

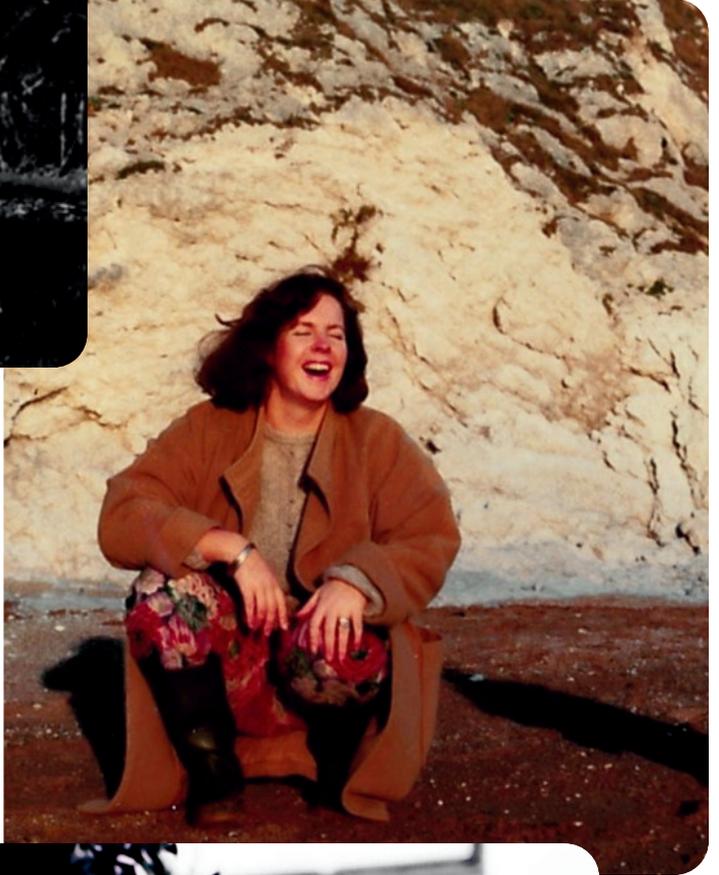
A Thanksgiving Service for the life of
Sarah Margaret Kirk

27th December 1959 ~ 23rd December 2025



Holy Trinity Church
West Lulworth

Tuesday 13th January 2026
at 11am



Entry Music

Visions Of Johanna, *Bob Dylan*

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Reverend Canon Richard Bartlett

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.

Thoughts of Mum

by Daisy Claxton-Pearce

Reflection Music

Into The Mystic, *Van Morrison*

Poem

Heavy by Mary Oliver

That time
I thought I could not
go any closer to grief
without dying

I went closer,
and I did not die.

Surely God
had his hand in this,

as well as friends.

Still, I was bent,
and my laughter,
as the poet said,

was nowhere to be found.

Then said my friend Daniel,
(brave even among lions),

“It’s not the weight you carry

but how you carry it –

books, bricks, grief –

it’s all in the way

you embrace it, balance it, carry it

when you cannot, and would not,
put it down.”

So I went practicing.

Have you noticed?

Have you heard

the laughter

that comes, now and again,
out of my startled mouth?

How I linger
to admire, admire, admire
the things of this world
that are kind, and maybe
also troubled –
roses in the wind,
the sea geese on the steep waves,
a love
to which there is no reply?

Eulogy

by Mark Dickson

Hymn

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Poem

Green, Green Is My Sister's House by Mary Oliver

Don't you dare climb that tree
or even try, they said, or you will be
sent away to the hospital of the
very foolish, if not the other one.
And I suppose, considering my age,
it was fair advice.

But the tree is a sister to me, she
lives alone in a green cottage
high in the air and I know what
would happen, she'd clap her green hands,
she'd shake her green hair, she'd
welcome me. Truly.

I try to be good but sometimes
a person just has to break out and
act like the wild and springy thing
one used to be. It's impossible not
to remember *wild* and not want to go back. So
if someday you can't find me you might
look into that tree or—of course
it's possible—under it.

