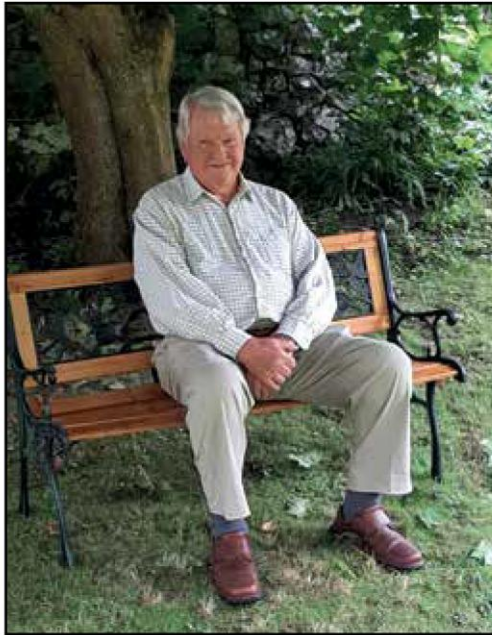


A Service to Celebrate the Life of

NIGEL HUGH CLUTTON

OBE, FRICS

30th June 1935 – 11th June 2026



St Nicholas' Church, Arundel

Monday 5th October 2026



THE PHEASANT'S FLIGHT

by Anon

The morning frost is on the gate, the beating line is set,
We're gathering to spin the yarns of days we'll not forget.
The flask is passed, the laughter rings across the autumn lane,
For though he's missed the morning briefing, he is here again.

He loved the rush of winter woods, the whirl of sudden wings,
The magic of a high cock pheasant and the joy it brings.
The steady eye, the perfect swing, the cartridges that fly,
To catch fast or gliding birds against a stormy sky.

He loved the chatter in the barn, the muddy boots and tweed,
A proper sportsman through and through, a rare and classic breed.
He knew each boundary, hedge, and ditch, each acre of this land,
And greeted every keeper here with a warm and honest hand.

So do not stand and weep today because his gun is down,
Instead, remember how he smiled, with fields and woods around.
He's moved ahead to scout the hills, to check the wind and flight,
And left the bag for us to count before the coming night.

We keep his memory in our hearts, with laughter, sport, and cheer,
The finest shot, the truest friend, who'll always be right here.
Through every season yet to come, across the hills and plain,
Whenever pheasants take to flight, we'll think of him again.





THE ORGANIST

Sarah Plumley

MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE:

Canon in D – Pachelbel
Rhosymedre – Vaughan Williams
Petit Prelude – Joseph Jongen
Aria from Semele – Handel
Sheep may Safely Graze – J. S. Bach
Nimrod - Elgar



With grateful thanks to The Reverend Canon David Twinley



ORDER OF SERVICE

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

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,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer,
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 and praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams 1717–91, tr Peter Williams 1827–96



COLLECT

POEM
The Dash

by Linda Ellis

Read by Niall Clutton

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
that they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent YOUR dash?





EULOGY

John Marland

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 kindness, 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.

Jan Struther 1901–53





READING

1 Corinthians 13

Read by Georgina Marland

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

HOMILY

Fr Richard Bromfield





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.

Cecil Spring-Rice 1859–1918

PRAYERS

Canon David Twinley

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.



SOLO
Pie Jesu

from Requiem by Gabriel Fauré

Sung by Cheryl Stead

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 shall 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.

William Blake 1757–1827





BLESSING

VOLUNTARY

Paraphrase on a chorus in Handel's Maccabaeus

Alexandre Guilmant







REMEMBER ME

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember me with tears,
Remember all the good times
Shared throughout the years.

Now I am contented
That my life it was worthwhile,
Because I know by loving you
That I made you smile.

When you are walking down the street
And you've got me on your mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps
Only half a step behind.

So please don't be unhappy
Just because I'm out of sight,
Remember that I'm with you
Every morning, noon and night.

Donations in Nigel's memory are to
St Wilfrid's Hospice, Chichester.
To make an online donation, please visit:
<https://nigelclutton.muchloved.com/>