

Hill Cottage  
Sunday.

Dear Di and Society members,  
Anna & I would like to  
send our heart-felt thanks  
for all the wonderful support  
and messages of comfort,  
and for the beautiful flowers.  
We have gathered them all  
up from the church and  
taken them home and every  
room in the cottage and Studio  
is now full of fragrance &  
beauty.  
With love & thanks  
Anna & Katala

NIGELLA

From an original painting

by

Paula Joyce



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**Prayers:-** Each prayer ends in a short period of silence  
followed by the words  
"Lord in your mercy"  
We all say "hear our prayer"

**Reading**  
*'Of Garden'*

*(Francis Bacon 1561—1626)*

**Hymn**

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:  
*All things ...*

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky:  
*All things ...*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one:  
*All things ...*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well:  
*All things .....*

**Commendation and Committal**

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*The family would like to thank you all for your kindness and sympathy  
and invite you to join them at  
"The Journey's End"  
afterwards.*

The Parish Church  
of  
All Hallows  
Ringmore



Ardene Claverdon Bennett

1st May 1920—25th January 2008

Friday, 1st February 2008  
at 11.00a.m.



# Order of Service

## Pastoral Introduction

### Hymn

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father  
There is no shadow of turning with thee;  
Thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;  
As thou hast been thou forever wilt be

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
All I have needed thy hand hath provided,  
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.  
*Great is thy etc*

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside.  
*Great is thy etc*

### Bible Verses

Romans 8. 38,39  
1 Timothy 6.7; Job 1.21b  
Lamentations 3. 22,23  
Matthew 5.4

### Prayer

### Reading

Psalm 139  
Brian Stark

### Crimond

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want: My soul He doth restore again  
He makes me down to lie And me to walk doth make  
In pastures green; He leadeth me Within the paths of righteousness  
The quiet waters by. E'en for His own name's sake

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, My table Thou hast furnished  
Yet will I fear none ill; In presence of my foes;  
For thou art with me, and Thy rod My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And staff me comfort still. And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

### Tributes

Bill Palmer  
Paul Noon  
Kevin Conru

### The minister invites the people to pray:-

Merciful father, Hear our prayer and comfort us; Renew our trust in your son  
whom you raised from the dead; Strengthen our faith that all who have died in  
the love of Christ will share in his resurrection; who lives and reigns with you, in  
the unity of the holy spirit, one God now and forever. Amen

### Reading

1 Corinthians 15: 51-55  
Dennis Collinson

### Address

given by  
Rev. John Elliott

### Hymn

The day thou gavest, Lord is ended,  
The darkness falls at thy behest;  
To thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.



1 February 2008

REMEMBERING ARDENE - who enjoyed and cherished Ringmore in countless ways and who enriched its life and character in all she did.

With these spring flowers we commemorate especially her membership of the Ringmore Historical Society. In 1984 she was a founder-member of the Society and for twenty-four years has searched out the history of our parish, recording what she learned in writings of great interest, integrity and scholarship.

We hold her in deepest affection.

The Members and Committee of Ringmore Historical Society

'All shall be well,  
And all shall be well,  
And all manner of things shall be well.'

Julian of Norwich (1342- 1416)

## PSALM 139

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, A PSALM OF DAVID.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and my uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me: even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

(vv. 1-4, 6-12, 14)

*Reading by Brian Stark*

**1 Corinthians 15 vv. 51-55**

**Behold I show you a mystery :**

**We shall NOT all sleep but we shall be CHANGED, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump.**

**For the trumpet SHALL sound, and the dead SHALL be raised incorruptible. And WE shall be changed.**

**For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal MUST put on immortality.**

**So, when this corruption shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on IMMORTALITY, THEN shall be brought to pass the saying that is written :**

