

A Service to Celebrate
the Life of
Susan Yarnall Monks

13th March 1953 5th October 2025



The Parish Church of St James Birdham
15th November 2025



Introit: Romance by Dmitri Shostakovich
Organist Ian Stearn

Welcome and Introduction
The Reverend Jonathan Swindells
Rector of Storrington

Hymn No. 491

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be:
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Words: C. Wesley, 1707-1788 / Tune: Blauenwern

Scripture Reading and Address

Psalm 96

Read by Drew Wilson

¹. Oh, sing to the Lord a new song! For He has done marvellous things;
His right hand and His holy arm have gained Him the victory.

². The Lord has made known His salvation;
His righteousness He has revealed in the sight of the nations.

³. He has remembered His mercy and His faithfulness;
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

⁴. Shout joyfully to the Lord, all the earth;
Break forth in song, rejoice, and sing praises.

⁵. Sing to the Lord with the harp,
With the harp and the sound of a psalm,

⁶. With trumpets and the sound of a horn;
Shout joyfully before the Lord, the King.

⁷. Let the sea roar, and all its fullness,
The world and those who dwell in it;

⁸. Let the rivers clap their hands;
Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.

Poem

...Joining the Dots...

Read by Gill Clear

Eulogy

Given by Caroline Whitehead, Susan's sister

Hymn No. 152

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 deeper reverence, praise

 O Sabbath rest by Galilee
 O calm of hills above
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love, 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, the beauty of thy peace

 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down, as fell thy manna down

 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, O still small voice of calm.

Words: J. G. Whittier 1807 – 1892 / Music: C. Hubert Parry 1848

Eulogy

Tony Monks
read by Eric Eyre

University of Chichester Alumni

Ex-students of Susan Yarnall Monks, with

Susan Legg (piano)

Jon Grave (tenor)

Marcia Bellamy (mezzo and conductor)

'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' by Susan Legg
(dedicated to Susan Monks)

'Cerf-volant' by Bruno Coulais

Members of The Renaissance Choir

'Ave Maria' (duet) by Cesar Franck

Isabella van Elferen and Simon Willis
accompanied by Ian Stearn.

'If ye love me' by Thomas Tallis
conducted by Peter Gambie.

The Prayers

'Silence is God's first language; everything else is a poor translation.'
Thomas Keating

Be still and know that I am God.

Be still and know.

Be still.

Be.

*We close our prayers together
by saying The Lord's Prayer.*

The Blessing

Birdham Village Choir and Renaissance Choir

‘The Lord bless you & keep you’ by John Rutter

Directed by Sue Graham Smith, and accompanied by Ian Stearn

Words of Farewell

Please stand

Hymn No. 36

And can it be that I should gain
An in'trest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued
(Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?)

'Tis mystery all! th'Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
(‘Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.)

He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race
(‘Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For O my God, it found out me)

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
(My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth and followed thee)

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
(Bold I approach thèternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own)

Words: C. Wesley, 1707-1788 / Tune: Sagina

Recessional

My Fair Lady
Lerner and Loewe

Retiring Collection for St Wilfrid's Hospice.
Donations to Cancel Research
<https://fundraise.cancerresearchuk.org/page/susan-monks>



This service has been recorded for viewing on line at
www.visual-memorials.co.uk/susan-monks

