

*Adrian Warren*

20th July 1949 - 5th June 2011



*A Memorial Service of Thanksgiving  
to celebrate the life of*

*Adrian Warren*

*20th July 1949 - 5th June 2011*

*Friday, 17th June 2011  
at 1.00 pm  
Church of St Mary, Wedmore*

**ORDER OF SERVICE**

Conducted by Rev. Karen Murphy (Chaplain, Weston Hospicecare)

**WORDS OF WELCOME**

**HYMN**

**Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven**

*by H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847*

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

Praise him for his grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
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:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
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:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

**PRAYERS**

**TRIBUTE**

*by Andrew Buchanan*

**TRIBUTE**

*by Sir David Attenborough*

*Read by Hugh Maynard*

**PSALM 8**

**How Majestic Is Your Name**

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!  
who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength  
because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,  
the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?  
and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

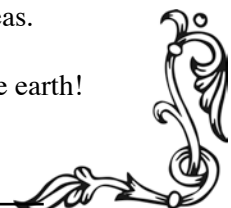
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,  
and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;  
thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,  
and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!



**HYMN**

**Morning Has Broken**

*by Eleanor Farjeon, 1881-1965*

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.

**TRIBUTE**

*by David Halford*

**TRIBUTE**

**Memories of Our Adventurous Uncle**

*by Suzanne, Amanda, and Sophie*

*Read by Peter Beard*

**POEM**

**High Flight**

*by John Gillespie Magee, Jr, 1922-1941*

*Read by Henry Higgins*

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air..  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark nor even eagle flew —  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

**PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING**

*Rev. Karen Murphy and Elizabeth Loving*



**POEM**  
**Glad to Know You**

*by J S Flood*

*Tribute from Dae, Read by Joy Buchanan*

How can I be glad again when you have died?  
How do I pick up the pieces again?  
What joy is there in life  
That is not changed for me by your absence?  
For the moment at least, you are truly gone from me.

A thrush is singing, and playing children yell;  
The rose I was given is still unfolding;  
A card comes from an old friend.

How can I be glad? I am glad that you lived,  
That you gave me so much,  
That you were who you were.  
I am glad that you were unique, that  
Though I shall not find your like again  
Your specialness will never be taken away.

The smell of new bread wafts into the street;  
Commuters travel home from work on shining rails;  
A warm cat blinks and contracts on a window ledge.

I am glad for all you taught me to appreciate,  
I am glad for the memories of love I still treasure,  
Glad of the things you left behind for me,  
All we shared, activities to remember you by;  
I am glad for all that you are and were,  
And I promise, I promise, - I shall treasure you always.

**HYMN**

**All Creatures of Our God and King**

*by Francis of Assisi, circa 1225*

All creatures of our God and King  
Lift up your voice and with us sing,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
Thou silver moon with softer gleam!

*O praise Him! O praise Him!*  
*Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Thou rushing wind that art so strong  
Ye clouds that sail in Heaven along,  
O praise Him! Alleluia!  
Thou rising moon, in praise rejoice,  
Ye lights of evening, find a voice!

Dear mother earth, who day by day  
Unfoldest blessings on our way,  
O praise Him! Alleluia!  
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,  
Let them His glory also show.

Let all things their Creator bless,  
And worship Him in humbleness,  
O praise Him! Alleluia!  
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
And praise the Spirit, Three in One!

**BLESSING**

*Finale: Fauré's Requiem, 'In Paradisum'*



*“I’d like the memory of me to be a happy one.  
I’d like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.  
I’d like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.  
I’d like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun  
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.”*

*by Helen Lowrie Marshall*



**The family would very much like to invite you to  
join them after the service to celebrate Adrian’s life  
at Adrian’s home: Batch Farm, Panborough, Wells, BA5 1PN**

Note: CAR PARKING

The Panborough Inn (just 100 yards from Batch Farm) has kindly offered their car park for the occasion. All cars should park here, if there is no more space (very unlikely), you may use Panborough Batch House, just opposite Batch Farm. If you have to park at Batch Farm, please make sure that you DO NOT obstruct any other vehicles. We need to be able to get in and out freely to ensure the smooth operation of the special afternoon!

**Donations** in memory of Adrian can be made to “Westonhospicecare”. The donations may be left in the collection plate in the church or through JustGiving website: <http://www.justgiving.com/adrian-warren>, or forwarded to Hill & Son Funeral Service, 20 St Thomas Street, Wells, Somerset, BA5 2UX.