In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth; And O what transport of delight From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house forever.

BLESSING Please join in saying together:

Deep peace of the running wave to you;
Deep peace of the flowing air to you;
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you;
Deep peace of the shining stars to you;
Deep peace of the gentle night to you;
Moon and stars pour their healing light on you;
Deep peace of Christ, the light of the world, to you.



St. Oswald's Hospice 3.00 p.m. Sunday 8th October 2006 WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Rev Janet Jackson, Chaplain, St Oswald's

ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

The lighting of candles and the reading of names.

HYMN *Please join in*

singing:

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

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. (repeat line)

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. (repeat line)

O Sabbath rest by Galilee, O calm of hills above,

Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee

The silence of eternity,

Interpreted by love! (repeat line)

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. (repeat line)

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. (repeat line)

PRAYER Rev Janet Jackson, Chaplain, St Oswald's

READING St John's Gospel, Chapter 14, verses 1-6 & 27

READING

From, "Letters and Papers from Prison"

Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Christmas Eve, 1943.

"Nothing can make up for the absence of someone whom we love, and it would be wrong to try and find a substitute; we must simply hold

out and see it through. That sounds very hard at first, but at the same time it is a great

consolation, for the gap, as long as it remains unfilled, preserves the bonds between us. It is nonsense to say that God fills the gap; God

doesn't fill it but, on the contrary, keeps it empty and so helps us to keep alive our former

communion with each other, even at the cost of

pain."

PRAYER

Rev Janet Jackson, Chaplain, St Oswald's

HYMN

Please join in singing:

The King of Love my Shepherd is.

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never,

I nothing lack if I am His And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth,

And where the verdant pastures grow,

With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.

REFLECTION