



CHRISTOPHER TUSON

&

IMOGEN MASSEY

SATURDAY 7TH SEPTEMBER 2024

CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD

BUCKLAND NEWTON

DORSET

The Entrance of the Bride
Canon in D, Pachelbel

The Welcome

The Rev Canon Jonathan Still

Hymn

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
I will ever give to thee.

The Declarations

Will you, the family and friends of Imogen and Christopher support them and uphold them in their marriage now and in the years to come?

ALL: We will

First Reading

So Long and Thanks For All The Fish by Douglas Adams
Read by Benjamin Massey

They looked at each other for a moment.

The moment became a longer moment, and suddenly it was a very long moment, so long one could hardly tell where all the time was coming from.

For Arthur, who could usually contrive to feel self-conscious if left alone long enough with a Swiss cheese plant, the moment was one of sustained revelation. He felt on the sudden like a cramped and zoo-born animal who wakes one morning to find the door of his cage hanging quietly open and the savanna stretching gray and pink to the distant rising sun, while all around new sounds are waking.

He wondered what the new sounds were as he gazed at her openly wondering face and her eyes that smiled with a shared surprise.

He hadn't realized that life speaks with a voice to you, a voice that brings you answers to the questions you continually ask of it, had never consciously detected it or recognized its tones until it now said something it had never said to him before, which was "yes."

The Vows and Giving of the Rings

The Proclamation

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, 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.

Prayers

In response to "Lord of life and love" please reply: "Hear our Prayer"

The Lord's Prayer

Second Reading

Have You Got a Biro I Can Borrow? by Clive James

Read by Sally Tuson

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

On the palm of my hand, on the walls of the hall

The roof of the house, right across the land

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll look to this side of the hard-bitten planet

Like a big yellow button with your name written on it

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write some lines

In praise of your knee, and the back of your neck

And the double-decker bus that brings you to me

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll shine on a world made richer by a sonnet

And a half-dozen epics as long as the Aeneid

Oh give me a pen and some paper

Give me a chisel or a camera

A piano and a box of rubber bands

I need room for choreography

And a darkroom for photography

Tie the brush into my hands

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

From the belt of Orion to the share of the Plough

The snout of the Bear to the belly of the Lion

So when the sun goes down tomorrow

There'll never be a minute

Not a moment of the night that hasn't got you in it

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold
Bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The Blessing of the Marriage

The Signing of the Register

The Departure of the Bride and Groom

Arrival of the Queen of Sheba, Handel

BEST MAN

Ruben Perez

MAID OF HONOUR

Rebecca Hill

FLOWER GIRL

Sophie Hill

USHERS

William Tuson

Benjamin Massey

James Massey

TOPHER & IMO

07.09.24

