

TRIBUTE

Thomas Macfarlane and Laura South

HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares can destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labors, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

READING

Corinthians, Chapter 13: verses 1-13

Read by Nick Dawson

THE ADDRESS

READING

A Reflection on an Autumn Day

Read by Frederick South

I took up a handful of grain and letting it slip flowing through my fingers,
and I said to myself, 'This is what it is all about'.

There is no longer any room for pretence.

At harvest time the essence is revealed
The straw and chaff are set aside, they have done their job.
The grain alone matters – sacks of pure gold.

So it is when a person dies the essence of their life is revealed.
At the moment of death a person's character stands out;
Happy for the person who has forged it well over the years.

Then it will not be the great achievement that will count, nor how
Much money or possessions a person has amassed.

These, like the straw and the chaff, will be left behind.
It is what they have made of themselves that will matter.

Death can take away from us what we have,
But it cannot rob us of who we are.



PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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 the evil one.
For thine is the kingdom
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

HYMN

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

COMMENDATION

BLESSING

RECESSIONAL HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.