

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>"A beautiful life"</i></p> <p><i>A beautiful life that came to an end, he died as he lived, everyone's friend.</i></p> <p><i>In our hearts a memory will always be kept, of one we loved, and will never forget.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Lord, I ask for courage: courage to face and conquer my own fears; courage to take me where others will not go.</p> <p>I ask for strength: strength of body to protect others; strength of spirit to lead others.</p> <p>I ask for dedication: dedication to my job to do it well; dedication to my community to keep it safe.</p> <p>Give me, Lord, concern: concern for all those who entrust me; and compassion for those who need me; and please, Lord, through it all be at my side.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>For everything there is an appointed season, and a time for everything under heaven</p> <p>a time for sharing, a time for caring, a time for loving, a time for giving, a time for remembering, a time for parting.</p> <p>You have made everything beautiful in its time for everything you do remains forever.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one, I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done. I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways, of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days. I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun. Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.</p>
<p><b>A Beautiful Life (him-her)</b></p>	<p><b>A Policeman's Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>A Time</b></p>	<p><b>After Glow</b></p>
<p></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one, I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done. I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways, of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days. I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun. Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>How often you fear the road up ahead, How often you dread the unknown, How often, too, do you tend to forget That you never walk alone.</p> <p>For there's One who well knows where you're going, He's sure every step of the way, For long, long ago He walked the same path That you and I travel today.</p> <p>And He understands every misgiving, For fear is a part of us all, But in faith make each step firm and steady, And the father will not let you fall.</p> <p>Just remember He's walking beside you With love that will never fail, His arm around your shoulders, His eye upon the trail.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Lee Simmons</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Always remember we love you, Although you could not stay, You'll always remain in our hearts.</p> <p>Until we meet again our little one.</p>	<p></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Amazing grace shall always be my song of praise, for it was grace that brought my liberty; I do not know just why He came to love me so, He looked beyond my faults and saw my need. I shall forever lift mine eyes to Calvary to view the cross where Jesus died for me; how marvelous the grace that caught my falling soul, He looked beyond my fault and saw my need.</i></p>
<p><b>After Glow W Dove</b></p>	<p><b>Along The Road</b></p>	<p><b>Always</b></p>	<p><b>Amazing Grace</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a soul like me. I once was lost but now I'm found, was blind but now I see. Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved. How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed. When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise, than when we first begun.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom God's love commits me here, ever this night be at my side, to light, to guard, to rule and guide.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen</p> <p><i>Eternal rest grant unto him O Lord. May he rest in peace.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom God's love commits me here, ever this night be at my side, to light, to guard, to rule and guide.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen</p> <p>O Jesus, friend of little children, bless the little children of the whole world.</p> <p>Mother of love, of sorrow and of mercy. Pray for us.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Angel of God, My guardian dear. To Whom God's love, Commits me here.</p> <p>Ever this night, Be at my side. To light and guard, To rule and guide.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen</p>
<b>Amazing Grace Verse</b>	<b>Angel Of God (him-her)</b>	<b>Angel Of God Children</b>	<b>Angel Of God</b>
<p>Please Pray for <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>May the Angels lead thee into Paradise.</i></p> <p><i>May the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming and take thee to the Holy City.</i></p> <p><i>May the Choirs of the Angels receive thee and mayest thou have rest everlasting.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men affront you, and persecute you, and shall say all manners of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Should you go first and I remain, to walk the road alone, I'll live in memories garden dear with happy days we've known in spring I'll wait for roses red, when faded lilacs blue. In early fall when brown leaves fall, I'll catch a glimpse of you. Should you go first and I remain, for battles to be fought. Each thing you've touched along the way will be a hallowed spot. I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile, tho blindly I may grope. The memory of your helping hand will buoy me on with hope. Should you go first and I remain, walk slowly down that long, long path, one thing I'll have you do, for soon I'll follow you. I want to know each step you take, so I may take the same. For someday down that lonely road You'll hear me call your name.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>BLESSING OF ST FRANCIS</b></p> <p><i>May The Lord bless thee and keep thee, May he show His face to thee and have mercy On thee, May He turn His countenance to thee, and give thee His peace. May the Lord bless thee.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>-St. Francis of Assisi</i></p>
<b>Angel's Prayer</b>	<b>Beautitudes</b>	<b>Beyond The Sunset</b>	<b>Blessing Of St Francis</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>G</b>od hath not promised skies always blue. Flowers strewn pathways all our lives through;</p> <p><b>G</b>od hath not promised sun without rain, joy without sorrow, peace without pain.</p> <p><b>B</b>ut God hath promised strength for the day, rest for the labor, light for the way, grace for the trials, help from above, unfailing sympathy, undying love.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>What God Hath Promised</b></p> <p>God hath not promised skies always blue, flower-strewn pathways all our lives through. God hath not promised sun without rain, joy without sorrow, peace without pain. But God hath promised strength for the day, rest for the labor, light for the way, grace for the trials, Help from above. unfailing sympathy Undying love...</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The butterfly emerges from its silken shell- Reborn, it arises, no longer bound to earth. Free at last, the butterfly glides to heights unknown before. So do our loved ones find a beautiful release as, earthbound no more, they leave our sight and joyfully rise to a garden of matchless beauty, a place of light and peace.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Evelyn Phillips</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>O Lord, support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy worked is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Cardinal Newman</p>
<b>Blue Sky</b>	<b>Blueskies</b>	<b>Butterfly</b>	<b>Cardinal Newman</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Grieve not... nor speak of me with tears... but laugh and talk of me... as though I were beside you. I loved you so... 'twas Heaven here with you.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>A bud the Gardner gave us a pure and lovely child. He gave it to our keeping, to cherish undefiled. But just as it was opening, to the glory of the day, down came the Heavenly Gardner, and took our bud away. O sweet little angel pray for us and through thy prayers intercede to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that through His burning heart of love He may lead us through this life and help us overcome the temptations which may befall us. "Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more." "My Jesus, for Thee I live, My Jesus for Thee I die, My Jesus, I am Thine in life and death."</i></p>		<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>THE great and sad mistake of many people, among them even pious persons, is to imagine that those whom death has taken leave us. They do not leave us. They remain! - Where are they? In darkness? Oh, no! It is we who are in darkness. We do not see them, but they see us. Their eyes, radiant with glory, are fixed upon our eyes full of tears. Oh, infinite consolation! Though invisible to us, our dear dead are not absent.</p> <p>I have often reflected upon the surest comfort for those who mourn. It is this: a firm faith in the real and continual presence of our loved ones; it is the clear and penetrating conviction that death has not destroyed them, nor carried them away. They are not even absent, but living near to us, transfigured: having lost in their glorious change no delicacy of their souls, no tenderness of their hearts, nor especial preference in their affection; on the contrary, having in depth and fervor of devotion, grown larger a hundredfold. Death is for the good, a translation into light, into power, into love. Those who on earth were only ordinary Christians, become perfect; those who were beautiful become good; those who were good become sublime.</p>
