

The Funeral Service: NIGEL SPENCE (Ringmore Church January 10th 2014 at 2.30 p.m.

Family: Judy, sister Pat Barnes with Richard and two children, Owen stepson with 4 family, Michael + 2, Jean Mills Nigel's daughter with Graham +2, Linda Judy's daughter

Director: Basil Edmonds of Halletts

Numbers: Reserve 20 for family Retiring Collection: RNLI & Air Ambulance Church Bells: Yes Sheet for Service: Halletts

'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

We brought nothing into the world, and we take nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

1 Timothy 6.7; Job 1.21b

We have come here today in a mix of sadness at the death of a local character known to each one of us in different ways, but we also come to remember and celebrate his life. A life that was full character, personality and infectious quiet humour as well as outright fun. Every life is unique and precious to God, and Nigel was loved by us and God. His influence remains even if the Church brass that he polished so well shines a little less with his passing. Our faith that he goes to a better place with everlasting gold as fittings where perhaps he will not have to do the cleaning and polishing helps us to celebrate his life on one hand whilst knowing to the depths that there is a real sense of loss at his death. The memories and different feelings of love, grief and respect we all carry from our own lives, and the deaths of others, need to be recognized in the hope that this service may help us to use this occasion to express our faith and our feelings as we say farewell. Those who mourn need support and consolation. Our presence here today is part of that continuing support.

We bow our heads for a prayer: God of all consolation, your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears at the grave of Lazarus his friend. Look with compassion on your children in their loss; give to troubled hearts the light of hope, and strengthen in us the gift of faith, in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

We pray together the first prayer on your Service sheet...

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.

HYMN 486 :NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD,

With hearts and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's 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 ever more.

Memories of Nigel by Stepson: Owen

HYMN: 201 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH,

Refrain: O Thou Great Jehovah

faith that he goes to a better place with everlasting gold as fittings where perhaps he will not have to do the cleaning and polishing helps us to celebrate his life on one hand whilst knowing to the depths that there there is a real sense of loss at his death. The memories and different feelings of love, grief and respect we all carry from our own lives, and the deaths of others, need to be recognized in the hope that this service may help us to use this occasion to express our faith and our feelings as we say farewell. Those who mourn need support and consolation. Our presence here today is part of that continuing support.

We bow our heads for a prayer: God of all consolation, your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears at the grave of Lazarus his friend. Look with compassion on your children in their loss; give to troubled hearts the light of hope, and strengthen in us the gift of faith, in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

We pray together the first prayer on your Service sheet...

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.

HYMN 486 :NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD,

With hearts and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's 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 ever more.

Memories of Nigel by Stepson: Owen

HYMN: 201 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH,

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.

Reading: John 14: 1-6& 27

ADDRESS

Nigel Attended Magdalen College School, Oxford, whilst not being academic, he excelled at the 3 Rs. - Rowing, Rugby & Running. On leaving school he became a farming student and then did his National Service. He married during the 1950s and his only daughter Jean was born a few years later. Unfortunately the marriage ended in divorce. He moved to Marlborough when working for the Fat Stock Marketing Board and used to receive mail addressed to 'Nig the Pig Marlborough'. Later he moved on to Monmouthshire and whilst there came to help out on a Fish Farm and the rest is history. He married Judy in 1979 and they worked together for 20 years before retirement and the move to Devon.

The words of Thomas in our reading strike a particular resonance, as we remember Nigel and wonder just what heaven will be for him. Thomas with those words "Lord we don't know where you are going", and today we do not know quite what awaits Nigel. Heaven is said to be a place where all sorrow and sighing will flee away, and Nigel was most often sorrowful and sighing when he could not get his pipe going, but I have considerable doubts about pipes in heaven. That might spare Nigel the tensions he faced trying to strike swan vesta matches when waist deep in fish pens or whilst preparing said fish for his customers. It might at this point be relevant to say that part of his worldly estate has been discovered in the form of lighters left behind on his good friend Pete Marshes boat.

Will we recognize Nigel if we are fortunate enough to join him in heaven. For most of us he was either the debonair smart man in jacket, shirt and cravat, or he was the holy man..... I see eyebrows raise, but I spell holy with an E between the L & Y....Nigel casual and relaxed often not noticing that spilt burning

HYMN: 201 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH,

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.

Reading: John 14: 1-6& 27

ADDRESS

Nigel Attended Magdalen College School, Oxford, whilst not being academic, he excelled at the 3 Rs. - Rowing, Rugby & Running. On leaving school he became a farming student and then did his National Service. He married during the 1950s and his only daughter Jean was born a few years later. Unfortunately the marriage ended in divorce.

He moved to Marlborough when working for the Fat Stock Marketing Board and used to receive mail addressed to 'Nig the Pig Marlborough'. Later he moved on to Monmouthshire and whilst there came to help out on a Fish Farm and the rest is history. He married Judy in 1979 and they worked together for 20 years before retirement and the move to Devon.

