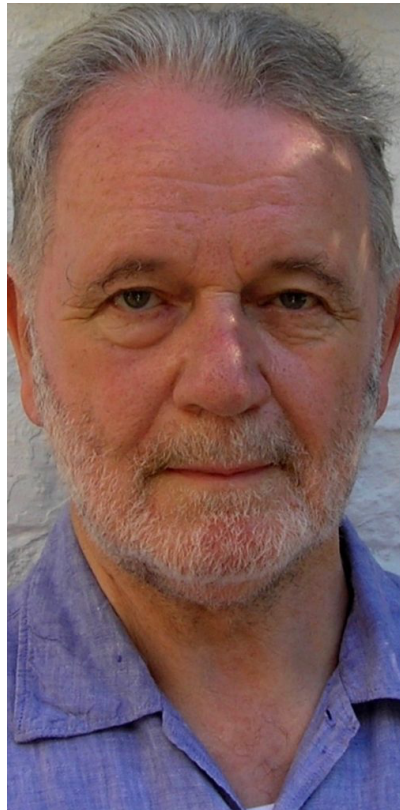


THE CHOKMAH FAMILY GATHERS

IN MILLTOWN MALBAY 29TH SEPTEMBER 2021

CELEBRATING WITH GRATITUDE

TOM HAMILL



13.04.1939 – 27.03.2020

Welcome from Fr. Donagh

As symbols are placed all sing:

*Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me,
Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me,
Melt me, mould me, fill me use me,
Spirit of the living God, fall afresh on me.
..... on us
.....on all.*

Penitential Rite:

(Extract from *THE OPEN HEART INVOCATION*)

Opening (& Closing) by Donagh

*Always pray form the heart
smile relax surrender enjoy
Touch your heart with the fingers*

O Thou! Bless & Cleanse our hearts! May we realise that Your Love always forgives! May we acknowledge all our transgressions against you and others! We truly regret these, and we ask for forgiveness in the fulness of our hearts!

RESPONSE: Bless & Cleanse our hearts!

O Thou! Bless & Cleanse our hearts! May we realise that mutual forgiveness brings us closer to you! Enable us to forgive sincerely all those who have done wrong to us! Even now, we forgive them one by one!

RESPONSE: Bless & Cleanse our hearts!

O Thou! May Your Love & Light radiate without limit! May it purify, illuminate & fill The Entire Earth, the Universe, All Beings & all Existences!

RESPONSE: Bless & Cleanse our hearts!

“CHOKMAH'S PRESENTATION OF HERSELF”

(Tom's version from Sirach 24)

*Forever I emerged from TheDeeps-of-Mystery
& covered TheEarth like a mist
I dwelt in TheHighestHeaven,
&MyThrone was in a Pillar-of-Cloud!
Alone I compassed TheVault-ofHeaven,
&traversed TheDepths-ofThe-Abyss!
Over Waves-of-TheSea, Over All-the-Earth,
Over everyPeople&Nation,
I have held sway!
I grew tall like a Cedar-in-Lebanon,
&like a Cypress-on-TheHeights-of-Hermon!
I grew tall like a Palmtree-in-the-EnGedi,
&like RoseBushes-in-Jericho!
Like a fair OliveTree-in-TheField,
&like a PlaneTree-beside-Water, I grew tall!*

*Like Cassia&Camel'sThorn I gave forth Perfume,
 & like choice Myrrh I spread myFragrance,
 like Galbanum, Onycha & Stacte,
 &like TheOdour-of-Incense in TheTent!
 Like a Terebinth I spread out myBranches,
 &myBranches are glorious&graceful!
 Like TheVine I bud forth delights,
 &myBlossoms become glorious&abundantFruit
 Come-to-Me, you-who-DesireMe,
 &eat your fill of myFruits!
 For the Memory-of-Me is Sweeter-than-Honey,
 &ThePossession-of-Me Sweeter-than-TheHoneyComb!
 Those who Eat-of-Me will Hunger-for-More,
 &those who Drink-of-Me will Thirst-for-More!
 Whoever ObeysMe will not be Put-to-Shame,
 &those who Work-with-Me will never Go-Astray!
 For MyThought are more-abundant-than-TheSea,
 &MyCounsel deeper-than-TheGreatAbyss!*

Responsorial Psalm / *“Every moment grateful, 'I'm-on-Route!.....”*

Response chant:*“If Jesus walked these hills, why-not-me...?”*

*“Every moment grateful, 'I'm-on-Route!.....”
 More than often, those who walk in the hills,
 Without a map, or any proper guide,
 Find to their shock, on seeming to have reached the top,
 Another higher peak, just beyond,
 A truly chasmic-valley in-between...
 Yes! The summit's always farther-away!
 Yes! The path's riddled with hidden traps!
 Yes! Any signposts, flat-on-the-ground!
 Yes! Even companions, they disappear!
 Yes! The water-bottle, only a drop....*

