

RICHARD
EST **STEEL** 1860
& PARTNERS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
OF WINCHESTER

Annual Memorial Service
Sunday 19th July 2020 - 3.00 pm



please see inside cover for details of how to watch



In these unprecedented times of social distancing,
and our emergence from weeks of lockdown,
we feel that gathering to remember a loved one
is still a hugely important thing to do.

Therefore we have created our first 'virtual'
Memorial Service to share online with our families.

To view the service please go to
www.chesilwebcast.com

Simply visit the website a few minutes before 3.00pm
on Sunday 19th July 2020

Should you not be able to watch the service 'live on the day'
please email enquiries@chesilhouse.com
or ring Chesil House on 01962 820088
for an email link to watch over the next 28 days.

You have all been in our thoughts throughout this difficult time.
Please keep safe and well.

Iain Steel

Welcome

Iain Steel

Opening Words

Revd. Simon Cansdale

Reading

Ecclesiastes 3 verses 1-14

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:

a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

What do workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden God has laid on the human race. He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end. I know that there is nothing better for people than to be happy and to do good while they live. That each of them may eat and drink, and find satisfaction in all their toil – this is the gift of God. I know that everything God does will endure forever; nothing can be added to it and nothing taken from it. God does it so that people will fear him.



Hymn

sung by 'Singers for Funerals'

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.





Reading

In my life - The Beatles

read by Iain Steel

There are places I remember all my life
though some have changed.

Some forever not for better.

Some have gone and some remain.

All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall.

Some are dead and some are living.

In my life I've loved them all.

But of all these friends and lovers.

There is no one compares with you.

And these memories lose their meaning.

When I think of love as something new.

Though I know I'll never lose affection.

For people and things that went before.

I know I'll often stop and think about them.

In my life I love you more.

In my life I love you more





Reading

Seasons of Grief - Belinda Stotler

read by the team at Richard Steel & Partners

Shall I wither and fall like an autumn leaf,
From this deep sorrow - from this painful grief?
How can I go on or find a way to be strong?
Will I ever again enjoy life's sweet song?

Sometimes a warm memory sheds light in the dark
And eases the pain like the song of a Meadow Lark.
Then it flits away on silent wings and I'm alone;
Hungering for more of the light it had shone.

Shall grief's bitter cold sadness consume me,
Like a winter storm on the vast angry sea?
How can I fill the void and deep desperate need
To replant my heart with hope's lovely seed?

Then I look at a photo of your playful smiling face
And for a moment I escape to a serene happy place;
Remembering the laughter and all you would do,
Cherishing the honest, caring, loving spirit of you.

Shall spring's cheerful flowers bring life anew
And allow me to forget the agony of missing you?
Will spring's burst of new life bring fresh hope
And teach my grieving soul how to cope?





Sometimes I'll read a treasured card you had given me
And each word's special meaning makes me see,
The precious gift of love I was fortunate to receive,
And I realize you'd never want to see me grieve.

Shall summer's warm brilliant sun bring new light,
And free my anguished mind of its terrible plight?
Will its gentle breezes chase grief's dark clouds away,
And show me a clear path towards a better day?

When I visit the grave where you lie in eternal peace,
I know that death and heaven brought you release;
I try to envision your joy on that shore across the sea,
And, until I join you, that'll have to be enough for me.

For all the remaining seasons of my life on earth,
There'll be days I'll miss your merriment and mirth,
And sometimes I'll sadly long for all the yesterdays;
Missing our chats and your gentle understanding ways.

Yet, the lessons of kindness and love you taught me,
And the good things in life you've helped me to see;
Linger as lasting gifts that comfort and will sustain,
Until I journey to that peaceful shore and see you again.





Reflection

Revd. Simon Cansdale
Vicar of Christ Church, Winchester

Remembrance Petals and a Time for Personal Memories

Prayers and The Lord's Prayer

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.





Hymn

sung by 'Singers for Funerals'

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.

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.

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.

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.





Reading

How we Survive - Mark Rickerby

If we are fortunate, we are given a warning.
If not, there is only the sudden horror,
the wrench of being torn apart;
of being reminded that nothing is permanent,
not even the ones we love,
the ones our lives revolve around.

Life is a fragile affair.
We are all dancing on the edge of a precipice,
a dizzying cliff so high we can't see the bottom.

One by one, we lose those we love most into the dark ravine.

So we must cherish them without reservation.
Now. Today. This minute.
We will lose them or they will lose us someday.
This is certain.
There is no time for bickering.

And their loss will leave a great pit in our hearts;
a pit we struggle to avoid during the day and fall into at night.
Some, unable to accept this loss,
unable to determine the worth of life without them,
jump into that black pit spiritually or physically,
hoping to find them there.





And some survive the shock,
the denial, the horror, the bargaining,
the barren, empty aching, the unanswered prayers,
the sleepless nights when their breath is crushed
under the weight of silence and all that it means.

Somehow, some survive all that
and, like a flower opening after a storm,
they slowly begin to remember
the one they lost in a different way ...

The laughter, the irrepressible spirit, the generous heart,
the way their smile made them feel,
the encouragement they gave
even as their own dreams were dying.

And in time, they fill the pit with other memories
the only memories that really matter.

We will still cry.
We will always cry.
But with loving reflection more than hopeless longing.

And that is how we survive.
That is how the story should end.
That is how they would want it to be.

Closing Blessing

Farewell Words

Iain Steel

*This virtual Memorial Service
would not have been possible without the help of:*

Revd. Simon Cansdale

Kirsty & Toni from 'Singers for Funerals'

*Kris, Erron & Jenny
at Chesil House*

*Ali, Caroline, Daryl, David, Dee, Evie, Mark, John, Phil, Russ, Sarah-Jayne
& all the team at Richard Steel & Partners*

Darren, our gardener at Chesil House



In appreciation, we shall be making a donation to

'Winchester Basics Bank'

(providing emergency food and clothing to the local community)

*If you would like to set up a free dedication to someone you love
or to contribute to the charity – please visit:*

www.memorialservice.dedicationpage.org/richardsteel