The words of Thomas in our reading strike a particular resonance, as we remember Nigel and wonder just what heaven will be for him. Thomas with those words "Lord we don't know where you are going", and today we do not know quite what awaits Nigel. Heaven is said to be a place where all sorrow and sighing will flee away, and Nigel was most often sorrowful and sighing when he could not get his pipe going, but I have considerable doubts about pipes in heaven. That might spare Nigel the tensions he faced trying to strike swan vesta matches when waist deep in fish pens or whilst preparing said fish for his customers. It might at this point be relevant to say that part of his worldly estate has been discovered in the form of lighters left behind on his good friend Pete Marshes boat.

Will we recognize Nigel if we are fortunate enough to join him in heaven. For most of us he was either the debonair smart man in jacket, shirt and cravat, or he was the holy man..... I see eyebrows raise, but I spell holy with an E between the L & Y... Nigel casual and relaxed often not noticing that spilt burning tobacco had singed his sweater with holes. Our first meeting was in the wonderful Friday "early doors" gathering that used enrich Ringmore village life. His warm and welcoming smile, and a good example to all in that he never had a bad or malicious word to speak about anyone. There was also his generous offer to help anyone in need. For us it was to rid us of some of the rabbit plaque that infested the Church House garden

It soon became apparent that Nigel was more enthusiast than expert in pest control he had openly admitted that his attempts with an air rifle had ignored the green house glass directly behind the sitting bunny. bunny missed green house glass shattered. We were re-assured that the revised plan would be ferrets and James Sephenson that dependable chap would also attend to prevent mishaps. The two beautiful ferrets were duly sent into the warren with most apparent escape routes netted or blocked. Only one emerged and was carefully placed in a sack and box on the lawn as we searched for the other: eventually giving up and retiring to the JE for needed refreshment. Whilst we were there Pam answered the door bell to be confronted with a neighbour asking "Is this yours?" pointing to a ferret in the box she held. The phone call to the Pub told us that ferret was recovered and would we please come and do what was needed. We did, but sadly when we went to put it with the other one, discovered that the other one had escaped never to be seen again.

Nigel's love of nature, was wide ranging from fish farm to sea - fishing, from Pork and consultancy with the government of the day through to quails and incubators on a small scale in Ringmore. Off course he will love the Biblical promise of creation restored to perfection at the end of time. There will be no need to control the various pests. One pest was controlled and became a feature. The lump in the carpet at Barnford was battered stretched and eventually uncovered and found to be a long deceased and mummified rat. Conran decoration and artistic displays had nothing compared to said rat duly picture framed and displayed as a feature. It even travelled to the recently sold house in Portugal, where it now resides in the attic, an interesting surprise for the new owners if they ever explore the roof space!

The stake road and boat moorings will always carry memories of Nigel, perhaps one of the unluckiest boat owners in the area. He suffered many loses of boats and engines from thieves. One even between removing the boat to the car park area, ready to be trailered to home safety, when a villain stole the engine in that brief time. He will perhaps be pleased that heaven is said to contain a crystal sea in the book of revelation. Though I am not sure if St. Peter, rather than Peter Marsh, would want him to assist in moving the seats on his fishing boat. The holes drilled and not filled, once leading to a waterlogged dinghy. He will be remembered as a friend always willing to come out and help, and better still come out and fish.

We will remember a gentleman who was always ready for a smile. Even if his form of address to the late Earl Grey of ancestral tea fame was not quite Debretts peerage protocol. "Good Afternoon Tea Bag". But Nigel was on the receiving end of similar in Portugal. His magnificent upper body muscle development from his days training, in the ROWING part of his three R's with Olympian scullers, plus his ever present pipe; led the Pria da Luge beach restaurant owners to nick name him "Popeye"

I hope that for Nigel his reward in heaven will be more than good, for he will be remembered as one of the good guys. It was a privilege to know him, and to be part of this celebration of his life today.

HYMN: 660 THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'll not want;

He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill;
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

Will we recognize Nigel if we are fortunate enough to join him in heaven. For most of us he was either the debonair smart man in jacket, shirt and cravat, or he was the holy man..... I see eyebrows raise, but I spell holy with an E between the L & Y...Nigel casual and relaxed often not noticing that spilt burning tobacco had singed his sweater with holes. Our first meeting was in the wonderful Friday "early doors" gathering that used enrich Ringmore village life. His warm and welcoming smile, and a good example to all in that he never had a bad or malicious word to speak about anyone. There was also his generous offer to help anyone in need. For us it was to rid us of some of the rabbit plaque that infested the Church House garden

It soon became apparent that Nigel was more enthusiast than expert in pest control he had openly admitted that his attempts with an air rifle had ignored the green house glass directly behind the sitting bunny. bunny missed green house glass shattered. We were re-assured that the revised plan would be ferrets and James Sephenson that dependable chap would also attend to prevent mishaps. The two beautiful ferrets were duly sent into the warren with most apparent escape routes netted or blocked. Only one emerged and was carefully placed in a sack and box on the lawn as we searched for the other: eventually giving up and retiring to the JE for needed refreshment. Whilst we were there Pam answered the door bell to be confronted with a neighbour asking "Is this yours?" pointing to a ferret in the box she held. The phone call to the Pub told us that ferret was recovered and would we please come and do what was needed. We did, but sadly when we went to put it with the other one, discovered that the other one had escaped never to be seen again.

