

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of



Anthony Harvey

12th April 1943 - 28th October 2022

St. Mary's Church, Brilley
Friday 18th November 2022 at 1.30pm

Instructions

When I have moved beyond you in the adventure of life,
gather in some pleasant place and there remember me
with spoken words, old and new.
Let a tear if you will, but let a smile come quickly
for I have loved the laughter of life.
Do not linger too long with your solemnities.
Go eat and talk, and when you can;
follow a woodland trail, climb a high mountain,
walk along the wild seashore,
chew the thoughts of some book
which challenges your soul.
Use your hands some bright day
to make a thing of beauty
or to lift someone's heavy load.
Though you mention not my name,
though no thought of me crosses your mind,
I shall be with you,
for these have been the realities of my life for me.
And when you face some crisis with anguish,
when you walk alone with courage,
when you choose your path of right,
I shall be very close to you.
I have followed the valleys,
I have climbed the heights of life.

Arnold Crompton



Service led by Rev. Marcus Small

Organist: Diane Brown

Welcome

Opening Prayer

Hymn:

- ¹ 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.
- ² 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.
- ³ 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.
- ⁴ My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
- ⁵ Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Blessing: *The Beanacht* by John O'Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets into you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue,
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

Reading by David Harvey

That man is a success who has lived well, and laughed often, and loved much, who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children, who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, who has never lacked appreciation of the earth's beauty or failed to express it, who has always looked for the best in others, and gave the best he had, whose life was an inspiration, whose memory is benediction.

Robert L. Stephenson

Reading: 2 Timothy 4: 6-8 by Charlotte Heald

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love is appearing.

Hymn:

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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 Jamie Harvey

Hymn:

¹ Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

² O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
and hushed their raging at thy word,
who walkedst on the foaming deep,
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

³ O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
upon the waters dark and rude,
and bid their angry tumult cease,
and give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

⁴ O Trinity of love and power,
our brethren shield in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,
protect them wheresoe'er they go:
thus evermore shall rise to thee
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

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.

Prayer for Anthony and the family

Reflection: *Londonderry Air, I Would be True*, Cambridge Singers

Bring Us O Lord God

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise nor silence, but one equal music; no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession; no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity; in the habitation of thy glory and dominion, world without end. Amen.

John Donne

Commendation

May the road rise up to greet you, may the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face; the rains fall soft upon your fields, and, until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of his hand.

Hymn:

1. Who would true valour see, let him come hither
one here will constant be, come wind, come weather
there's no discouragement shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.
2. Whoso beset him round with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound; his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright; he'll with a giant fight
but he will have the right to be a pilgrim.
3. No goblin nor foul fiend can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end shall life inherit
Then, fancies, fly away; he'll not fear what men say;
he'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Anthony and the family will leave the church. Please follow them into the churchyard.

Exit Music: *Flowers of the Forest*, The Band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards

Nunc Dimitis

Committal

The Iona Blessing

Not how did he die?
But how did he live?
Not what did he gain?
But what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
of this man as a man, regardless of birth.
Not what was his station?
But had he a heart?
How did he play his God-given part?
Was he at hand with a word of good cheer
to bring back a smile or banish a fear?
Not what was his church or what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Not how did the formal obituary run?
But how many grieved when his life's work was done?
Anon

“The burial place of brave men is in the hearts of their friends”

Perciles, leader of Athens,
from his Funeral Oration
as recorded by Thucydides 430BC



*Donations in Anthony's memory to St. Mary's Church, Brilley
and Cancer Research UK.*

*Please join us at Brilley Village Hall
to continue remembering and celebrating Anthony.*

*The family would like to express their sincere thanks for all
the kindness, support and sympathy shown to them in their bereavement.*