<b>Celtic</b>	<b>Child's Prayer</b>		<b>Comfort II</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Another leaf has fallen, another soul has gone. But still we have God's promises, in every robin's song. For He's in His Heaven, and though He takes away. He always leaves to mortals, the bright sun's kindly ray. He leaves the fragrant blossoms, and lovely forests green. And gives us new found comfort, when we on Him will lean.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God has created me to do him some definite service. He has committed some work to me which he has not committed to another. I have my mission - I may never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next. I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection, between persons. He has not created me for naught. I shall do his work. I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth in my own pace while not intending it. Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am. I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him; if in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. He does nothing in vain. He knows what He is about. He may take away my friends. He may throw me among strangers. He may make me feel desolate, make my spirits sink, hide my future from me -Still He knows what He is all about.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Crossing the Bar</b></p> <p>Sunset and evening star, and one clear call For me! And let there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea. But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound or foam, when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home. -Alfred Tennyson</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>We'll always Remember</b></p> <p>That special smile, that caring heart. That warm embrace you always gave us. You being there for mom and us through good and bad times no matter what. We'll always remember you, Dad, because there'll never be anyone to replace you in our hearts and the love we will always have for you.</p>
<b>Comfort</b>	<b>Created</b>	<b>Crossing The Bar</b>	<b>Dad</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>GOD, Your days are without end, Your mercies beyond counting. Help us always to remember that life is short and the day of our death is known to You alone.</p> <p>May Your Holy Spirit lead us to live in holiness and justice all our days. Then, after serving You in the fellowship of Your Church, with strong faith, consoling hope, and perfect love for all, may we joyfully come to Your Kingdom.</p> <p>We ask this through Christ Our Lord.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Out of the depths have I cried to Thee O Lord: Lord hear my voice. Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, Lord who shall stand it? For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness: and by reason of Thy law, have I waited for Thee O Lord. My soul hath relied on His word: my soul hath hoped in the Lord. From the morning watch even until night: let Israel hope in the Lord. Because with the Lord there is mercy and with Him plenteous redemption.</p> <p>And He shall redeem Israel from all iniquities. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Dear Heavenly Father, give us the strength not to lose faith and accept our beloved Justin X. Ample, Sr. into Your kingdom. I ask this in the name of your son, Jesus Christ. For it was He who said, "I say to you, whatever you ask the Father in My name He will give you. Ask and you will receive, that your joy may be full."</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Death be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so: For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me. One short sleep past, we wake eternally, And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die. - John Donne</p>
<b>Days Without End</b>	<b>De Profundis</b>	<b>Dear Heavenly Father</b>	<b>Death Be Not Proud</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 - November 12, 2007</p> <p>Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. I Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the council of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>When I must leave you for a little while, please do not grieve and shed wild tears. And hug your sorrow to you through the years. But start out bravely with a gallant smile; and for my sake and in my name, live on and do all things the same; feed not your loneliness on empty days, but fill each waking hour in useful ways, reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer and I in turn will comfort you and hold you near; and never, never be afraid to die. For I am waiting for you in the sky!</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there, I do not sleep I am a thousand winds that blow I am the diamond's gift of snow I am the sunlight on ripened grain I am the autumn's gentle rain When you awaken in the morning's hush I am the swift uplifting rush Of quiet birds in circled flight I am the soft stars that shine at night Do not stand at my grave and cry I am not there I did not die.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>When I leave you, don't weep for me. Pass the wine around and remember how my laughing pleased you. Look at one another, smiling and don't forget about touching. Sing the songs that I loved best and dance one time all together. As for me, I'll be off, running somewhere on the beach, and I'll fly to the top of the tree, I always meant to climb, when you're ready, I'll be there -waiting for you. Take your time.</i></p>
<p><b>Desiderata</b></p>	<p><b>Do Not Grieve</b></p>	<p><b>Do Not Stand</b></p>	<p><b>Don't Weep For Me</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p>  <p><i>And Jesus, having been given baptism, straight away went up from the water; and, the heavens opening, he saw the Spirit of God coming down on him as a dove.</i> <i>Matthew 3:16</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>My brothers and friends, you have heard the tolling of eleven strokes This is to remind us that with the Elks the hour eleven has a tender significance. Wherever an elk may roam, whatever his lot in life may be, when this hour falls upon the dial of night the great heart of Elkdom swells and throbs. It is the golden hour of recollection, the homecoming of those who wander, the mystic roll call of those who will come no more. Living or dead, an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken. Morning and noon may pass him by, the light of day sink heedlessly in the West, but ere the shadows of midnight shall fall, the chimes of memory will be pealing forth the friendly message, "To our absent brothers."</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded."</i> Ralph Waldo Emerson</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded"</i> Ralph Waldo Emerson</p>
<p><b>Dove Verse</b></p>	<p><b>Elks</b></p>	<p><b>Emerson Succeeded</b></p>	<p><b>Emerson Succeeded Script</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Our Father Hail Mary Glory Be</p> <p>Eternal rest, grant unto him O Lord and let perpetual light shine.</p> <p>May his soul and the souls of all the faithfully departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.</p> <p>Lord, help this family to remember that nothing will happen to them today that you and they together cannot handle.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>I shall pass through the world but once: any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again.</i></p> <p><i>Exlibris</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Where there is Faith There is Love Where there is Love There is Peace Where there is Peace There is God Where there is God There is no Need</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Prayer for all the Faithful Departed</b></p> <p>O, God, the creator and redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of Thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.</p>
<p><b>Eternal Rest Grant</b></p>	<p><b>Exlibris</b></p>	<p><b>Faith, Love</b></p>	<p><b>Faithful</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Fill not your hearts with pain and sorrow, but remember me in every tomorrow. Remember the joy, the laughter, the smiles, I've only gone to rest a little while. Although my leaving causes pain and grief, my going has eased my hurt and given me relief. So dry your eyes and remember me, not as I am now, but as I used to be. Because I will remember you all and look on with a smile. Understand, in your hearts, I've only gone to rest a little while. As long as I have the love of each of you, I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>When I am called to duty, God, whenever flames may rage, give me strength to save some life, whatever be its age. Help me embrace a little child before it is too late, or save an older person from the horror of that fate. Enable me to be alert and hear the weakest shout, and quickly, and efficiently to put the fire out. I want to fill my calling, and to give the best in me, to guard my every neighbor and protect his property. And if, according to my fate, I am to lose my life, please bless with your protecting hand my family, friends and wife.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>God Grant me that I may live to fish until my dying day and when it comes to my last task, I most humbly pray, that in the Lord's safe handling net I'm peacefully asleep. In His mercy that I be judged big enough to keep.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 - November 12, 2007</p> <p>One night a man had a dream. In it he was walking along a beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand, one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.</p> <p>When the final scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints, and realized that they came at the hardest and saddest times of his life.</p> <p>Bothered about this, he questioned the Lord saying, "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most burdensome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you the most you would leave me."</p> <p>The Lord replied, "My dear child, I love you and I would never leave you. During the times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."</p>
