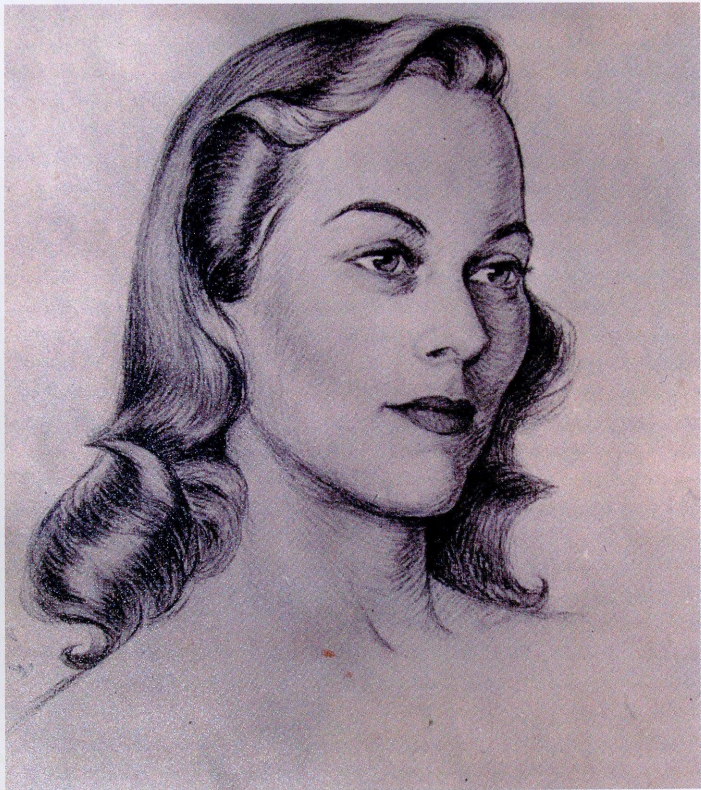


Constance Irene de Hamel

August 10 1916 - 20 November 2009



Friday 4 December 2009



Welcome by the Rev. Hedley Feast

We are gathered here today to remember, before God, Constance, whom we have known and loved and who is now sadly missed by us all. We remember her for her gift of friendship, her great courage, her strength and independence, her many talents and her sense of humour.

Hymn

Hills of the north rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland sing:
Though absent long your Lord is nigh;
He judgement brings and victory.

Isles of the southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes his great highway.

Shout, while ye journey home;
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the north we come,
From east and west and south.
City of God the bond are free,
We come to live and reign in thee !

Andrew Higginson reading *The Crossing*,
followed by a short address:

When I shall be called to make
That inevitable, silent crossing,
I shall be to linger--
While I look indelibly on scenes
I have loved long and passionately;
And I would carry them
Like sweet incense
Within my heart--
The glory of dawn and twilight--
The quietude of starry nights,
The clasp of friendly hands,
The tender voice of love.
Then as my bark forsakes
Familiar moorings
I will go, taking these memories
I have loved,
So that Heaven's beauties
seem not too strange

Anon



Second reading by Mischa Nowicki from
The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran

“And a youth said, Speak to us of Friendship.
And he answered, saying:
Your friend is your needs answered.
He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.
And he is your board and your fireside.
For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the “nay” in your own
mind, nor do you withhold the “ay”.
And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expecta-
tions are born and shared, with joy that is unclaimed.
When you part from your friend, you grieve not;
For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as
the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the
spirit.
For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not
love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend.
If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know the flood also.
For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?
Seek him always with hours to live.
For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.
And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of
pleasures.
For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is re-
freshed.”



Prayers

Let us pray:

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which 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 them that 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.

O Father of all, we pray to thee for those whom we love,
But see no longer. Grant them thy peace. Let light perpetual shine
upon them;
And in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in them the
good purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troubled life, until the
shades lengthen, the evening comes, the busy world is 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.

Amen.

