

WELCOMING WILLIAM

READING

"On Children" from The Prophet, Khalil Gibran

Read by Eleanor Land

*Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you, but not from you,
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.*

*You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams.*

*You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward, nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children, as living arrows, are sent
forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends
you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that
is stable.*

READING

"The Religion of Love", Rumi

Read by Gregory Batsleer

*I profess the religion of love,
Love is my religion and my faith.*

My mother is love

My father is love

My prophet is love

My God is love

I am a child of love

I have come only to speak of love.

PROMISES OF THE PARENTS

HYMN: FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

For the beauty of the earth
For the beauty of the skies
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies
Over and around us lies

Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For the beauty of the hour
Of the day and of the night
Hill and vale and tree and flower
Sun and moon and stars of light
Sun and moon and stars of light

Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For the joy of human love
Brother, sister, parent, child
Friends on earth and friends above
For all gentle thoughts and mild
For all gentle thoughts and mild

Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

READING

Love You More, James Carter
Read by James Whittle

*Do I love you
to the moon and back?*

*No I love you
more than that*

*I love you to the desert sands
the mountains, stars
the planets and*

*I love you to the deepest sea
and deeper still
through history*

*Before beyond I love you then
I love you now
I'll love you when*

*The sun's gone out
the moon's gone home
and all the stars are fully grown*

*When I no longer say these words
I'll give them to the wind, the birds
so that they will still be heard*

I love you

READING

Poem for a Child, Victoria Field
Read by Clarissa Whittle

*Little miracle child, born out of love into love,
I give you the world, at your feet, in your hands
Spinning in colours like the kaleidoscope of your eyes
A world of wonders, dreams and distant lands.*

*Little child, whose smile warms a room like sudden sunshine
Take this world and climb the mountains with your head held high
Walk tall on the peaks in the dazzle of crisp new snow
Look down at the valleys but aim for the sky.*

*Little child, take this world and bravely sail its stormy seas
Captain a ship that's strong, with a map and compass of your own,
Choose a crew with care to fight the monsters of the deep
And keep your anchor ready for a haven you can call home.*

*Little child, round bottomed, soft skinned and chubby limbed
With lips that melt petal soft in the caress of your mother's breast
And tiny hands that touch everything with wonder
Make peace your mission and treat this world with gentleness.*

CHARGE TO GRANDPARENTS

Ray and Moira Land
Geoff and Christine Whittle

"The Great End In Religious Instruction", William Ellery Channing

*The great end in religious instruction
is not to stamp our minds upon the young,
but to stir up their own;
Not to make them see with our eyes,
but to look inquiringly and steadily with their own;
Not to give them a definite amount of knowledge,
but to inspire a fervent love of truth;
Not to form an outward regularity,
but to touch inward springs;
Not to bind them by ineradicable prejudices
to our particular sect of peculiar notions;
But to prepare them for impartial, conscientious judging
of whatever subjects may be offered to their decision;
Not to burden the memory,
but to quicken and strengthen the power of thought;
Not to impose religion upon them in the form of arbitrary rules,
but to awaken the conscience, the moral discernment;
In a word, the great end is to awaken the soul,
to excite and cherish spiritual life.*

PROMISES OF GRANDPARENTS

CHARGE TO GODPARENTS

Esmeralda Pitts
Jessie Curnow-Preda
Gregory Batsleer
David Leeming (in absentia)

Throughout his life, your task for this child is to be his comforters, adult friends, advisors and 'parents-in-reserve': grown-ups who can be trusted to help him through the rough times that are an inevitable part of growing up. We ask you to help this child, through your example, and your words, to know that this world is his home, that it is holy, that his life is a special gift to himself and to all who love him. It is your particular task to help him learn that the power of love and creation that guides the universe is stronger than all hatred and sorrow. Teach him to know the sanctity of life, the holiness of integrity, the virtue of charity, and the challenge of faith. At the same time, offer to his parents that same support and love, assisting them in their most difficult, most joyful work.

PROMISES OF GODPARENTS

RITUAL OF GIFTS

The gift of honey, representing life's sweetness,
that you may have it in abundance.

The gift of rice, that life bring forth many fruits,
from even the smallest of seeds.

A silver coin, that you may have all that you need,
and even more to share.

The gift of white cotton,
That you may become white haired and wise.

THE SACRAMENT OF WATER

Water from the River Jordan and Chalice Well, Glastonbury.
Collected by the Land family.

NAMING & BLESSING

PROMISES OF CONGREGATION

HYMN: MAY THE ROAD RISE WITH YOU

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rain fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rain fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of her hand.

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rain fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again,
May Love hold you in the hollow of Love's hand.

CLOSING WORDS