

## *THE FIRST READING*

*They are Gone*  
*written by David Harkins*  
*Read by James Chiverton*

*You can shed tears that they are gone*  
*Or you can smile that they have lived*

*You can close your eyes and pray that they will come back*  
*Or you can open your eyes and see all that they have left*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see them*  
*Or you can be full of the love that you shared*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday*  
*Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday*

*You can remember them and only that they are gone*  
*Or you can cherish their memory and let it live on*

*You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your  
back*  
*Or you can do what they would want: smile, open your  
eyes, love and go on.*

*A FEW WORDS*

*Claire Caesar*

## HYMN

*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.*

## BIBLE READING

## TALK

*THE SECOND READING*

*Sing a song of Yorkshire  
written by Doreen Brigham  
Read by James Hilder*

*Sing a song of Yorkshire, from the Humber  
to the Tees.*

*Of horses, wool and terriers, of pudding  
and of cheese.*

*I know no other county where the land is quite so fine.  
England's lovely county. And I'm proud to  
call it mine.*

*Where shining purple heather stretches far across  
the Moor,*

*and the Lapwing's cry above me takes the place of  
traffic roar.*

*And peace comes drifting gently, there's no place  
I'd rather be  
than this land of hills and valleys, from the Pennines  
to the sea.*

*So when I've done my roaming, and when my steps  
grow slow;*

*when heart and mind assure me that the time has  
come to go,*

*then let me rest in Yorkshire, for it's there I want to lie  
'neath sun and wind and heather... and a gleaming  
Yorkshire sky.*

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

### HYMN

*Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.*