Response: *“If Jesus walked these hills, why-not-me...?”*

*Many-many ways we walk the hills:
 Seeking the leprachaun's crock-of-gold!
 Yearning the touch of Cailleach's-Wise-Smile!
 Oh! The embrace of every winter sun-set!
 Whatever the weather, imbibing the air, &the light!
 Avoid the higher scrambles, mind-your-back!
 Sit on a rock, &meditate on Thabor!
 Like Nietzsche, always carry your wee journal!
 You-say, 'It gets me away from all the mess...!
 'If Jesus walked these hills, why-not-me...?'*

Response: *“If Jesus walked these hills, why-not-me...?”*

GOSPEL READING: John 15 – (Tom's translation)

The Vine&ItsFruits! The Master&Us

Love&ItsNecessary Issuings

***I am TheRealVine, &MyFather is TheFarmer!
He cuts-off every Branch-of-Me, that doesn't BearFruit!
&everyBranch that is Grape-Bearing,
He PrunesBack, so it will Bear-even-More!
You are already PrunedBack, by TheMessage-I-HaveSpoken!
Live-in-Me! Make-YourHome-in-Me, just as I-Do-in-You!
In the same way that a branch can't BearFruit-by-Itself,
but only by BeingJoined-to-TheVine,
You-can'tBearFruit, unless You-are-Joined-with-Me!
I-Am-The-Vine, You-are-TheBranches! When You're-Joined-with-Me,
&I-with-You: TheRelation Intimate&Organic:
TheHarvest is Sure-to-be-Abundant!
Separated, You-can't-Produce-a-Thing!
Anyone who separates-from-Me, is DeadWood,
Gathered-Up &Thrown-on-TheBonfire!
But if YouMakeYourselves-AtHome-with-Me,
&MyWords-are-AtHome-in-You,
You can be sure, that Whatever-You-Ask will be ListenedTo&ActedUpon!
This is how MyFather-Shows-Who-He-Is-
WhenYouProduceGrapes, WhenYou-Mature-as-My-Disciples!
I'veLovedYou TheWay-MyFather-has-LovedMe!
MakeYourselves-AHome-in-MyLove! If YouKeep-MyCommands,
You'll-Remain Intimately-AtHome-in-MyLove!
That's What-I've-Done – Kept-MyFather'sCommands,
&MadeMyself-AtHome-in-His-Love!
I've ToldYou TheseThing-For-a-Purpose:
That MyJoy-may-be-YourJoy, &YourJoy-WhollyMature!
This is TheVeryBest-Way-ToLove!
Put-YourLife-on-TheLine-for-YourFriends!
I'm no longer Calling-You-Servants, because Servants-don't-Understand
What-TheirMaster-is-Thinking&Planning!***

*No! I've-Named-You-Friends, because I've Let-You-In
on-Everything-I've-Heard-from-TheFather!
You didn't Choose-Me, remember! I-Chose-You,
&Put-You-in-TheWorld-toBearFruit, Fruit-that-Won'tSpoil!
As FruitBearers, What You-ask-TheFather-in-relation-to-Me,
He-Gives-You! But, Remember-TheRootCommand,
LOVE-ONE-ANOTHER!!*

PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL

RESPONSE AFTER EACH: *We remember Tom..... We remember him*

1. *Today, here in Milltown Malbay, we gather in thanksgiving for Tom. When celebrating Eucharist, Tom so often said the words, "Me for you!" And this is what he himself embodied. Tom gave himself unstintingly to others, and for others, throughout his life. He sought to actualise the words of Isaiah, quoted by Jesus as he began his ministry: "I have come to set the prisoner free, to heal the broken-hearted". Tom set so many of us free – to wonder, to question, to journey within, to enlarge our boundaries. His unique and prophetic insight into the Scriptures, broken open for so many, the heart and wisdom of those stories and other narratives, enriching our lives, nourishing our souls, offering us food for the journey.*

We remember Tom..... We remember him

2. *With love and gratitude, we recall Tom's constant encouragement "wake up children" as he nudged us towards deepening consciousness in our lives*

We remember Tom..... We remember him.

3. *Tom always reminded to 'look out for one another and to welcome the stranger in our midst'. We pray for all who have been displaced in our world, especially women, for whom Tom was always an advocate.*

We remember Tom..... We remember him

4. *One of Tom's most cherished images was a large print of The Healing Icon from Glenstal Abbey (here among our symbols).... We pray for all who are wounded in any way in body, mind or spirit – and we pause to include in our hearts all those we know who need healing at this time – ---- that they, and we, may be enfolded in the Healing embrace of Jesus*

We remember Tom..... We remember him.

