

Terry Morris RIP

Funeral Mass

Errill Church Wednesday 6th of January 2021

Terence (Terry) Morris, Borohan, Errill, Co. Laois. January 3rd 2021.
Peacefully at Portlaoise Regional Hospital. Predeceased by his longtime friend Michael. Sadly mourned by all his friends, his care team, Gordana, Fenagh and Jackie, Howard and staff at Flynn's Medical Hall, Dr. Maeve Carroll, Borris in Ossory and all who knew Terry.

Homily

One of the things I remember from the days before Michael's funeral back in May 2019, was being in Michael and Terry's home and seeing on the wall a copy of a very famous painting. The artist was Holman Hunt and the original of the painting hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. I suspect Michael and Terry may have been familiar with it from their time living in London. The painting depicts Jesus carrying a lantern and he is standing at a door knocking. One of the significant aspects of the painting is that there is no handle on his side of the door therefore he has to wait for the person on the other side to open the door. The whole thinking behind the painting is that Jesus does not force his way into our lives, he waits to be invited in and when we invite him in then our lives are transformed.

In an ironic kind of way I thought of that painting in the weeks and months after Michael's death as I tried on a few occasions to visit Terry. Each time the gate was well and truly locked and I could not gain entry. I think that after Michael's death Terry was perhaps a little reluctant to welcome people in. He somewhat withdrew into his private world and kept himself to himself, enjoying his own company, walking with his dog, feeding the birds and being at one with nature. Ironically the arrival of Covid 19 and the need for Terry to 'cocoon' encouraged Terry

to open his door a little more. Jesus comes knocking in all kinds of disguises and for Terry those disguises included Maurice and Deirdre, Mags and Sean, Rosaleen, Breda, Margaret and John, his carers Gordana, Phina and Jackie. And even though Terry's independence and private nature may have made him reluctant to initially accept your kindness and outreach, there can be no doubt that the last months of his life were enriched by his contact with you. In the summer time you celebrated his birthday with him and I think the gifts you gave him are the symbols presented here at his funeral today.

One of Terry's favourite pastimes was to watch old classic movies and he particularly loved *Gone With The Wind*. There are many famous quotes from that classic film. I was reminded of one quote as I read that first reading from the prophet Isaiah. That reading depicts heaven in terms of a banquet of rich food where those who end up there will never want for anything again. In the film that Terry loved, Scarlett O'Hara famously said: *'As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again'* Terry goes to share in that Heavenly banquet today and he will be able to echo Scarlett's words *As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again'*

I would contend that in these last ten months Terry has had a foretaste of heaven, thanks to you, his neighbours and friends. You ensured that his home was comfortable, that he was warm and that he had good food to eat. You also provided company for him. In simple terms, whether ye like it or not, ye were the face of God for Terry and on his behalf, I thank you for continuing to knock at the door even if it was not always opened to you..

Terry's earthly journey began on the 3rd of July 1941 when he was born in Cheltenham . As a child and because of the Second World War He moved with his family to Cornwall. His adult life brought him to London where he worked in the NHS. With his great friend Michael Flanagan Terry came to live here in this community over twenty five years ago. Today Terry leaves on his final journey to be reunited with Michael, and his parents and family. This church here in Errill is today something of a Departure Lounge where we have gathered to pray with

him and for him as he takes his leave of us. With that in mind I want to finish today with a familiar little reflection simply called; **The Departure Lounge'**

*I wait in the lounge of departure
I know not the time of my flight
I hope that it's way off in the future
but it could be I'm flying tonight*

The flight I await goes to Heaven

*I know that it's lovely up there
for I've read it's fine brochure the bible
and I speak to them oft in my prayer.*

*It cost very little to go there
you take nothing with you at all
and you pay by the way you behave every day
and you wait for St Peter to call*

*As I wait for the start of my journey there's so many things I can see
like some one in need of a word or a deed
so I do what's expected of me*

*so I wait in the lounge of departure
never to sure when to fly
but I hope when I do there's a chance I'll meet you
We can all pay the fare if we try*

Terry, May you rest in Peace. Amen