**Death is swallowed up in VICTORY.**

**O Death where IS thy sting ?**

**O grave.....where is THY victory ?**



**...There ought to be gardens for all the months of the year. For December and January and the latter part of November you must take such things as are green all winter: holly; ivy; bays; juniper; yew; rosemary; lavender; periwinkle - the white, the purple and the blue - lemon trees, and myrtle. For the latter part of January and February, crocus (both the yellow and the grey); primroses; the early tulippa; hyacynth; fritillaria. For March there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil; the daisy; the almond tree in blossom; the peach tree in blossom; sweet briar. In April the double white violet; the wallflower; the gillyflower; the cowslip; and lilies of all natures; rosemary flowers; the tulippa; the pale daffodil; the cherry tree in blossom; the damson and plum tree in blossom; the lilac. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, roses of all kinds, honeysuckles, strawberries, columbine, the French marigold; cherry tree in fruit; figs in fruit; raspberries; the apple tree in blossom. In July come gillyflowers of all varieties; the lime tree in blossom; early pears and plums in fruit. In August come pears, apricots, berberries, filberts. In September come grapes, apples, poppies, peaches, nectarines, quinces. In October come medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late; holy-oaks and such like. And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit than to know what be the flowers that do best perfume the air. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.**

*Reading by Di Collinson*

**Address at Ardene Bennett's Funeral at Ringmore Parish Church  
1<sup>st</sup> February 2008**

**Bill Palmer**

Ardene was a loyal colleague and a very dear friend over the past 60 years. Although we had both worked at the Woolwich Arsenal during the war, she as a scientist and I as an engineer, we had never met until she became actively involved in the IPCS and she joined the full time staff of which I was also a part. The IPCS was a body of public service scientists and technologists devoted not only to take action to improve their pay and conditions of service but also by contributing to improve the efficiency of the civil service department to which they belonged but also to provide the best possible service the public which they served.

Ardene held very strong political views. She believed that if you not only talked about something but engaged in positive action it was possible to achieve positive results and this is what she did. In one respect she was a Feminist but in another was not, She felt. I am sure that was as good as any man; she wanted no favours; nor did she want discrimination of any sort, On the other hand she did not see feminism as an end in itself but as only one of the problem affecting Society as a whole. She played a full part in the successful campaign waged by the Civil Service staff associations to achieve its early introduction into the public sector.

Ardene played an active part in the movement during and after the 2<sup>nd</sup> world war which was determined that men returning from the forces should not be betrayed-as they had been after the 1<sup>st</sup> world war, She also had a vision that through scientific and technical application we should be able to provide fulfilling lives for all-not only in the material things of life but also in society, the arts and sciences.

Nowadays we under- estimate the great improvements made in the lives of the British people.in the post-war period these were more important, in my opinion, than the 60's or 70's which led to the "Me-Me" generation. Ardene was not a 'Me-Me' person she was a devoted 'We' person. That is why she devoted so much of her energies in the service of others both in the national and local community..

I don't know whether Ardene would agree with what I have just said about her- she often did not agree with me All I can do is to tell you what I think- and I am so sad that we have to bid her a final good-bye.



## **Ardene Hilton**

*A tribute from Paul Noon*

Ardene had a strong commitment to trades unionism in general, and to the Institution of Professional Civil Servants (now called Prospect) in particular.

She had joined in 1942 and became active as a scientist in the Ministry of Supply and Laboratory of Government Chemists, particularly in the post war years.

Ardene quickly rose through the representative ranks and was elected to the National Executive Committee of the union in 1954 and then Chair of the Scientific Staffs Group in 1955. She had been nominated as Deputy Vice Chairman and would undoubtedly have become the union's first woman Chairman, some 26 years before this actually happened, had she not been appointed to a senior full time officer post in May 1956.

From then until her retirement in May 1980 Ardene worked tirelessly for the union and the members she represented. For much of that period she had a wide and varied set of responsibilities, including national museums and galleries, Research Councils, Ordnance Survey, DHSS as well as national responsibility for medical grades, training and other issues.

She was a passionate opponent of injustice and she was unremitting in her efforts to secure greater recognition for the specialist grades she represented. But she was also able to do



this in a way which did not alienate employers. They respected her mastery of her brief and transparent sincerity. On her retirement there were numerous tributes from everyone she had dealt with, managers, members and other unions.

Ardene will also be remembered as a good colleague. She had great style, a keen sense of humour and, I am told, danced superbly. My wife Eileen worked as her secretary for much of the 1970s and although Ardene set high standards for herself and others was understanding when mistakes were made. She was at our wedding in 1977 and after her retirement we always looked forward to her newsy letters at Christmas about her new life in Devon. Few who knew the hectic pace of her working life in London would have anticipated that she would have taken to it so well.

