

Old Testament Reading: Ecclesiastes 3, 1 - 11

William

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
A time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to uproot;
A time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to tear down and a time to build;
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance;
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to search and a time to give up;
a time to keep and a time to throw away;
A time to tear and a time to mend;
a time to be silent and a time to speak;
A time to love and a time to hate;
a time for war and a time for peace.

What do workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden
God has laid on the human race. He has made everything
beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart;
yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.

**Organ: Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme BWV 645
(Sleepers Wake), J.S. Bach 1685-1750**

Eulogy:

Elizabeth

The life and times of Denys Bowring: a snapshot

Hymn: Thine be the Glory
Edmund Budry

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory...

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors,
through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory...

Crossing the bar: Alfred, Lord Tennyson
George

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

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.

**Organ: Andante religioso (Sonata No 4, 2nd movement)
Felix Mendelssohn 1809-47**

New Testament Reading: John 14, 1 - 6, 27

Alice

“Do not let your hearts be troubled.
You believe in God; believe also in me.
My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so,
would I have told you that I am going there
to prepare a place for you?
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come back and take you to be with me that
you also may be where I am.
You know the way to the place where I am going.”
Thomas said to him, “Lord, we don’t know where you are going,
so how can we know the way?”
Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life.
No one comes to the Father except through me.”
“Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you.
I do not give to you as the world gives.
Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid”.

Gone from my sight: Henry Van Dyke

Jess

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch
her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."
Gone where? Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast, hull and spar
as she was when she left my side.
And, she is just as able to bear her load
of living freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me - not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"
And that is dying.