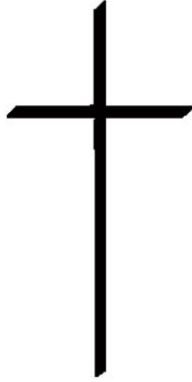


Thanksgiving for the life of



John Dacre Hastings Ross

28 May 1937 – 15 August 2024

All Hallows Church, Tillington  
Thursday 17 October 2024  
2.30pm

Oh dear, if you're reading this right now,  
I must have given up the ghost.  
I hope you can forgive me for being  
Such a stiff and unwelcoming host.

Just talk amongst yourself my friends,  
And share a toast or two.  
For I am sure you will remember well  
How I loved to drink with you.

Don't worry about mourning me,  
I was never easy to offend.  
Feel free to share a story at my expense  
And we'll have a good laugh at the end.

*Pardon Me For Not Getting Up by Kelly Roper*

## **Opening Music**

*Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring – JS Bach*

## **The Sentences**

I am the resurrection, and the life:  
he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:  
And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

*John 11:25-26*

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:  
And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:  
Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

*Job 19:25-27*

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

*Deuteronomy 33:27*

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord;  
and whether we die, we die unto the Lord:  
whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.  
For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived,  
that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

*Romans 14:8-9*

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

*John 14:1*

## **Welcome and Opening Prayers**

*Revd Dr David Crook*

## Hymn

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:  
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,  
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,  
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

## Collect

## Reflection

*Afterglow by Helen Lowrie Marshall*

*Read by Joey Ross*

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;  
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

## Tribute to My Father

*Alex Ross*







## Reading

*To Laugh Often and Love Much* by Ralph Waldo Emerson  
*Read by Jeremy Rees*

To laugh often and much:  
to win the respect of intelligent people  
and the affection of children,  
to earn the appreciation of honest critics  
and endure the betrayal of false friends;  
to appreciate beauty,  
to find the best in others,  
to leave the world a bit better  
whether by a healthy child, a garden patch,  
or a redeemed social condition;  
to know even one life has breathed easier  
because you lived.  
This is to have succeeded.

## Hymn

Tell out, my soul,  
the greatness of the Lord:  
unnumbered blessings  
give my spirit voice;  
tender to me  
the promise of his word;  
in God my Saviour  
shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul,  
the greatness of his name:  
make known his might,  
the deeds his arm has done;  
his mercy sure,  
from age to age to same;  
his holy name,  
the Lord, the mighty one.

Tell out, my soul,  
the greatness of his might:  
pow'rs and dominions  
lay their glory by;  
proud hearts and stubborn  
wills are put to flight,  
the hungry fed,  
the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul,  
the glories of his word:  
firm is his promise  
and his mercy sure.  
Tell out, my soul,  
the greatness of the Lord  
to children's children  
and for evermore.

## Reading

*DOG (spelled backwards) - author unknown*

*Read by Poppy Ross*

When God had made the earth and sky, the flowers and the trees,  
He then made all the animals, the fish, the birds and bees.  
And when, at last, He'd finished, not one was quite the same,  
God said, "I'll walk this earth of mine, and give each one a name".  
And so He travelled far and wide, and everywhere He went  
a little creature followed Him, until its strength was spent.  
When all were named upon the earth, and in the sky and sea,  
the little creature said, "Dear Lord, there's not one left for me".  
Kindly, the Father said to him, "I've left you to the end,  
I've turned my own name back to front, and called you DOG, my friend."

## Eulogy

*Nick Brigstocke*

## Prayers

*Including ones written by John's Great Grandfather,  
Sir Frederick Mirrieles and one by John Donne.*

Great Father, do Thou kindle by Thine own Spirit  
a glow in my poor Lamp of Life  
that I may be guided surely through its troublous paths;  
and do Thou fan the flame with Thine own Breath  
into brighter and more shining light,  
till my Lamp, so filled with Thy Glory,  
shall bring me into the perfect day. Amen.

Bring us, O Lord God at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven  
To enter into that gate and dwell in that house  
Where there shall be no darkness or dazzling but one equal light, no  
Nor silence, but one equal music  
No fear nor hopes but one equal possession, no endings or beginnings  
But on equal eternity, in the habitations of thy glory and dominion,  
world without end.



