

Service of Thanksgiving  
for the life of  
**Robert Sandall**  
9<sup>th</sup> June 1952 20<sup>th</sup> July 2010



Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> November 2010  
at 11.30am

St Bride's Church  
Fleet Street EC4

## Poem

by Grace

*'The Garden'*

Life is a garden  
And you are born in the garden.

When you are old enough,  
You leave the garden.

If you get ill, it means you get captured,  
And put in a cage.

And when you die, you are finally released.

## Choir

*In Paradisum* from Requiem Duruflé

## Bidding Prayer

The Rector

## Hymn

*Praise To The Lord, The Almighty*

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;  
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:  
Come ye who hear, brothers and sisters draw near,  
Praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:  
Hast thou not seen all that is needful hath been  
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;  
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;  
Ponder anew all the Almighty can do,  
He who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!  
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!  
Let the Amen sound from his people again:  
Gladly for ay we adore him.

## **First Reading**

*Revelation 21. 1-7*

Read by Mary Bluff, Robert's Sister

## **Choir**

Nisi Dominus Vivaldi

## **First Address**

Dylan Jones on journalism

Michael Berkeley on music

## **Choir**

*Libiamo* from *La Traviata* Verdi

## **Second Reading**

Simon Kelner on wine

## **Hymn**

*Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind,*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm!

## **Cello**

*In Memoriam* Berkeley

## **Second Address**

Patrick Woodroffe

## **Choir**

*O Happy Day* Trad. arr Kirby Shaw

## **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

## Choir

*Wild Horses* Jagger/Richards arr. Jones

There will be a retiring collection for St Bride's Church.

We would be delighted if you could join us for a drink after the service at the St Bride Institute, next door to the church.

*With great thanks to John Witherow, editor of the Sunday Times, for his assistance with the service, and to Dylan Jones and Simon Kelner for the reception at the St Bride Institute after the service.*



ST BRIDE'S CHURCH  
FLEET STREET,  
LONDON EC4Y 8AU

Rector

*The Venerable David Meara*

Director of Music

*Robert Jones*

Organist

*Matthew Morley*