

St Mary Magdalene Parish Church
Elmstone Hardwick



A Service of Thanksgiving
For the Life of

Colin David Partridge

~ *Tom* ~

8th March 1937 ~ 14th August 2016

Wednesday 7th September 2016
At 12:00noon





Order of Ceremony

Welcome & Introduction

Opening Prayer

Hymn How Great Thou Art

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;

Then sings my soul, ...

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;

Then sings my soul, ...



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!

*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!*

Tribute

Poem

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you: Whatever we were to each other that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name; speak to me in the easy way you always used. Put no difference in your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we always enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was, let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of a shadow in it.

Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolute unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well.

*Henry Scott-Holland, 1847 – 1918
Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral*

Reading Psalm 23



Hymn

All things Bright and Beautiful

*ALL things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings:

ALL things bright and beautiful, ...

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky:

ALL things bright and beautiful, ...

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one:

ALL things bright and beautiful, ...

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God almighty,
who has made all things well:

ALL things bright and beautiful, ...



Prayers, concluding with 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.

What is dying?

The ship sails and I stand watching till she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says "She is gone".

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all; she is just as large as when I last saw her. The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment, when someone at my side says "She is gone", there are others who are watching her coming and other voices take up a glad shout – "There she comes!"

And that is dying.

Hymn The Old Rugged Cross

ON a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I loved that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.*



Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me:
For the dear Lamb of God left his Glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, ...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see.
For 'twas on that old cross, Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, ...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear.
Then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
There his glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, ...

AT THE GRAVESIDE

Blessing of the Grave

Committal

Blessing





Thank you for coming to say goodbye to Tom today and for your many kind messages of condolence, which are most welcome.

You are warmly invited to continue celebrating Tom's life over refreshments at:

Uckington & Elmstone Hardwick Village Hall. Cheltenham, GL51 9SR



If you would like to remember Tom with a donation, your gift will go to
'The British Heart Foundation'

A donations box is available as you leave the Chapel.

Alternatively, please send your donation to:

Ian George (Funerals) Ltd
251 Gloucester Road
Cheltenham
GL51 8NW

Telephone: 01242 – 530683
www.iangeorgefunerals.co.uk