## **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 and the power, and the glory,  
forever and ever. Amen.

## **Hymn**

Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;  
endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;  
endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb.  
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let His church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
for the Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting. [Refrain]

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life!!  
Life is nought without Thee; aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conqu'rors, through Thy deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above. [Refrain]

## **Blessing**

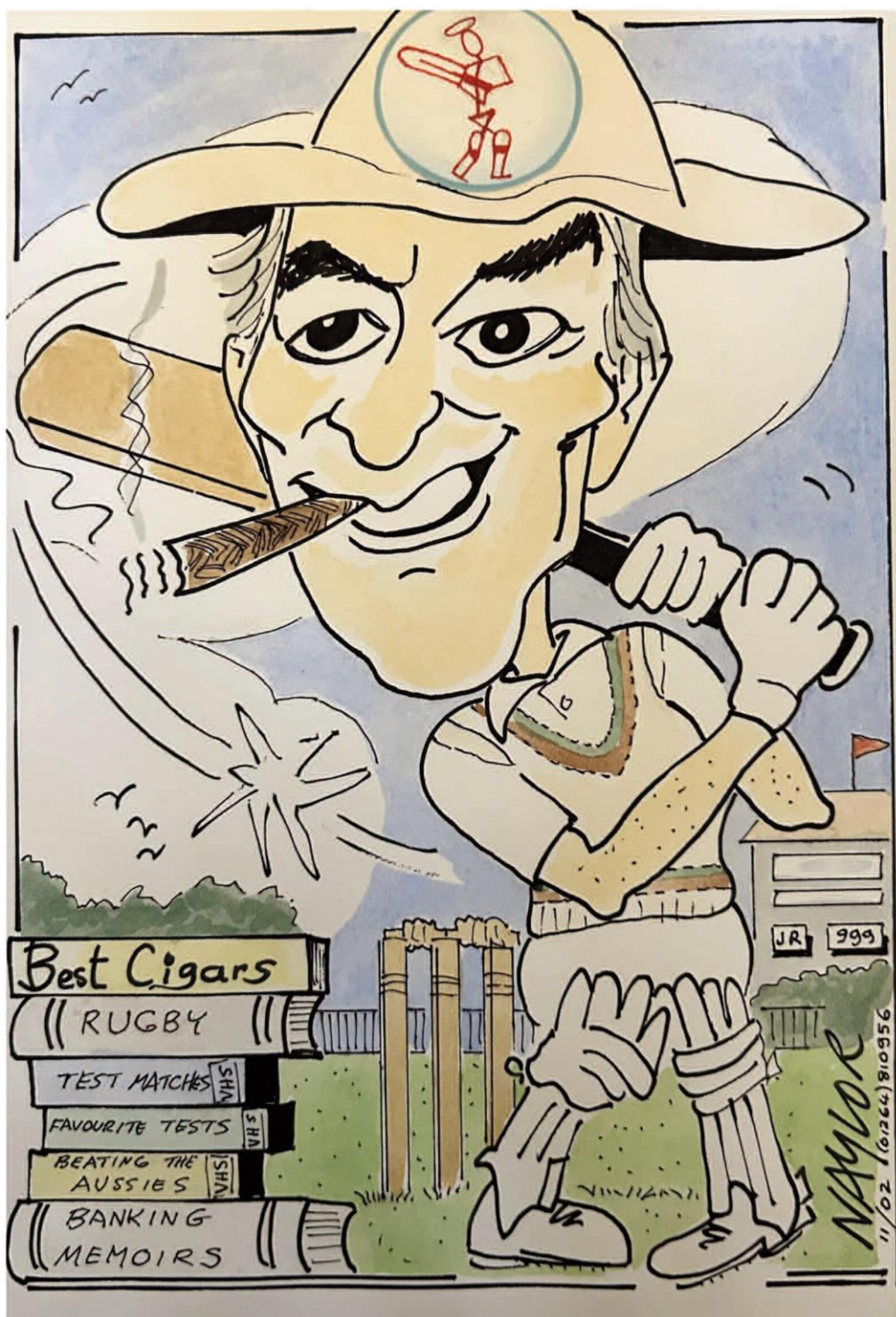
## **Closing Music**

*I Walk The Line – Johnny Cash*

Following the service you are warmly invited to the Cricket Pavilion at the  
Recreation Ground

The family would like to thank Revd David Crook  
and Brian Knowles, the organist.

Donations in John's memory can be made to  
Petworth Cottage Nursing Home or Great Ormond Street Hospital  
c/o W. Bryder & Sons, The Gables, Tillington, GU28 9AB;  
[www.wbryderandsons.co.uk/donations-and-tributes](http://www.wbryderandsons.co.uk/donations-and-tributes)



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