

WEDNESDAY 13th JULY 2022



PRAYER SERVICE

for

BEREAVED PARISHIONERS AND FRIENDS

Followed by light refreshments in the hall

This service will be livestreamed

WELCOME

OPENING HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like,
no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
at the break of the day.

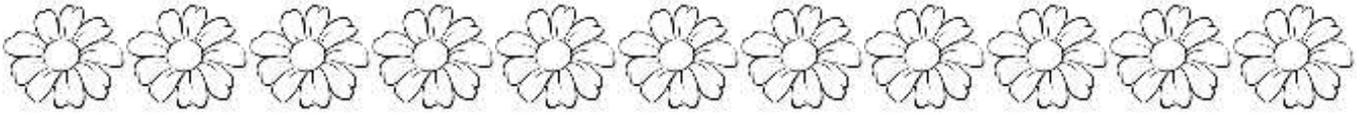
Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome,
your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
at the eve of the day.

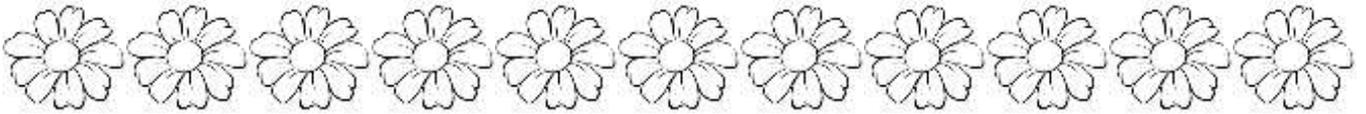
Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment,
whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
at the end of the day.

OPENING PRAYER

Lord God, as inevitable as death is, there is no way around the heartbreak and grief it brings. The only comfort left is knowing that our Cherished One is with You now in the garden of Heaven with a full heart and an eternal soul. This we pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.



We write the names of our loved ones on the flowers and we will say their name and stick the flower on the front of the altar. If you are not able to walk forward to do this a member of the bereavement team will help you. Music will play as we do this.



*You see our smallest sorrow
Lord, I know that your mercy for those who have died,
And your love for each and every one of us
Is vaster than the entire universe,
an immense grandeur of love.*

*Yet you see our smallest sorrow,
Our tiniest tear.
Our briefest fear for the morrow.*

*There is not the tiniest bird in the sky
That falls to the ground
But you know it, Lord, and care.*

*And how much more, then, us?
Every hair on our head is counted!
How much more
You share our sorrow.*

*The heart that believes
Is the heart that grieves sweetly
Knowing it is always in your love.
Now and forever. Amen*

Prayer of Blessing for our loved ones

Heavenly Father, we come to you with grateful hearts even as we mourn the loss of our loved ones. It may be a loss for us, but it is gain for your kingdom. Lord, we thank you for the time that you gave us to spend with our relatives. Thank you for making them belong to this family. We bless you for honouring us with such persons that loved us with the love of Christ and were light in the world. May your name be praised forever even as our loved ones stand in your presence today. In Jesus' name, we believe and pray. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING John 20:11-18

But Mary stood weeping outside the tomb. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb; and she saw two angels in white, sitting where the body of Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the other at the feet. They said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping?" She said to them, "They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him." When she had said this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?" Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away." Jesus said to her, "Mary!" She turned and said to him in Hebrew,[b] "Rabbouni!" (which means Teacher). Jesus said to her, "Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'" Mary Magdalene went and announced to the disciples, "I have seen the Lord"; and she told them that he had said these things to her.

REFLECTION: Extract from **Eye can Write** by Jonathan Bryan

While my body hung in the balance, I was already tasting what it was like on the other side.

Alive. I had never felt so alive. Free from my crippled, dysfunctional body, I ran. Ran! Fresh verdant grass beneath my supple feet. A warm soft breeze caressed my face. Sounds of children's laughter mingled with birdsong. Freedom!

For the first time, I could see clearly – like the murkiness had been blown away to reveal abundant meadows of spring flowers swaying their heads under the mellow sunlight. As I stretched my body to its full height (my scoliosis had elongated and vanished altogether), I realised the dragon cerebral palsy had been banished from the lair of my body. All my life this monster had subjugated my body to painful spasms, distorting and writhing my frame, breathing fire under my skin, stealing my voice; and now it was dead and defeated forever! With the sibilance of my oxygen silenced, I inhaled deeply, the fresh air vitalising my new body and filling my soul with joy. Swinging my free arms, I sauntered through and orchard; the trees, laden with delectable fruit, stretched beckoning branches towards me. Savouring every moment, enjoying the harmony between my perfect, new body and my soul, I was whole. Groups of children were playing near the trees, their mellifluous voices drawing me closer. Happiness was not merely a facial expression for the people I met; joy exuded from them, and the atmosphere was saturated in a deep, contented peace. As I neared them, I wanted to ask where I was. And I could! I just thought it and spoke.

'Jesus' garden.' The melodic reply danced in my soul.

And that's when I say him: Noah, my beautiful friend who had died the year before from a brain tumour. Although Noah was a few years younger than me, I had cuddled him as a baby and played with him as a toddler, at his house, at my house and in church. Adored by those who knew him and treasured by his young mother, his sudden illness and rapid decline had shaken our community and devastated his family. Capturing in words those moments of reunion is so hard, but as the time drew on, I was aware that I had

a choice to make. Either I could stay to meet the gardener, my author, my saviour; or I could go back. Back to my fragile, sick body; back to my mind trapped in my silence; back to the family I loved.

While my soul longs to live in the garden forever, my heart is torn between my family and the garden, but with Jesus' presence helping me here, I know I can ensure my limiting body for longer. My experience in the garden has given me a zest for life here and a zeal for life there.

We spend some time in silence as we think about those we love and imagine them in 'Jesus' garden.

INTERCESSIONS

Heavenly Father, send your Holy Spirit to comfort our bereaved families. Give them courage and hope to face life without their loved ones.

To the prayer **Lord in your mercy**
our response is **Hear our prayer**

May God's love accompany us in all our sorrows, trials and difficulties that we face each day. **R/**

Lord, may we be re-united with all those we have loved, when every tear will be wiped away and there will be no more death or mourning **R/**

We pray with full trust that we may always know the loving presence of God in our lives as we say **Hail Mary**

Eternal rest grant unto those we have love and lost, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen.

Ricordiamo i nostri cari defunti e recitiamo insieme: l'eterno riposo dona loro Signore, splenda ad essi la luce perpetua, riposino in pace. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

CLOSING PRAYER

May God support us all the day long till the shades lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then in His mercy may God give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last.

(Cardinal Newman)

May God bless us in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN

Soul of my Saviour sanctify my breast,
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
wash me with waters flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy passion be,
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
in death's dread moments make me only thine;
call me and bid me come to thee on high
where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.