<p><b>Fill Not Your Hearts</b></p>	<p><b>Fireman's Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>Fisherman's Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>Footprints</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Footsteps</p> <p>God sees when the footsteps all falter.</p> <p>When the pathway has grown too steep.</p> <p>Then He touches the weary eyelids,</p> <p>And gives His dear ones sleep.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Footprints</b></p> <p>How very softly you tiptoed into my world. Almost silently, only a moment you stayed. But what an imprint your footsteps have left upon my heart.</p> <p>By Dorothy Ferguson</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Your gentle face and patient smile with sadness we recall. You had a kindly word for each and died beloved by all.</p> <p>The voice is mute and stilled the heart that loved us well and true, ah, bitter was the trial to part from one so good as you.</p> <p>You are not forgotten, nor will you ever be as long as life and memory last we will remember thee.</p> <p>We miss you now, our hearts are sore, as time goes by we miss you more, Your loving smile, your gentle face no one can fill your vacant place.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>With the spirits of the righteous made perfect, give rest to the soul of Thy servant, O Saviour; and preserve it in that life of blessedness which is with thee, O thou who lovest mankind.</p> <p>In the place of Thy rest, O lord, where all thy Saints repose, give rest also to the soul of Thy servant for Thou only lovest mankind. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:</p> <p>Thou are our God, who descended into Hell, and loosed the bonds of those who were there, Thyself give rest also to the soul of Thy servant Now and ever unto ages of ages.</p> <p>Amen.</p>
<p><b>Footsteps I</b></p>	<p><b>Footsteps II</b></p>	<p><b>Gentle Face</b></p>	<p><b>Give Rest</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>We give them back to you, O Lord, who first gave them to us, yet as you did not lose them in the giving, so we do not lose them by their return. For what is yours is ours also, if we belong to you. Love is undying, and life is unending, and the boundary of this mortal life is but a horizon, and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, O God, that our sight may see further. Cleanse our eyes, that we may see more clearly and while you prepare the place for this departed soul, prepare us also for that happy place, that we may be with you, and with those we love, forever. Amen.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God hath not promised Skies always blue, Flower-strewn pathways All our lives through; Sun without rain, Joy without sorrow, Peace without pain.</i></p> <p><i>But God hath promised Strength for the day, Rest for the labor, Light for the way, Grace for the trials, Help from above, Unfailing sympathy Undying Love...</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>God's Garden</b></p> <p>God looked around the garden and found an empty space.</p> <p>He looked down upon the earth and saw your tired face.</p> <p>He put his arms around you, and lifted you to rest.</p> <p>God's garden must be beautiful for he only takes the best.</p> <p>He knew that you were weary, and he knew you were in pain.</p> <p>He knew that you would never, be well on earth again.</p> <p>He saw the roads were getting rough, and the hills were hard to climb.</p> <p>So he closed your weary eyelids, and whispered peace be thine.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>There is never a life without sadness, There is never a heart free from pain. If one seeks in the world for true solace, He seeks it forever in vain. So when to your heart comes the sorrow of losing some dear one you've known, Tis' the touch of God's sickle at harvest since He reaps in the field's He has sown.</p>
<p><b>Give Them Back</b></p>	<p><b>God Hath Not Promised</b></p>	<p><b>God's Garden</b></p>	<p><b>God's Sickle</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>PRAYER FOR A GRACIOUS LADY</i></p> <p><i>Dear Lord, a lovely lady left her earthly home tonight; gaily taking the upper path that leads to You and light. She will be a little lonely, and a little weary too, and she may not know just how to turn when heaven comes into view. So it would be a very kindly thing to send the Little Flower to meet her on the pathway and lead her to her bower. And may she have a garden, it matters not how small, with larkspur for the summer and asters for the fall. And would your Mother Mary drop in some day for tea, and chat in woman fashion, each had a son You see. And may it be Your gracious Will, when she lies down to rest, to send her dreams of her homefolks, of those she loved the best. If you could do these things, dear Lord, it would ease us in our plight, for she was a gracious lady, who went Home to You this night.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, Amen. Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal have mercy on us. May He who rose from the dead, Christ our true God; through the intercessions of His all-immaculate Mother; of the holy and glorious and all-laudable Apostles; Of our venerable and God-bearing fathers and of all the Saints, establish in the mansions of the righteous the soul of His servant, who hath just been taken away from us, and number this soul among the just; and have mercy upon us, for as much as He is good and loveth mankind.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Amen.</i></p>	<p>In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen. Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us. (3X)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>May He who rose again from the dead, Christ our true God; through the intercessions of His all-immaculate Mother; of the holy, glorious, and all-laudable Apostles; of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers and of all the saints, establish in the mansions of the righteous the soul of His servant, who hath just been taken from us, and number this soul among the just; and have mercy upon us, for as much as He is good and loveth mankind. <i>Amen.</i></p>	<div style="text-align: center;"></div> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.</i></p>
<b>Gracious Lady</b>	<b>Greek Orthodox</b>	<b>Greek</b>	<b>Hail Mary</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>God has created me to do him some definite service. He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. I have my mission --- I may never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next. I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection, between persons. He has not created me for naught. I shall do his work, I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth in my own pace while not intending it -- If I do but keep His Commandments. Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am, I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him, If I am in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. He does nothing in vain.</p> <p>HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT. He may take away my friends. He may throw me among strangers. He may make me feel desolate, make my spirits sink, hide my future from me</p> <p>STILL HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT. (Henry Cardinal Newsman)</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I have competed well, I have finished the race I have kept the faith. From now on the crown of holiness awaits me, which the Lord, the just one, will award to me on that final day and not only to me but to all who have longed to see His face.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>All things are in His loving care: The distant stars that twinkle high Above our hill; the sleeping town Spread out below, and you and I. The earth is watered and renewed; The birds are fed, the lilies clad In quiet glory. Should not</i> <i>u12</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Life is eternal And love is immortal And death is only a horizon And a horizon is nothing Save the limit of sight Rossiter Worthington Raymond</p>
<b>Henry Cardinal Newsman</b>	<b>His Face</b>	<b>His Loving Care</b>	<b>Horizon</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I do not go alone.</p> <p>If Death should beckon me with outstretched hand and whisper softly of "An Unknown Land"; I shall not be afraid to go. For though the path I do not know, I take Death's Hand without a fear, for He who safely brought me here will also take me safely back. And though in many things I lack, He will not let me go alone into the "Valley That's Unknown"... So I reach out and take Death's Hand and journey to the "Promise Land".</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I said a prayer for you today, and know God must have heard. I felt the answer in my heart, although He spoke no word! I didn't ask for wealth or fame (I knew you wouldn't mind), I asked Him to send treasures of a far more lasting kind! I asked that He'd be near you, at the start of each new day. To grant you health and blessings, for friends to share your way! I asked for happiness for you, in all things great and small, but it was for His loving care, I prayed the most of all!</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free. I'm following the path God laid for me, I took his hand when I heard him call I turned my back and left it all.</p> <p>I could not stay another day to laugh, to love, to work or play. Tasks left undone must stay that way. I found that place at the close of day. Perhaps my time seemed all too brief. Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your heart and share with me. God wanted me now, he set me free.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Come, meet me in the garden, Lord; The day is fresh and bright – I'd like to walk and talk with Thee, And glory in Thy might ... Come, meet me in the garden, Lord, And take me by the hand; The flowers are blooming all around, And the trees are tall and grand ... Come, meet me in the garden, Lord, Bestow on me Thy love – Endow me with new hope and peace, And blessings from above ... Come, meet me in the garden, Lord; How happy I will be – Uplift my heart and soul with joy, And set my spirit free!</i></p> <p>Hope C. Oberhelman</p>
