

ST MATTHEW-IN-THE-CITY

31 OCTOBER 2021

ALL SAINTS' DAY

WELCOME

Rev Cate Thorn

HYMN

**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.**

*Words: Henry Francis Lyte 1793-1847 alt.
Tune: Eventide, William Henry Monk (1823-1889). TIS 586*

LAMENT

© *Elena Philp*

Loving Creator - source of all life.

You are with us from our first breath until our last.

Boundless love who knows all the ways of our life's journey
we grieve the passing of loved ones in far off places

We weep from the gulf of separation
and the loss of the last gaze and final touch on loved ones.

Soothe our broken selves with the knowing
that you are always there.

Heal our hearts as we hold fast to precious memories.

Embrace us in the love which never ends
in this realm and the next.

ANTHEM

Be still, my soul

Words: Katharina von Schlegel (1697-c.1768)

tr. Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897)

Tune: Finlandia, from "Finlandia" by Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

READING

*Revelation 21*¹

COLLECT

THE INTERCESSIONS AND THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD

¹ *"Unfolding the Living Word" Jim Cotter, Canterbury Press 2012, p306*

FOR ABSENCE

*John O'Donohue from: To Bless the Space Between Us*²

May you know that absence is alive with hidden
presence, that nothing is ever lost or forgotten.

May the absences in your life grow full of eternal
echo.

May you sense around you the secret Elsewhere
where the presences that have left you dwell.

May you be generous in your embrace of loss.

May the sore well of grief turn into a seamless flow
of presence.

May your compassion reach out to the ones we never
hear from.

May you have the courage to speak for the excluded
ones.

May you become the gracious and passionate sub-
ject of your own life.

May you not disrespect your mystery through
brittle words or false belonging.

May you be embraced by God in whom dawn and
twilight are one.

May your longing inhabit its dreams within the
Great Belonging.

ANTHEM

O for the wings of a dove

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847)

² O'Donohue, J. (2008). *To bless the space between us: A book of blessings*. Doubleday.

WITH ALL THINGS AND WITH ALL BEINGS WE ARE AS RELATIVE

*Hone Tuwhare*³

With all things and with all beings we are as relative
Sunlight through the window falls
on a pot plant just breaking out
in flower on the table.

For a moment the flower is itself, complete.
Which of course is a fiction.
The flower gets its nourishment
from the sun, and from me.

I will sing to it - chat it up.
I will give it porridge water to drink
thin and cloudy. And today I might even celebrate its birth with
an aria flamboyant and breathing.

If I am as constant as the sun
the moon and tide, the flower will die
and I shall will it to bud again.

Ten thousand times live to die, die
and live again. And this is normal,
quite acceptable; timely.

But who accepts as easily
his own brief life as ebb and flow? z
As part of waxing and waning?
As part of the coming and going away
of sun and flower, moon and tide.

REFLECTION

Prière à Notre Dame

Léon Boëllmann

³ *Wendt, A., Whaitiri, R., & Sullivan, R. (2003). Whetu Moana: Contemporary polynesian poems in English. Auckland University Press.*

ALL SOULS

Jenny Blood "Passages" 2015

The world is filled with the voices
of the dead,
listen as you hear the cry
of the karanga
across the marae,
when the small hairs
prickle
at the back of your head.

Years ago I climbed a steep path
to a circled place,
and heard the song
of my foremothers
calling me on
with an ancient welcome
to their sacred space.

I knew then that every tree,
a shell, a stone,
a sunlit stream,
spoke ceaselessly
of birth and death,
of change and grief,
and I would never be alone.

BLESSING

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Nimrod (from "Enigma Variations", Op. 36, No. 9)

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)