

St Bride's Church, Fleet Street
in the City of London



Service of thanksgiving
for the life of

Richard Alwyne Fyjis-Walker

19 June 1927 – 17 September 2013

Friday 14 March 2014

11.30 am



Service led by
The Venerable David Meara,
Rector of St Bride's and Archdeacon of London

Director of Music
Robert Jones

Organist
Matthew Morley

There will be a retiring collection to be shared between
St Bride's Fleet Street
and the Baobab Centre for Young Survivors in Exile

After the service,
Gaby, Matthew and Alexander Fyjis-Walker
invite everyone to the
Premier Inn
1-2 Dorset Rise, EC4V 8EN

ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN MUSIC **BEFORE THE SERVICE**

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr – Bach

THE CHOIR

Psalm 121
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help
Walford Davies

BIDDING PRAYER

The Rector

HYMN

The day thou gavest

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended;
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

FIRST READING

Matthew 7. 12
read by Jemima Robinson

*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you,
do ye even so to them.*

The Golden Rule is expressed in all written religions.
We must learn to respect each other's belief
or unbelief or denial of belief.

SECOND READING

Ithaka
by Constantin Cavafy
read by Alexander Fyjis-Walker

When you set out for Ithaka
ask that your way be long,
full of adventure, full of instruction.
The Laistrygonians and the Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—do not fear them:
such as these you will never find
as long as your thought is lofty, as long as a rare
emotion touches your spirit and your body.

The Laistrygonians and the Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—you will not meet them
unless you carry them in your soul,
unless your soul raise them up before you.

Ask that your way be long
as many a summer dawn to enter
with what gratitude, what joy,
ports seen for the first time;
to stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy good merchandise,
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,

And sensuous perfumes of every kind—
sensuous perfumes as lavishly as you can;
to visit many Egyptian cities
to gather stores of knowledge from the learned.

Have Ithaka always in your mind.
Your arrival there is what you are destined for.
But don't in the least hurry the journey.
Better it last for years,
so that when you reach the island you are old,
rich with all you have gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to give you wealth.

Ithaka gave you the splendid journey.
Without her you would not have set out.
She hasn't anything else to give you.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka hasn't deceived you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,
you will have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

GYMNOPIÉDIE

by Erik Satie
played by Harry Fyjis-Walker

FIRST ADDRESS

William Fullerton

CHOIR

Ich liebe Dich - Beethoven

THIRD READING

Father and Son

Anon

read by Matthew Fyjis-Walker

As I Fly

or

Ride the Desert

if

I see Outside

A Bird

Stubby winged

Red Backed – Brown Breasted

Bright Eyed – yellow Ringed

Long Beak – Black Legged

it is your Soul

I want to finger touch you

Hug you All

I cannot

But perhaps

Your soul will see my soul

Measureless

Ceaseless

Bird

Flying beside me

Till I return

Dad

For me you did not die,

Just like our two birds we'll fly

You and me

Far away over the sea,

And it is not that long,

Till we shall share our song.

HYMN

Come down O Love divine

Come down, O Love divine,
Seek thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

FOURTH READING

Miss me but live your Life to the Full

Anon, annotated by Dick

read by Olivia Humphreys

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room;
Why cry for a soul set free?
A body asleep. A mind at peace.
I live; alive in your memory.
Miss me a little – but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared.
Miss my life but live your own.
For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
Would that I were with you, could wait till you start.
If you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me – but live to the full.

SECOND ADDRESS

John de St Jorre

THE CHOIR

Gloria - St Nicholas Mass – Haydn

PRAYERS

The Rector

HYMN

Tell out my soul

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord:
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
Tender to me the promise of his word;
In God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name:
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His holy name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might:
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word:
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
To children's children and for evermore.

MOUSTACHE

Tilly Fyjis-Walker

BLESSING

The Rector

THE CHOIR

Blowing in the Wind – Bob Dylan

ORGAN VOLUNTARY



Though lovers be lost, love shall not
And death shall have no dominion