<p><b>I Do Not Go Alone</b></p>	<p><b>I Said A Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>I'm Free</b></p>	<p><b>In The Garden</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"We have loved them during life, let us not abandon them, until we have conducted them by our prayers into the house of the Lord." St. Ambrose</p> <p>Incline Thine ear, O Lord, unto our prayers, wherein we humbly pray Thee to show Thy mercy upon the soul of Thy servant, whom Thou hast commanded to pass out of this world, that Thou wouldst place him in the region of peace and light, and bid him be a partaker with Thy Saints.</p> <p>Through Christ our Lord. Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face and rains fall soft upon your fields. And until we meet again, May God hold you in the hollow of His hand.</p> <p><i>An Old Irish Blessing</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face. May the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again, May God hold you in the palm of His hand. Amen.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face. May the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again, May God hold you in the palm of His hand. Amen.</i></p>
<p><b>Incline Thine Ear</b></p>	<p><b>Irish Blessing I</b></p>	<p><b>Irish Blessing II</b></p>	<p><b>Irish Blessing III</b></p>

<p><b>JESUS JOY OF THE ANGELS</b></p> <p><i>A bud the Gardener gave us a pure and lovely child. He gave it to our keeping, to cherish undefiled. But just as it was opening, to the glory of the day, down came the Heavenly Gardener and took our bud away.</i></p> <p><b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 - November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>O sweet little angel pray for us and through thy prayers intercede to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that through His burning heart of love He may lead us through this life and help us overcome the temptations which may befall us.</i></p> <p><i>"Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more."</i> <i>"My Jesus, for Thee I live; My Jesus, for Thee I die, My Jesus, I am Thine in life and death."</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Jesus Mary and Joseph</b></p> <p>Heavenly Father, help us to live as the holy family, united in respect and love. We want to live as Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, in peace with you and one another. Through the prayers of Mary, the virgin mother of Jesus, and of her husband Joseph, unite our families in peace and love. Grant this through our Lord Jesus Christ, Your Son, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever. Amen.</p> <p>Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, Pray for us.</p>	<p><i>In Loving Memory of</i> <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>I am the Light of the World; he who follows Me will not walk in darkness but will have the light of life.</i></p> <p><i>John 8:12</i></p>	 <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>"I am the resurrection and the Life; He who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whosoever lives and believes in Me shall never die."</b></p> <p>John 11:25-26</p>
<p><b>Jesus Joy Of The Angels</b></p>	<p><b>Jesus Mary And Joseph</b></p>	<p><b>John 812</b></p>	<p><b>John11 25-26</b></p>
<p><i>In Loving Memory of</i> <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>LET NOT your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.</i></p> <p><i>PEACE I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.</i></p> <p>-- John 14: 1-3, 27</p>	 <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."</b></p> <p>St. John 3:16</p>	<p><i>In Loving Memory of</i> <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Now the labourer's task is over; Now the battle day is past; Now upon the farther shore Lands the voyager at last. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now thy servant sleeping.</p> <p>- John Ellerton</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Leaf after leaf flower after flower some in the dawn of day some in the after hour. Alive they flourish, and alive they fall and the earth that sustained them receives them in fall.</p>
<p><b>John14 1-3,27</b></p>	<p><b>John3 16</b></p>	<p><b>Labourer's Task Over</b></p>	<p><b>Leaf After Leaf</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>When I am dead pray for me a little. Think of me sometimes, but not too much. It is not good for you to allow your thoughts to dwell too long on the dead. Think of me now and again as I was in life, at some moment which it is pleasant to recall, But not too long. Leave me in peace as I shall leave you too, in peace. While you live, let your thoughts be with the living.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Let me come in where you are weeping, friend, and let me take your hand. I, who have known a sorrow such as yours, can understand.</p> <p>Let me come in – I would be very still beside you in your grief; I would not bid you cease your weeping, friend, tears bring relief.</p> <p>Let me come in – I would only breathe a prayer, and hold your hand, for I have known a sorrow such as yours, and understand.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Grace Noll Crowell</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Almighty God, through the death of Your Son on the cross, you have overcome death for us. Through his burial and resurrection from the dead you have made the grave a holy place and restored to us eternal life. We pray for those who died believing in Jesus and are buried with him in the hope of rising again. God of the living and the dead, may those who faithfully believed in you on earth praise you forever in the joy of heaven. We ask this through Christ our Lord.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The life of those who are faithful to thee, Lord, is but changed, not ended.</i></p>
<b>Leave Me In Peace</b>	<b>Let Me Come In</b>	<b>Let Us Pray</b>	<b>Life Prayer</b>
<p style="text-align: center;">✝</p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"The Lord's Prayer"</p> <p>Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">✝</p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"The Lord's Prayer"</p> <p>Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">✝</p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"The Lord's Prayer"</p> <p><i>Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us: And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>You can shed tears that he is gone, Or you can smile because he has lived. You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come, Or you can open your eyes and see all he's left. Your heart can be empty because you can't see him, Or you can be full of the love you shared. You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday, Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday. You can remember him and only that he's gone, Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on. You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back, Or can do what he'd want: Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.</p>
<b>Lords Prayer Catholic</b>	<b>Lords Prayer Protestant</b>	<b>Lords Prayer Script</b>	<b>Love And Go On</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>LOVE LIVES ON</b></p> <p>Those we love remain with us for love itself lives on, and cherished memories never fade because a loved one's gone...</p> <p>Those we love can never be more than a thought apart, for as long as there is memory, they'll live on in the heart.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>It's difficult when someone Who is loved cannot be there, But memories that are made and shared will keep a loved one near.</p> <p>And God, with loving wisdom, Will be there to guide us through; He'll help us meet tomorrow And He'll give us strength anew</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>It is truly right and just, proper and helpful toward salvation, that we always and everywhere give thanks to You, O Lord, holy Father, almighty and eternal God, through Christ our Lord. In the same Christ the hope of a blessed resurrection has dawned for us, bringing all who are under the certain, sad sentence of death the consoling promise of future immortality. For those who have been faithful, O Lord, life is not ended, but merely changed; and when this earthly abode dissolves, an eternal dwelling place awaits them in heaven. Eternal rest grant them O Lord and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>PRAYER</b></p> <p>May the angels lead you into Paradise, may the Martyrs receive you at your coming, and take you to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the choirs of the Angels receive you, and may you with the once poor Lazarus, have rest everlasting. Amen.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">✝</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(Roman Ritual)</p> <p>May the Souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.</p>