Finally, it would be wrong to see this brief description of the hard work and dedication of Ardene's working life as being all about sacrifice. She clearly enjoyed it, found it rewarding and it was what she wanted to do.

To be remembered as someone who made a difference on behalf of others and also as a good dancer, this is some record.

## ARDENE : A Tribute From Her Funeral Service

Although we are here today at a time of mourning and sadness, this moment is the natural punctuation in a wonderful long book of life, a life whose many chapters were filled with love and joy.

Ardene had earlier lived in London where she worked in the Civil Service, raised a daughter, and took part in all the rich things that the great metropolis had to offer. Theatre, ballet, and favourite restaurants in the week, and weekends staying with her country family, shaped a life that was urbane and sophisticated yet sensibly balanced.

After Anna's graduation from the Lycée in South Kensington, Ardene thought of her retirement and, with her sister, began to look to the countryside for a place to begin anew. She came to this part of the world, the South Hams, and found a home in one of the most quintessentially beautiful Devonshire villages. I would know that, even if I had never been here, thanks to a British Airways marketing campaign that featured Hill Cottage, one of many such promotions that presented their home as the perfect English country house.

Ardene loved Ringmore, and when she first arrived it was filled with characters who had travelled and lived in far off places: Kit Taylor from Kenya, Douglas Hall from Zambia and Somaliland, and George Grimshaw from India. Others came from around this land, having found their English Shangri-la in the rolling scenery, mighty cliffs and ever-changing skies and seas that blessed a village that was ever-so-gently nestled in the folds of a quiet valley.

Ardene and Natalie made their gardens one of the most beautiful of any, anywhere, and kept their thatched home in a considered, traditional manner. Walking up or down their lane on a warm midsummer's eve, who could ever forget the sight and smell of all those roses in full bloom? And in seeing such beauty, who hasn't felt, if only for a moment, that all is right with the world?

Ardene was fiercely loyal to the village and to her vision of what was right. If a tree or pathway or a simple verge needed protection, she would ensure that all steps possible were made to care for it. If a proposed structure or addition was out of keeping with the architectural surroundings, she would make good use of the local building codes to curtail any egregiousness. She thought of the village as a fragile organism and, using negotiating skills honed in Whitehall, sought to strike the best possible deal for it. She would be firm in her views, yet fair, and her time on the Parish Council was marked by an attention to details that were necessary to ensure that development and growth were balanced with the delicate intangibles that made Ringmore truly special. Many often disagreed with her, though all respected the honesty of her views, regardless of their own particular perspectives. I know she was especially pleased when the National Trust took over the protection of this glorious coastline, though I also know that she was none too happy about many of their subsequent decisions, especially if they impacted on the village negatively, however slightly.

I first met Ardene and Natalie about twenty years ago when Anna brought me to Ringmore as a prospective suitor. I had a feeling that although Ardene thought Americans a bit too much 'over here' and not enough 'over there' she was trusting in her daughter's judgment, if not quite in her own. She welcomed me into her family with a true openness, and I was provided not only with a space at the table but with my own serviette ring. Not long after first coming Anna and I were married at All Hallows, and both Max and Theodore have since been to this church's font of Holy Baptism.

Many men have complicated relationships with the mother of their wives. Like globalization, we are both competing for a highly precious resource, and Ardene didn't necessarily deviate from that script. She had, to my mind, a very ordered mind that ordered things hierarchically: Anna, Natalie; the boys and Shandy; the garden; and, trading off for affections, Smokey and myself, existing just above the rooks. That said, she always supported me in our domestic life, and would unflinchingly defend me at those times when Anna was less than amused in her choice of spouse.

Ardene loved her extended family and greatly looked forward to the visits by us and the boys. Anna worked tremendously hard to make the time for visits home - Devon is now further away from Brussels than New York - and recently, extraordinary trips were made to the Scilly Isles and to Sark.

As much as we as individuals will miss Ardene, we will miss her even more as a family. I know in my heart that so much of what she was and stood for is an integral part of Anna and, by example, became a part of Max and Theodore as well. I also know that the good and strong part of her that I was privileged to witness left an indelible mark on me, and for that I am eternally grateful.