Nigel's love of nature, was wide ranging from fish farm to sea – fishing, from Pork and consultancy with the government of the day through to quails and incubators on a small scale in Ringmore. Off course he will love the Biblical promise of creation restored to perfection at the end of time. There will be no need to control the various pests. One pest was controlled and became a feature. The lump in the carpet at Barnford was battered stretched and eventually uncovered and found to be a long deceased and mummified rat. Conran decoration and artistic displays had nothing compared to said rat duly picture framed and displayed as a feature. It even travelled to the recently sold house in Portugal, where it now resides in the attic, an interesting surprise for the new owners if they ever explore the roof space!

The stake road and boat moorings will always carry memories of Nigel, perhaps one of the unluckiest boat owners in the area. He suffered many loses of boats and engines from thieves. One even between removing the boat to the car park area, ready to be trailered to home safety, when a villain stole the engine in that brief time. He will perhaps be pleased that heaven is said to contain a crystal sea in the book of revelation. Though I am not sure if St.Peter, rather than Peter Marsh, would want him to assist in moving the seats on his fishing boat. The holes drilled and not filled, once leading to a waterlogged dinghy. He will be remembered as a friend always willing to come out and help, and better still come out and fish.

We will remember a gentleman who was always ready for a smile. Even if his form of address to the late Earl Grey of ancestral tea fame was not quite Debretts peerage protocol. "Good Afternoon Tea Bag". But Nigel was on the receiving end of similar in Portugal. His magnificent upper body muscle development from his days training, in the ROWING part of his three R's with Olympian scullers, plus his ever present pipe; led the Pria da Luge beach restaurant owners to nick name him "Popeye"

I hope that for Nigel his reward in heaven will be more than good, for he will be remembered as one of the good guys. It was a privilege to know him, and to be part of this celebration of his life today.

HYMN: 660 THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'll not want;

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

Prayers with response after silence for a space

God of mercy, Lord of life, you have made us in your image to reflect your truth and light: we give you thanks for Nigel, for the grace and mercy he received from you, for all that was good in his life, for the memories we treasure today.

Especially we thank you for.....

Silence Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

You promised eternal life to those who believe. Remember for good this your servant Nigel as we also remember him. Bring all who rest in Christ into the fullness of your kingdom where sins have been forgiven and death is no more.

Silence Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

Your mighty power brings joy out of grief and life out of death. Look in mercy on Judy, Nigel's family and all who mourn. Give them patient faith in times of darkness. Strengthen them with the knowledge of your love. *Silence* Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

You are tender towards your children and your mercy is over all your works. Heal any memories of hurt and failure. Give us the wisdom and grace to use aright the time that is left to us here on earth, to turn to Christ and follow in his steps in the way that leads to everlasting life. *Silence* [Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**]

As our Saviour taught us, so we pray **Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen.**

HYMN: 467 MORNING HAS BROKEN

Like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall

Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

Prayers with response after silence for a space

God of mercy, Lord of life, you have made us in your image to reflect your truth and light: we give you thanks for Nigel, for the grace and mercy he received from you, for all that was good in his life, for the memories we treasure today.

Especially we thank you for.....

Silence Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

You promised eternal life to those who believe. Remember for good this your servant Nigel as we also remember him. Bring all who rest in Christ into the fullness of your kingdom where sins have been forgiven and death is no more.

Silence Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

Your mighty power brings joy out of grief and life out of death. Look in mercy on Judy, Nigel's family and all who mourn. Give them patient faith in times of darkness. Strengthen them with the knowledge of your love. *Silence* Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**

You are tender towards your children and your mercy is over all your works. Heal any memories of hurt and failure. Give us the wisdom and grace to use aright the time that is left to us here on earth, to turn to Christ and follow in his steps in the way that leads to everlasting life. *Silence* [Lord, in your mercy *All* **hear our prayer.**]

As our Saviour taught us, so we pray **Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen.**

HYMN: 467 MORNING HAS BROKEN

Like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day!

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 *Nigel* to your mercy in the name of Jesus our Lord, who died and is alive and reigns with you, now and for ever. **Amen.**

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. The blessing of God, father, son and holy spirit who loved Nigel and loves you be with you today and always. **Amen.**

*Retiring Collection in Memory of Nigel
going to Air Ambulance and R.N.L.I.*

*Judy invites you all to Ayrmer House for refreshment after the Service.
(400 yards south of Church, exit right and follow road taking right bend,
left bend then after 100 yards take right fork up to house: limited parking)*

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day!

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 *Nigel* to your mercy in the name of Jesus our Lord, who died and is alive and reigns with you, now and for ever. **Amen.**

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. The blessing of God, father, son and holy spirit who loved *Nigel* and loves you be with you today and always. **Amen.**

*Retiring Collection in Memory of Nigel
going to Air Ambulance and R.N.L.I.*

*Judy invites you all to Ayrmer House for refreshment after the Service.
(400 yards south of Church, exit right and follow road taking right bend,
left bend then after 100 yards take right fork up to house: limited parking)*