

Service of Thanksgiving  
for the life of  
**David Walter**  
1948 - 2012



Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> June 2012  
at 2pm

St Bride's Church  
Fleet Street EC4



St Bride's Church

Fleet St

LONDON

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[www.stbrides.com](http://www.stbrides.com)

Service led by

*The Venerable David Meara*

*Rector of St Bride's & Archdeacon of London*

Director of Music

*Robert Jones*

Organist

*Matthew Morley*

## **Organ Voluntary**

*Carillon de Westminster Op 54 No 3* Louis Vierne

## **Choir**

*Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* Johann Sebastian Bach

## **Bidding Prayer**

The Rector

## **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.

## **First Address**

Pete Walter

## **Choir**

*I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General* Gilbert & Sullivan

## **First Reading**

Read by Patrick Worsnip

*The Playmaker* – Marcus Aurelius’ Meditations (Book 12, Section 36)

You have been a citizen of this great world community; what difference does it make if it is for five years or fifty? Whatever is consistent with its laws is fair for everyone.

Why is it a raw deal if it is not a dictator or a warped judge who sends you away from this state, but the same Nature who brought you into it?

It is the same as if a producer who employed an actor suddenly banned him from the stage “But I haven’t finished all five acts yet, only three of them”.

Exactly, but in this particular life these three acts are the whole drama; for the complete play is determined by the one who was the cause of its composition, and now of its dissolution; and that is not you.

Leave the stage satisfied, for he who releases you is also satisfied.

*Phaedo* – Plato Section 81a

The soul takes flight to a world that is invisible. But there arriving is sure of perfect peace and forever dwells in paradise.

## **Choir**

*And I Saw A New Heaven* Bainton

**Second Address**  
Sir Trevor MacDonald

**Hymn**

*Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven*

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before him;  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

## **Second Reading**

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Read by Kathryn Drysdale, Mark Hadfield & Natalie Walter

## **Choir**

*The Turtle Dove* Ralph Vaughan Williams

## **Third Address**

Baroness Susan Kramer

## **Prayers**

Led by Fr. Grant Holmes

French prayer read by Sam Alexander

## **Hymn**

*Thine Be The Glory*

Thine be the glory, risen conquering son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.  
*Thine be the glory; risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
Lovingly he greets us; scatters fear and gloom;  
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting,  
*Thine be the glory; risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;  
Life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conqu'rors through thy deathless love;  
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.  
*Thine be the glory; risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

## Poem

*Eden Rock* Charles Causely

Read by Brian Eastman

They are waiting for me somewhere beyond Eden Rock:

My father, twenty-five, in the same suit  
Of Genuine Irish Tweed, his terrier Jack  
Still two years old and trembling at his feet.

My mother, twenty-three, in a sprigged dress  
Drawn at the waist, ribbon in her straw hat,  
Has spread the stiff white cloth over the grass.  
Her hair, the colour of wheat, takes on the light.

She pours tea from a Thermos, the milk straight  
From an old H.P. sauce-bottle, a screw  
Of paper for a cork; slowly sets out  
The same three plates, the tin cups painted blue.

The sky whitens as if lit by three suns.  
My mother shades her eyes and looks my way  
Over the drifted stream. My father spins  
A stone along the water. Leisurely,  
They beckon to me from the other bank.  
I hear them call, 'See where the stream-path is!  
Crossing is not as hard as you might think.'

I had not thought that it would be like this.

## Blessing

The Rector

## Choir

*Ode To Joy* (from *9th Symphony*) Ludwig van Beethoven

## Organ Voluntary

Trumpet Tune Henry Purcell



*BBC Radio London, 1973*

There will be a retiring collection  
shared between St Bride's Church  
David Walter Tribute Fund  
for Leukaemia and Lymphoma Research