



ORDER OF SERVICE

POLLYANNA
NEWCOMBE

and

MARCUS
GOODWILLE

SATURDAY NOVEMBER TWENTY FIFTH
2023

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH | HUNTSAM

PROCESSIONAL

THE WELCOME

The Reverend Kevin Chandra

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.

Love Poem with Apologies for My Appearance

Sometimes, I think you get the worst of me. The much-loved loose forest-green sweatpants, the long bra-less days, hair knotted and uncivilised, a shadowed brow where the devilish thoughts do their hoofed dance on the brain. I'd like to say this means I love you, the stained white cotton T-shirt, the tears, pistachio shells, the mess of orange peels on my desk, but it's different than that. I move in this house with you, the way I move in my mind, unencumbered by beauty's cage. I do like I do in the tall grass, more animal-me than much else. I'm wrong, it is that I love you, but it's more that when you say it back, lights out, a cold wind through curtains, for maybe the first time in my life, I believe it.

Ada Limón

