

## Remembrance Service – 21 November 2019

### Song

#### Do Not Let Your Hearts Be Troubled (David Haas)

All sing: Do not let your hearts be troubled, have faith in God and faith in me. I will go forth to prepare a place for you then I'll come back to take you with me, that where I am, you may also be. – *(the way)*

*(During the verse 'I am the way... Talitha and Wellington lay out the green cloth on the red carpet around the altar)*

### Poem

#### Stop All the Clocks (W. H. Auden)

*Stop all the clocks*, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.  
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.  
He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.  
The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

*(T and W place hearts in to the plants already there before the Gospel reading)*

### Reading

#### John 14:1-7

"Do not let your **hearts** be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going." Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. If you know me, you will know my Father also. From now on you do know him and have seen him."

### Prayer

All say: Loving God, point us in the right direction.  
Guide us on the path of hope and consolation.  
Lighten our steps with Your support. Amen.

**Song**                    **Lead Kindly Light (Newman/Dykes)**  
*(T and W place candle tea lights on the green 'way')*

**Quote**                    **Saint John Henry Newman**  
"How blessed will it be if we are, by God's mercy,  
brought together in a country where all is light and all is known."

**Prayer of Trust**      **Ruth Burgess**  
All our laughter, all our sadness - Safe now in God's hands.  
All our anger, all our gladness - Safe now in God's hands.  
All our stories, all our memories. Safe now in God's hands.  
Those we remember, those we love. Safe now in God's hands

We ask for the love of God and the messages of Angels  
The presence of Jesus and the prayers of his people. The power of the Spirit and the  
strong hands of friends to bless us on life's journey and lead us safely home. **Amen.**

**Song**                    **Lord, Let My Prayer Arise (Bob Hurd)**  
All sing:                **Lord, let my prayer arise, rise up like incense into your presence**

**Reading**                **Revelation 21:4 (NRSV)**  
God will wipe every tear from their eyes.  
Death will be no more;  
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,  
for the first things have passed away."

**Song**                    **Lament (Henry Purcell)**

**Reflection**            **Cardinal Basil Hume**  
Death is a formidable foe until we learn to make it a friend. Death is to be feared if we do not learn to welcome it. Death haunts us when viewed as a journey into nothingness rather than a pilgrimage to a place where true happiness is to be found. The human mind cannot understand death. We face it with fear and uncertainty, revulsion even; or we turn away from the thought for it is too hard to bear. But faith gives answers when reason fails. Faith admits us into death's secrets. Death is not the end of the road, but a gateway to a better place. It is in this place that our noblest aspirations will be realised. It is here that we will understand how our experience of goodness, love, beauty and joy are realities which exist perfectly in God. It is in heaven that we shall rest in him and our hearts will be restless until they rest in God. We, left to continue our pilgrimage through life, weep and mourn. Sadness reigns in our hearts. Our tears will not be bitter ones now but a gentle weeping to rob our sadness of its agony and lead at last to peace, peace with God.

## Song

### God Shall Wipe Away All Tears (Karl Jenkins)

## Thought

### There Will Come A Day (Anon)

There will come a day when the tears of sorrow will softly flow into tears of remembrance...and your heart will begin to heal itself...and grieving will be interrupted by episodes of joy and you will hear the whispers of hope.

There will come a day when you will welcome the tears of remembrance... as a sun-shower of the soul... a turning of the tide...a promise of peace.

There will come a day when you will risk loving, go on believing and treasure the tears of remembrance.

## Prayer

Tá mé ag filleadh arís ort,

**I come back to you again**

Is a Rí gheal ná daor sinn;

**and, bright King, do not condemn us;**

Tabhair dom deoch as tobar na daonnacht',

**give me a drink from the well of your humanity**

Nó braon den uisce úd do shil as do thaobh deas,

**or a drop of water that flowed from your right side,**

A dhéanfadh sinn a ghlanadh, a ghealadh is a shaoradh,

**which will be enough to clean us and wash us and free us,**

Is go rachaidh ár n-anam go Flaithis i d'fhéachaint.

**and may our souls rise up to Heaven in your sight.**

## Instrumental

## Poem

### My First Christmas In Heaven by Ben

*(This poem was written by a 13 year old boy who died of a brain tumour that he had battled for four years. He died on December 4, 1997. He gave this to his mom before he died. His name was Ben.)*

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below  
with tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow.

The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear  
for I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear

But the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.

I have no words to tell you the joy their voices bring

For it is beyond description to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me I see the pain inside your heart

But I am not so far away we really aren't apart.

So be happy for me dear ones you know I hold you dear  
And be glad I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.  
I sent you each a special gift from my heavenly home above  
I sent you each a memory of my undying love.  
After all love is a gift more precious than pure gold  
It was always most important in the stories Jesus told.  
Please love and keep each other as my Father said to do.  
For I can't count the blessing or love he has for each of you.  
So have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear  
Remember, I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

**Song**                      **Tears in Heaven (E. Clapton)**

**Prayer**                      **Roman Ritual**                      **Noelle**

We remember, Lord, the slenderness of the thread which separates life from death, and the suddenness with which it can be broken. Help us also to remember that on both sides of that division we are surrounded by your love. Persuade our hearts that when our dear ones die neither we nor they are parted from you. In you may we find our peace and in you be united with them in the glorious body of Christ, who has burst the bonds of death and is alive for evermore, our saviours and theirs for ever and ever. Amen.

**Song**                      **Standing On The Shoulders (Joyce Rouse)**

**Quote**                      **Oscar Wilde**

Angrily spoke the gardener, 'Who plucked this flower one of the rarest in all my garden? Gently answered the Master, "So dearly did I love it I chose it for my own".

***(T and W will stand holding the pots as people come forward to place the names of those to be remembered)***

**Song**                      **For The Beauty Of The Earth (John Rutter)**

**Poem**                      **Dream of Gerontius (Saint John Henry Newman)**

Go forth upon your journey from this world, O Christian soul, in the peace of him in whom you believed, in the name of God, who created you, In the name of Jesus Christ, who suffered for you, In the name of the Holy Spirit, who strengthened you. May angels and archangels, and all the armies of the heavenly host come to meet you. May your portion this day be in gladness and peace, your dwelling in paradise. Go forth upon your journey, O Christian soul.

**Song**                      **Soon and Very Soon (Andrae Crouch)**

