

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by the Rev'd Canon John Edwards

OPENING MUSIC

Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves from Nabucco by Verdi

INTRODUCTION & PRAYER

HYMN - Jerusalem

by William Blake and Sir Hubert Parry

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 those 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.

TRIBUTE

REFLECTIVE MUSIC

Swan Lake, Act 2: Swan Theme by Tchaikovsky

BIBLE READING

John 14: 1-6

THE ADDRESS

HYMN - I, The Lord of Sea and Sky

by Dan Schutte

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard My people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin,
My hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear My light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Chorus:

Here I am Lord, It is I, Lord,
I have heard You calling in the night.
I will go Lord, if You lead me.
I will hold Your people in my heart.

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them,
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak My word to them,
Whom shall I send?

Chorus

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them,
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide,
Till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give My life to them,
Whom shall I send?

Chorus

THE FIRST READING

Death is Nothing At All

by Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

THE SECOND READING

Lion and Blue (extract from)

by Robert Vavra

In the dark of night or in the flame of morning sky often hope would awaken my heart with the flashing of blue wings. But feathers covered them and not your brilliance.

Then one day on the plain's edge, where the wind blows fast and clean, a wart hog came trotting by, a daisy in his mouth, and as he passed I heard these words, "Lion you have proven your love, now let the humble daisies set you free."

White and straight stood a daisy proudly at the field's edge. "Come among us," beckoned the simple flower.

And so I strode through that meadow of honey and snow. Then, not the tawny lioness's purrrrr or the tides of the oceans could take me from my course.

But no blossom of the sun was there.

"The brilliant flower you seek," lulled the daisies, "is springing now from your lion's heart."

And as rich pollen covered me, golden petals crowned my head. Centuries, years, days... how many passed, I don't know. But born again was I when in the evening sky a dot of blue appeared against the moon.

And as the sky orange'd with break of day, I saw you Blue.

But to me why come when your search had been for that golden blossom who by now your heart had surely won?

At last your voice I heard.

"Lion, Lion! Dreams do come true. You dared, you hoped, you believed, and for doing so look what you've become, My Golden Maned Flower Hero Of The Sun!"

And now... Blue! Blue! Brilliant bella, Brazilian butterfly, again my life, my all around, is you.