

A Service of Thanksgiving and
Celebration for the life of
John Sadler

21st June 1940 19th May 2015



Thursday 10th September 2015
at 11.30am

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street
London EC4

RECTOR

Revd Canon Dr Alison Joyce

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Robert Jones

ORGANIST

Matthew Morley

CHOIR

The Choir of St Bride's

Introit

Sanctus Fauré

Welcome & Opening Prayer

The Rector

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.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden -
He made them every one;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

First Reading

Revelation 21:1-7

Read by Adam Sadler

Choir

Faire Is The Heaven – Harris

First Address

Colin Hart

Choir

The Flower Duet – Delibes

Second Reading

In John's Words

Read by Stan Piecha

Hymn

Lord Of All Hopefulness

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 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.

Third Reading

For Dad

Written and read by Emmie Archer

Second Address
Roger Greenacre

Choir

Be-Bop-A-Lula – Vincent arr. Jones

Prayers
The Rector

Hymn
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Blessing
The Rector

*There will be a retiring collection to be
shared between St Bride's Church,
The Boxing Academy; and Sports Aid*

*You are warmly invited to a reception afterwards
at The Punch Tavern, 99 Fleet Street, London, EC4Y 1DE*





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