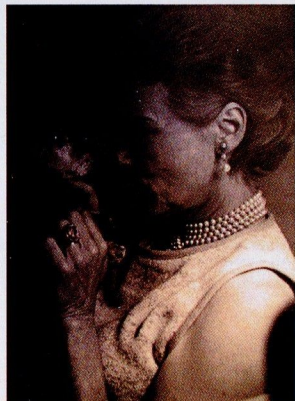
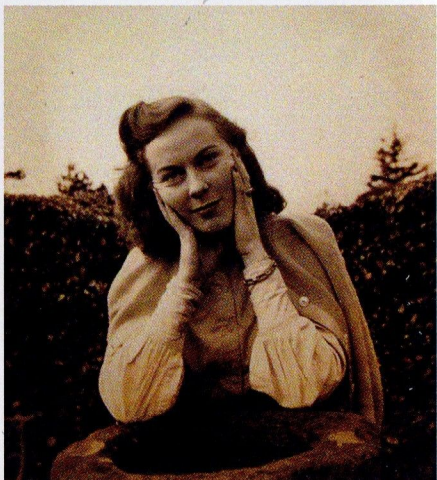
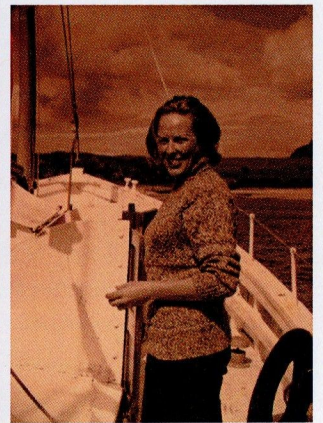
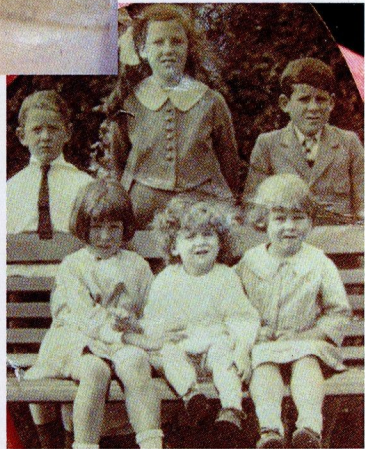
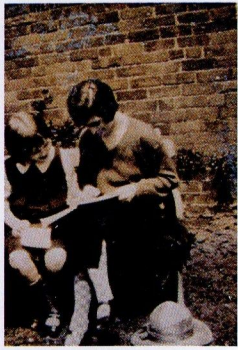
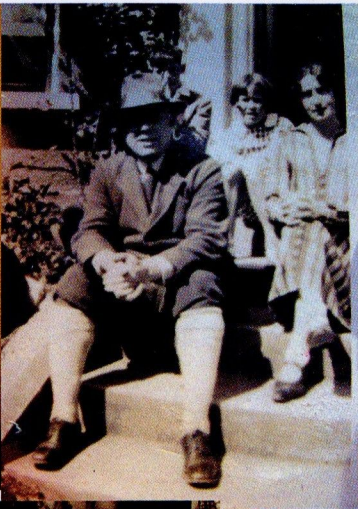
Hymn

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that never more shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.

O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
Whose cross has bought them and whose staff has led'
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to thy gracious hand.

The congregation will kneel



Prayers

We seem to give them back to Thee, O God, who gavest them to us.
Yet as Thou didst not lose them in giving,
So do we not lose them by their return.
Nor as the world giveth, givest Thou, O lover of souls.
What Thou givest, Thou takest not away.
For what is Thine is ours also if we are Thine.
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.
Lift us up, strong son of God that we may see further;

Cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly;
Draw us closer to Thyself so that we may know ourselves to be
Nearer to our loved ones who are with Thee.
And while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us also for
The happy place that where they are, may we also be for evermore.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The congregation will sing kneeling

God be in my head and in my understanding;
God be in mine 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 mine end, and at my depatying.

Words Pynson' Horae' (1514) Walford Davies

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
into the house and gate of heaven,
to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling,
but one equal light;
no noise nor silence, but one equal music;
no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;
no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;
in the habitations of thy glory and dominion,

Gaelic Blessing

Deep peace of the running wave to you.
Deep peace of the flowing air to you.
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you.
Deep peace of the shining stars to you.
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

The Commendation

Into thy hands, O most loving Father, we commend the soul
of thy servant, Constance; humbly beseeching thee that she
may be precious in thy sight.

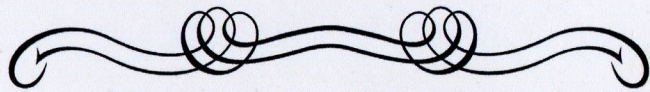
Grant unto her fullness of life and light in they heavenly
kingdom, where the light of thy countenance shines for ever,
and all the tears are wiped away.

And give us who remain such courage and faith here, that in
the end we may come with her into life everlasting, through
the mercy of Jesus Christ,
our Lord and Saviour.

Music after the service :

*In Paradisum from the Requiem by Gabriel Faure.
Collection in aid of Multiple Sclerosis Research.*

All are welcome for tea at the Talk House, Stanton St John.



To be read silently by the congregation afterwards

The Ship

What is dying ?

A ship sails and I stand watching till she fades on the horizon,
And someone at my side says, " She is gone."

Gone where ?

Gone from my sight, that is all: she is just as real as when I saw
her.

The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her,
And the moment we say " She is gone"

There are others who are watching her coming, and other voices
Taking up a glad shout "There she comes !"
.....and that is dying.

Bishop Brent



You Can Shed Tears

You can shed tears when she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember her and only that she's gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love, and go on

But see no longer. Grant them thy peace. Let light perpetual shine upon
them;

And in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in them the good
purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troubled life, until the shades
lengthen, the evening comes, the busy world is 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.