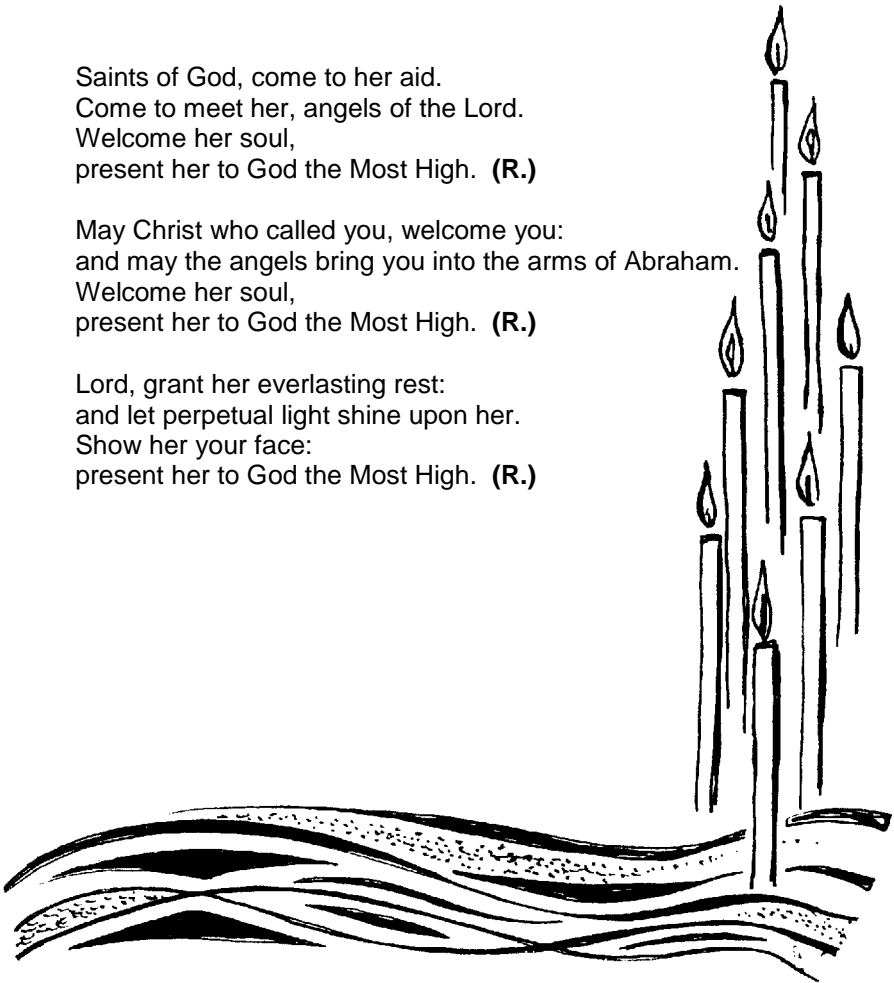


Ho - ly and blest! Je - sus Christ!

Saints of God, come to her aid.
Come to meet her, angels of the Lord.
Welcome her soul,
present her to God the Most High. **(R.)**

May Christ who called you, welcome you:
and may the angels bring you into the arms of Abraham.
Welcome her soul,
present her to God the Most High. **(R.)**

Lord, grant her everlasting rest:
and let perpetual light shine upon her.
Show her your face:
present her to God the Most High. **(R.)**



PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

Eternal God,
who know hidden things before they exist,
who brought all things into being from nothing,
who hold the power over life and death:

our creation is among your mysteries,
a mystery is our returning to dust,
a mystery our resurrection to eternal life.

To you belong thanks for all things:
for our entering into the world
and for our departing out of it in the hope of resurrection.

We bless the coming of your Christ.
We are your adopted children in him,
who came low to share our troubles
and raised us up with him into freedom from sufferings.

Receive, Lord, the soul of your servant Goedele.
Take her into your holy keeping and guard her in peace
in the company of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
where there is no sorrow, distress or sighing,
until the resurrection and the appearing of Christ.


If she sinned against you in her life,
forgive her and pardon her,
because you created us for life, not for destruction.

Give her rest in that place of life,
and on us in this world have mercy,
making us worthy to serve you, free from all care,

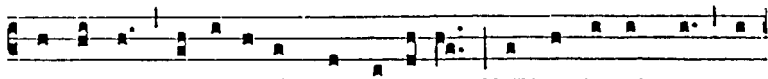
for you are a God merciful and compassionate,
to whom, Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
we give praise and glory, now and for ever. Amen.

from the Coptic Liturgy.


Before Sister Goedele's coffin leaves the chapel, we sing:

7. 

N pa-ra-dí-sum * dedú-cant te Ange-li : in tu-o



advéntu suscí-pi-ant te Márty-res, et perdú-cant te in



ci-vi-tá-tem sanctam Je-rú-sa-lem.

(May the angels lead you into paradise,
may the martyrs welcome you as you come
and bring you into Jerusalem, the holy city.)

 XSUL.TET jam Angé-li-ca turba caeló-rum : exsúl-tent di-vína






mysté-ri-a : et pro tanti Regis victó-ri-a, tuba ínso-net sa-lu-tá-ris.

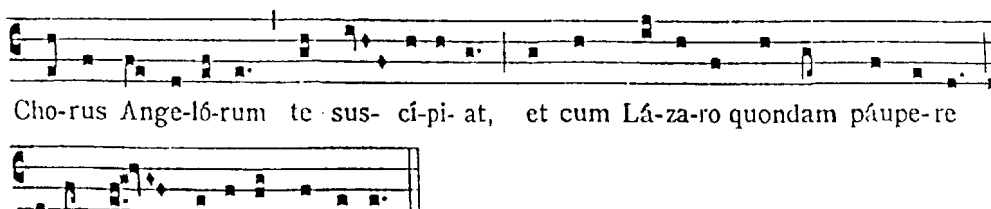
(Rejoice, heavenly powers! Sing, choirs of angels!
Exult, all creation, around God's throne!
Jesus Christ our King is risen!
Sound the trumpet of salvation!)

7.



N pa-ra-dí-sum * dedú-cant te Ange-li : in tu-o
advéntu suscí-pi-ant te Márty-res, et perdú-cant te in
ci-vi-tá-tem sanctam Je-rú-sa-lem.

(May the angels lead you into paradise,
may the martyrs welcome you as you come
and bring you into Jerusalem, the holy city.)



Cho-rus Ange-ló-rum te sus- cí-pi- at, et cum Lá-za-ro quondam páupe-re
actér-nam hábe- as réqui- em.

(May the choir of angels welcome you
and with Lazarus, who once was poor,
may you have everlasting rest.)

