



**Dhelkaya  
Health**

# Memorial Service



Join us as we remember and give thanks for those we have loved, been close to, cared for, and who will always be a part of us.

## Service

Service conducted by Danni Moore and Kynan Sutherland, Pastoral Care Coordinators at Dhelkaya Health.

Filmed by Miles Bennett, Storyland, in the garden room at Buda — the historic home and garden in Castlemaine.

The service opens with an Acknowledgement of Country.



## Credits

“The Art of Longing” by Dr Robert Niemeyer, originally published in *The Art of Longing – Selected Poems*, 2007.

“Song For Autumn” by Mary Oliver, originally published in *Poetry*, the Poetry Foundation journal, 2005.

Haiku by Kobayshi Issa, from “*Essential Haiku*”, Ecco Press, 1995.

“Julia Florida” composed by Agustin Barrios Mangore

## Words of Welcome

### Welcome to the 2024 Dhelkaya Health Memorial Service.

**We are here to remember and honour those who have died while receiving care at Dhelkaya Health between 1st of December 2022 and the 30th of November 2023. Please feel free to let other family and friends know this service is available for viewing.**

We come to this service from all walks of life. Some of us are husbands, wives, partners, former partners, children, stepchildren, grandchildren, siblings, relatives through marriage, parents, friends and neighbours. Some of us are carers, hospitality staff, wellbeing staff, nurses, doctors, allied health assistants and other health professionals. All of us have been impacted by the loss of someone we love.

This service acknowledges that every human life is precious and worthy of recognition. It also acknowledges that no two people will experience their loss in exactly the same way. Our feelings are often too complex or personal to put into words. We gather like this to honour the ones we have lost and the impact they continue to have on our lives.

We remember them, we mourn them, we miss them.

*Words of Welcome to be followed by Placing of the Memorial Book, Lighting of the Memorial Candle and Placing of Photographs and Keepsakes.*

## Reading—Robert Neimeyer

Those of us who have driven the long cold road alone  
have watched the thin line of trees,  
frosted white, slipping behind like memories.

We know the pull of something unseen beyond the reach of dry eyes,  
fixed, blinking at the distant mist.

We ride the road with our lonely ghosts, unwavering in their devotion  
like penitents at the altar of our grief.

This is how we perfect the art of longing, learn to nurse the hurt,  
refuse the fullness of this world.

For now, we keep driving, leaning into the dimming light,  
leaning further toward winter's receding horizon.

## Reading of Names

We remember our residents of Ellery House.

We remember our patients on Geroe, our acute ward.

We remember our residents of Penhall.

We remember those accessing our palliative care  
and district nursing services.

We remember our residents of Jessie Bowe House.

We remember our patients on Connolly, our rehabilitation ward.

We remember our residents of Thompson House.

We remember our respite clients.

We remember our residents of Mountview Home.

And we remember those who were part of our  
Transitional Care Program.



## Time of Reflection

We will now have a moment of silence, during which you may like to offer your own personal thanks, message, prayer or blessing – whatever feels right to you – before we continue.

## Haiku—Koboyashi Issa

the world of dew  
is the world of dew  
and yet...

