

ST CLEMENT'S, SANDWICH



A SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE



SUNDAY 10TH NOVEMBER 2024

For Your Prayers

- At This Time** Baby Dylan Andrew Brooks, Gillian Kullman, HM The King, HRH The Princess of Wales, the bereaved, and those suffering during warfare
- Recently Departed** André 'Dédé' Devinck, Kate Barber Perez, Cheto Perez, Robert Andrew Willis (priest), John Jeffreys
- Year's Mind** Philip Bernard Judd, Raymond Dennis Deveson, Patricia Maud Melton, John Hare, Patricia Tarley, Richards Knox, John David Pepper, Ernest Charles Craft, Marjorie Graves, Kath Pittock, Ronald James Isaacs, Daisy May Eastwood, Gladys Baxter, Helen Mary Rich

Services and Events This Week

Monday 11th November - **Feast of Saint Martin**

Tuesday 12th November - **Feria (no Feast)**

Wednesday 13th November - **Feast of Charles Simeon**

10:00am Holy Communion (*Book of Common Prayer*)

Thursday 14th November - **Feria**

11:00am Funeral of Kate Barber Perez

Friday 15th November - **Feria**

10:00am Coffee Pot (*Parish Hall*)

Saturday 16th November - **Feast of St Margaret of Scotland**

9:00am Churches Together Prayer Breakfast

Sunday 17th November - **Patronal Festival: Feast of St Clement**

(Transferred)

8:00am Holy Communion (*Book of Common Prayer*)

Celebrant: The Rector

10:30am Festal Parish Eucharist (*Common Worship*)

Celebrant: The Rector

Preacher: The Archdeacon of Ashford

A Reflection

The Right Reverend Doctor Michael Turnbull

Since Remembrance Day last year, thousands more soldiers have died fighting for their country. Of course, we think today of the brave men and women whose death in the wars enabled Britain to be the place of the freedoms we have come to assume are always there.

Yet, even in this quarter century so far, there have been 10 wars, 5 of which continue to this day. In our moments of despair about 'the world', we are tempted to panic and think wars will always be the norm. On top of that we feel helpless and frustrated that we can do so little about it. So, we simply sit in front of the television newsreels with our tongues touching the top of our mouths and anger surging within us that nations can be so brutal and cause so much suffering.

Think for a moment of the panic of the disciples of Jesus when a severe storm threatened the safety of their fishing boat. What was Jesus doing? He was asleep! So, the disciples, in their understandable panic, shouted 'we're sinking, don't you care, wake up'. (Mark 5.38) When we put Jesus alongside our screens we too want to say 'wake up, the world is in turmoil'. We think God is asleep.

What the disciples had to learn was that Jesus was very much there, that God is most alive in the crisis (the crosses) through which we live. He asks us to be alert to his presence especially when the perils are greatest and we are at our wits end.

Even in the centre of storms we are asked to be sharers in the peace which the presence of God signifies. That makes it very personal, as we become signs of God's peace in the heart of the battles. How? First as we learn to recognise and respect 'the sacred' in every person, even in those with whom we bitterly disagree. Then as we learn to recognise that what we resent, perhaps even detest, in others, comes from our admitting that these same realities also live in us. That will lead us into understanding that both we and our enemies are part of ONE creation and we need each other's partnership, not dominance.

It is on that kind of journey that we will wake up with Jesus and say to ourselves and to the storms – Peace! Be still!

ORDER OF SERVICE

- ¶ *Throughout this booklet references to standing, sitting, and kneeling are all optional, and if you are unable to stand, or would prefer to remain sitting, please feel free.*
- ¶ *Organ music will play as the congregation arrive, leading into the opening hymn.*

HYMN

O GOD, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home;

Under the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

St Anne 417 NEH
probably by William Croft (1678–1727)

Man frail, and God eternal
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)
after Psalm 90: 1–5

THE WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

THE LESSON

¶ *John 15:9-17. Read by The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Sandwich Councillor Paul Carter*

As the Father has loved me, so I have loved you; abide in my love. If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. I have said these things to you so that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be complete.

“This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. No one has greater love than this, to lay down one's life for one's friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you. I do not call you servants any longer, because the servant does not know what the master is doing, but I have called you friends, because I have made known to you everything that I have heard from my Father. You did not choose me, but I chose you. And I appointed you to go and bear fruit, fruit that will last, so that the Father will give you whatever you ask him in my name. I am giving you these commands so that you may love one another.