Prayers & 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

The Commendation and the Blessing

Exit Music

The Whole Of The Moon, *The Water Boys*

This service will be followed by a private family Committal at Bournemouth Crematorium. The family will be leaving the wake at 2:30pm



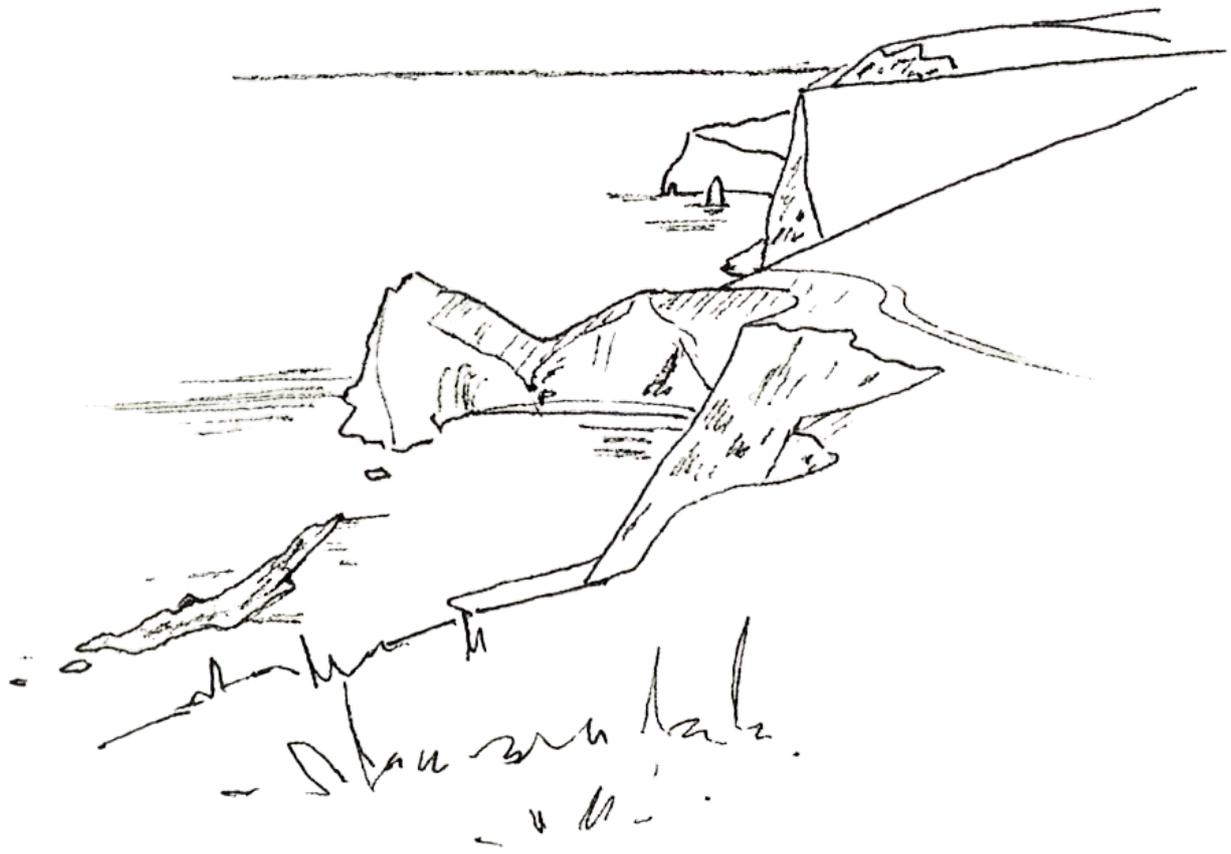
Sarah's family wish to thank you for being here today and for the kind messages of sympathy received.

You are warmly invited to join them for refreshments at Bishop's Cottage, Main Road, West Lulworth. 'Near the Cove'.

There will be a retiring collection in memory of Sarah for Lulworth First Responders.

Donations may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU
or made online:

www.funeraldirector.co.uk/sarah-kirk



*If I lie down upon my bed I must be here,
But if I lie down in my grave I may be elsewhere.
by Stevie Smith*