

Food for thought: A Story

My brother-in-law opened the bottom drawer of my sister's bureau and lifted out a tissue-wrapped package. "This," he said, "is not a slip. This is lingerie."

He discarded the tissue and handed me the slip. It was exquisite, silk, handmade and trimmed with a cobweb of lace. The price tag with an astronomical figure on it was still attached. "Jan bought this the first time we went to New York, at least 8 or 9 years ago. She never wore it. She was saving it for a special occasion. Well, I guess this is the occasion." He took the slip from me and put it on the bed with the other clothes we were taking to the mortician. His hands lingered on the soft material for a moment, then he slammed the drawer shut and turned to me. "Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Every day you're alive is a special occasion." I remembered those words through the funeral and the days that followed when I helped him and my niece attend to all the sad chores that follow a death. I thought about them on the plane returning to California from the Midwestern town where my sister's family lives. I thought about all the things that she hadn't seen or heard or done. I thought about the things that she had done without realising that they were special. I'm still thinking about his words, and they've changed my life.

I'm reading more and dusting less. I'm sitting on the deck and admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time in committee meetings.

Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experience to savour, not endure. I'm trying to recognise these moments now and cherish them. I'm not "saving" anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special event such as losing a pound, getting the sink unblocked, the first camellia blossom.

I wear my good coat to the shops if I feel like it. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out £28.49 for one small bag of groceries without wincing.

I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties; shop assistants and bank clerks have noses that function as well as my party-going friends.

"Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

I'm not sure what my sister would've done had she known that she wouldn't be here for the tomorrow we all take for granted. I think she would have called family members and a few close friends. She might have called a few former friends to apologise and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think she would have gone out for a Chinese dinner, her favourite food.

I'm guessing. I'll never know. It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew that my hours were limited. Angry because I put off seeing good friends whom I was going to get in touch with someday. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and daughter often enough how much I truly love them.

I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and lustre to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that every day, every minute, every breath truly is a gift.

Harrogate District Hospice Care is known locally as Saint Michael's
Registered Charity No. 518905 Company No. 2121179



Annual Thanksgiving Service

**3.30pm
Sunday 30th Sept 2012**

 **Trinity Methodist
Church Harrogate** "Moving forward in
Faith and Fellowship"

Pastoral Introduction to Today's Service

Today we gather with a sense of thankfulness for the dedicated work of Saint Michael's Hospice, and to remember and give thanks for our departed loved ones whose lives have now become entwined with the story of Saint Michael's, and who now, we pray, rest in the peace of heaven.

While times such as these are ones of thanksgiving, we also acknowledge feelings of sadness and loss—but we do so knowing that we are surrounded by much love in life, and that our loved ones are still held in our love and in our prayers and in God's loving embrace, for ever.

Today we also extend our grateful thanks to the Rev Mark Godfrey and to the people of Trinity Methodist Church, Harrogate, for their help and support in organising today's special service.



**Refreshments will be served following the service,
Please do stay if you can.**

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease, turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him.
Let the Amen sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

Jonathan Look to this day! For it is life, the very life of life itself.
In its brief course lie all the truths and realities of your existence:
the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendour of beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision,
but today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

(A Sanskrit reflection)

The Blessing Rev'd Mark Godfrey



Do please stay for refreshments if you can

Never-Ending Source of Hope,
may the power of the resurrection
assure me of happiness.
I hold out my downcast spirit to you
and offer you my trusting heart.
I await the healing I need,
confident that your grace
will restore my inner peace

Closing Responses

Jonathan Life is a journey on many different roads
and through changing seasons

All **yet as we go, life is changed, not taken away**

Sometimes we lift our faces to the sun

All **and we feel its warmth and sense the life it brings**

Sometimes in the autumn of life

All **we see change and decay, life drawing to a close**

Sometimes in the bleakness of winter

All **we recoil from the cold and the darkness**

Sometimes in the spring of life

All **we remember the promise of new life,
new growth, new possibilities,
and we put our trust again in the cycle of life.**

HYMN: we *STAND*

Praise to the Lord, the almighty, the King of creation

○ my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who over all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires ever have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Welcome and Introduction

The Rev'd Mark Godfrey welcomes everyone to Trinity, then introduces our first hymn; it is a hymn that speaks of a holy love that comes to us even in life's difficult moments, to cheer us on our way, to re-make us, and to spur us on into the future

HYMN: we *STAND*

Lord for the years, your love has kept and guided,
urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,
sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided:
Lord for the years, we bring our thanks today.