5. *We turn towards our suffering planet – 'the earth you loved', Tom. Enable us, O Lord, to cherish the earth and be good caretakers of our home, Mother Earth, and in our own ways to show love and compassion for one another – echoing "Me for you".....*

We remember Tom..... We remember him.

6. *At every ritual Tom included remembrance of "our beloved dead", so today we remember him, and especially Geraldine who died recently; we call to mind all the deceased from years of work with Tom in various contexts and all our own beloved dead – may all rest in peace.*

We remember Tom..... We remember him

COMMUNION:

Céad Míle Fáilte Romhat

Céad Míle Fáilte Romhat, a Íosa, a Íosa,

Céad Míle Fáilte Romhat, a Íosa,

Céad Míle Fáilte Romhat, a Sláinitheoir,

Céad Míle, Míle Fáilte Romhat, Íosa, a Íosa

Glóir agus moladh Duit, a Íosa, a Íosa,

Glóir agus moladh Duit, a Íosa

Glóir agus moladh Duit, a Shláinitheoir

Glóir, moladh agus Buíochas Duit, Íosa, a Íosa

Almighty God (with dance)

Almighty God, make me aware of you, in every moment of my life,

Let me know that I am You. Let me know that I am You.

Almighty God show me the Light of you in every moment of my life

Let me know that I am light, let me know that I am light.

Almighty God, fill me with love of you in every moment of my life,

Let me know that I am love, let me know that I am love.

Reflection

A SIMPLE SERENADE FOR A DYING FRIEND'S DANCE AWAY

***NOW IT IS TIME, BELOVED FRIEND,
TO LOOSEN LIFE'S MYRIAD KNOTS
GENTLY, FOR THE LAST SETTING FORTH
TO MEET BRIGHT SOUL'S LOVER:
THAT SUMMONING CLEARER NOW
IN THE CROWDED HUSH, THAN EARLIER WHISPERS
LOST BY DINT OF HYMNS & PRAYERS
FROM HEARTS OF OTHER TROUBADOURS....
LEAVING HOUSE OF STONE OR BONE
YOU HALT & PONDER 'WHAT TO BRING?'
ACROSS THE ULULANT BRIDGE OF DREAMS
WHAT WILL YOU CARRY? WHAT NEED?
GLANCELESS, REGRETLESS, JETTISON ALL!
'NEVER CLING TO ME' HE CAUTIONED,
'EVEN TO ME! THEN YOU WILL FIND
'YOUR INNER DESERT BLOOMS WITH-ME...'
AS YOU SET OUT MY VALUED FRIEND,
PERHAPS YOU SEE THE TRACKS OF OTHERS
WHO HAVE GONE THE PATH.... IF SO,
TREAD FEARLESSLY WHERE THEY TROD:
MOSES&JESUS&SOCTRATES***

**&CLOUDS OF UNNAMED HEROINES...
YET IF THE ROAD BE NEW OR STRANGE,
STILL PULL THE GATE AND GO...
FAITHFUL COMPANIONS, ESTEEMED PILGRIM
THIS BLESSED SAFARI? WHO
APPROACHES AS THE HOUSE BEGINS TO MELT
INTO A MELTED PAST? READY
WITH LEAPING SONGS THAT TELL THE WAY
TO-HEAVEN? ARE THEY GRANDPARENTS
&PARENTS? & ALL YOUR SAINTLY DOWRY,
EAGER TO DANCE-YOU TO THE LOVER'S-TENT....
PAIN&FEAR&LOSS, MY PRECIOUS,
BRAVELY AS THROUGH A PLUNGING WATERFALL
SHIMMER DOLPHIN-BEAUTIFUL BEYOND,
TO LIGHTENED COUNTENANCES... NEVER
FORGET THAT BLISSFUL MESSENGER
WHOSE LOVE IS BREATHING YOU FROM WOMB TO DEATH,
& LASTLY TO WHERE LOVE ITSELF AWAITS....
YOUR DESTINY, MY DEAR, IS EVER LOVE ITSELF...**

Final Hymn: *How great thou art...*

FAREWELL TO TOM

Tom, on behalf of the Chokmah family, I want to acknowledge:

**The hawk that carried your eye,
The salmon that carried your depth,
The rose that carried your love,
The lamp that carried your search,
The thistle that carried your honesty,
The web that carried your connectivity,
The primrose that carried your hope,
The mermaid that carried your myth,
The thorn that carried your pain,
The butterfly that carried your soul,
The shadow that carried your hiddenness,
The dewdrop that carried your sparkle,
The stream that carried your life,**

**the wind that carried your spirit,
The vulture that carried your death,
The mystery that carried you home.**

Tom, forever, we will carry you in our hearts.

(Written by Tom Gleeson)