POEM

¶ *'Tracing 1918' by Ann Harrison-Brooks. The fallen address those of the present for whom they died.*

One hundred years, or a split second, between us,
(memory knows no division of time)
and you are with us in the guts and grime
of battle.

The rattle of the guns shouts we are the ones
who won't come back to tomorrow.

We know your sorrow
brings you closer to us lost, the cost
of a generation. Your veneration
does us proud, born of a grief sung loud,
that leaves us all in silence. From thence
we join you in your journey back
through our lives, our histories,
and whisper in your ears the truths and mysteries.
Your tears are our torches through the dark.

We never thought it was a lark,
we thought only to play our part.
There was no art in our confusion.
In us was no design when we fell into line.

We marched into that waste land
and disappeared for good,
only our shadows remained
with those who understood.

Today we pass before you
from one hundred years ago.
The end of all hostilities
is what we cannot know.

We cannot know the world you know,
we cannot breathe your air,
we can only stand and wait who cannot serve you there.
So, take from us the flame we held in 1918,
now light the beacon, thank the Lord; don't go where we have been
but help the fire of hope to burn, and leave the dead to dream.

THE ADDRESS

THE ROLL OF THE FALLEN

¶ *The known names of those from Sandwich who have given
their lives in conflict since the First World War are read*

HYMN

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Eventide
W. H. Monk (1823-89)

H. F. Lyte (1793-1847)

POEM

¶ *'Centenary' by Ann Harrison-Brooks. Written in 2014 to commemorate the beginning of World War One in 1914.*

One hundred years have come to pass
Since a world began to collapse and shrink,
Since the unimaginable took root and
Turned men's dreams of heroism into
A cancerous fear, with its stench of futility and loss.

One hundred years have come to pass
Since the rot of flesh and glory in the trenches
Of the Somme, of Passchendaele, of all
The ghastly gore and grime and grief and
God knows what else!

And is it time enough, do you think? Never enough.
No. Never enough time and never
For those loved, lost. Those lost lives,
There's the pity of it, those lost, unfound futures,
Those never-to-be plans, those unfulfilled yearnings,
Those "if-only-I-had" regrets.

So many names: the recorded dead.
So many lives unwritten; their stories unread.
All we can, we bring today: our heart's remembering,
We honour them that way.
Now in our silent prayer's end,
This day and tomorrow,
We will remember them.

THE PRAYERS

¶ *All kneel or sit for the Prayers. This response is used:*

Let us bless the Lord.

All Thanks be to God.

¶ *When invited, stand for the Peace:*

God is love and those who live in love live in God and God
lives in them. The peace of the Lord be always with you.

All And also with you.

¶ *All offer one another a sign of peace, such as a handshake*

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.

Thaxted
G. Holst (1874-1934)

Cecil Spring Rice (1859-1918)

THE BLESSING

GOD grant to the living grace; to the departed rest; to the Church, The King, the Commonwealth, and all people, peace and concord; and to us sinners life everlasting; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always.

All **Amen.**

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King.
Long live our noble King.
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us,
God save The King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
on him be pleased to pour,
long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
and ever give us cause
to sing with heart and voice
God save The King.

THE FINAL VOLUNTARY

Nimrod
From The Enigma Variations

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

¶ *A retiring collection will be taken for the work of St Clement's. It costs £2,500 a week to run this Church, please help us to continue serving Sandwich.*

All are welcome to a Requiem Mass this evening

The Choir sing Fauré's Requiem, a peaceful chance for anyone to remember loved ones and all the departed.

The service begins at 5:00pm

A Contemplation: Let Us Engage the Heart

Ann Harrison-Brooks

Let us live in the heart. This heart that enfolds us
is the same that can hold the universe so why not ourselves?

If we live through our heart we will be true to ourselves
and thus, to others. Let us live authentically.

If we are true to others and live with love in our hearts
there will be no territory for war to occupy, conflict will be theoretical.

The heart knows only love but our world ignores the heart
and listens to the head far more than is good for it.

Love flows through the heart; to live in our hearts is to know Love.
If we all act from a place of love, peace will reign.

The heart is an organ of perception, a seat of understanding,
a place of acceptance and non-judgement and insight, it is empathic.

If we have empathy and do not judge the other, if we do not fear
difference,

if we listen attentively and do not seek to preference our own voice
small miracles may start to happen, so let the head make peace with
the heart,

let there be a bond of love between them so that we engage with life
from a place of love.

Let us move into our heart space and have a conversation with Love
so that we might hear and trust when we learn that:

“All shall be well, and all shall be well,