<b>Love Lives On</b>	<b>Loved</b>	<b>Mass For The Dead</b>	<b>May The Angels</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Remember O most gracious Virgin Mary that never was it known that anyone who fled to Thy protection, implored Thy help, and sought Thy intercession was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto Thee, O Virgin of virgins. My Mother! To Thee I come; before Thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. Oh Mother of the Word incarnate! Despise not my petitions, but in Thy mercy, hear and answer me.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom-filled room. Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little – but not too long And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared. Miss me – but let me go. For this is a journey we all must take, and each must go alone. It's all a part of the Master's Plan, a step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick of heart, Go to the friends we know and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds. Miss me – but let me go.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>We'll always Remember</b></p> <p>That special smile that caring heart. That warm embrace you always gave us. You being there for dad and us, through good and bad times no matter what. We'll always remember you mom because there'll never be anyone to replace you in our hearts. And the love we will always have for you.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b><i>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</i></b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Beautiful things in this life are manifold tis true, we count the stars by thousands, the birds and flowers, too; the sunsets and dawning's, rare beauties far and near, but all the wide world over, there's just one "Mother Dear."</p>
<b>Memorare</b>	<b>Miss Me-But Let Me Go</b>	<b>Mom</b>	<b>Mother Dear</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>“The Magic of a Mother’s Touch”</b></p> <p>There’s magic in a Mother’s touch, and sunshine in her smile. There’s love in everything she does to make our lives worthwhile. We can find both hope and courage just by looking in her eyes. Her laughter is a source of joy, her words are warm and wise. There is a kindness and compassion to be found in her embrace, and we see the light of heaven shining from a Mother’s face.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Music has moments of rapturous sound and intervals of rest.</p> <p>It thrills the heart with its majesty and soothes it when suppressed.</p> <p>Life too has ringing, throbbing tones and muted, silent keys.</p> <p>Yet both are merged at the Master’s touch into living symphonies.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Florence Emeline Wright</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Mystery</b></p> <p>What is this mystery that men call death? My friend before me lies; in all save breath He seems the same as yesterday. His face So like to life, so calm, bears not a trace of that great change which all of us so dread. I gaze on her and say: He is not dead, But sleeps; and soon she will rise and take Me by the hand. I know he will awake and smile on me as he did yesterday; And he will have some gentle word to say, Some kindly deed to do; for loving thought Was warp and woof of which his life was wrought. He is not dead. Such souls forever live In boundless measure of the love they give.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Jerome B. Bell</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p>
<b>Mother's Touch</b>	<b>Music</b>	<b>Mystery (him-her)</b>	<b>No Prayer No Ad</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God Our Father, hear our prayers and be merciful to our sister whom you have called from this life. Accept the fidelity and witness of her life and welcome her into Your Kingdom of light and peace. We ask this through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>O GENTLEST HEART of Jesus ever present in the Blessed Sacrament ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in purgatory, have mercy on the soul of thy servant and bring thy servant far from the shadows of exile to the bright home of heaven, where we trust Thou and thy Blessed Mother have woven a crown of unending bliss.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Amen.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Gentlest Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in Purgatory, have mercy on the soul of Thy departed servant. Be not severe in Thy judgment, but let some drops of Thy Precious Blood fall upon the devouring flames, and do Thou, O merciful Savior, send Thy angels to conduct Thy departed servant to a place of refreshment, light and peace.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p> <p>Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord! And let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen</p>
<b>No Prayer</b>	<b>Nuns Prayer</b>	<b>O Gentlest Heart</b>	<b>O Gentlest Heart WCrown</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>O Great Spirit</b> Whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world hear me! I am small and weak, I need your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear you voice. Make me wise so that I may understand the things that you have taught my people. Let me learn the lessons that you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength, not to be greater than my brother, but to fight my greatest enemy – myself. Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes. So when life fades, as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>One Little Rose</b> I would rather have one little rose from the garden of a friend than to have the choicest flowers when my stay on earth must end. I would rather have one pleasant word in kindness said to me than flattery when my heart is still and life has ceased to be. I would rather have a loving smile from friends I know are true than tears shed round my casket when this world I've bid adieu. Bring me all your flowers today whether pink, or white, or red; I'd rather have one blossom now than a truckload when I'm dead.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>God on His throne in heaven looked round at His flowers so fair, and then sought a blossom on earth to those He had there. To be a part of such heavenly Company, the bloom must be pure and sweet, and the little bud that was chosen, was the child who played at our feet. Sorrow is great at the loss of our child, at the parting with one we love. But parting was made that our child might go, to brighten the heavens above.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus while before Your face I humbly kneel and beseech You to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment. While I contemplate, with great love and tender pity, Your five most precious wounds. Pondering over them within me and calling to mind the words which David, Your prophet, said of You, my Jesus: "They have pierced my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones."  Amen.</p>
<p><b>O Great Spirit</b></p>	<p><b>One Little Rose</b></p>	<p><b>Our Child</b></p>	<p><b>Prayer For Crucifix</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>May he who rose again from the dead, Christ our true God; through the intercessions of His all-immaculate Mother; of the holy, glorious, and all laudable Apostles; of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers and of all the saints establish in the mansions of the righteous the soul of His servant, who hath just been taken from us, and number this soul among the just; and have mercy upon us, for as much as He is good and loveth mankind. Amen.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." St. Matthew, Verse 5</p> <p>O god, the giver of pardon and lover of human salvation, have mercy on your servant who has departed from this world. May the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and all your Saints assist this soul in attaining eternal happiness.</p> <p>May the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace.  Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Memorare</b> <i>Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, My Mother! To thee I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate! Despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy, hear and answer me. Amen.</i> <i>MARY, Queen of Peace, pray for us.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary; that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession was left unaided. Inspired with confidence, I fly unto thee. Virgin of virgins, my Mother; to thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful; O Mother of the Word incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. <i>Amen</i></p>
<p><b>Prayer Of Intercession I</b></p>	<p><b>Prayer Of Intercession II</b></p>	<p><b>Prayer To Mary I</b></p>	<p><b>Prayer To Mary II</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>O God, who amongst Thy Apostolic priests has raised up Thy servant, to the dignity of a priest, grant, we beseech Thee, that He may also be admitted in heaven to their everlasting fellowship, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.</p> <p>Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy Keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon the right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time, and even for evermore.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm</b></p> <p>The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want. Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose. Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit. He guides me along the right path; he is true to his name. If I should walk in the Valley of Darkness, no evil would I fear. You are there with your crook and your staff; with these you give me comfort. You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes. My head you have anointed with oil; my cup is overflowing. Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life. In the lord's own house shall I dwell forever and ever.</p>
