

The Priory Church of Lady St Mary  
Wareham



A Service of Thanksgiving & Celebration for the life of

**Neil John Bennet**

3<sup>rd</sup> March 1959 – 6<sup>th</sup> November 2020

Friday 27<sup>th</sup> November

11.30am

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## Entry Music

Landslide, *Fleetwood Mac*

## Welcome & Introduction

Reverend Michael Young

## Poem

Our Father kept a garden.  
A garden of the heart;  
He planted all the good things,  
That gave our lives their start.

He turned us to the sunshine,  
And encouraged us to dream:  
Fostering and nurturing  
The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rain came,  
He protected us enough;  
But not too much because he knew  
We would stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example,  
Always taught us right from wrong;  
Markers for our pathway that will last  
a lifetime long.

We are our Fathers garden,  
We are his legacy.  
Thank you Dad we love you

## Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, 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.

## Tribute

By Aidan Tichbon

## **Bible Reading**

### **1 Corinthians, Chapter 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. <sup>2</sup>If 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. <sup>3</sup>If 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. <sup>4</sup>Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.

<sup>5</sup>It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

<sup>6</sup>Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. <sup>7</sup>It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. <sup>8</sup>Love 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. <sup>9</sup>For we know in part and we prophesy in part, <sup>10</sup> but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. <sup>11</sup> When 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. <sup>12</sup>For 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. <sup>13</sup>And 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 and Slide Show

Starman, *David Bowie*

### Prayers and 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

I danced in the morning  
When the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon  
And the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven  
And I danced on the earth;  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,  
And I'll lead you all,  
Wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all  
In the dance said he.*

I danced for the scribe  
And the pharisee,  
But they would not dance  
And they wouldn't follow me;  
I danced for the fisherman,  
For James and John;  
They came with me  
And the dance went on:

I danced on the Sabbath  
And I cured the lame:  
The holy people  
Said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped  
And they hung me high,  
And they left me there  
On a cross to die:

I danced on a Friday  
When the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance  
With the devil on your back.  
They buried my body  
And they thought I'd gone;  
But I am the dance  
And I still go on:

They cut me down  
And I leap up high;  
I am the life  
That'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you  
If you'll live in me:  
I am the Lord  
Of the Dance, said he:

## Commendation & Committal

### Exit Music

You're my best friend, *Queen*



Donations in memory of Neil for Macmillan Cancer Support may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at [www.funeraldirector.co.uk/neil-bennet](http://www.funeraldirector.co.uk/neil-bennet)