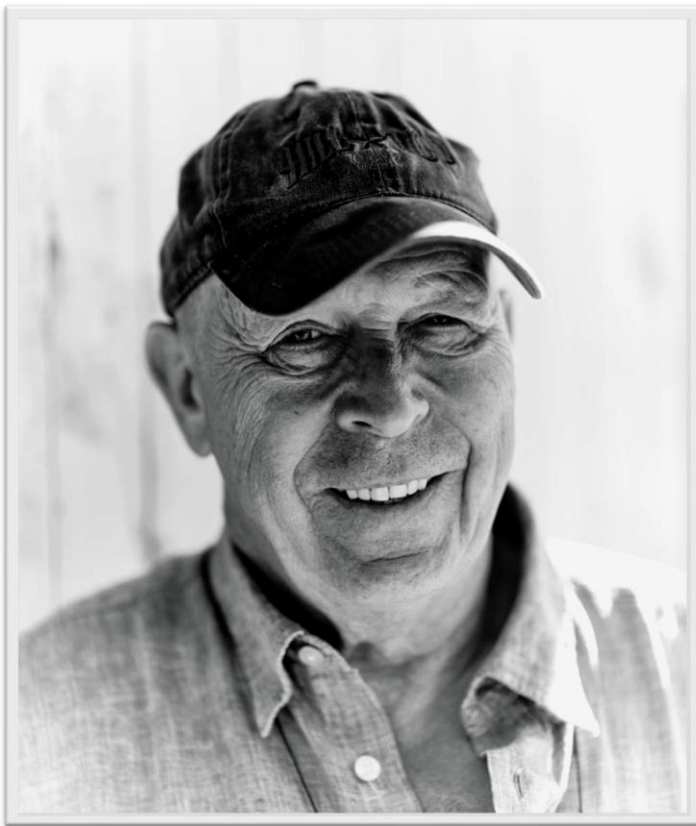


The Church of St. Peter ad Vincula
Wisborough Green



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
**JAMES GUILLAUME ALLEN
YOUNG**

9th October 1951 – 27th May 2026

Friday 3rd July 2026 at 1.30 pm

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

The Reverend Michael Jackson

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 the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Refrain:

*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 fishermen, 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 they stripped and they hung me high,
And they left me there on a 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 leap up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me -
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Refrain

READING

This Hospital Bed No Longer Serves Me

Written and read by Katie Linton

This hospital bed no longer serves me
Nor this half open gown
This body that disease has ravaged will remain here
As pain releases its cruel grasp and lets me finally leave
I may stop along the way to gaze on the shadows
that dance in the first morning light at Smale
Or to give my beloved dog one last pat on the head
But it shall only be fleeting
I no longer belong here
My animal friends, long since deceased, await me now
My parents are calling me
In a place where I can find ease of movement once more
Where struggles and turmoil will fall away
Where, with my hat on and dog at my foot I shall tend
my herd and stroll across fields of tranquility
Where my mind can finally rest
And where peace is finally found.

EULOGY

Karen Nash



HYMN

Refrain:

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

Each little flow'r 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

MEMORIES OF JAMES

Torquil Sligo-Young

READING

The Book of Job Chapter 12: 7-13

Read by the Reverend Michael Jackson

But ask the animals, and they will teach you;
the birds of the air, and they will tell you;
ask the plants of the earth, and they will teach you;
and the fish of the sea will declare to you.
Who among all these does not know
that the hand of the Lord has done this?
In his hand is the life of every living thing
and the breath of every human being.
Does not the ear test words
as the palate tastes food?
Is wisdom with the aged,
and understanding in length of days?
With God are wisdom and strength;
he has counsel and understanding

PRAYERS

Concluding with the Lord's Prayer:

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 those 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.

READING

An Extract from 'The Tempest' (Act IV, Scene I) by William Shakespeare

Read by the Reverend Michael Jackson

Our revels now are ended.
These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!
And did the countenance divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire.
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant Land!

THE COMMENDATION AND BLESSING

RECESSIONAL MUSIC
Forever Young ~ *Bob Dylan*

The committal will follow in the churchyard before the hearse leaves



You are warmly invited to join the family for refreshments at
The Bat and Ball, Newpound Lane, Wisborough Green RH14 0EH



There will be a retiring collection in James' memory for

Leukaemia UK

Alternatively, donations can be made
c/o W. Bryder & Sons,
The Gables, Tillington GU28 9AB
& 95 Lower Street, Pulborough RH20 2BP
wbryderandsons.co.uk/donations-and-tributes