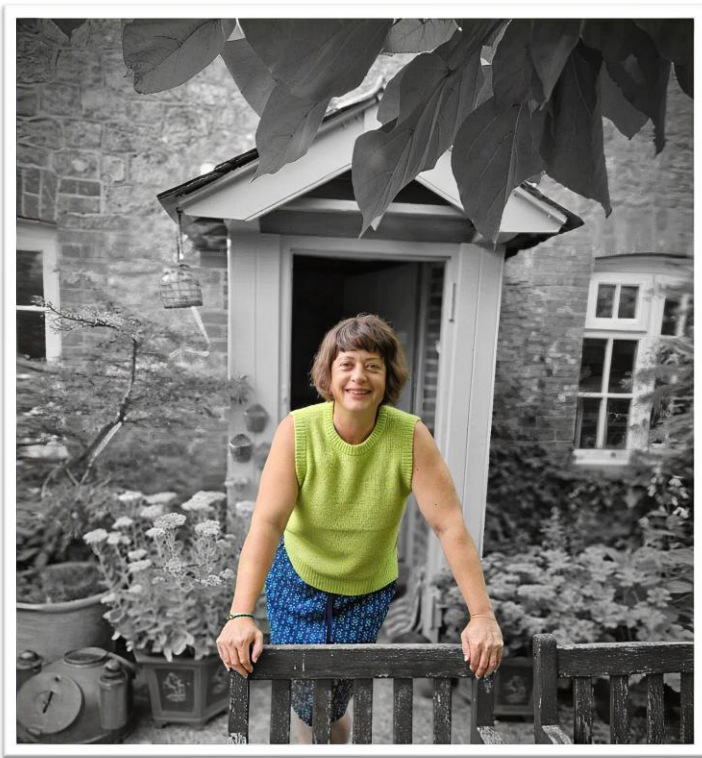


A Service to Celebrate the Life of



Gwenan Mair Jones

13th July 1976 ~ 10th July 2026

Grittenham Barn

Friday 31st July at 3.30 pm

WELCOME

Fr Peter Newsam

Hymns accompanied by Megan Morris

HYMN

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

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

POEM IN WELSH

Hiraeth's Shadows
by Nesta Wyn Jones
read by Alaw Stent

A drafty marquee at the show
Whilst sipping coffee from a plastic cup
I happened to look up...
You came towards us
Shy in your Sunday best,
A mischievous grin, as usual.
But as you got closer, you disappeared...
Words froze on my lips
As tears fell on my hands
Like stones after a frost.

Between two lights
My feet ambled, unhurried,
The familiar path of stone steps.
Climbing slowly, slowly towards the sheep fold.
I lift my gaze
And saw you there, in your checkered cap
Looking cheekily over the wall
Down towards me,
Your chin high, your posture unmistakeable,
Your smile playful from spotting me...
But - you were not there.

Home - My feet heavy.
Your place at the dinner table empty.
Your work boots and crook idle -
I will see you no more.

**Hiraeth does not have an English translation. It captures a deep, bittersweet feeling of longing and nostalgia that goes beyond simply missing a place or a person.*

SCRIPTURE READING & SHORT ADDRESS

Fr Peter

HYMN

I danced in the morning
when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven
and I danced on earth –
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe
and the Pharisee
but they would not dance
and they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fisherman,
for James and John –
they came with me
and the dance went on.

Refrain

I danced on the Sabbath
and I cured the lame.
The holy people
said it was a shame.
They whipped and the stripped
and they hung me high,
and they left me there
on the cross to die

Refrain

I danced on a Friday
when the sky turned black –
it's hard to dance
with the devil on your back;
they buried my body
and they thought I'd gone –
but I am the dance
and I still go on.

Refrain

They cut me down
and I leapt up high –
I am the life
that'll never, never die
I'll live in you
if you live in me.
I am the Lord
Of the Dance, said he.

Refrain

ADDRESS

Gwenan's Father ~ Gwyn Jones

PRAYERS

HYMN

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there is 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's despair in life, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness only light,
and where there's sadness ever joy.

Oh, 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 to all men that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

WORDS OF FAREWELL

EULOGY

Written by Gwenan ~ read by Richard Taylor

MUSIC TO LEAVE



The family invite you to stay at Grittenham Barn for refreshments and to share more memories of Gwenan



Donations in memory of Gwenan may be made to



St Wilfrid's Hospice

&

Midhurst Palliative Care



c/o W. Bryder & Sons,
The Gables, Tillington GU28 9AB
& 95 Lower Street, Pulborough RH20 2BP
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