



A Celebration for the Life of

Anne James

12th May 1951 - 20th October 2023

St John the Baptist Church, Suckley

Tuesday 28th November 2023

at 3.00 pm

The Horse

*Where in this wide world can
man find nobility without pride,
friendship without envy or beauty
without vanity? Here, where
grace is laced with muscle, and
strength by gentleness confined.*

*He serves without servility; he has
fought without enmity. There is
nothing so powerful, nothing less
violent, there is nothing so quick,
nothing more patient.*

*England's past has been borne on
his back. All our history is his
industry; we are his heirs; he
our inheritance.*

Ronald Duncan (1954)

(1914-1982)



Order of Service

SENTENCE

WELCOME

OPENING PRAYERS

As children of a loving heavenly Father,
let us ask his forgiveness,
for he is gentle and full of compassion.

Lord have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

May God our Father forgive us our sins
and bring us to the eternal joy of his kingdom,
where dust and ashes have no dominion.

Amen.

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

READINGS

Psalm 121

read by Emma Harrison

I lift up my eyes to the mountains -
where does my help come from?
My help comes from the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.
He will not let your foot slip -
he who watches over you will not slumber;
indeed, he who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord watches over you -
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;
the sun will not harm you by day,
nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep you from all harm -
he will watch over your life;
the Lord will watch over your coming and going
both now and for evermore.

Black Beauty by Anna Sewell
read by Fi Young

“‘Handsome is that handsome does’,” said my master, Mr Thoroughgood; “you are only taking him on trial, and I am sure you will do fairly by him, young man. If he is not as safe as any horse you ever drove send him back.”

I was led to my new home, placed in a comfortable stable, fed, and left to myself. The next day, when the groom was cleaning my face, he said:

“That is just like the star that ‘Black Beauty’ had;

he is much the same height, too. I wonder where he is now.”

A little further on he came to the place in my neck where I was bled and where a little knot was left in the skin. He almost started, and began to look me over carefully, talking to himself.

“White star in the forehead, one white foot on the off side, this little knot just in that place;” then looking at the middle of my back - “and, as I am alive, there is that little patch of white hair that John used to call ‘Beauty’s three-penny bit’. It must be ‘Black Beauty’! Why, Beauty! Beauty! do you know me? - little Joe Green, that almost killed you?” And he began patting and patting me as if he was quite overjoyed.

In the afternoon I was put into a low park chair and brought to the door. Miss Ellen was going to try me, and Green went with her. I soon found that she was a good driver, and she seemed pleased with my paces. I heard Joe telling her about me, and that he was sure I was Squire Gordon’s old “Black Beauty”.

When we returned the other sisters came out to hear how I had behaved myself, and she told them what she had just heard.

After this it was quite decided to keep me and call me by my old name of “Black Beauty”.

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest of grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple-trees.

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.

Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918)

MEMORIES OF ANNE

by Peter Craig and Ali

A TIME FOR REFLECTION

with accompanying music

Perhaps Love

John Denver

CHRISTIAN MESSAGE

MUSIC

The Lord Bless You And Keep You

John Rutter

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 these 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.

William Blake (1757-1827)

PRAYERS

ending with

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.

BLESSING

MUSIC

Annie's Song

John Denver

Organist - Richard Morse





Thanks to all the wonderful family and friends both near and far for their support, laughter and love.

At the generous invitation of Di and Ed Holloway you are all warmly invited to Holloways for refreshments after this service.

Donations in memory of Anne will be divided equally between

Suckley Church,
St Michael's Hospice
and
The Injured Jockeys Fund.

Emma Bouston Funeral Services
3 New Road, Bromyard, Herefordshire HR7 4AH
Telephone: 01885 489900