

St Laurence Church, Lurgashall

A Service of Celebration for the Life of  
**Johanna Maxted Davies**



13<sup>th</sup> December 1952 – 27<sup>th</sup> August 2024

11:00, Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> September





# Order of Service

*Led by The Reverend Canon Nigel Nicholson*

## Processional Music

*Hallelujah (arr. for cello and strings),  
recording by Sheku Kanneh-Mason*

## Opening Sentences

## Welcome & Opening Prayer

## Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill,  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house forevermore  
My dwelling place shall be.



## **The Lesson**

St John 14

### **Reading**

*'She Is Gone', David Harkins, read by Cathy Thorne*

You can shed tears that she is gone  
Or you can smile because she has lived

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
Or you can be full of the love that 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 is 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 would want: smile, open your  
eyes, love and go on.

### **Memories of Joh**

*Shared by Elizabeth Byers and John Davies*



## 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.

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.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee,  
O calm of hills above,  
where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
the silence of eternity,  
interpreted by love!

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.

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!

## Tribute to Mummy

*Shared by Natalie Lind and Vanessa Mould-Davies*



## Reading

*'Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep', Mary Elizabeth Fry*

*Read by Mark Lind*



Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

## The Prayers

*Concluding with 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

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore,  
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
whence the healing stream doth flow.  
Let the firey cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield,  
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside.  
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee,  
I will ever give to thee.





### Reading

*'All is Well', Henry Scott Holland*

*Read by Gregory Mould-Davies*

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped into the next room  
I am I and you are you  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.  
Call me by my old familiar name,  
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used  
Put no difference in your tone,  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little  
jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household  
word that it always was,  
Let it be spoken without effect,  
without the trace of shadow on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner.  
All is well.



### Reading

*'Irish Blessing', read by Anne Almeida*

May the roads rise up to meet you,  
May the wind be always at your back,  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
May the rains fall soft upon fields  
And until we meet again  
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.





## **The Commendation**

*Would the congregation please turn to face the west door*

## **The Committal**

*Gabriel's Oboe*

## **Hymn**

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares can 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.

## **Final Prayers**

## **The Blessing**



*Artwork featured throughout the Order of Service painted by Johanna Davies*

