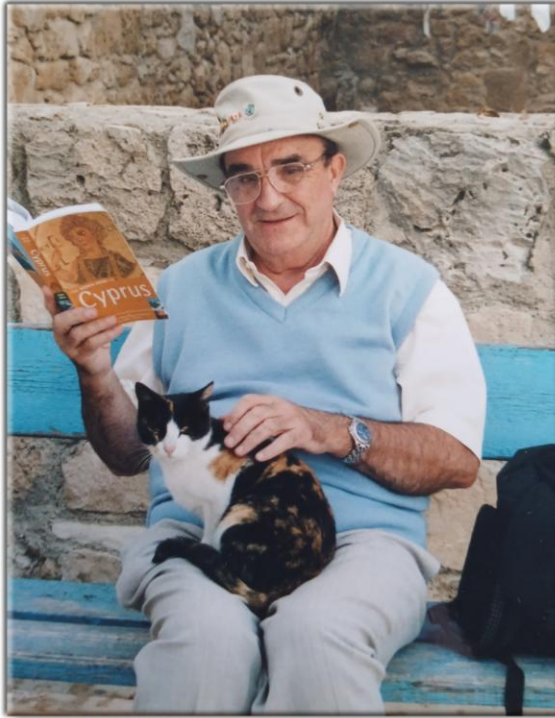


The Parish Church of
St Nicholas Arundel



Dr John Spies

1st December 1939 – 6th March 2025

Tuesday 8th April at 12.00

*Following the service you are warmly invited
for refreshments at the Town Hall.*

*Donations in memory of John will go to
The British Heart Foundation and Cancer Research.*

*You may give your donation online at
<https://deanjonesfuneralservice.co.uk>
or use the collection plate by the church door.*

Order of Service



Opening Sentences & Bidding Prayer

Poem

He is Gone by David Harkins
Read by Wendy Double

You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
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 him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Hymn

Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird;
praise for the singing,
praise for the morning,
praise for them springing
fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass;
praise for the sweetness,
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,
mine is the morning,
born of the one light
Eden saw play;
praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day.

Gospel Reading

John 11:20–27

When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, but Mary remained seated in the house. Martha said to Jesus, “Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that whatever you ask from God, God will give you.” Jesus said to her, “Your brother will rise again.” Martha said to him, “I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day.” Jesus said to her, “I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?” She said to him, “Yes, Lord; I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, who is coming into the world.”

Homily

Canon David Twinley

The Prayers

The prayers include 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

Just as I am, without one plea
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidst me come to thee,
O lamb of God, I come,

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings and fears within, without,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
because thy promise I believe,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (thy love unknown
has broken every barrier down),
now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
the breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
here for a season, then above,
O lamb of God, I come.

Poem

If Roses Grow in Heaven

Unknown Author

Read by Heather Howlett on behalf of Martha Spies

If Roses grow in heaven
Lord, please pick a bunch for me.
Place them in my husband's arms
and tell him they are from me.

Tell him that I love him and miss him,
and when he turns to smile,
place a kiss upon his cheek
and hold him for a while.

Because remembering him is easy,
I do it every day,
but there's an ache within my heart
that will never go away.

The Commendation & Committal

Blessing

Nella Fantasia (Gabriel's Oboe) from "The Mission"

