



A Service of Celebration for the life of

# Beatrice Smith

28<sup>th</sup> November 1936 ~ 10<sup>th</sup> August 2023

Priory Church of Lady St Mary

Friday 25<sup>th</sup> August 2023

2:00pm



# Organ Music

## Introit

“Balm In Gilead”

## Welcome and Opening Prayer

Canon Simon Everett  
Rector of Wareham

## Hymn

There is a redeemer,  
Jesus, God’s own son,  
precious Lamb of God, Messiah,  
Holy One.

*Thank you, O my Father,  
for giving us your Son  
and leaving your Spirit  
till the work on earth is done*

Jesus, my Redeemer,  
name above all names,  
precious Lamb of God, Messiah,  
O for sinners slain:

When I stand in glory  
I will see His face,  
and there I’ll serve my king for ever  
in that holy place.

## **Bible Reading**

Isaiah Chapter 42 verses 1-10

Read by Vera

See my servant, whom I uphold; my Chosen One, in whom I delight. I have put my Spirit upon him; he will reveal justice to the nations of the world. He will be gentle - he will not shout nor quarrel in the streets. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the dimly burning flame. He will encourage the fainthearted, those tempted to despair. He will see full justice given to all who have been wronged. He won't be satisfied until truth and righteousness prevail throughout the earth, nor until even distant lands beyond the seas have put their trust in him. The Lord God who created the heavens and stretched them out and created the earth and everything in it, and gives life and breath and spirit to everyone in all the world, he is the one who says, "I the Lord have called you to demonstrate my righteousness. I will guard and support you, for I have given you to my people as the personal confirmation of my covenant with them. You shall also be a light to guide the nations unto me. You will open the eyes of the blind, and release those who sit in prison darkness and despair. I am the Lord ! That is my name, and I will not give my glory to anyone else; I will not share my praise with carved idols. Everything I prophesied came true, and now I will prophesy again. I will tell you the future before it happens". Sing a new song to the Lord; sing his praises, all you who live in earth's remotest corners ! Sing, O sea ! Sing, all you who live in distant lands beyond the sea !

## **Sermon**

Canon Simon Everett

## Hymn

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,  
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;  
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;  
be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;  
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,  
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;  
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

## The Recollection

Read by Dawn Wallace

Death is nothing at all ... I have only slipped away into the next room ... I am I and you are you ... Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone, wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolutely unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you for an interval somewhere very near, just round the corner ... all is well.



## **Reading**

From Richard Carter's book "The City is my Monastery"  
'We are changed by those we meet'.

Read by Merville Gover

## **Hymn**

O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in thy sunshines blaze its day  
May brighter, Fairer be.

O joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

O cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust lifes glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

## **Eulogy**

By Luke

Read on behalf of the family

## **Patterns**

Read by Luke

Patterns in a puddle; patterns in a cloud.  
Regular patterns in a field just ploughed.  
Patterns in a snowflake; drifting to earth.  
Patterns in nature; renewal and rebirth.  
Life is full of patterns; dark and also light.  
All the colours blending, for sorrow or delight.  
Changing as we travel with companions on the way.  
Some too swiftly leave us; others with us stay.  
With them tracing patterns for the rest of life.  
Continuing on our journey, marked by joy and strife.  
'Til the final thread is added as our Maker we meet.  
All of life's rich patterns gathered up complete,

Beatrice Smith

## **Memories of Beatrice**

By Rebecca

## **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

I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,  
Should set His love upon the sons of men,  
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,  
To bring them back, they know not how or when.

But this I know, that He was born of Mary,  
When Bethlehem's manger was His only home,  
And that he lived at Nazareth and Laboured,  
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered,  
As with His peace He graced this place of tears,  
Or how His heart upon the Cross was broken,  
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.  
But this I know He heals the broken-hearted,  
And stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,  
And lifts the burden from the heavy laden,  
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations,  
How He will claim His earthly heritage,  
How satisfy the needs and aspirations  
Of East and West, of sinner and of sage.  
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,  
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown,  
And some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour  
When He the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,  
Or who can say how great the jubilation  
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer :  
At last the saviour, Saviour of the world, is king



## Commendation

### Blessing

May God's blessing surround you each day  
As you trust Him and walk in His way  
May His presence within guard and keep you from sin.  
Go in peace, go in joy, go in love.

### Nunc Dimittis

### Exit Music

Song of the Hebrew Slaves from Nabucco, *Verdi's Opera*  
What a wonderful world, *Louis Armstrong*  
Happiness, *Ken Dodd*



*This service will be followed by a private interment with her late husband Michael.*

There will be a retiring collection in memory of Beatrice for The Mothers Union, Salisbury Diocese or donations may be sent care of Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, BH20 4QU,

or made online at: [www.funeraldirector.co.uk/beatrice-smith](http://www.funeraldirector.co.uk/beatrice-smith)

Beatrice's family wish to express their appreciation for your presence here today and for the kind messages of sympathy received.

You are all warmly invited for refreshment at The Parish Hall on the Quay following this Thanksgiving Service.





## **FAREWELL MY FRIEND?**

It was beautiful as long as it lasted  
The journey of my life  
I have no regrets whatsoever  
Save the pain I'll leave behind  
Those dear hearts who love and care  
And the strings pulling at the heart and soul  
The strong arms that held me up  
When my own strength let me down  
At every turning of my life I came across good friends  
Friends who stood by me,  
Even when the time raced me by  
Farewell, farewell my friends  
I smile and bid you goodbye.  
No, shed no tears for I need them not  
All I need is your smile  
If you feel sad do think of me  
For that's what I'll like -  
When you live in the hearts of those you love  
Remember then you never die.

By - Rabindranath Tagore