

A Celebration of the Life of



Muriel June Barlow
6th June 1931 – 15th September 2023

Service conducted by Rev Caspar Bush
26th October 2023 at
St Martin's Church, Bremhill

Introduction and Prayer

Hymn

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended
The darkness falls at Thy behest
To thee our morning hymns ascended
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping
While Earth rolls onward into light
Through all the world, her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high

So be it, Lord, thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever
'Til all thy creatures own thy sway

Gone From My Sight by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze, and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to meet and mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There! She's gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me and not in her.

And just at that moment when someone at my side says: "There! She's gone!" there are other eyes that are watching for her coming; and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "There she comes!"

Bible Reading – Luke 12 vv22-31

²² Then Jesus said to his disciples: "Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat; or about your body, what you will wear. ²³ For life is more than food, and the body more than clothes.

²⁴ Consider the ravens: They do not sow or reap, they have no storeroom or barn; yet God feeds them. And how much more valuable you are than birds! ²⁵ Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to your life? ²⁶ Since you cannot do this very little thing, why do you worry about the rest?

²⁷ "Consider how the wild flowers grow. They do not labour or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendour was dressed like one of these. ²⁸ If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today, and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, how much more will he clothe you—you of little faith! ²⁹ And do not set your heart on what you will eat or drink; do not worry about it. ³⁰ For the pagan world runs after all such things, and your Father knows that you need them. ³¹ But seek his kingdom, and these things will be given to you as well.

Address from Rev Caspar Bush

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 be the kingdom, the power and the glory,

For ever and ever

Amen



At the seaside with Ted, Jane and Philip

Hymn

1 All creatures of our God and King,
lift up your voice and with us sing,
"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Thou burning sun with golden beam,
thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, O praise Him!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
ye lights of evening, find a voice,
O praise Him, O praise Him!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

3 Dear Mother Earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise him, Alleluia

You flowers and fruits that in thee grow
Let them his glory also show.
O praise Him, O praise Him!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

4 Let all things their Creator bless,
and worship Him in humbleness;
O praise Him! Alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
and praise the Spirit, Three in One;
O praise Him, O praise Him!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Commendation

Blessing

Exit Music – Stranger on the Shore (Acker Bilk)
Burial will take place in the churchyard



Muriel Fell

Muriel's family thank you for being here today. You are all invited to the Village Hall for refreshments and a chance to chat over happy memories.



Outside 16 Bremhill, 6th June 2023

Poem by Joyce Grenfell

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must Parting is Hell
But life goes on So sing as well.

Donations in Muriel's memory will go to the Fabric Fund of
St Martin's Church, Bremhill