<b>Priest Prayer</b>	<b>Psalm 121</b>	<b>Psalm 23 I</b>	<b>Psalm 23 II</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>PSALM 23</p> <p>The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. In verdant pastures He gives me repose; Before restful waters He leads me; He refreshes my soul. He guides me in right paths for His names sake. Even though I walk in the dark valley I fear no evil: for You are at my side with Your rod and Your staff that give me courage. You spread a table for me in the sight of my foes. You anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows. Only goodness and kindness follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for years to come.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">✠</p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.</p> <p>For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.</p> <p>Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place?</p> <p>He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.</p> <p>He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of salvation.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Psalm 24:1-5</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?</p> <p>When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.</p> <p>Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.</p> <p>One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.</p> <p>For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me, He shall set me up upon a rock.</p> <p>Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Psalm 27:1-5.1</p>
<b>Psalm 23 III</b>	<b>Psalm 23 WCross</b>	<b>Psalm 24</b>	<b>Psalm 27</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 A Psalm of Praise Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 <b>Requiem</b> Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie; Glad did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will. This be the verse you 'grave for me: Here he lies where he long'd to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill.  - Robert Louis Stevenson</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 <b>RESURRECTION PRAYER</b> Most merciful Father, we commend our departed into your hands. We are filled with the sure hope that our departed will rise again on the Last Day with all who have died in Christ. We thank you for all the good things you have given during our departed's earthly life. O Father, in your great mercy, accept our prayer that the Gates of Paradise may be opened for your servant. In our turn, may we too be comforted by the words of faith until we greet Christ in glory and are united with you and our departed.  Through Christ our Lord, Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 <i>And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.</i></p>
<p><b>Psalm Of Praise</b></p>	<p><b>Requiem</b></p>	<p><b>Resurrection Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>Revelations 21-4</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007  <i>None of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. If we live to the Lord and if we die to the Lord: so then whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's.</i> <i>(Romans 14:7-8)</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 O God of spirits and of all flesh, who hast trampled down Death, and overthrown the devil and given life unto Thy world; give eternal rest to the soul of thy departed servant, in a place of brightness, in a place of verdure, in a place of repose, from whence all pain, sorrow, and sighing, have fled away. Pardon, every transgression which may have been committed, whether by word or deed or thought. For there is no man who lives and does not commit a sin. Thou only art without sin, Thy righteousness is everlasting, and Thy word is the Truth.  Amen</p>	<p>Safe in the Keeping of God <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 I am Home in Heaven, dear ones, Oh! So happy and so bright! There is perfect joy and beauty in this Everlasting Light. All the pain and grief are over, every restless yearning past; I am now at peace forever, safely home I have at last.  Dear one, do not grieve so sorely, for I love you dearly still; Try to look beyond earth's shadows, pray to trust Our Father's will. When your work is all completed, He will gently call you Home; Oh! The rapture of that meeting! Oh! The joy to see you come!</p>	<p><b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007 <b>Safely Home</b> I am home in Heaven dear ones: Oh, so happy and so bright! There is perfect joy and beauty in this everlasting light. All the pain and grief is over, every restless tossing passed I am now at peace forever, safely home in Heaven at last. Then you must not grieve so sorely, for I love you dearly still; try to look beyond earth shadows, Pray to trust our Father's will There is work still waiting for you, so you must not idly stand: do it now, while life remaineth you shall rest in Jesus' land When that work is all completed, He will gently call you Home; oh the rapture of that meeting, oh the joy to see you come!</p>
<p><b>Romans 14 7-8</b></p>	<p><b>Russian</b></p>	<p><b>Safe In The Keeping Of God</b></p>	<p><b>Safely Home</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change....</i></p> <p><i>Courage to change the things I can and wisdom to know the difference.</i></p> <p><i>Amen.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change....</i></p> <p><i>Courage to change the things I can and</i></p> <p><i>Wisdom to know the difference.</i></p> <p><i>Amen.</i></p>	<p><i>In Loving Memory of</i> <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>Date of Birth <b>May 31, 1920</b></p> <p>Date of Death <b>November 12, 2007</b></p> <p>Services at <b>Caton United Methodist Church</b> <b>April 30, 2007</b> <b>2:00 PM</b></p> <p>Officiating <b>Rev. John Bedzyk</b></p> <p>Interment <b>Forest Lawn Memorial Park</b> <b>Elmira, NY</b></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The Soul departed in the Lord does not die, it returns to God, who is the Giver of Life.</p>
<p><b>Serenity Prayer</b></p>	<p><b>Serenity Script</b></p>	<p><b>Service Info</b></p>	<p><b>Soul Does Not Die</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>O Glorious St. Anne, thou art filled with compassion for those who invoke thee and with love for those who suffer! Heavily laden with the weight of my troubles, I therefore cast myself at thy feet and humbly beg of thee to take under thy special protection the present affair with I recommend to thee. Vouchsafe to recommend it to thy Daughter, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and lay it before the throne of Jesus, so that He may bring it to a happy issue. Cease not to intercede for me until my request is granted. Above all obtain for me the grace of one day be behold my God face to face, and with thee and Mary and the saints to praise and bless Him for all Eternity. Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>O most amiable Protector, Saint Anthony of Padua, what worthy gift can I possibly offer to show my gratitude? I have nothing that is of worth to you; but I offer you all the esteem, in which you are continuously held throughout the world, and all the miracles with which you have filled the church even to the benefit of those outside its fold; all these, admirable Saint Anthony, please express my humble thanks for everything to God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary through endless ages. Amen.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>O glorious St. Anthony, safe refuge of the afflicted and distressed, who by miraculous revelation has directed all those who seek aid to come to Thy altar with the promise that whosoever visits it for nine consecutive Tuesdays, and there piously invokes thee, will feel the power of the intercession. I, a poor sinner, encouraged by this promise, come to thee. O powerful Saint, and with a firm hope I implore thy aid, thy protection, thy counsel and thy blessing. Obtain for me, I beseech thee my request in this necessity. But if it should be opposed to the Will of God and the welfare of my soul, obtain for me such other graces as shall be conducive to my salvation. Through Christ our Lord.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>May the angels lead you into Paradise, may the Martyrs receive you at your coming, and take you to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the choirs of the Angels receive you, and may you, with the once poor Lazarus, have rest everlasting. <i>Amen.</i></p> <p>O Gentle and loving Saint Anthony, whose heart was ever full of human sympathy, pray for us. O glorious Saint Anthony, whom the infant Jesus so much loved and honored, pray for us and the souls of all the faithful departed. <i>Amen.</i></p>
<p><b>St Anne</b></p>	<p><b>St Anthony I</b></p>	<p><b>St Anthony II</b></p>	<p><b>St Anthony III</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Watch thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or weep tonight and give your angels charge over those who sleep.</p> <p>Tend your sick ones, O Lord Christ, rest your weary ones, pity your dying ones, pity your afflicted ones, and all for your love's sake!</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>"<b>Lord</b> make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy"</p> <p>"<b>O Divine Master</b>, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, and it is in pardoning, that we are pardoned and it is in dying, that we are born to eternal life."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>St. Francis of Assisi</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and whole will. You have given me all that I am, and all that I possess. I surrender it all You, that You may dispose of it according to Your will. Give me only Your love and grace: with thee I'll be rich enough, and will have no more to desire.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>St. Ignatius</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Eternal rest grant unto his O lord. May he rest in peace.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Saint John Neumann, Your ardent desire to bring all souls to Christ impelled you to leave home and country. Teach us to live worthily in the Spirit of our baptism, which makes us children of the one heavenly Father. And brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, the first-born of the family of God. Obtain for us that complete dedication to the needy, the weak, the afflicted and the abandoned, which so characterized your life. Help us to persevere in the difficult and, at times, painful paths of duty. May death find us on the sure road to our Father's house with the light of living faith in our hearts.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p>