Lord, for that word, the word of life which fires us,
speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,
teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us:
Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.

Lord, for our land in this our generation,
spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care:
for young and old, for commonwealth and nation,
Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.

Lord, for our world where we disown and doubt you,
loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain,
hungry and helpless, lost indeed without you:
Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.

Lord for ourselves; in living power remake us-
self on the cross, and Christ upon the throne,
past put behind us, for the future take us:
Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

Timothy Dudley-Smith (b. 1926)

We SIT

Jonathan Welcome to our Thanksgiving service
as we give thanks for our departed loved ones
and ask God's blessing upon the work of Saint Michael's.
Thank you for coming to this service today.
We gather to give thanks for the work of the Hospice,
and to remember our loved ones
who are no longer here with us.

We're taking time out from our busy lives to reflect, pray,
think and ponder on these things.
Each of our memories and thoughts will be different
as we seek comfort in being here
and sharing in this time alongside each other.
For some people prayer is important.
For others, it's being with their deep thoughts that is important.
So, however you approach it, let's pray,
let's be with our own thoughts, and in remembrance,
let's give thanks for Saint Michael's Hospice
and for those we will always love and never forget.

Mark As darkness looms, we light a candle
to symbolise our willingness not to curse the darkness,
but to embrace the fragile lights from which our hopes will dawn.

The Hospice Candle is lit by Andrew McFarthing, son of Sr Aprille McFarthing

"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness"

Jonathan The seasons of life come and go, and we note their passing;
the cold grey of winter, becomes the sunshine of spring;
the bare trees of December
are filled by the lush green leaves of June;
the seasons of history come and go, empires fall away,
and leaders process towards obscurity;
fashions change, philosophies wither, causes fade away.
The seasons of our lives come and go;
yesterday we ran like a child with the optimism of youth,
but time moves on; the seasons come and go,
but you are still here, Lord of the seasons.
We rest here awhile,
in the changeless season of your eternal faithfulness.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

Richard Gillard
© Kingsway's Thankyou Music

Please be SEATED

Embracing Hope by Joyce Rupp
read by Chris Keane

During which, Spring from Vivaldi's Four Seasons is played

Loving Gardener of Life,
turn my time of sorrow
toward a season of hope.
I long to return to joy.
I yearn to be free from sadness.
May the eyes of my faith
look beyond my loss
and see the promise of spring
that follows every winter

From **'The Wisdom Trees'** By Walter A. Kortray
Read by Nicky Reed

I have come out to see the Wisdom Trees,
to see their summer green take fire,
red and gold in the autumn sun.
Too soon, these leaves, this autumn fire,
will fall and turn to crackling ashes at my feet.
Why must they fall so soon?
Lying down on the leaf-littered earth I sleep and dream,
a special dream of tying leaves on wisdom trees.
Leaf by leaf I bind them on
With threads of gold and green. A labour of love,
tying leaves to stop the Fall from falling.
A labour of love? No, a fool at work!
The trees are wise to know when to let go.
They understand that in the economy of God's creation
part of life must fall away each year. Silently they accept
and wisely they let the leaves fall.
The dream is over and I heed its lesson.
Part of learning life is learning to let go.
To learn the verdict of the seasons
and willingly to let the leaves fall...
...and think of another **springtime**.

A moment of quietness is kept

HYMN: we *STAND*
Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

SPRING



All **Lord of Life in all its seasons,
through darkness and light
be present here among us:
Bless Saint Michael's Hospice,
patients, relatives, staff, volunteers,
and all who make up the Hospice community.
Give your gift of compassion
to all who support St Michael's.
Bless those who are ill and in any kind of need,
and keep safe in your hands
all who have left this world in your friendship,
especially those who have a special place in our hearts.
Help us to trust that nothing can separate us
from your love in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

Summer Sun

Robert Louis Stevenson

Read by Jane Jones

During the reading,

'Summer' is played from the Classical Study Music CD

SUMMER



Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven with repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

A brief moment of silent reflection is kept

HYMN: *we STAND*

Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
in Whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
and guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills,
in this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given;
The Son and Him Who reigns
with Them in highest Heaven;
The one eternal God,
whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, c1636
We SIT

Jonathan As we remember Summer Sun,
the Light of faith and the light and love shared in Saint Michael's,
we gather around us, with thankful hearts,
symbols of the loving care - given and received -
that are the foundations of our work together.

We bring our thoughts for
those we remember;
shared life and laughter, sadness and tears.
Loss which has marked us,
love which has shaped us
still will re-make us throughout the years.