Thank you.

Kevin Conru

*Kevin's tribute prepared for printing in the Newsletter*





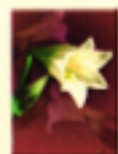
A Thanksgiving Service  
for the Life of

## Patricia Ann Skeels

31<sup>st</sup> October 1933 ~ 21<sup>st</sup> June 2009

Ringmore Church, Ringmore  
on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> 2009 at 3.00 pm

Conducted by Mr Michael Tagent



*because  
we care*

Co-operative Funeral  
& Monumental Service

72 Pomphlett Road, Plymstock PL9 7BN  
(01752) 482900



## INTRODUCTION

### VERSES

#### HYMN

**M**orning 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.

#### TRIBUTE

#### HYMN

**T**he 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 furnished  
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 for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

#### PRAYERS

Lord In Your Mercy  
**All - Hear Our Prayer**

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER

#### FAREWELL

#### BLESSING



**"...and all shall be well, and all shall be well,  
all manner of things shall be well"**

*Julian of Norwich  
(14<sup>th</sup> century)*

One of Nancy's favourite saints & sayings

*The family wishes to thank everyone for their kind thoughts,  
prayers, letters and flowers.*

# **NANCY MARJORY GRIMSHAW**

April 6<sup>th</sup> 1914 - May 23<sup>rd</sup> 2000



**ALL HALLOWS' CHURCH**

**RINGMORE**

Tuesday May 30<sup>th</sup> 2000



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## 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 the 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, etc.*

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

*Thine be the glory, etc*  
*Edmond L Budry (1854-1932)*

Everyone is welcome to join the family for a cream tea at  
Middle Manor (or the church hall if raining)

## ORDER OF SERVICE

Introduction by Rev. Derek Matten

## Hymn

For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
we feebly struggle, they in glory shine:  
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
and hearts are brave again and arms are strong. Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest:  
sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
the saints triumphant rise in bright array:  
the King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

*William Walsham How (1823 -1897)*



## Scripture and Opening Prayer

### Words of Welcome

#### Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like me his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour  
to our fathers in distress;  
praise him still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows;  
in his hands he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;  
ye behold him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before him;  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793 – 1847)*

Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
I will praise thee;  
In my heart, though not in heaven,  
I can raise thee.  
Small it is, in this poor sort  
to enrol thee:  
e'en eternity's too short  
to extol thee. Alleluia!

*George Herbert (1593 – 1633)*

#### Psalm 121:<sup>8</sup>

The Lord will defend your going out and coming in from this time forward  
and for evermore.

*A retiring collection will be taken for the Church Mission Society.*



*Please follow the family to the graveside.*

#### Psalm 103: <sup>13-17</sup>

As a father has compassion on his children, so has the Lord compassion on  
all who fear Him. For He knows how we were made, He knows full well  
that we are dust.

#### The Committal

#### Revelation 14:<sup>13</sup>

Moreover, I heard a voice from heaven, saying 'Write this: "Happy are the  
dead who die in the faith of Christ! Henceforth", says the Spirit "they may  
rest from their labours; for they take with them the record of their deeds."

#### 1 Timothy 1:<sup>17</sup>

Now to the King of all the worlds, immortal, invisible, the only God, be  
honour and glory for ever and ever! *Amen*



## Prayers Led by Michael Tagent

### The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which 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*

### The Grace

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

### Invitation to the Committal

#### Hymn

King of glory, King of peace,  
I will love thee;  
And that love may never cease,  
I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
thou hast heard me;  
thou didst note my working breast,  
thou hast spared me. Alleluia!

Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing thee,  
and the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.  
Though my sins against me cried,  
thou didst clear me,  
and alone, when they replied,  
thou didst hear me. Alleluia!

