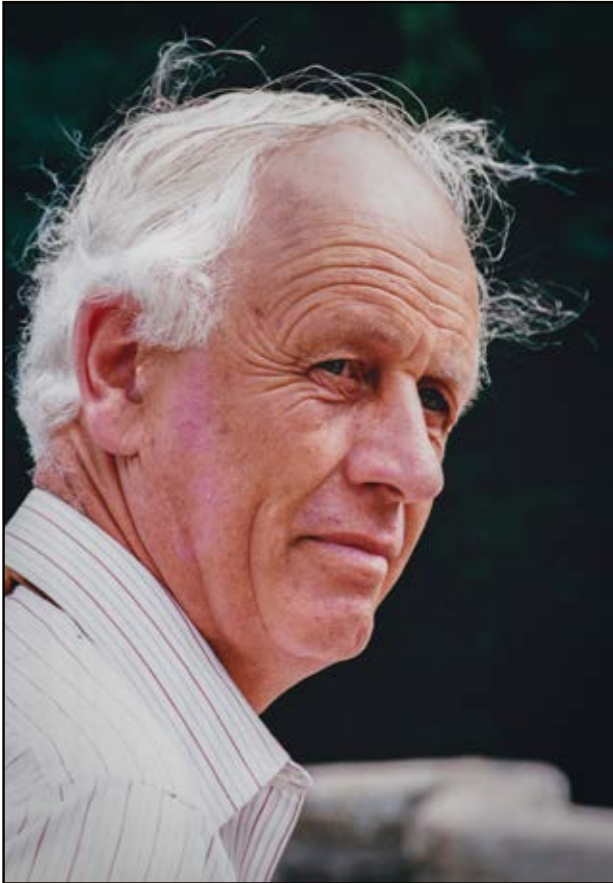


A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

Canon Bill Andrew

15th November 1932 - 2nd August 2020





Bournemouth Crematorium

Thursday 20th August 2020

Service conducted by
The Reverend Canon Michael Anderson
and
The Reverend Peter Head

Order of Service

WELCOME

POEM

He Is Gone

by David Harkins

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he's gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what he'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

HYMN

Lord, the light of your love is shining,
In the midst of the darkness, shining;
Jesus, light of the world, shine upon us,
Set us free by the truth you now bring us,
Shine on me, shine on me:

*Shine, Jesus, shine,
Fill this land with the Father's glory;
Blaze, Spirit, blaze,
Set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow,
Flood the nations with grace and mercy;
Send forth your word,
Lord, and let there be light.*

Lord, I come to your awesome presence,
From the shadows into your radiance;
By the blood I may enter your brightness,
Search me, try me, consume all my darkness:
Shine on me, shine on me:

Refrain

As we gaze on your kingly brightness,
So our faces display your likeness,
Ever changing from glory to glory,
Mirrored here, may our lives tell your story:
Shine on me, shine on me:

Refrain

About Bill

MEMORIES OF BILL

About Bill's God

READING

Psalm 116

HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

READING

1 Peter, Chapter 1: verses 3-9

REFLECTION

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hands have 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:

Refrain

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.

Refrain

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!

Refrain

PRAYERS

HYMN

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

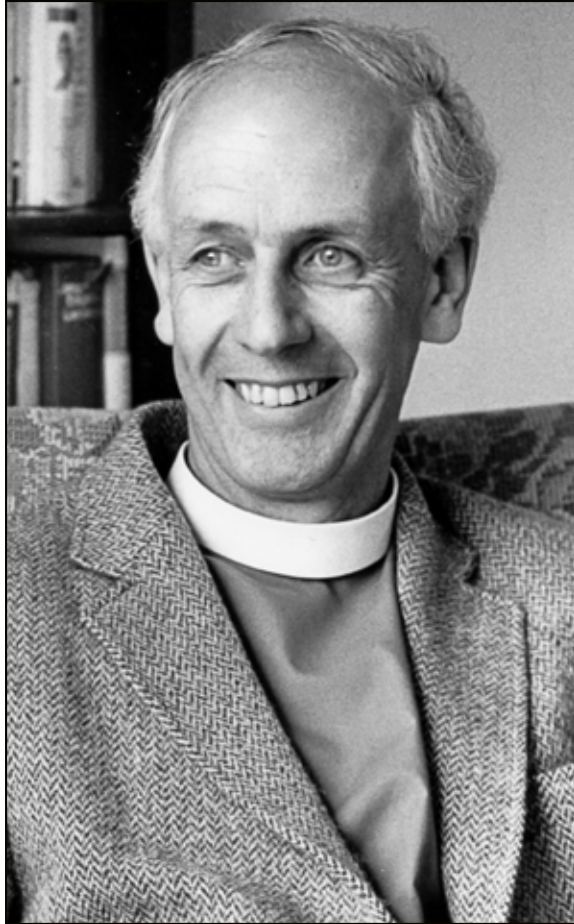
Refrain

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Refrain

THE COMMITTAL

BLESSING



Donations in memory of Bill are for the
Bible Society

Personal messages, memories and
donations may be made online at
www.oharafunerals.co.uk

Nicholas O'Hara Funeral Directors
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