

Scripture Reading - Rev. Karlene Kerr

Entry Music - Santa Lucia

Welcome by Reverend Karleen Kerr

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Hymn

The day thou gavest Lord is ended

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 pray'r is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
until there dawns your glorious day.

Reading - Psalm 93

Read By Rebecca Dickinson

Homily - Reverend Karleen Kerr

Eulogy

Read by Julie Straughan

Hymn - Psalm 23,

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;

for Thou art with me, and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishéd
in presence of my foes;
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
and in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Poem

Sea-Fever By John Masefield

Read by Kristina Gillett

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Prayers - Rev. Karlene Kerr