## Remembering Nancy: Reflections and Memories From her Grandchildren and Friends

### 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.

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*



Reading by Richard Grimshaw

Psalm 139

O Lord, you have searched me and you know me. You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar. You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways. Before a word is on my tongue you know it completely, O Lord. You hem me in – behind and before; you have laid your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too lofty for me to attain. Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise up on the wings of the dawn, you are there, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast. If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me and the light become night around me," even the darkness will not be dark to you; The night will shine like day, for darkness is as light to you. For you created my inmost being; You knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in a secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body. All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to me. How precious to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand. When I awake, I am still with you. If only you would slay the wicked, O God! Away from me, you bloodthirsty men! They speak of you with evil intent; your adversaries misuse your name. Do I not hate those who hate you, O Lord, and abhor those who rise up against you? I have nothing but hatred for them; I count them as my enemies. Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Address by Rev. Derek Matten

Hymn

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
all thy faithful mercies crown.

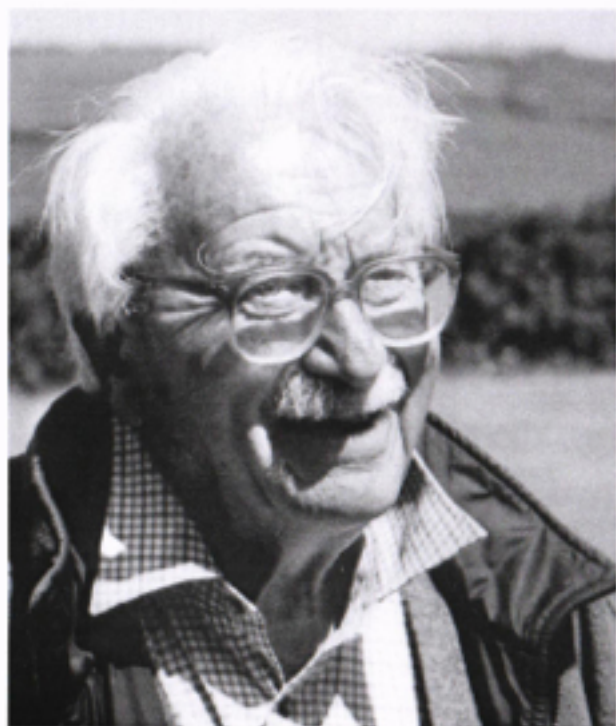
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
pure unbounded love thou art;  
visit us with thy salvation,  
enter every trembling heart.

Thee we would be always blessing,  
serve thee as thy host above;  
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:  
pure and spotless let us be;  
let us see thy great salvation,  
perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,  
till in heaven we take our place,  
till we cast our crowns before thee,  
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*Charles Wesley (1707 – 1788)*



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 Allison 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**

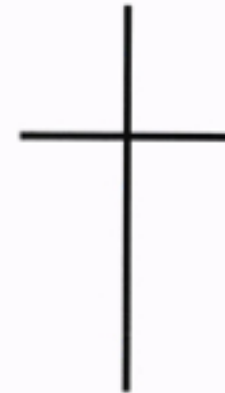


**Hymn**

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.

Church of All Hallows  
Ringmore



**Naomi Juliet Warne**

16th May 1921 - 16th May 2007

Friday 25th May 2007

*May the road rise to meet you.  
May the wind be always at your back,  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
The rain falls soft upon your fields  
And, until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.*



Walter C. Parson  
Funeral Directors

Walter C. Parson,  
Riverside, Costly Street, Ivybridge,  
Devon PL21 0DB



*O Lord, support us all the day long,  
until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes,  
and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over,  
and our work is done.*

*Then, Lord, in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging,  
and a holy rest,  
and peace at the last: through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was  
 Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow in it  
 Life means all that it ever meant, it is the same as it ever was  
 There is absolute unbroken continuity what is death  
     but a negligible accident?  
 Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
     I am waiting for you for an interval  
 Somewhere very near, just around the corner  
     All is well.  
 Nothing is past; nothing is lost  
 One brief moment and all will be as it was before  
 How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

*Henry Scott Holland, 1847 - 1918, Canon of St Paul's Cathedral.*

### **Prayers**

**To the bidding** - "Lord in Your Mercy"  
**All say** "Hear Our Prayer"

### **And Did Those Feet In Ancient Time**

And did those feet in ancient time  
 Walk upon England's mountains green  
 And was the holy Lamb of God  
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
 And did the countenance divine  
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
 And was Jerusalem builded here  
 Among those dark Satanic mills.

