

## **POEM**

*The Last Safari – Erica Boswell*

Come the day when the hunter is in the sky,  
Decides I have reached my journey's promised end.

I'll look me back and know that maybe,  
I've lived and made the world my friend.

Then I'll travel slowly through the dark,  
And I'll think of all the lovely things I know.

Mountain peaks, the rolling plains,  
The placid river, the singing rain.

And palms against the tropic moon,  
A surf lashed reef, a still lagoon.

And Tommy buck in leaping flight,  
The cough of a leopard in the night.

The last safari's about to start,  
The last adventure's here,  
And I must go.

## **PERIOD OF REFLECTION**

*My Land is Kenya - Roger Whittaker*

## **TRIBUTES**

## READING

*1 Corinthians 13:1-8a; 11-13*

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends.

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

And now faith, hope and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

## ADDRESS

## **HYMN**

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
    forgive our foolish ways;  
re clothe us in our rightful mind,  
    in purer lives thy service find,  
    in deeper reverence praise,  
    in deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
    beside the Syrian sea  
    the gracious calling of the Lord,  
let us, like them, without a word  
    rise up and follow thee,  
    rise up and follow thee.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
    thy coolness and thy balm;  
    let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
    O still, small voice of calm,  
    O still, small voice of calm.

## **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.

## **BLESSING**

## **RETIRING MUSIC**

*Out of Africa movie soundtrack - John Barry*