



ALL THINGS BRIGHT & BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.

Each little flow'r that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning
that brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
the meadows for our play,
the rushes by the water,
to gather ev'ry day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.

THE GENTLE GARDENER

by Edgar Albert Guest – read by Emma Harris

I'd like to leave but daffodils
to mark my little way,
To leave but tulips red and white
behind me as I stray;
I'd like to pass away from earth
and feel I'd left behind
But roses and forget-me-nots
for all who come to find.

I'd like to sow the barren spots
with all the flowers of earth,
To leave a path where those who come
should find but gentle mirth;
And when at last I'm called upon
to join the heavenly throng
I'd like to feel along my way
I'd left no sign of wrong.

And yet the cares are many
and the hours of toil are few;
There is not time enough on earth
for all I'd like to do;
But, having lived and having toiled,
I'd like the world to find
Some little touch of beauty
that my soul had left behind.

EULOGY

Read by Mark Harris



BIBLE READING

John 14: 1-6, 27

ADDRESS

Reverend Joy Albone

O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED

1. O Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end;
be thou for ever near me,
my Master and my friend:
I shall not fear the battle
if thou art by my side,
not wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my guide.
2. O let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak and make me listen,
thou guardian of my soul.
3. O Jesus, thou hast promised,
to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory
there shall thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my friend.
4. O let me see thy foot-marks,
and in them plant mine own;
my hope to follow duly
is in thy strength alone:
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my friend.

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.



A WARNING

By Jenny Joseph - read by Cassie Rist

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a pink hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on cups of tea and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of biscuits at a go
Or only bread and custard for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him, born the king of angels:

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
very God, begotten, not created:

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
glory to God in the highest:

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION