



A SERVICE OF
THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF

EDWARD GERALD PATRICK ST. GEORGE

6th March, 1928 - 20th December, 2004

at

THE ST. GEORGE MEMORIAL PARK
LUCAYA, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND
THE BAHAMAS

on

Wednesday, 29th December 2004

PALL BEARERS
Port Lucaya Security Officers

HONOURARY PALL BEARERS
Henry St. George Rick Hayward
Alexander Clavel Charles Gillis
Antony Clavel Dudley Ward

SERVERS
Cross: Raphael Miller
Acolytes: Michael Strachan, Reno Woods
Thurifier: Martin Symonette II
Boat: Anthony Musgrove Jr.

ATTENDING CLERGY
The Reverend Andrew L. Burrows Jr.
The Reverend DeAngelo N. Bowe

CHOIR DIRECTOR
Clayton Curtis

ORGANIST
Apple Elliott

Interment

The St. George Memorial Park
Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island, The Bahamas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude

Reception of the Body

(The immediate family along with the Clergy receive the Body at the Northern end)

Monsignor Preston Moss says the following:

MINISTER: With faith in Jesus Christ, we receive the Body of our Brother, **Edward** for burial. Our Brother was washed in Holy Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit. Let us therefore with confidence pray to God our Heavenly Father, the Giver of life that He will raise Him to perfection the company of the Saints.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: Praise be to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation. He comforts us in our afflictions and thus enables us to comfort those who are in trouble, with the same consolation we have received from Him.

ALL: Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

MINISTER: I bless the Body of our dear brother, **Edward** with Holy water that recalls his baptism by which St. Paul writes: All of us who were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death. By His baptism into His death, we were buried together with Him, so just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might live a new life. For if we have been united with Him by likeness to His death, so shall we be united with Him by likeness to His resurrection.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: On the day of his baptism, **Edward** put on Christ. In the day of Christ's coming may he be clothed with glory.

ALL: **Amen.**

Alexander Clavel and Antony Clavel place the funeral pall on the casket.

Reverend Fr. Reginald Demeritte says:

MINISTER: The Lord be with you.

ALL: And also with you.

MINISTER: Let us pray.
O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our brother, **Edward**. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life; so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: **Amen.**

(The casket is borne to the Southern end as the following sentences are said)

THE OPENING SENTENCES

Canon Harry J. L. Bain says the following:

Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and I am the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and who ever lives and believes in me shall never die.

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases. His compassion never fails: every morning they are renewed.

Jesus said, Let not your hearts be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me.

I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord, so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. For to this end, Christ died and lived again that He might be Lord of both the dead and of the living.

We brought nothing into the world, and we take nothing out. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away: Blessed be the name of the Lord.

The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

HYMN:.....THE STRIFE IS O'ER

*Latin 17th Century
Tr Francis-Pott 1832-1909*

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed:
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst
Alleluia!

On the third mourn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign
O let us swell the joyful strain
Alleluia!

The Lighting of the Paschal Candle

The Reverend Emmette Weir says the following:

MINISTER: Alleluia! Christ is risen.

ALL: The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia!

MINISTER: I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.
And he replied, Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the
hand of God, that shall be to you better than light and safer than a known
way.

***Annabel Rice and Henry Rice light the Paschal Candle to symbolize Christ's
victory over death.***

Lord by the stripes
That wounded Thee
From death's dread sting
Thy servants free
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

Bishop Ricardo Grant says the following:

Let us pray.

MINISTER: Almighty God, we remember before you today your servant **Edward** and we pray that, having opened to him the gates of larger life, you will receive him more and more into your joyful service, that, with all who have served you in the past, he may share in the eternal victory of Jesus Christ our Lord; who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.

ALL: Amen.

THE OLD TESTAMENT LESSON.....Wisdom 3:1-9

**Read byThe Right Honourable Hubert Alexander Ingraham, M.P.
Former Prime Minister
The Commonwealth of The Bahamas**

Reader: A reading from the word of God written in the Book of Wisdom Chapter 3 verses 1-9.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself.

As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble. They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever. They that put their trust in him shall understand the truth: and such as be faithful in love shall abide with him: for grace and mercy is to his saints, and he hath care for his elect.

Reader: The word of the Lord.

ALL: Thanks be to God.

READINGS

Read by Sarah St. George, Laura St. George, and Katie St. George

Our deepest fear is not that you were inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.
It is our light, not our darkness that frightens us.
We ask ourselves.
Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented and famous?
Actually who are you not to be?
You are a child of God
Your playing small doesn't serve the world.
There is nothing enlightened about shrinking.
So that other people feel insecure around you.
We are born to make manifest the glory of God within us.
It's not just in some of us – It's in everyone.
And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously
Give other people permission to do the same.
As we are liberated from our own fear,
Our presence automatically liberates others.
~Nelson Mandela

I wish you humour and a twinkle in the eye.
I wish you glory and the strength to bear its burden.
I wish you sunshine on your path and storms to season your journey.
I wish you peace.
I wish you faith...
More I cannot wish you
Except perhaps love
To make all the rest worthwhile.

Success
To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people
And the affection of children;
To earn the appreciation of honest critics
And endure the betrayal of false friends;
To appreciate beauty,
To find the best in others;
To leave the world a bit better,
Whether by a healthy child,
A garden patch or a redeemed social condition;
To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived,
This is to have succeeded.

ANTHEM.....PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

*St. Francis of Assisi, 1182 -1226;
Sebastian Temple, 1928 – 1997*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is a hatred,
Let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is despair in life,
Let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness only light,
And where there is sadness ever joy.

O Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled, as to console,
To be understood, as to understand,
To be loved, as to love, with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

THE NEW TESTAMENT LESSON.....Matthew 25: 31-40

**Read by.....The Right Honourable Perry Gladstone Christie, M.P.
Prime Minister
The Commonwealth of The Bahamas**

*Reader: A reading from the word of God written in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 25
verses 31 – 40.*

When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: And before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, Ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothe me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an

hungred, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked, and clothe Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Reader: This is the Word of the Lord.

ALL: Thanks be to God.

HYMN.....Dear Lord and Father of mankind
J. G. Whittier

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop they still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the hearts of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

READING.....“If”

by Rudyard Kipling

Read by Henry St. George

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think...and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two Imposters just the same;
If you bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And...which is more...you'll be a Man, my son!

A TRIBUTE..... Burt K. Todd

SOLO..... PANIS ANGELICUS

Franck

By Cleophas Adderley

A TRIBUTE.....*Sir Albert J. Miller*
Co-Chairman
The Grand Bahama Port Authority, Limited

SOLO.....**AVE MARIA**
Franz Schubert 1797-1828
By Joanne & Lee Callender

THE HOMILY.....*Venerable Archdeacon Keith N. Cartwright*

The Apostles' Creed

ALL: I believe in God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the third day, He rose again. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

HYMN.....**COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE**
Bianco da Siena. Tr. R. F. Littledale

Come down, O Love divine,
Seek thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round,
The while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing:
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

THE PRAYERS..... *Bishop Godfrey Williams*

MINISTER: Almighty God with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours. And we beseech thee that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: Amen.

MINISTER: Remember thy servant, O Lord, according to the favour which thou bearest unto thy people; and grant that, increasing in knowledge and love of thee, he may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: Amen.

THE PRAYERS CONTINUED..... *Pastor Keith Albury*

MINISTER: We give him back to you dear Lord, who gave him to us. Yet as you do not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him by his return. Not as the world gives do you give. O Lover of souls. What you gave you do not take away: for what is ours is ours always, if we are yours. And life is eternal, and love is immortal, and death is only an horizon, and an horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.

ALL: Amen.

MINISTER: Almighty God, Father of mercies and giver of all comfort: Deal graciously, we pray thee, with all those who mourn, that casting every care in thee, they may know the consolation of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: **Amen.**

THE PRAYERS CONTINUED..... Reverend Fred Newchurch

MINISTER: We remember before God your servant **Edward**, now gone from this life. His love of life and his marvellous sense of humour. His ability to solve any problem however serious, his fantastic brain, his optimism and enthusiasm for life, his never ending generosity and the thrill it gave him to help others, never seeking any credit, his love and devotion to his wife and family and his dedication to work tirelessly for the betterment of the Bahamian people.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: O Lord support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shades lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world us hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then Lord, in thy mercy grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: **Amen.**

HYMN.....FOR ALL THE SAINTS WHO FROM THEIR LABOURS REST

Bishop W. Walsham How

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness, still their one true Light.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest:
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

THE COMMENDATION.....*The Most Reverend Drexel W. Gomez*

MINISTER: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your Saints.

ALL: **Where sorrow and pain are no more; neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

MINISTER: You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grace we make our song: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

ALL: **Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your Saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither signing, but life everlasting.**

MINISTER: Let us commend our brother **Edward** to the mercy of God our Maker and Redeemer. Deliver your servant, **Edward**, O Sovereign Lord Christ, from all evil, and set him free from every bond, that he may rest with all your saints in the eternal inhabitations; where with the Father and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God for ever and ever.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: Lord have mercy.

ALL: **Christ have mercy.**

MINISTER: Lord have mercy.

ALL: **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. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespasses against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from all evil. For thine is the Kingdom the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.**

MINISTER: Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant **Edward**. Acknowledge. We humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, in the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the Saints in light.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: May he rest in peace.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: May his soul and the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

ALL: **Thanks be to God.**

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS

George Frederic Handel 1685-1759

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

RECESSIONAL HYMN.....WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

Text: Horatio G. Spafford

Music: Philip P. Bliss

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows, like sea billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

CHORUS:

It is well.....with my soul...

It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin – Oh the bless of this glorious thought
My sin – not in part, but the whole,
Is nail'd to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faithful shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend
Even so it is well with my soul.

THE CLOSING SENTENCES.....*The Reverend Canon Harry J. L. Bain*

(As the Body is borne to its resting place, these sentences are said)

MINISTER: Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death, and giving life to those in the tomb.

The Sun of Righteousness is gloriously risen, giving light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The Lord will guide our feet into the way of peace, having taken away the sin of the world.

Christ will open the kingdom of heaven to all who believe in His Name, saying, Come, O blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you.

Into paradise may the angels lead you. At your coming may the Martyrs receive you, and bring you into the Holy city, Jerusalem.

THE GRAVESIDE

HYMN.....THE DAY THOU GAVEST

John Ellerton 1826-1893

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We than Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord' Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

THE COMMITTAL

Monsignor Preston Moss shall say:

MINISTER: O God, whose blessed Son was laid in a sepulchre in the garden: Bless, we pray, this grave, and grant that he whose body is to be buried here may dwell in Christ in paradise, and may come to your heavenly kingdom; through your Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MINISTER: Everyone the Father gives to me will come to me; I will never turn away anyone who believes in me.

He who raised Jesus Christ from the dead will also give new life to our mortal bodies through His indwelling Spirit.

My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices; my body also shall rest in hope.

You will show me the path of life; in your presence there is fullness of joy, and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

The Venerable Archdeacon Keith N. Cartwright shall say:

MINISTER: I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Write this: "Happy are the dead who die in the faith of Christ! Henceforth," says the Spirit, "they may rest from their labours; for they take with them the record of their deeds."

Man born of a woman has but a short time to live. Like a flower he blossoms and then withers; like a shadow he flees and never stays.

In the midst of life we are in death; to whom can we turn for help, but to you, Lord, who are justly angered by our sins?

Lord God, holy mighty, holy and immortal, holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us from the bitter pains of eternal death.

You know the secrets of our hearts: In your mercy hear our prayer, forgive us our sins, and at our last hour let us not fall away from you.

MINISTER: In sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to Almighty God our Brother **Edward** and we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. And we beseech you in your infinite goodness to give us grace to live in your dear love and to die in your favour that when your well-beloved Son shall come again in judgement both this our Brother **Edward** and we ourselves may be found acceptable in your sight. Grant this for the sake of your Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MINISTER: The Lord be with you.

ALL: **And also with you.**

MINISTER: Let us pray.
Almighty God, with whom still live the spirits of those who die in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity; we give you heartfelt thanks for the good examples of all your servants, who, having finished their course in faith, now find rest and refreshment. May we, with all who have died in the true faith of your holy Name, have perfect fulfillment and bliss in your eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: Merciful God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who is the Resurrection and the life: Receive that blessing which your well-beloved Son shall then pronounce: "Come, you blessed of my Father, received the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." Grant this, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer.

ALL: **Amen.**

The Most Reverend Drexel W. Gomez shall say:

MINISTER: Grant, O Lord, to all who are bereaved the Spirit of faith and courage, that they may have strength to meet the days to come with steadfastness and patience; not sorrowing as those without hope, but in thankful remembrance of your great goodness, and in the joyful expectations of eternal life with those they love. And this we ask in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: Grant, O Lord, to all those who are bearing pain, your spirit of healing, your spirit of peace and hope, of courage and endurance. Cast out from them the spirit of anxiety and fear: and give them complete confidence and trust in you, that in your light they may see light: through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

ALL: **Amen.**

The Venerable Archdeacon Keith N. Cartwright shall say:

MINISTER: Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord:

ALL: **And let light perpetual shine upon him.**

MINISTER: May he and all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

ALL: **Amen.**

MINISTER: The Lord bless him and keep him, the Lord make His face to shine upon him and be gracious to him the Lord lift up His countenance upon him and give him peace.

MINISTER: Alleluia, Christ is risen.

ALL: **The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia!**

MINISTER: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

ALL: **Thanks be to God.**

CHOIR.....GOD BE IN MY HEAD

Pynson's House - 1514

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be at my end,
And at my departing.

THE LAST POST

HYMN.....ABIDE WITH ME

H. F. Lyte

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death; O Lord, abide with me.

NUNC DIMITIS

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
According to thy word:
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
And the glory of thy people Israel.

Rest eternal grant unto his soul O Lord,
And let light perpetual shine upon him.

The Great Minimum

By G. K. Chesterton

It is something to have wept as we have wept,
It is something to have done as we have done,
It is something to have watched when all men slept,
And seen the stars which never see the sun.

It is something to have smelt the mystic rose,
Although it break and leave the thorny rods,
It is something to have hungered once as those,
Must hunger who once ate the bread of gods.

To have seen you and your unforgotten face,
Brave as a blast of trumpets for the fray,
Pure as white lilies in a watery space,
It were something, though you went from me today.

To have known the things which from the weak are furred,
Perilous ancient passions, strange and high;
It is something to be wiser than the world,
It is something to be older than the sky.

In a time of sceptic moths and cynic rusts,
And fatted lives that of their sweetness tire,
In a world of flying loves and fading lusts,
It is something to be sure of a desire.

Lo, blessed are our ears for they have heard,
Yea, blessed are our eyes for they have seen:
Let thunder break on man and beast and bird,
And lightning. It is something to have been.