

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

MARION
DAL MOLIN



3rd February 1940 ~ 1st April 2025

TUESDAY 8TH APRIL 2025
GRIFFITH LAWN CEMETERY



MARION
DAL MOLIN

Dearly loved wife of
Ernesto Dal Molin

Much loved mother and mother-in-law of
Karen
Michelle & Albert
Steven & Jenny
David

Adored Grandma of
Heath, Zach, Georgia, Madison,
Angus, Harrison, Matthew and Sarah

Priest
Father Connell Perry



Prayers for the Repose of the Soul

Marion Dal Molin

Entrance Hymn – *Supermarket Flowers*

Introductory Prayers

PRIEST: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

ALL: Amen.

PRIEST: The Lord be with you.

ALL: And with your spirit.

Sprinkling with Holy Water

PRIEST: In the waters of baptism, Marion, died with Christ and rose with him to new life. May she now share with him eternal glory.

Opening Prayer

PRIEST: O God, almighty Father, our faith professes that your Son died and rose again; mercifully grant, that through this mystery your servant Marion who has fallen asleep in Christ, may rejoice to rise again through him. Who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

ALL: Amen.





First Reading

A Reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven; a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time to throw away stones and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to throw away; a time for war and a time for peace. God has made everything suitable for its time.


The word of the Lord



ALL: Thanks be to God

Responsorial Psalm

Response:

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.

1. 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.
(Response)
 2. 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.
(Response)
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3. You have prepared a banquet for me
in the sight of my foes.
My head you have anointed with oil;
my cup is overflowing.
(Response)
4. 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.
(Response)

Gospel Acclamation

ALL: Alleluia! Alleluia!

I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord:
He who believes in me will not die forever.

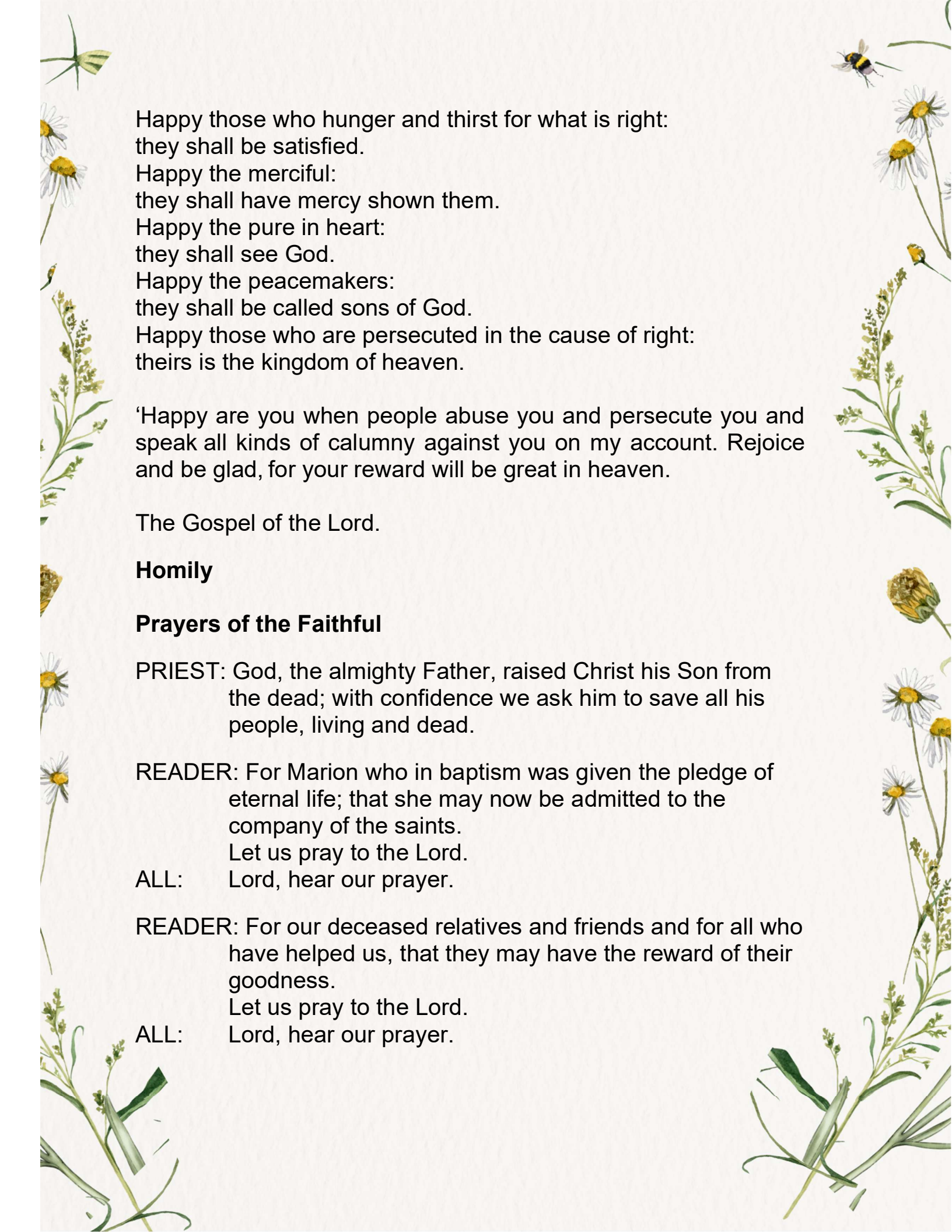
Alleluia!

