

**PARISHES OF DUNSFOLD AND
HASCOMBE**

St Peter's Church

ALL SOULS TIDE

**Service to remember those we
have Loved**



Sunday 6th November 2022

At 4pm

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

OPENING PRAYER

**God of all creation,
Who cannot be contained
By our boundaries or definitions.
Light from beyond the galaxies,
Sea without a farthest shore,
You are present in every place,
In every moment in history,
You are with us now.**

**Help us to know today
That those from whom we are separated by death
Are each of them in your presence;
That beyond our horizons,
Beyond our boundaries,
Beyond our understanding,
They are held in your embrace,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.**

HYMN:

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:

Beneath the shadow of your throne
your people lived secure;
sufficient is your arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth from darkness came,
from everlasting you are God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone;
short is the watch that ends the night,
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
will bear us all away;
we pass forgotten, as a dream
dies with the dawning day.
O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come:
be our defence while life shall last,
and our eternal home!

Isaac Watts (1674 - 1748)

SAYING SORRY:

Priest: Let us pray.
For the times we have not turned to you in our need.

All: **Lord have mercy.**

Priest: For the times we have blamed ourselves or others.

All: **Lord have mercy.**

Priest: For the smallness of our faith.

All: **Lord have mercy.**

Priest: Merciful God, hear our prayer and console us;
As we renew our faith in your Son,
Whom you raised from the dead,
Strengthen our hope that our departed loved ones

Will share in his resurrection.

All: **Amen.**

READING (*Acts 17:22-28*)

Then Paul stood in front of the Areopagus and said, ‘Athenians, I see how extremely religious you are in every way. For as I went through the city and looked carefully at the objects of your worship, I found among them an altar with the inscription, “To an unknown god.” What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you. The God who made the world and everything in it, he who is Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in shrines made by human hands, nor is he served by human hands, as though he needed anything, since he himself gives to all mortals life and breath and all things. From one ancestor he made all nations to inhabit the whole earth, and he allotted the times of their existence and the boundaries of the places where they would live, so that they would search for God and perhaps grope for him and find him—though indeed he is not far from each one of us. For “In him we live and move and have our being”; as even some of your own poets have said, “For we too are his offspring.”

THE ADDRESS: *Revd Rutton Viccajee (Minister)*

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 your service find,
in deeper reverence praise,
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, obey his word:
'Rise up and follow me,
rise up and follow me!'

O sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
when Jesus shared on bended knee
the silence of eternity
interpreted by love,
interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
our words and works that drown
the tender whisper of your call,
as noiseless let your blessing fall
as fell your manna down,
as fell your manna down.

Drop your 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 your peace,
the beauty of your peace.

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

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807 - 1892)

THE LIGHTING OF MEMORY CANDLES

Music is played, you are invited to come and light a candle in memory of a particular loved one.

When all the candles are lit, the following will be read:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

William Shakespeare – 30th Sonnet

HYMN: How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury, filled
with boundless stores of grace!

Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
my Prophet, Priest and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy Name
refresh my soul in death!

THE PRAYERS (including the reading of names)

THE LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Father,
Who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done;
On Earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.**

HYMN: Abide with me

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness
Where is death's sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me
Abide with me, abide with me

THE BLESSING

The Blessing of tears and laughter be yours.
The company of friends and family be yours.
The hope of budding trees and sunlight be yours.
The wonder of twinkling stars be yours.
The promise of sunrise and healing be yours.

And the Blessing of God Almighty,
The Father who created you,
The Son who Redeems you,
And the Spirit who sustains you,
Be yours today and every day.

Amen.

Drinks and biscuits will be served.

*You are warmly invited to stay and chat to each other
and members of the Ministry Team.*

KEEP IN TOUCH:

Minister - Revd Rutton Viccajee
Works Wednesday, Friday, Sunday;
Minister in Charge of Dunsfold and Hascombe

Tel: 01252 910212. Email: rutton@stnicolascranleigh.org.uk

Administrator - Nicola Craven-Smith
(Works Monday, Wednesday and Friday 9.30-2.30)
Tel: 01483 273620. Email: nicola@stnicolascranleigh.org.uk

Dunsfold St Mary's:
<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8124/>

St Peter's church Hascombe
<https://hascombe.com>