

St John the Baptist Church
Findon



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of

Jane Ann Elizabeth Wyatt
8th February 1937 ~ 10th September 2025

Monday, 22nd September 2025



**Before the service, a selection of music
chosen by Jane**

Entrance Music

“Sheep may Safely Graze”, *by J. S. Bach*

Order of Service

Conducted by The Reverend Helena Buqué

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Hymn

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

Reading

“God Knows”, by Minnie Louise Haskins
read by Miranda Spencer (Jane's granddaughter)

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year;
“Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown”
and the man replied:
Go into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be unto you better than light, and safer than a known way.
So I went out into the darkness, and taking the hand of God,
trod gladly into the night.
And he led me towards the hills and the breaking of the day in the lone east.
May that almighty hand guide you and uphold us all.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside
the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness,
for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Reading

“I Thank Thee God that I Have Lived”, by Elizabeth Craven
read by Hugh Wyatt (Jane's grandson)

I thank thee God, that I have lived
In this great world and known its many joys:
The songs of birds, the strongest sweet scent of hay,
And cooling breezes in the secret dusk;
The flaming sunsets at the close of day,
Hills and the lovely heather-covered moors;
Music at night, and the moonlight on the sea,
The beat of waves upon the rocky shore
And wild white spray, flung high in ecstasy;
The faithful eyes of dogs, and treasured books,
The love of Kin and fellowship of friends
And all that makes life dear and beautiful.

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, 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 kindliness, 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!

Eulogy

Geoffrey Wyatt

Poem

“How I Choose to Remember You”

by Emily King (*Jane's granddaughter*)

read by Annie Maret

Prayers

Eternal God,

we give You thanks for the life of our dear Jane.

We are grateful for the love shared,

the memories we hold,

and the ways Jane touched our lives.

Lord, we confess our sorrow and grief,

yet we do not grieve without hope,

for You have promised that nothing can separate us

from Your love in Christ Jesus.

Be near to us in our mourning,

speak peace to our troubled hearts,

and strengthen us with the assurance

that those who die in the Lord live with You forever.

Through Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who 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 who 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.

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise. (repeat)

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee. (repeat)

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace. (repeat)

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! (repeat)

Poem

“Miss Me But Let Me Go,” by Christina Rossetti
read by Lily-Flore Maret (Jane’s granddaughter)

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why weep for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that once we shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It’s all part of the master plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

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,	The cold wind in the winter,
Each little bird that sings,	The pleasant summer sun,
He made their glowing colours,	The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made their tiny wings.	He made them every one.

The purple headed mountain,	He gave us eyes to see them,
The river running by,	And lips that we might tell
The sunset, and the morning	How great is God Almighty,
That brightens up the sky	Who has made all things well.

Commendation and Farewell

Prayers

God be in my head
And in my understanding
God be in my 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 my end
And at my departing.

Closing Music

“Morning” from Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, *by Edvard Grieg*

The Committal follows (children and grandchildren only)

Please make your way to Cissbury
where the family will join you shortly for refreshments

Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats



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