

*As is a tale, so is a life:
Not how long it is, but how good it is,
is what matters.*

Seneca

PRELUDE

A selection of pieces from A Little Organ Book in memory of Hubert Parry

Organist: Mark Swindon MA FISM

WELCOME

Reverend Ann Mulley

HYMN

Jerusalem

Words: William Blake Music: Sir Hubert Parry

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 those 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.

INTRODUCTION & OPENING PRAYER

Reverend Ann Mulley

EULOGY

Justine Ragany & Kate Penstone

POEM

Immortality by Clare Harner, 1932

Charlotte Bedford

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 glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn 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.

HYMN

Lord of All Hopefulness

Words: Jan Struther Music: Irish traditional (Slane)

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could 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 labours 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

1 Corinthians 13 (4-9 & 13)

Erin Penstone, Zoltan Ragany, Arthur Penstone & Jean Ragany

Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous;
love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish;
it does not take offence, and is not resentful.

Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins
but delights in the truth;
it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope,
and to endure whatever comes.

Love does not come to an end.
But if there are gifts of prophecy, the time will come when they must fail;
or the gift of languages, it will not continue forever;
and knowledge – for this, too, the time will come when it must fail.

For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophesying is imperfect;
but once perfection comes, all imperfect things will disappear.

In short, there are three things that last:
faith, hope and love; and the greatest of these is love.

THE ADDRESS

PRAYERS

Reverend Ann Mulley

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 evil.
For thine is the Kingdom,
The power, and the glory
For ever and ever.
Amen.

THE COMMENDATION

HYMN

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Words: Charles Wesley Music: William Penfro Rowlands (Blaenwern)

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Continued ..

Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

THE BLESSING

Reverend Ann Mulley

RECESSIONAL

Rhosymedre by Ralph Vaughan Williams

Organist: Mark Swindon MA FISM