



In Loving Memory
of
Joan Marjorie Fogg

18th February 1925 - 21st January 2017

Friday 17th February 2017

Beckenham Crematorium at 10.30 am

followed by St Augustine's Church, Bromley at 12.00 noon



ENTRANCE MUSIC

Pie Jesu from *Fauré Requiem* by Philippe Jaroussky

INTRODUCTION

Canon Katrina Barnes

OPENING PRAYER

HYMN

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
‘Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
‘Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say;
‘I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I’ll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Tune: Kingsfold



READING

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-8

PRAYERS

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.

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Handel's 'Waft Her, Angels', Through The Skies by King's Consort

THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Circle Of Life by the King's Singers

From the day we arrive on the planet
And blinking, step into the sun .
There's more to be seen than can ever be seen;
More to do than can ever be done.
Some say eat or be eaten;
Some say live and let live .
But all are agreed as they join the stampede,
You should never take more than you give.
In the circle of life!
It's the wheel of fortune,
It's the leap of faith,
It's the band of hope;
Till we find our place
: On the path unwinding.
In the circle, the circle of life!
Some of us fall by the wayside,
And some of us soar to the stars
And some of us sail through our troubles,
And some have to live with the scars .
There's far too much to take in here;
More to find than can ever be found.
But the sun rolling high through the sapphire sky
Keeps great and small on the endless round
It's the circle of life!
And it moves us all
Through despair and hope,
Through faith and love,
Till we find our place
on the path unwinding
In the circle . The circle of life!



THE GATHERING

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ, who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father.

Grace and mercy be with you.

And also with you.

HYMN

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Set your minds on things eternal,
For with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descended,
Come our homage to command.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
Once upon the earth he stood;
Lord of lords we now perceive him
In the body and the blood.
He has given to all the faithful
His own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank, the host of heaven
Stream before him on the way,
As the Light of Light, descending
From the realms of endless day,
Comes, the powers of hell to vanquish,
Clears the gloom of hell away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye
Veil their faces to his presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry:
“Alleluia, alleluia!
Alleluia, Lord Most High!”

OPENING PRAYERS

TRIBUTE

from Martin, Emma and Katie Fogg

TRIBUTE TO JOAN

written and read by Sally Morris

On the table, a mountain of materials - different textures -
multiple colours - some patterned - some plain:
add to this some sewing silks and sequins, buttons and beads,
also gold and silver threads, all dumped haphazardly -
surely in dire need of sorting!

Enter an artist's eye - an embroiderer's skill,
one who sees endless potential and wondrous possibilities
for this untidy assortment:
and what then have we?

Winsome wonders, simply waiting to find expression!
Dear Joan's perceptive eye could make exquisite order
out of seeming chaos, as her mind instantly
flooded with inspiration and delight!
Deft and skilful fingers forge unsurpassable, beautiful creations
for all of us to appreciate and treasure -
treasure that has bequeathed to us a heritage
for future generations to wonder at,
all evoking memories of a much loved, very special woman.

She leaves beautifully embroidered symbols offered for worship in our Church -
pictures and collages for family and friends to keep and wonder at - characterful dolls and toys
for children of all ages to admire and play with -
each serving as motivation for admirers to attempt
to follow in her footsteps.

This is how we remember you, dear Joan,
a patient and inspirational teacher of your craft. You were in every way unique - one of a kind -
bringing intimations of heaven down to us on earth.
Now, at last, you're free, dear friend, to relish endless days
of joyous creativity expressing perfect praise;
re-united with dear Stephen, and welcomed by our Lord,
as you blend boundless beauty with harmonious harpsichord!

with love from Sally Morris

HYMN

O Thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart
Kindle a flame of sacred love
Upon the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

FAMILY TRIBUTE

from Simon Fogg

READING

Proverbs, Chapter 31: verses 10 – end
read by Mrs Betty Dawson

ADDRESS

Canon Katrina Barnes

AFFIRMATION OF FAITH

Let us declare our faith
In the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

**Christ died for our sins
In accordance with the scriptures;
He was buried;
He was raised to life on the third day
In accordance with the scriptures;
Afterwards he appeared to his followers
And to all the apostles:
This we have received,
And this we believe.
Amen.**

HYMN

Jesus Lover of my Soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone, still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found, grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art: freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

PRAYERS

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.

THE PEACE

Jesus said: Peace I leave with you. My peace I give to you.
Not as the world gives, give I unto you.
Do not let your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.
The peace of the risen Christ be always with you
And also with you.

CONCLUSION

HYMN

Come sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas,
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise today,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

‘Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
‘Tis meet that children’s voices
Should praise the children’s King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

O boys be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden’s Son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th’ eternal song.



THE BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 - Bach

Thought For The Day:

*"O Lord, grant that we may not be like
porridge*

Stiff, stodgy and hard to stir

*But like cornflakes crisp fresh and ready
to serve."*

from A BOOK OF GRACES (Hodder)





Joan's family would like to thank you all for your presence here today
and for your kind thoughts and messages.

They warmly invite you to join them for light refreshments in the
Garden Room after the service.

Donations in Joan's memory for the

British Heart Foundation

and

Kidney Research UK

may be made at the service.

The Co-operative Funeralcare

37 Norwich Road, Wisbech PE13 2AD

Telephone: 01945 475495

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'