

Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of
Barbara Jan Kester

21st March 1932 - 29th October 2013



Friday 21st March 2014

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street
London EC4

SERVICE CONDUCTED BY

The Venerable David Meara

Rector of St. Bride's & Archdeacon of London

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Robert Jones

ORGANIST

Matthew Morley

PLEASE SWITCH OFF YOUR MOBILE PHONE

MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

CHOIR

Veni Creator Spiritus – Gregorian chant

BIDDING PRAYER

The Venerable David Meara

HYMN

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play.
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day.

FIRST READING
Mark 10:13-16
read by Francesco

CHOIR
Salve Regina – William Cornysh

ADDRESS
Blair & Miray

CHOIR
Gloria – Vivaldi

SECOND READING
Sea Fever – John Masefield
read by Eddie

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call, that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.



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

Daffodils - William Wordsworth
read by Lara

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed-and gazed-but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ADDRESS

Nadia & Amy

CHOIR

Bridge Over Troubled Water – Simon Arr. Jones

PRAYERS

The Venerable David Meara

HYMN

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain 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,
Til we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

BLESSING

CHOIR

Rule The World – Barlow Arr. Jones



OUR EVER-LOVING MUM AND NAN

Barbara Jan Kester

*I thought about my smile and pass it on to you,
So you may take it with you and pass it on anew;
A single smile is precious and full of love and worth,
So pass my smile along to travel right around the Earth.*

There will be a retiring collection to be shared between St. Bride's Church
and the Angelman Syndrome Foundation.

Tea and Coffee will be served following the service.