<b>St Augustine</b>	<b>St Francis</b>	<b>St Ignatius (him-her)</b>	<b>St John Neumann</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 - November 12, 2007 Prayer to St. Joseph</p> <p>O, St. Joseph, whose protection is so great, so strong, so prompt before the throne of God. I place in you all my interest and desires. O St. Joseph, do assist me by your powerful intercession, and obtain for me from your divine foster-Son all spiritual blessings, though Jesus Christ, our Lord; so that, having engaged here below your heavenly power, I may offer my thanksgiving and homage to the most loving of Fathers. O, St. Joseph, I never weary contemplating you, and Jesus asleep in your arms; I dare not approach while He reposes near your heart. Press Him in my name and kiss His fine head for me and ask Him to return the kiss when I draw my dying breath. St. Joseph patron of departing souls. Pray for us.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Prayer to St. Jude</p> <p>St. Jude, glorious Apostle, faithful servant and friend of Jesus, the name of the traitor has caused you to be forgotten by many, but the true Church invokes you universally as the Patron of things despaired of; pray for me, who am so miserable; pray for me, that finally I may receive the consolations and the succor of Heaven in all my necessities, tribulations and sufferings, particularly (here make your request), and that I may bless God with the Elect throughout Eternity. Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;">St. Michael the Archangel,</p> <p>Defend us in battle</p> <p>Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil;</p> <p>May God rebuke him, we humbly pray;</p> <p>And do thou, O Prince of the heavenly house, by the power of God, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>O Great Apostle of Ireland, glorious St. Patrick, to whom under God, so many are indebted for the most precious of all treasures, the great gift of Faith, receive our servant thanks for the zeal and charity which have been to thousands the source of blessings so invaluable. Ask for all who dwell in this land of thy labors, the precious light of Faith, and beg for us on whom its glorious rays have long since beamed, the grace to regulate our lives by its sacred maxima.</i></p>
<b>St Joseph</b>	<b>St Jude</b>	<b>St Michael</b>	<b>St Patrick</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>We seem to give him back to you, O Lord, who gave him to us. Yet as You did not lose him in giving, so we do not lose him by his return. Not as the world gives, do you give you do not take away, for what is yours is ours also if we are Yours. And life is eternal and love is immortal and death is only a horizon and a horizon is nothing but the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong son of God that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to yourself that we may know ourselves to be nearer to our loved ones who are with you. And while you prepare a place for us, prepare us also for that happy place that where you are we may be also.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Prayer to Saint Rita</p> <p>O God, in your infinite mercy you looked with love on your faithful servant Rita and granted through her intercession that which is beyond the power of mankind and the wisdom of this world. Through that love which bound St. Rita to you turn to us in mercy and aid us in our difficulties.</p> <p>Grant that all may come to know that you alone are the reward of the humble, the protection of the abandoned, and the strength of all those who trust in you.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>St. Rocco was a "Lay Saint." He lived at the time of the bubonic plague, a highly contagious disease, sometimes called the black death. Legend has it that St. Rocco would bring bread to those afflicted with the illness when no one else would go near them. He became ill with the plague himself and, when no one would feed him, a dog was sent by God to St. Rocco each evening with bread. The feast grew out of that legend.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><b>Prayer to St. Theresa</b></p> <p><i>Lord, who hast said:</i> "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," grant us, we beseech Thee, so to walk in the footsteps of Thy blessed Virgin Theresa with a humble and single heart that we may attain to everlasting rewards, who livest and reignest world without end.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p>
<b>St Pucci (him-her)</b>	<b>St Rita</b>	<b>St Rocco</b>	<b>St Theresa</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>O little flower of Jesus, Ever consoling troubled souls with Heavenly Graces, in your unfailing intercession I place my confident trust. From the Heart of our Blessed Saviour petition these Blessings of which I stand in greatest need. Shower upon me your promised Roses of Virtue and Grace, dear St. Therese, so that swiftly advancing in sanctity and in perfect love of neighbor, I may someday receive the Crown of Life Eternal.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>All sunny skies would be too bright, All morning hours means too much light, All laughing days too gay a strain; There must be clouds, and night, and rain, And shut-in days, to make us see The beauty of life's tapestry.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>The Suscipe of Mother Catherine Mc Auley</i></p> <p>My God, I am Thine for time and eternity. Teach me to cast myself entirely into the arms of Thy loving Providence with the most lively unlimited confidence in Thy compassionate tender pity. Grant me, O most merciful Redeemer, that whatever Thou dost ordain or permit may be acceptable to me. Take from my heart all painful anxiety; suffer nothing to sadden me but sin; nothing to delight me but the hope of coming to the possession of Thee, my God and my All, in Thine everlasting Kingdom. Amen.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>The Suscipe of Mother Catherine Mc Auley</i></p> <p>My God, I am Thine for time and eternity. Teach me to cast myself entirely into the arms of Thy loving Providence with the most lively unlimited confidence in Thy compassionate tender pity. Grant me, most merciful Redeemer, that whatever Thou dost ordain or permit may be acceptable to me. Take from my heart all painful anxiety; suffer nothing to sadden me but sin; nothing to delight me but the hope of coming to the possession of Thee, my God and my All, in Thine everlasting Kingdom. Amen.</p>
<b>St Therese</b>	<b>Sunny Skies</b>	<b>Suscipe Of Mother Mc Auley I</b>	<b>Suscipe Of Mother Mc Auley II</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Taps</p> <p>Day is done, gone the sun From the lake, from the hill From the sky.</p> <p>All is well, safely rest God is nigh.</p> <p>Thanks and praise, for our days, 'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'Neath the sky,</p> <p>As we go, this we know, God is nigh.</p> <p>Amen.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>There's a legend of a teardrop that rolled down a cheek one day, and it fell upon a tombstone where a family had gone to pray. And it sparkled like a diamond as it ventured toward the sod, and its brilliance was so startling that it caught the eye of God.</i></p> <p><i>That teardrop, born of sorrow for mother who had died, was shed in grief and sadness by her children who had cried.</i></p> <p><i>But it had a special meaning to the Father up above, for that teardrop was just loaded with all her children's love.</i></p> <p><i>In its loving sparkling brilliance God recalled the teardrop home, and he showed the mother, who no more on earth would roam.</i></p> <p><i>Then God took that brilliant teardrop shed in love on earth afar, and he placed it in the heavens with His brightest morning star.</i></p> <p><i>So when you look into the heavens where ten million stars are spread, you may see a lovely teardrop that in sorrow you have shed.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Though today, you walk in sorrow you will not be alone. There is One whose loving wisdom is far greater than our own. Put your trusting hand in His as a little child would do and He like a loving father will guide and comfort you!</p> <p>Day by day, there will come to you new faith, new hope, new light. You'll find that stars unseen by day shine through the darkest night, and though your heart is longing for the dear one who's at rest, you'll know before the journey's end that God's dear ways are best!</p> <p>Jessie Home Fairweather</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>One gift, above all others God gives to us to treasure One that knows no time, no place And one gold cannot measure.</p> <p>The precious, poignant, tender gift Of Memory – that will keep Our dear ones ever in our hearts Although God gives them sleep.</p> <p>It brings back long remembered things A song, a word, a smile And our world's a better place – because We had them for awhile</p> <p>Jessie Home Fairweather</p>
