

A Service of Thanksgiving
For the Life of
Valerie Culverwell Darroch
25th February 1928 ~ 25th January 2025



Christ Church United Reformed Church, Sevenoaks
Friday 14th March 2025
at 3.00pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

Service conducted by
The Reverend Bruce Stuart A.B., M. Div.
Father Martin McManus

Organist: Olwen Bond
Trumpet: Victoria Isfryn
Descants: Peter Gritton

MUSIC ON ENTERING

How lovely are thy dwelling places
from Brahms German Requiem

Pie Jesu
from Requiem by Fauré

In Paradisum
from Requiem by Fauré

CALL TO WORSHIP

In heavenly love abiding,
no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
for nothing changes here:
the storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid;
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
his wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim,
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where darker clouds have been;
my hope I cannot measure,
my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

A. Waring

D. Jenkins

READING

Romans 8 vv 31-39

read by Fiona Darroch

What, then, shall we say in response to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things? Who will bring any charge against those whom God has chosen? It is God who justifies. Who then is the one who condemns? No one. Christ Jesus who died—more than that, who was raised to life—is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? As it is written: “For your sake we face death all day long; we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.” [Psalm 44:22]. No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

PRAYERS

FAMILY ADDRESS

READING

‘When I grow old’

read by Kirsty Battersby

When I grow old, I will join the Trefoil Guild. I will leave my husband with a meal for the microwave, and tell my grandchildren that Grandmama is busy today. I will renew old friendships, and take delight in the ‘do you remembers?’ I will share photographs and laugh at myself in my old uniform. I will remember the Challenges, the Badges, the Cups and the Shields, Swimming Galas, Sports Days, Brownie Revels, and I will talk ‘When we’s’, with friends who were there. I will visit new places, meet new friends, encounter new experiences. I will get to understand computers, and be able to send emails. I will take up martial arts, and parchment craft, and bowling. I will recall the fun I had, and the service I gave. I will polish my Enrolment badge, and remember the promise I made, and reflect that the Guide Law has no sell-by date. Why wait, said a voice, until you are old? We’re waiting to welcome your return to the fold.

Janet Carter

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, My God, how great thou art!

Carl Boberg

READING

‘What is success?’

read by Jessica Mulholland

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 the 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 have lived. This is to have succeeded!”

R. W Emerson

EULOGY

given by The Reverend Bruce Stuart A.B. M. Div

Behold my love

sung by Jean Redpath accompanied by Serge Hovey

Behold, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn!

The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

Robert Burns

TRIBUTE

given by Father Martin McManus

PRAYERS

READING

'Fear no more the heat o' the sun'

read by Lachlan Nieboer

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

William Shakespeare ~ Cymbeline Act IV, Scene 2

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father;
there is no shadow of turning with thee;
thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;
as thou hast been thou forever will be.

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
all I have needed thy hand hath provided;
great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses above
join with all nature in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

T.O. Chisholm

W. M Runyan

BLESSING

TAPS

The family wish to thank you for joining them to today to celebrate Valerie's life and for the many kind messages of condolence and support they have received since she passed away.

Following the service, you are all warmly invited to gather with the family for refreshments in The Church Hall



Donations in memory of Valerie can be made following the link below:
<https://valerie-darroch.muchloved.com/>.



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