



Rite of Committal

Perhaps the simplest and most meaningful part of the Rite of Christian Burial is the Rite of Committal, that ceremony at the graveside is where Gerry is laid to rest. Her Body is committed to the earth and to the hope of the resurrection.

Blessing of the Grave

The grave is a powerful sign of loss, but it is also sacred, consecrated by Christ, who himself lay in a tomb. The Christian grave is holy ground – ground blessed so that it might hold a precious relic – the Body of a Christian made holy through baptism, nourished with the sacraments, and, we pray, awaiting the resurrection to life on the day of Christ's return.

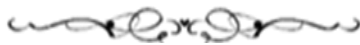
The Committal

Once the grave has been blessed, and so made a sacred place where the Body of Gerry may lie in peace, the rite of committal takes place. The priest offers a prayer, entrusting the Body of Gerry who has died to the earth, and her soul to God.

A Prayer of Commendation

And now we offer and commend Gerry to the Everlasting One.

Gerry, we say to you in the midst of our sorrow and loss that we are grateful that you lived your life among us. We are grateful for your quiet gentleness and for your firm resolve to live life and to die on your own terms. We take joy and relief in knowing that your suffering has ended. We ask you now for forgiveness for any of the ways we may have hurt you in this life – and we forgive you for any of the ways you may have hurt us. We release you now into the Everlasting Arms. May your passage be swift. May you know Wholeness and Peace now and through all eternity.



Rev. Nicholas C. Ciccone, Jr., Ph. D.
Chaplain
Ascend Hospice of Massachusetts
www.ascendhospice.com



Geraldine Francis (Usher) Cudmore

March 12, 1934 ~ May 4, 2020



Compassionate and loving God,
yours is the beauty of childhood and yours is the fullness of years.
Comfort us in our sorrow, strengthen us with hope,
and breathe peace into our troubled hearts.

Assure us that the love we had for Gerry
was not in vain—indeed make it a part of the store of goodness
you are even now pouring out upon her in your eternal kingdom.

Guide us through this time of sadness
with the light of your love and the strength of your compassion
Give all of us the strength and courage to face each new day.

May 8, 2020



Acton Funeral Home
www.actonfuneralhome.com
470 Massachusetts Avenue
Acton, Massachusetts 01720

The Lord God lives in his holy temple yet abides in our midst.
Since in Baptism, Gerry became God's temple, and the Spirit of God
Lived within her, now with reverence we bless and Enter her Mortal Body.

Geraldine Francis (Usher) Cudmore

"Gerry"

March 12, 1934 ~ May 4, 2020

Acton | 86 years old
Formerly of Walpole

She was the beloved wife of the late Arthur F. Cudmore

Geraldine was born in Boston, a daughter of
the late William and Helen (Sullivan) Usher.

Geraldine worked as a draftsman for American Telephone and Telegraph
and as an accounts receivable secretary for Bradlees department stores.
She was an avid reader and enjoyed music, design, and fashion.

She was a loving mother and cherished her children,
her grandchildren, and her family.

She is survived by her children,
Lorraine Johanson of Watertown,
Helen Roach of Westwood,
Patricia Lodi of Acton
and Paul Cudmore of Northbridge;

grandchildren

Teresa, Thomas, Nicholas, Alexander, Amanda,
William, Benjamin, and Nathaniel.

Prayer for Gerry

The death of someone we love and care about is like the death of part of us.

No one else will ever call out from within us quite the same responses,
the same feelings or actions or ideas. Their death is an ending
of one part of a story. Lord, as we look back over Gerry's life,
we ask what we have received, what we can appropriate and
continue on in our own lives and what must be laid to rest.

Our love for her reminds us that our sharing in one another's lives
brings both support and pain. Our being parted from her reminds us
of our own mortality, but that your love is enduring.

Our love for Gerry draws us together, and gives us a new appreciation
of one another, and of the beauty and fragility of relationships,
which mirror your grace and goodness to us.

Lord, time's tide may wash her footprints from the shore,
but not our love for her nor the influence of her life upon our own,
nor the ways in which they will ever be a sign for us of those
things which really matter - which are eternal.



A reading from the Book of Sirach

Sirach 44:1, 10-15

Now will I praise those godly men and women,
our ancestors, each in their own time:

These were godly people whose virtues have not been forgotten;
Their wealth remains in their families, their heritage with their descendants;
Through God's covenant with them their family endures,
their posterity, for their sake.

And for all time their progeny will endure, their glory will never be blotted out;
Their bodies are peacefully laid away, but their name lives on and on
At gatherings their wisdom is retold, and the assembly proclaims their praise

Family Reflections and Memories

+A reading from the holy gospel according to John

John 11:32-45

When Mary the sister of Lazarus came to the place where Jesus was,
seeing him, she fell at his feet and said to him, "Lord, if you had
been here my brother would never have died." When Jesus saw her weeping,
and the Jewish folk who had accompanied her also weeping,
he was troubled in spirit, moved by the deepest emotions.

"Where have you laid him?" he asked. "Lord, come and see," they said.

Jesus began to weep, which caused the Jews to remark,
"See how much he loved him!" But some said, "He opened the eyes
of that blind man. Why could he not have done something to stop
this man from dying?" Once again troubled in spirit, Jesus approached
the tomb. It was a cave with a stone laid across it.

"Take away the stone," Jesus directed. Martha, the dead man's sister,
said to him, "Lord, it has been four days now!" Jesus replied,

"Did I not assure you that if you believed you would see the
glory of God?" They then took away the stone and Jesus looked upward and
said: "Father, I thank you for having heard me. I know that you
always hear me but I have said this for the sake of the crowd,
that they may believe that you sent me." Having said this, he called loudly,

"Lazarus, come out!" The dead man came out, bound hand and foot
with linen strips, his face wrapped in a cloth.

"Untie him," Jesus told them, "and let him go free."