Gospel

A reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew

Seeing the crowds, Jesus went up the hill. There he sat down and was joined by his disciples. Then he began to speak. This is what he taught them:

'How happy are the poor in spirit;
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Happy the gentle:
they shall have the earth for their heritage.
Happy those who mourn:
they shall be comforted.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring daisies, a bee, and green foliage. The border is composed of various elements: a bee in the top right, daisies and green stems on the right side, and a mix of daisies and green stems on the left side.

Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right:
they shall be satisfied.

Happy the merciful:
they shall have mercy shown them.

Happy the pure in heart:
they shall see God.

Happy the peacemakers:
they shall be called sons of God.

Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right:
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

‘Happy are you when people abuse you and persecute you and speak all kinds of calumny against you on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.

The Gospel of the Lord.

Homily

Prayers of the Faithful

PRIEST: God, the almighty Father, raised Christ his Son from the dead; with confidence we ask him to save all his people, living and dead.

READER: For Marion who in baptism was given the pledge of eternal life; that she may now be admitted to the company of the saints.

Let us pray to the Lord.

ALL: Lord, hear our prayer.

READER: For our deceased relatives and friends and for all who have helped us, that they may have the reward of their goodness.

Let us pray to the Lord.

ALL: Lord, hear our prayer.

.READER: For the family and friends of Marion that they may be consoled in their grief by the Lord, who wept at the death of his friend Lazarus.

Let us pray to the Lord.

ALL: Lord, hear our prayer.

PRIEST: God, our shelter and our strength, you listen in love to the cry of your people: hear the prayers we offer for our departed brothers and sisters. Cleanse them of their sins and grant them the fullness of redemption. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

ALL: Amen.

Lord's Prayer

PRIEST: At the Saviour's command and formed by divine teaching, we dare to say:

ALL: 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.

Committal Prayers

Recessional Hymn – *Jealous of the Angels*













Quietly *by Becky Hensley*

I missed you quietly today. So quietly that no one noticed.

I missed you as I climbed out of bed and as I brushed my teeth; when I waited at the lights on the drive into work and as I heard the rain outside my window.

I missed you as I ordered lunch and as I kicked off my shoes when I got home; as I switched off the lights and climbed into bed for the night.

I missed you without tears or noise or fanfare.

But oh how I felt it.

I felt it in the morning, at lunchtime, in the evening and at night. I felt it as I woke, as I waited, as I worked. I felt it at home, on the road, in the light, in the dark, in the rain.

I felt it in every one of those moments, each one sitting heavier and heavier as the weight of me missing you kept growing and growing.

Yes, I missed you so quietly today.

But I felt it so loudly.