



Thanksgiving Service
for the Gift of

Lily Cecilia Clare

born to
Anna and Will Castledine
on Sunday 5th November, 2023

Service conducted by
Reverend Canon Linda Scard
Sunday 7th July, 2024
All Saints Church
Tunworth

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

(Please join in with all that is in colour)

Blessed be God, Lightener of the Morning,
who has made us with delight and sets us on our course.

Blessed be Jesus who has trod the earth
and walks with us through shadows of light.

Blessed be Spirit, source of all that is made,
our cradling and our guiding star.

HYMN

LORD OF ALL HOPEFULNESS, LORD OF ALL JOY

Lord of all hopefulnes, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares can 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 labors, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

READING

Celtic Blessing of Light

Read by Katharine Conran-May

May the blessing of light be on you –
light without and light within.

May the blessed sunlight shine on you like a great peat fire,
so that stranger and friend may come and warm himself at it

And may light shine out of the two eyes of you,
like a candle set in the window of a house,
bidding the wanderer come in out of the storm.

And may the blessing of the rain be on you,
may it beat upon your Spirit and wash it fair and clean,
and leave there a shining pool where the blue of Heaven shines and
sometimes a star.

And may the blessing of the earth be on you,
soft under your feet as you pass along the roads,
soft under you as you lie out on it, tired at the end of day;
and may it rest easy over you when, at last,
you lie out under it.

May it rest so lightly over you that your soul may be out from
under it quickly; up and off and on its way to God.

And now may the Lord bless you, and bless you kindly. Amen

On children from 'The Prophet' by Kahlil Gibran

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 carries 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.