



A Service of Thanksgiving
& Celebration for the life of

Michael David Burgess

31st December 1935 – 27th August 2020

THE PRIORY CHURCH OF LADY ST MARY
WAREHAM

Thursday 3rd September
2.30pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entry Music

Mozart, *Vesperae solennes de confessore* in C
Winchester College Quiristers & Choir of Winchester Cathedral

Welcome & Introduction

Canon Simon Everett

Hymn

Katherine Jenkins

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, O 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 need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, 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.

Poem

Read by Mike's granddaughter Charlotte

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, 'Peace be thine'.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

Bible Reading

1 Corinthians, chapter 13

¹³ If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. ²If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. ³If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

⁴Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. ⁵It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. ⁶Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. ⁷It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

⁸Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. ⁹For we know in part and we prophesy in part, ¹⁰but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. ¹¹When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. ¹²For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

¹³And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

The Address

Reflection Music

Edelweiss, *André Rieu*

Prayers

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

The Choir of Chichester Cathedral

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 for ever,
till all thy creatures own Thy sway.

Commendation

Blessing

Exit Music

Time to Say Goodbye, *Sarah Brightman & Andrea Bocelli*

This service will be followed by interment
at Hill View Cemetery.

Donations in memory of Mike for Marie Curie may be sent to
Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham,
Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at www.funeraldirector.co.uk/mike-burgess

