

PRAYERS

All: Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy, Christ have mercy, Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Priest: Enter not into judgement with thy servants, O Lord.

Answer: For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Priest: Grant unto her eternal rest.

Answer: And let light perpetual shine upon her.

Priest: We believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord.

Answer: In the land of the living.

Priest: O Lord hear our prayer.

Answer: And let our cry come unto thee.

We beseech thee O Lord that forasmuch as the soul of thine handmaid VICTORIA hath received this pledge of thy never-failing mercy; she may be made partaker of thine everlasting brightness. Amen.

THE COMMENDATION

HYMN

(Slane)

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

FOLLOWED BY FAMILY BURIAL AT BRAMHAM PARK

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH BRAMHAM



Order of Service

at the

Funeral

of

VICTORIA LANE FOX

1939-1997

Friday, 5th December, 1997

at 11.30 am

Order of Service

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

HYMN

(Cwm Rhondda)

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.
Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe to Canaan's side:
Songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

COLLECT FOR PURITY

All: Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

COLLECT FOR ADVENT SUNDAY

READING

"When Earth's last picture is painted" (Rudyard Kipling, 1892)
read by Tony Duff

HYMN

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unshaking, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.
To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish, but naught changeth thee.
Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

GOSPEL

St. John 14, vv 1-6
read by Peter Stanley

PSALM 23

(Crimond)

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

MEMORIAL FOR THE DEPARTED

Of your charity pray for the soul of Victoria Lane Fox, upon whose soul and the souls of all the faithful departed may the Lord have mercy.