Bring me my bow of burning gold  
 Bring me my arrows of desire  
 Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold  
 Bring me my chariots of fire.  
 I will not cease from mental fight  
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
 Till we have built Jerusalem  
 In England's green and pleasant land.

### **Blessing**

*Everyone is invited to Ringmore W. I Hall after the service.*  
*Retiring collection for*  
**Ringmore Church & The Royal British Legion**

## **Sentences**

### **Bidding Prayer and Introduction**

#### **Morning has broken**

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 recreation, of the new day.

### **The Lesson**

1 Corinthians 13  
 Read by Richard Warne

### **Lord of All Hopefulness**

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
 Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy:  
 Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
 Your bliss in our hearts Lord at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
 Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
 Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
 Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
 Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
 Be there at our homing and give us, we pray,  
 Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.



Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is Contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

### **Grandchildren's Memories**

Followed by verse

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:  
Give me a Light that I may tread safely into the unknown,  
And he replied: Go out into the darkness  
and put thine hand into the hand of God.  
That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way.

### **Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer**

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  
Feed me now and evermore.

Open new the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing stream doth flow  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through  
Strong deliverer  
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  
I will ever give to thee.

### **Verse**

Read by Gillian Woodward

You can shed tears that she is gone  
But you can also smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you cannot see her  
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live for yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and ache that she's gone  
But you can cherish her memory and let her live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,  
Or you can do what she would want, smile,  
open your eyes, love one another and go on.

*Charles Henry Brent (1862 - 1929) Bishop of Washington*

### **Address - Vicar**

### **Verse**

Read by Julia Searight

Death is nothing at all I have only slipped away into the next room  
I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still  
Call me by my old familiar name. Speak to me in the easy way  
you always used

Put no difference in your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

They rise, and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
The Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he  
To suffering goes,  
That he his foes  
From thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King,  
Never was grief like thine.  
This is my friend,  
In whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
Could gladly spend.

**THE GRACE**



**ALL HALLOWS CHURCH  
RINGMORE**

Tuesday, 14th Jan. 1997

All friends are invited to tea at 3 Poundwell House, Modbury from 4 p.m.  
onwards.  
Any thank offerings will be divided between The R.S.P.B. and the British Heart  
Foundation.

JOHN D. ANDREWS  
Funeral Directors

Service of thanksgiving for the life of  
**MARGARET WINIFRED WILLIAMS**  
1916 - 1997



## PSALM PARAPHRASE

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 furnished  
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 for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

Old Testament Reading

Psalms 121

New Testament Reading

John 14, 1-9

The Readings are followed by an appreciation of the life of  
PEGGY WILLIAMS ..... Sir Douglas Hall

## HYMN

Breathe on me, Breath of God  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what thou dost love,  
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure,  
Until with thee I will one will,  
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Blend all my soul with thine,  
Until this earthly part of me  
Glow with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with thee the perfect life  
Of thine eternity.

## PRAYERS

### CONCLUDING THOUGHT

## HYMN

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me,  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovingly be.  
O who am I,  
That for my sake  
My Lord should take  
Fragile flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longing for Christ would know.  
But O, my friend,  
My friend indeed,  
Who at my need  
His life did spend!

With the death of Rachel Gartside-Tippinge (Lady Hall) in December 1990, Sherborne has lost an outstanding member of the OGU - of which she was for years Secretary of our popular Devon Circle.

Whether at Oxford, or as wife of the Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia, as Governor's Lady in Somaliland, or as President of our Ringmore W.I. and our Churchwarden, Rachel brought to whatever she did the most meticulous preparation and accuracy, but with a refreshing, almost impish sense of humour that made it such fun to be with her.

Sensitively and sympathetically aware of the problems of other people, she showed sturdy determination in coping with her own problem of deafness - (a relic of malarial districts in Africa) - and was a lesson to us all.

But over everything else was her firm religious faith - and her happiness. After nearly 58 years of an ideally happy marriage, and with a caring family of a son, two daughters and nine grandchildren, she was the happiest of women. And the warm hospitality of the Hall's lovely home, Barnford, welcomed friends from pretty well all over the world, as well as from our own village.

The years have shown me, more and more, how much I owe to Sherborne - not least for having given me the joy of friendship with Rachel.

KGT

Kitty Sanderson (Taylor)  
AJ. 1911 - 1916