<b>Taps</b>	<b>Tear Drop</b>	<b>The Hand Of God</b>	<b>The Precious Gift</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature let me do it now... For I shall not pass this way again.</i></p> <p><i>The Road of Life</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Jesus said, “In my Father’s house are many rooms; if it were not so would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way I am going.” “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but by me.” “Because I live, you will live also.”</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>There comes a time for all of us when we must say good-bye But faith and hope and love and trust can never, never die. Although the curtain falls at last is that a cause to grieve? The future’s fairer than the past if only we believe And trust in God’s eternal care – So when the Master calls Let’s say that life is still more fair although the curtain falls.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>For Thy faithful people, O Lord, life is changed, and when the house of this life on earth is gone, an eternal home is prepared. With them, O Lord let us be united, knowing that neither death nor life can separate us from Thy love.</p>
<b>The Road Of Life</b>	<b>The Way</b>	<b>There Comes A Time</b>	<b>Thy Faithful People</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>The time has come for me to leave this life. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that day. <i>-Paul's Second Letter to Timothy</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Death is nothing at all – I have only slipped away into the next room. Whatever we were to each other, we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used to. Laugh as you always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together, play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; There is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight? I'm but waiting for you for an interval, somewhere very near just around the corner. All is well. Nothing is past, nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before, better, infinitely happier and forever – we will be together.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think,  All the walks I want to take,  All the books I want to read, and  All the friends I want to see.  The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.  John Burroughs</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>God's finger touched him and he slipped away From earth's dark shadows to a brighter day;</i>  <i>God saw the road was getting rough, The hills were hard to climb; He gently closed his weary eyes, And whispered, "Peace be thine."</i>  <i>To a beautiful garden this friend has gone, To a land of perfect rest; Though he is gone he still lives on In the garden of memory.</i></p>
<p><b>Time Has Come</b></p>	<p><b>Together</b></p>	<p><b>Too Little Time</b></p>	<p><b>Touched (him-her)</b></p>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>If I should die and leave you here awhile, be not like others, sore undone, who keep long vigil be the silent dust and weep.  For my sake turn again to life and smile, nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do that which will comfort other souls than thine;  Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine, and I, perchance, may therein comfort you.  Mary Lee Hall</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>If Death should beckon me with outstretched hand and whisper softly of "An Unknown Land"; I shall not be afraid to go. For though the path I do not know, I will take Death's Hand without fear, for He who safely brought me here will also take me safely back and though in many things I lack, He will not let me go alone into the "Valley That's Unknown"... so I reach out and take Death's hand and journey to the "Promised Land".</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>We hold you close within our hearts and there you shall remain.</i>  <i>To walk with us throughout our lives until we meet again.</i>  <i>So rest in peace Dear loved one and thanks for all you've done.</i>  <i>We pray that God has given you the crown you've truly won.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>At the rising of the sun and its going down, WE REMEMBER THEM.</i> <i>At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, WE REMEMBER THEM.</i> <i>In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of the spring, WE REMEMBER THEM.</i> <i>At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer, WE REMEMBER THEM.</i> <i>At the rustling of the leaves and the beauty of autumn, WE REMEMBER THEM.</i> <i>As long as we live, they too will live; for they are now a part of us, As we remember them.</i></p>
<p><b>Turn Again To Life</b></p>	<p><b>Unknown Land</b></p>	<p><b>We Hold You Close</b></p>	<p><b>We Remember Them</b></p>

<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>WE WOULD NOT have you lack understanding concerning those in the sleep of death, lest you yield to grief like others, who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and yet rose, so also will God bring forth with him those who have fallen asleep believing in Jesus.</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 - November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>When I am gone, release me, let me go. I have so many things to see and do, you mustn't tie yourself to me with tears. Be thankful for our beautiful years.</i></p> <p><i>I gave to you my love. You can only guess how much you gave to me in happiness. I thank you for the love you each have shown, but now it's time I traveled on alone.</i></p> <p><i>So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must, then let your grief be comforted by trust, it's only for a time that we must part, so bless the memories within your heart.</i></p> <p><i>I won't be far away, for life goes on, though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near. All my love around you soft and clear.</i></p> <p><i>And then, when you must come this way alone, I'll greet you with a smile, and say "Welcome Home."</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>When through our tears of sorrow we see a curtain fall, and know a dearly-loved one has gone beyond our call.</p> <p>We must have faith and confidence in God and in His way, for He will raise the curtain on a fairer scene some day.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Author Unknown</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>We give back to you, O God, those whom you gave to us. You did not lose them when you gave them to us, and we do not lose them by their return to you. Your dear Son has taught us that life is eternal and love cannot die. So death is only a horizon, and a horizon is only the limit of our sight. Open our eyes to see more clearly, and draw us closer to you that we may know that we are nearer to our loved ones, who are with you. You have told us that you are preparing a place for us; prepare us also for that happy place, that where you are we may also be always, O dear Lord of Life and Death.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>William Penn 1644-1718</i></p>
<b>We Would Not</b>	<b>When I Am Gone</b>	<b>When The Curtain Falls</b>	<b>William Penn</b>
<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>Forever earthbound are my feet, upon the rocky road ahead, but high among the clouds, my thoughts, and so my heart is comforted.</p> <p>And if one shoulder aches, I shift the burden to the other side, remembering the times I've laughed, and not the ones in which I've cried.</p> <p>Too short indeed these precious years, to let a dream die needlessly, beyond tomorrow there awaits a time and place designed for me, and old hopes rising one by one, are golden wings against the sun!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Grace E. Easley</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>With the Saints give rest, O Christ, to the soul of Thy servant, where sickness and sorrow are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting. Whither we mortals all shall go making our funeral dirge the hymn: Alleluia.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Memory Eternal.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>With the Saints give rest, O Christ, to the souls of Thy servants, where there is neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor sighing, but life everlasting.</p> <p>Thou only art immortal, who hast created and fashioned man. For out of the earth were we mortals made, and unto the earth shall we return again, as Thou didst command when Thou maddest man, saying unto me: For earth thou art, and unto the earth shallthou return. Whether, also, all we mortals wend our way, making of our funeral dirge the song:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia</p>	<p>In Loving Memory of <b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b> May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>There is a world above, where parting is unknown. A whole eternity of love, form'd for the good alone: and faith beholds the dying here translated to that happier sphere.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.</i></p>
<b>Wings Against Sun</b>	<b>With The Saints Give Rest I</b>	<b>With The Saints Give Rest II</b>	<b>World Above</b>

<p>In Loving Memory of</p> <p><b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p><i>Father we entrust our brother to your mercy. You loved him greatly in this life: now that he is freed from all its cares, give him happiness and peace forever. Welcome him now into paradise where there will be no more sorrow, no more weeping or pain, but only peace and joy with Jesus your Son, and the Holy spirit forever and ever.</i></p>	<p>In Loving Memory of</p> <p><b>Justin X. Ample, Sr.</b></p> <p>May 31, 1920 November 12, 2007</p> <p>As I stumble through this life, help me to create more laughter than tears, dispense more happiness than gloom, spread more cheer than despair. Never let me become so indifferent that I will fail to see the wonder in the eyes of a child, or the twinkle in the eyes of the aged. Never let me forget that my total effort is to cheer people, make them happy and forget, at least, for a moment all the unpleasantness in their lives. And in my final moment may I hear you whisper, "When you made my people smile, you made me shine."</p>		
<p><b>You Loved (him-her)</b></p>	<p><b>You Made Me Shine</b></p>		