

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NACKINGTON



FUNERAL SERVICE AND THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF

**KEBLE ROBERT
HOLLIDAY THOMAS**

1st OCTOBER 1944 - 11th MARCH 2024

SATURDAY 6th APRIL 2024 AT 12 NOON

If I should never see the moon again
Rising red gold across the harvest field
Or feel the stinging soft rain
As the brown earth her treasures yield.
If I should never taste the salt sea spray
As the ship beats her course across the breeze.
Or smell the dog-rose and new-mown hay,
or moss or primroses beneath the tree.
If I should never hear the thrushes wake
Long before the sunrise in the glimmering dawn.
Or watch the huge Atlantic rollers break
Against the rugged cliffs in baffling scorn.
If I have to say good bye to stream and wood,
To wide ocean and the green clad hill,
I know that he, who made this world so good
Has somewhere made a heaven better still.
This bears witness with my latest breath
Knowing the love of God,
I fear no death.

Major Malcolm Boyd, killed in action in France, June 1944

PRELUDE

Elgar, *Nimrod* from *Enigma Variations*

Handel, *Thine Be The Glory*

Holst, *I Vow to Thee My Country*

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

Rev. Estella Last

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe 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.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1872)

REMEMBERING ROBERT

HYMN

The day you gave us, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at your request;
to you our morning hymns ascended,
your praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank you that your Church, unsleeping
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping
and never rests by day or night.

As over continent and island
each dawn leads to another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor do the praises die away.

So be it, Lord! Your throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
your kingdom stands and grows forever
until there dawns your glorious day.

Rev John Ellerton (1826-1893)

SCRIPTURE READING

St Matthew Ch 6, verses 25 – 34

Read by Sam Coomber

“Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? Can any one of you by worrying add a single hour to your life?

“And why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you—you of little faith? So do not worry, saying, ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘What shall we drink?’ or ‘What shall we wear?’ For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

WORDS OF COMFORT

Rev. Estella Last

HYMN

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given;
The Son and Him who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)

PRAYERS

Rev. Estella Last

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.
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

POEM

Read by Florence Thomas

We who were born
In country places,
Far from cities
And shifting faces,
We have a birthright
No man can sell,
And a secret joy
No man can tell.

For we are kindred
To lordly things,
The wild duck's flight
And the white owl's wings;
To pike and salmon,
To bull and horse,
The curlew's cry
And the smell of gorse.

Pride of trees,
Swiftness of streams,
Magic of frost
Have shaped our dreams:
No baser vision
Their spirit fills
Who walk by right
On the naked hills.

Eiluned Lewis

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

HYMN

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be 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 of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

William Williams (1717-1791)

BLESSING

Robert's family ask that you join them at Parsonage
Barn for refreshments after this service

If you would like to give a donation in Robert's memory to
St Mary's Church, Nackington, please make use of the retiring plate after
the service or at the Barn or to C. W. Lyons & Son, Funeral Directors.



Skylark

I walked and worked the fields around this little church every day for many years. Whatever the weather or crop problems I would feel uplifted by the wonderful sound of the skylark as it soared up from the ground ahead of me.



Curlew

Not heard very often today, but the calling and bubbling of the Curlew, like other endangered species ensure it must never be lost.



Blackbird

Just watching and listening to a blackbird in full song brings a smile to my face and pleasure in my heart.