

## Service of Thanksgiving and Celebration



## **Roger Gerrance Andrews Crompton**

11th June 1935 - 20th March 2025

Cissbury Barns, Findon

Monday 28th April 2025

## MUSIC

*Adagio for Strings*, Samuel Barber

*Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring*, J. S. Bach

*Nimrod*, Elgar

*Sheep May Safely Graze*, J. S. Bach

*BE* from Jonathan Livingstone Seagull

## WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

Jacqueline Woods

Cherish Life Celebrant

## HYMN

HILLS of the north, rejoice;

River and mountain-spring,

Hark to the advent voice;

Valley and lowland, sing.

Though absent long, your Lord is nigh,

He judgement brings and victory.

Isles of the southern seas,

Deep in your coral caves,

Pent be each warring breeze

Lulled be your restless waves:

He comes to reign with boundless sway,

And makes your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the east, awake,

Soon shall your sons be free;

The sleep of ages break,

And rise in liberty.

On your far hills, long cold and grey,

Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost west,  
Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,  
Break forth to swelling song;  
High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

Shout, while ye journey home;  
Songs be in every mouth;  
Lo, from the north we come,  
from east and west and south.  
City of God, the bond are free,  
We come to live and reign in thee!

## MEMORIES OF OUR FATHER

Fiona and Michael

## HYMN

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
forgive our foolish ways;  
reclothe 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.

READING  
1 CORINTHIANS 13  
read by Sami

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love,  
I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the  
gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge,  
and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have  
love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over  
my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love,  
I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it  
is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it  
is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not  
delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always  
trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease;  
where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is  
knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy  
in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.  
When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child,

I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of  
childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a  
mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I  
shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

## 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 these 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 will 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.

A few words written by Arabella  
read by William and Henry

## HYMN

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet your tribute bring.

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
evermore his praises sing.

Praise him, Praise him.

Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour  
to his people in distress.  
Praise him, still the same as ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise him, Praise him.  
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows.  
In his hand he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him, Praise him.  
Widely yet his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;  
you behold him face to face.  
Sun and moon, bow down before him,  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise him, Praise him.  
Praise with us the God of grace!

A few words written by Natasha  
followed by the poem '*Afterglow*' by Helen Lowrie Marshall  
read by Kamal

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

### READING

Feel no guilt in laughter

### MUSIC

*Voilà*

André Rieu and Johann Strauss Orchestra and Emma Kok  
by Antoine Barrau and Barbara Pravi







The live stream and subsequent recording can be accessed here:  
<https://visual-memorials.co.uk/roger-crompton>



Donations in Roger's memory for Breakthrough T1D  
(Type 1 Diabetes) may be made via the above link