

The Parish Church of Shedfield

St. John the Baptist



A Service of Thanksgiving

for the life of

**The Reverend
Geoffrey Bernard Morrell**

28th October 1945 – 7th September 2007

Saturday, 15th September 2007

10.00 a.m.

THE WELCOME

The Reverend Shirley Henderson

SENTENCES AND INTRODUCTION

The Reverend John Willard

HYMN

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing.
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

PSALM 139

(said by all)

1. O Lord thou hast searched me out and known me : thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts long before.
2. Thou art about my path, and about my bed: and spiest out all my ways.

3. For lo, there is not a word in my tongue: but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
4. Thou hast fashioned me behind and before: and laid thine hand upon me.
5. Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me: I cannot attain unto it.
6. Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit: or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
7. If I climb up into heaven, thou art there : if I go down to hell, thou art there also.
8. If I take the wings of the morning: and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
9. Even there also shall thy hand lead me: and thy right hand shall hold me.
10. If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me: then shall my night be turned to day.
11. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day: the darkness and light to thee are both alike.
12. For my reins are thine: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
13. I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.
17. How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God: O how great is the sum of them!
18. If I tell them, they are more in number than the sand: when I wake up I am present with thee.
23. Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts.
24. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me: and lead me in the way everlasting.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

World without end.

Amen

READING

Extracts from "Well" by Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy

Our Padre were a solemn bloke,
We called 'im dismal Jim.
It fairly gave ye t'bloomin creeps,
To sit and 'ark at 'im,
When 'e were on wi' Judgement Day,
Abaht that great white throne,
And 'ow each chap would 'ave to stand,
And answer on 'is own.
And if 'e tried to charnce 'is arm,
And 'ide a single sin,
There'd be the angel Gabriel,
Wi' books to do 'im in.

Well I kep' mindin' Billy Briggs,
A pal o' mine what died.
'E went to 'elp our sergeant Smith,
But as 'e reached 'is side,
There came and bust atween 'is legs,
A big Boche 5.9 pill.
And I picked up 'is corpril's stripes,
That's all there were o' Bill.

Well, 'ow would poor old Bill go on,
When 'e stood all alone,
And 'ad to 'ear that tale read out,
Afore the great white throne?
If what our Padre says is right,
'E'd 'ave a rotten spell,
And finish up uv it, I s'pose,
'E'd 'ave to go to 'ell.
And yet 'e were a decent lad,
And met a decent end;
You'll never finish decenter,
Than tryin' to 'elp a friend.
But some'ow I can't think it's right,

It ain't what God would do.

But t'other night I dreamed a dream,
And, just 'twixt me and you,
I never dreamed like that afore:
I 'arf thinks it were true.
I dreamed as I were dead, ye see,
At least as I 'ad died,
For I were very much alive,
Out there on t'other side.
I could't see no judgement court,
Nor yet that great white throne,
I couldn't see no record books,
I seemed to stand alone.

And there before me some one stood,
Just lookin' dahn at me,
And still be'ind 'Im moaned and moaned
That everlastin' sea.

It seemed to me as though 'Is face
Were millions rolled in one;
It never changed yet always changed,
Like the sea beneath the sun.
'Twere all men's face yet no man's face,
And a face no man can see,
And it seemed to say in silent speech,
"Ye did 'em all to Me.
The dirty things ye did to 'em,
The filth ye thought was fine,
Ye did 'em all to Me," it said,
"For all their souls were Mine."

And then at last 'E said one word,
'E just said one word - "Well?"
And I said in a funny voice,
"Please can I go to 'Ell?"
And 'E stood there and looked at me,

And 'E kind o' seemed to grow,
Till 'E shone like the sun above my 'ead,
And then 'E answered "No,
You can't , that 'Ell is for the blind,
And not for those that see.
You know that you 'ave earned it, lad,
So you must follow Me.
Follow Me on by the paths o' pain,
Seeking what you 'ave seen,
Until at last you can build the 'Is'
Wi' the brick o' the 'Might' 'ave been.'"

There ain't no throne, and there ain't no books,
It's 'Im you've got to see,
It's 'Im, just 'Im, that is the Judge
Of blokes like you and me.
And, boys, I'd sooner frizzle up,
I' the flames of a burnin' 'Ell,
Than stand and look into 'Is face,
And 'ear 'Is voice say - "Well?"

HYMN

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them in His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

READING

From Gospel of St. John Chapter 15: vv 12-16
Stephen Campion

ADDRESS

The Reverend Canon Norman Woods

ANTHEM

'For the beauty of the earth' Setting by John Rutter
The Choir

PRAYERS

Led by the Reverend Andrew Sangster

PRAYER FOR GEOFF

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us all with the gift of this earthly life and has given to our brother Geoff his span of years and gifts of character. We thank you for Geoff's life, for his love as a husband, father, grandfather, son, brother and friend. We thank you for his Christian witness as a man and as a Priest;

as a man, who through his long suffering, kept his dignity and ours, as a man who in deserving compassion, gave it to all who knew him, as a man who was loved and was always loving; as a Priest who served and loved and witnessed the Gospel by his life and character.

God our Father, we thank you now for all Geoff's life, for his strength of mind and determination of spirit, for every memory of love, joy, and fun, for every good deed done by him, and every sorrow shared with

us. We thank you for his life and for his death, we thank you for the rest in Christ he now enjoys; we thank you giving him to us, we thank you for the glory we shall share together. Hear our prayers through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

PRAYER FOR MAX AND ALL GEOFF'S FAMILY

Gracious God, surround Max, Rebecca, Alex, Ed. Doreen and all Geoff's family, together with all who mourn this day, with your continuing compassion. Do not let grief overwhelm your children, or turn them against you. When grief seems never-ending, take them one step at a time along your road of death and resurrection in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

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 that 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.**

HYMN

We have a gospel to proclaim,
Good news for men in all the earth,
The gospel of a Saviour's name:
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth at Bethlehem,
Not in a royal house or hall,
But in a stable dark and dim,
The Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,
Hated by those he came to save,
In lonely suffering on the cross:
For all he loved, his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn,
Empty the tomb, for he was free:
He broke the power of death and hell
That we might share his victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,
By all creation glorified:
He sends his Spirit on his Church,
To live for him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name him King,
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel message we proclaim;
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

COMMENDATION AND BLESSING

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

'You'll never walk alone'

Rodgers and Hammerstein

(Sung by all)

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of a storm is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.

*The Family very much hope that everyone will join them,
on their return from the Committal at Chichester,
for a buffet lunch in the Study Centre at 12.45pm.*



*Donations for the
'Shedfield, Shirrell Heath & Waltham Chase Charitable Trust'
may be left in the Collection Plate at the Church door
or forwarded to
Nigel Chamberlain & Partners,
The Gate House, Victoria Road, Bishop's Waltham,
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