Now may we live for
each new tomorrow,
hope in our sorrow, strength in our pain.
Honour these lives
through care for each other,
till through our longing we meet again.

Words: Judy Davies

A Reflective reading

Read by Chris Sweeney

In the rising of the sun and in its going down,
In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter
We will remember

In the opening of buds and in the warmth of summer,
In the rustling of leaves and the beauty of autumn
We will remember

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
When we are weary and in need of strength
We will remember

When we are lost and sick at heart,
When we have joys we yearn to share,
We will remember

So long as we live, they too will live
For now they are a part of us.
We will remember

*Everyone is invited to come forward to light a candle in memory of loved ones.
During the lighting of candles, music is played.
As people light a candle, each person is offered a card to take home.*

Prayers

during which the music from the Taize chant, 'O Lord hear my prayer' is played. The prayers conclude with the Lord's Prayer:

Jesus taught his disciples to call God, 'our Father',
so in faith we pray:

All **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;
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.**

WINTER



Candle Lighting: remembering loved ones

At this point in our service, having moved symbolically through the seasons of Summer and Autumn, we come to the winter: a time of stark reality, stillness, darkness, yet also of a distant hope—as we reflect on the truth that spring and new life always follow the bare, cold emptiness of Winter:

We remain SEATED

The following HYMN is sung to the tune, "Morning has Broken"

We bring our thanks for
those we remember,
valued and cherished
now and always.
Lost to our sight but never forgotten;
our love goes with them
all of our days.

Candles are brought in and placed at the front of church

Voice 1: **Doctors, Nurses, Allied Professionals, HCAs**

Jill Warren For skilled hands, warm hearts, loving companionship,
gentle care, and attentiveness,

All **we give our thanks**

Candle carried in by Ann Cairns

Voice 2: **Finance, Fundraising, Housekeeping and Administration**

Amanda Wilson For those whose work goes unseen,
for all the planning, administrative support,
diligent care of rooms, and lovingly prepared food,

All **We give our thanks**

Candle carried in by Tony Collins

Voice 3: **Volunteers**

Janet Hirst For those who give of their time, skills, love and energy
in the support of Hospice services, in bereavement care,
in shops, and beyond

All **We give our thanks**

Candle carried in by Anne Burrell

Voice 4: **Patients**

Kathy Newbould For all whose journey brings them to Saint Michaels,
for respite care, for symptom control,
for the final earthly journey

All **We give our thanks**

Candle carried in by Caroline Illingworth

Voice 5: **Friends—those we see and those we see no longer**

Mark For those whose lives now live on
in our memories, and in our hearts:
former patients and staff, and all our departed loved ones

All **We give our thanks**

Candle carried in by Rita Hails

Jonathan As the warmth of summer comes to a close, and Autumn is ushered in with its changing colours, falling leaves, looming darkness and falling temperatures, we adjust to a changing landscape, changing light, perhaps changing feelings and thoughts....

AUTUMN



'The blessing of autumn'

Kate McIlhagga

Read by Heather Hart

During the reading of this poem, 'The Gravel Road' is played

As autumn flames across park and field
as smoke curls from ditch and garden,
as birds sing their farewell song,
as frost begins to touch the ground
and our hearts are warmed
by the scent, sound and touch of it;
now is the time to throw away
the heavy stones of anger, regret and fear,
which harden our hearts.
Now is the time to gather stones of praise
to build a cairn
Of thankfulness to our God
for all the blessings of our autumn life.

A moment of silence is kept

Scripture Reading: Ecclesiastes, chapter 3

read by Margaret Rodham (a member of Trinity Methodist Church)

A reading from the book of Ecclesiastes

There is an appointed time for everything.

And there is a time for every event under heaven:

A time to give birth, and a time to die:

A time to plant, and a time to uproot what is planted.

A time to tear down, and a time to build up.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to search, and a time to give up as lost;
A time to keep, and a time to throw away.
A time to be silent, and a time to speak.
God has made everything suitable for its time.
I know that whatever God does endures forever;
nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it.

Through this reading, may God speak to us today.

Thought for the Day - *The Rev'd Mark Godfrey*

HYMN: we STAND

Be still for the presence of the Lord

The Holy One is here;
Come bow before Him now
With reverence and fear.
In Him no sin is found,
We stand on holy ground;
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
The Holy One is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire,
With splendour He is crowned.
How awesome is the sight,
Our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place;
He comes to cleanse and heal,
To minister His grace.
No work too hard for Him,
In faith receive from Him;
Be still, for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place.

*David J. Evans
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