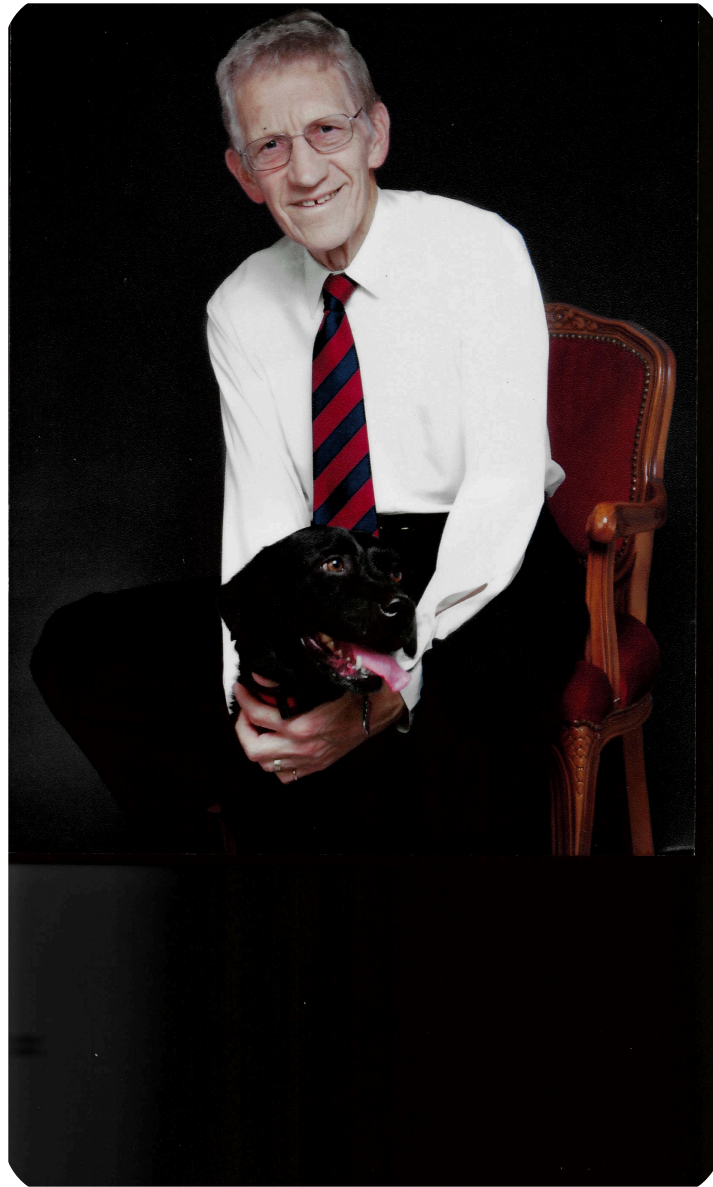


A Thanksgiving Service for the life of  
**John Peter Cyril Mitchell**

1st March 1937 ~ 17th April 2025

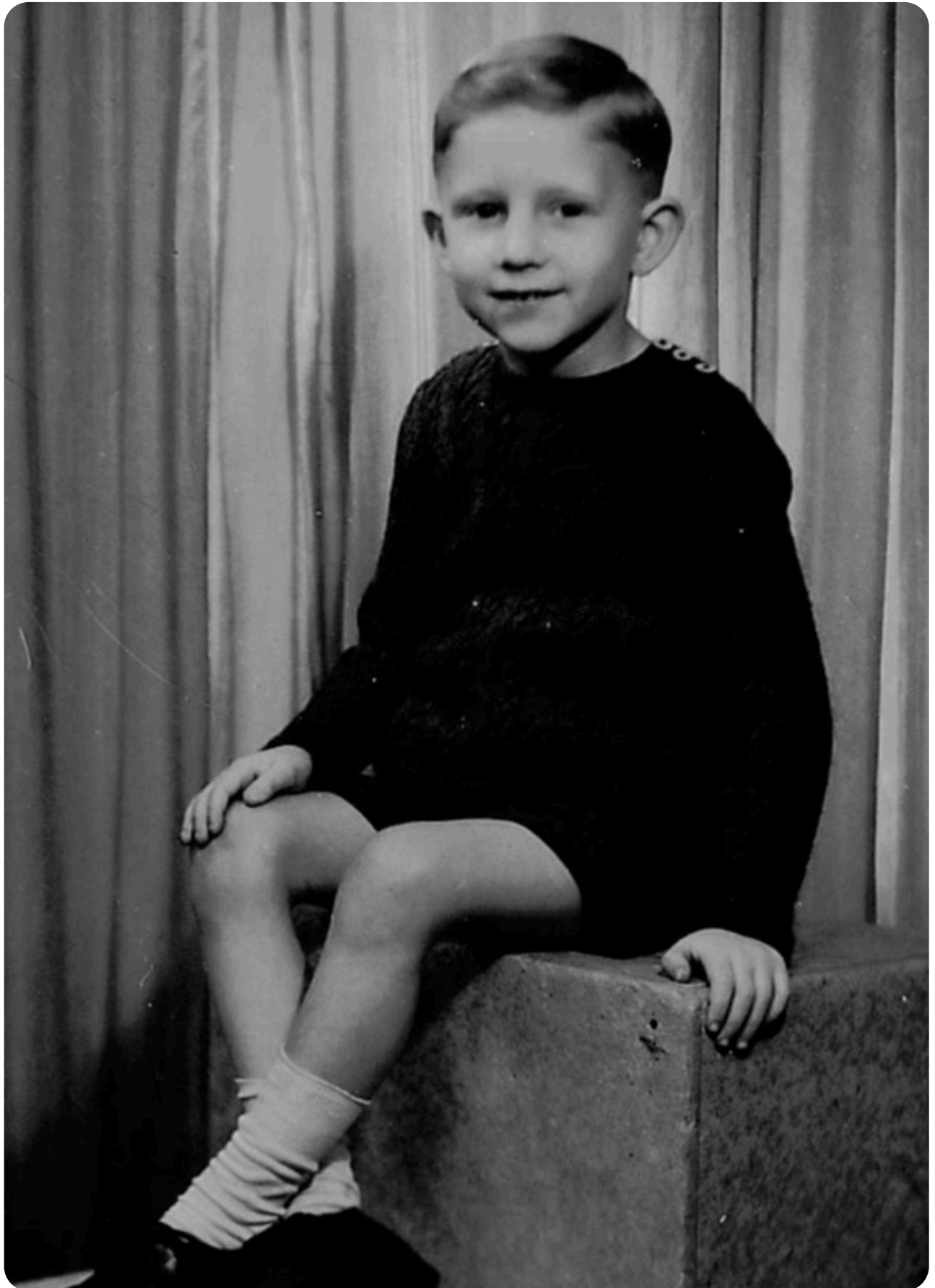


**Holy Rood Church, Wool**

**Wednesday 14th May 2025**

**at 4pm**

# *Order of Service*



## **Entry Music**

Scipio – Slow March of the Grenadier Guards

## **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

Reverend Canon Richard Bartlett

## **Hymn**

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.

## **Poems**

Led by John's Grandchildren

## **Bible Reading**

1 Corinthians 13

Read by Judy Hill

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## **Eulogies**

Julie

Simon

## **Reflection Music and Photos**

### **Hymn**

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
he makes me down to lie  
in pastures green; he leadeth me  
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,  
and me to walk doth make  
within the paths of righteousness,  
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear none ill;  
for thou art with me, and thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd  
in presence of my foes;  
my head thou dost with oil anoint,  
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

### **Prayers**

## **The Grenadier Guards Prayer**

O God grant that thy servants, the Grenadier Guards, may ever be mindful of their proud and costly heritage, that continuing to guard what is right, and fighting for what is just, they may serve thee in this life, that they may be counted worthy to join those who continue their service in the life to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



## **The Lords 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**

And did those feet in ancient time  
walk upon England's mountains 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,  
till we have built Jerusalem  
in England's green and pleasant land.

# **The Commendation**

## **The Blessing**

### **Exit Music**

The Grenadiers Return

## **Committal at the Hearse**



John's family wish to thank you for being here today and for the kind messages of sympathy received. You are warmly invited to join them for refreshments at The Ship Inn, Wool following this service.

There will be a retiring collection in memory of John for Holy Rood Church, Wool and The Colonels Fund Grenadier Guards. Donations may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road,

Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU

or made online at:

[www.funeraldirector.co.uk/john-mitchell](http://www.funeraldirector.co.uk/john-mitchell)

