



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of

JAMES ARNOLD OLIVER

10th August 1941 – 30th November 2023

All Saints' Church
Burbage Nr Marlborough

7th May 2024
At 2pm

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Revd Dr Colin Heber-Percy

Psalm 121 (1662)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills :
from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord :
who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel :
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper :
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day :
neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in :
from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end.
Amen

James
Memories of a Lucky Life

Hymn

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Bible Reading: 1 Corinthians 13

read by Emma Boyling, a niece & goddaughter

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not

rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

The Address

Hymn

LEAD US, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us:
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

Poem

read by Adam Oliver, a nephew

Do not stand by my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep -
I am the thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints in snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
As you awake with morning's hush,
I am the swift up-flinging rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the day transcending night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there. I did not die.

Prayers & The Lord's Prayer

Hymn

Oh Lord, my God
When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze

Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing

He bled and died to take away my sin

Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation

And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart

Then I shall bow, in humble adoration

And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

Then sings my soul...

Sung Gaelic Blessing

May the road rise to meet you

May the wind be always at your back

May the sun shine warm upon your face

May rains fall soft upon your fields

And until we meet again, until we meet again

May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

The Blessing

Recessional Music

There will be a retiring collection in memory of James
for Cancer Research UK, Wansdyke Carriage Driving Group
and All Saints' Church

Anne warmly invites you all to Burbage Village Hall
for light refreshments after the service

