



ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE

**GEORGE CECIL GRIMSHAW**  
M.B.E.

8th September 1910 - 29th August 2008



The Church of All Hallows

Ringmore

Monday 8th September 2008

'Grandpa has been all that has gone before, through  
the years from modern to post modern, from simple  
and slow to techno and go! Without him I will feel we  
have cast off the last rope and are slightly adrift'

*Diana Bradley*  
*grand-daughter writing from Perth, Australia*

Organist: Pam Elliott

Funeral Directors:

Walter C. Parson, Costly Street, Ivybridge, PL21 0DB. Tel: 01752-892632

## Prayers

*All together*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people. To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

*Nunc Dimittis*

May God in his infinite love and mercy bring the whole Church, living and departed in the Lord Jesus, to a joyful resurrection and the fulfilment of his eternal kingdom, Amen.

## Final Blessing



*George's family thank everyone for coming and hope that you will join them for a cream tea at Middle Manor. Parking available at Lower Manor Farm by kind permission of Michael and Alison Jensen*

## A Reflection

*George was a keen sailor with his own boat and in the early years of his retirement was a founding member of the Stoke Gabriel Boating Association, through which he taught many children to sail in Optimists.*

## Gone from My Sight

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white  
sails to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says:  
'There, she is gone'

'Gone where?'  
Gone from my sight. That is all.  
She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, 'There, she is gone!'  
there are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad  
shout:  
'Here she comes!'  
And that is dying.

*Henry Van Dyke (1852-1933)*

## Commendation and Farewell

*The Rev. John Elliot stands by the coffin and says*

Let us commend George to the mercy of God  
our Maker and Redeemer

*Silence is kept.*

God our Creator and Redeemer, by your power Christ conquered death and entered into glory. Confident of his victory and claiming his promises, we entrust George to your mercy. We pray in the name of Jesus our Lord, who died and is alive and reigns with you, now and for ever

*All*

**Amen.**



*Please follow the family to the grave-side where prayers will be said*

*A retiring collection will be taken for Micklepage, a 15C farmhouse and barn in Sussex managed by a Christian charitable trust as a country retreat. George helped to establish the Trust in the 1960's whilst working with CMS in London, encouraging overseas students to use the premises. George maintained a lifelong interest in Micklepage and was thrilled to be given up to date news of it shortly before his death.*

## Hymn

Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment  
Rolled the stone away,  
Kept the folded grave-clothes  
Where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo, Jesus meets us,  
Risen from the tomb!  
Lovingly He greets us,  
Scatters fear and gloom.  
Let the church with gladness  
Hymns of triumph sing,  
For her Lord now liveth,  
Death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won!*

No more we doubt Thee,  
Glorious Prince of life;  
Life is naught without Thee:  
Aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conquerors,  
Through Thy deathless love;  
Lead us in Thy triumph  
To Thy home above.

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won!*

*Edmond I. Budry (1854-1932)  
Tr. Richard B. Hoyle (1875-1939)*

## Order of Service

*Reverend John Elliot*

*Minister of All Hallows Church*

## Bible Verses

'I am the resurrection and the life,' says the Lord. 'Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die.'

*John 11: 25-26*

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

*Romans 8: 38-39*

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

*Matthew 5: 4*

God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life.

*John 3: 16*

## Pastoral Introduction



## Prayer

*All*

Heavenly Father, in your Son Jesus Christ you have given us a true faith and a sure hope. Strengthen this faith and hope in us all our days, that we may live as those who believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection to eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

*J.S.B.Monsell (1811-75)*

## Prayers

*In response to "Lord, In Your Mercy"*

*All say "Hear Our Prayer"*

As our Saviour taught us, so 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. 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.**

**The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the  
fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.**

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*

**Silent Reflection upon words from Daily Light for September 8th**

*'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting'*



**Reading**

**Gospel of St. John, Chapter 14 verses 1-6 and 19**

*read by George's son Christopher*

**Address**

*the Rev. John Elliott*

**Hymn**

Fight the good fight with all thy might,  
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;  
Life with its way before thee lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

**Hymn**

O worship the King,  
All glorious above;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love:  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendour  
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath  
The deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power  
Hath founded of old;  
Hath 'stablished it fast,  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills,  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend!

*Robert Grant (1779-1838) based on Psalm 104*

**'A Prayer Poem' by Elizabeth Craven**

*chosen by Gillian, George's eldest daughter, and read by her husband Harry*

I thank Thee God that I have lived  
In this great world and known its many joys;  
The song of birds, the strong sweet scent of hay  
And cooling breezes in the secret dusk;  
The flaming sunsets at the close of day,  
Hills, and the lonely heather covered moors.  
Music at night, and moonlight on the sea,  
The beat of waves upon the rocky shore  
And wild white spray, flung high in ecstasy.  
The faithful eyes of dogs, and treasured books,  
The love of kin and fellowship of friends,  
And all that makes life dear and beautiful.  
I thank Thee too, that there has come to me  
A little sorrow, and sometimes defeat,  
A little heartache and the loneliness  
That comes with parting, and the word 'Goodbye';  
Dawn breaking after weary hours of pain,  
When I discovered that night's gloom must yield  
And morning light breaks through to me again.  
Because of these and other blessings poured  
Unasked upon my wondering head,  
Because I know that there is yet to come  
An even richer and more glorious life,  
And most of all, because thine only Son  
Once sacrificed life's loveliness for me -  
I thank Thee, God, that I have lived.

**Period of silence for private reflection**



**An Appreciation of George**

*by his eldest son, Richard*

**Hymn**

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and ever more,  
Feed me now and ever more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee,  
I will ever give to Thee.

*From the Welsh of W. Williams (1717-91)  
Tr P.Williams and others c.1771*

**Psalm 90**



**Hymn**

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.



## **George Cecil Grimshaw**

GRIMSHAW Lt. Col. George Cecil MBE died peacefully at home on 29th August 2008, ten days short of 98.

Much loved and respected father of Gillian, Richard, John, Christopher and Patsy, grandfather and great-grandfather.

Funeral at All Hallows Church, Ringmore, Devon at 2.30pm on Monday 8th September.

Garden flowers only please or donations for Micklepage Trust c/o Walter C. Parson, Funeral Directors, Costly Street, Ivybridge, PL21 0DB. Tel: 01752 690909.

Obituary Notice as in the Times 2<sup>nd</sup> September 2008