## Concluding Words

**Thank you for being a part of this service.**

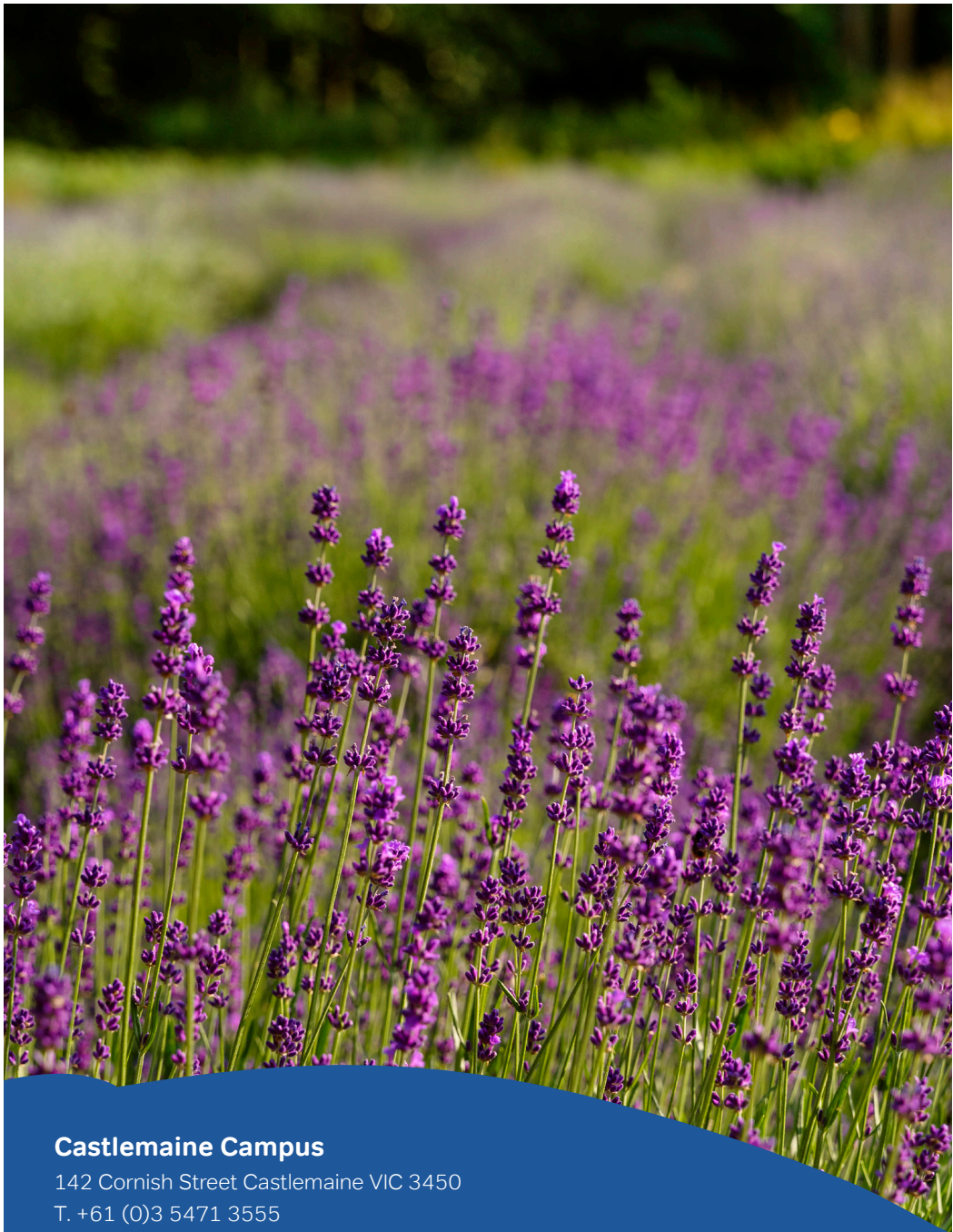
Our hope is that it has offered you something valuable – recognition, perhaps, of the significance and complexity of your own grief, or simply a time to sit still and reflect.

Possibly a little more space has opened up, a small clearing, from which it is possible to breathe a little easier and take your next steps.

## Blessing—Mary Oliver

In the deep fall  
don't you imagine the leaves think how  
comfortable it will be to touch the earth  
instead of the nothingness of air  
and the endless freshets of wind?  
And don't you think the trees themselves,  
especially those with mossy,  
warm caves, begin to think  
of the birds that will come – six, a dozen – to sleep  
inside their bodies? And don't you hear  
the goldenrod whispering goodbye,  
the everlasting being crowned with the first  
tuffets of snow? The pond  
vanishes, and the white field over which  
the fox runs so quickly brings out  
its blue shadows.  
And the wind pumps its bellows.  
And at evening especially,  
the piled firewood shifts a little,  
longing to be on its way.





**Castlemaine Campus**

142 Cornish Street Castlemaine VIC 3450

T. +61 (0)3 5471 3555

E. [info@castlemainehealth.org.au](mailto:info@castlemainehealth.org.au)

[dhelkayahealth.org.au](http://dhelkayahealth.org.au)



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