

Suzanne Marilla Shaw Smith
A service of celebration,
remembrance and thanksgiving



July 8, 1943 – July 18, 2021

The Gathering of the Community

Presider We acknowledge with respect that we worship on the traditional territories of the Tsleil-Waututh, the Musqueam, and the Squamish.

Let us pray that we may live more deeply into the calls to action from Canada's Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

People **May the living Christ lead us all on pathways of reconciliation and peace.**

Opening Hymn The spacious firmament

The spacious firmament on high,
with all the blue ethereal sky,
and spangled heavens, a shining frame,
their great Original proclaim.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
the moon takes up the wondrous tale,
and nightly to the listening earth
repeats the story of her birth,

while all the stars that round her burn,
and all the planets in their turn
confirm the tidings, as they roll,
and spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
move round the dark terrestrial ball,
what though no real voice, nor sound
amidst their radiant orbs be found:

in reason's ear they all rejoice,
and utter forth a glorious voice,
for ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine".

Words: Joseph Addison, 1712, based on Ps. 19
Music: Adapted from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798

Prelude "All We Like Sheep" - Handel's Messiah
 "Where'er You Walk" - Handel's Semele

A Litany of Remembrance

Presider In the rising of the sun and in its going down,
All we remember her.

Presider In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
All we remember her.

Presider In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring,
All we remember her.

Presider In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer,
All we remember her.

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
All we remember her.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
All we remember her.

When we are weary and in need of strength,
All we remember her.

When we are lost and sick at heart,
All we remember her.

When we have joys we yearn to share,
All we remember her.

So long as we live, she too shall live,
for she is now a part of us,
All as we remember her.

from "Gates of Prayer" by Rabbi Sylvan Kamen and Rabbi Jack Reimer

Hymn I sing a song of the saints of God Suzi's absolute favourite hymn

I sing a song of the saints of God,
patient and brave and true,
who toiled and fought and lived and died
for the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,
and one was a shepherdess on the green:
they were all of them saints of God, and I mean,
God helping, to be one too.

They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,
and God's love made them strong;
and they followed the right, for Jesus sake,
the whole of their good lives long.
and one was a soldier, and one was a priest,
and one was slain by a fierce wild beast:
and there's not any reason, no, not the least,
why I shouldn't be one too.

They lived not only in ages past;
there are hundreds of thousands still;
the world is bright with the joyous saints
who love to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,
in church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea;
for the saints of God are just folk like me,
and I mean to be one too.

*Words: Lesbia Scott, b. 1898, alt.
Music: 'Grand Isle', John Henry Hopkins(1861 – 1948)*

Remembrances: Jill Bodkin
Bekah Grayston
Tanya Williamson
from David's siblings –
read by Alisdair Smith

Hymn Calon Lan (*seated*) – introduced by Dr Mary Lewis

see insert

Song Kumbaya accompanied by Danielle Schmidt

vs 1 Kumbaya, my Lord

vs 2 Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya

vs 3 Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya

*Songwriters: Emanuel Diakhate / Gontse Diakhate / - Dp / Sandi Anton Strmljan
Kumbaya, My Lord lyrics © Warner Chappell Music, Inc*

The Proclamation of the Word

The 1st Reading – Ecclesiastes 3 : 1 – 4 Ginger Shaw

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;

a time to kill, and a time to heal;

a time to break down, and a time to build up;

a time to weep, and a time to laugh;

a time to mourn, and a time to dance

Psalm 23 - said in unison

The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside still waters; he restores my soul. He leads me in right paths for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the darkest valley I fear no evil; for you are with me; your rod and your staff – they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

The Gospel Mark 10 : 13 – 16

Ginger Shaw

People were bringing little children to him in order that he might touch them. And the disciples spoke sternly to them.

But when Jesus saw this, he was indignant and said to them, "Let the little children come to me; do not stop them, for it is such as these that the Kingdom of God belongs.

Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, will never enter it."

And he took them up in his arms, laid his hand on them, and blessed them.

Homily

The Rev. Helen Dunn

Intercessory Prayer

Elizabeth Mathers

Hymn All God's critters got a place in the choir

led by Danielle Schmidt

All God's critters got a place in the choir

Some sing low, some sing higher

Some sing out loud on the telephone wire

And some just clap their hands,

or paws or anything they got now

Well, listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom

Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus

Moans and groans with a big to do

And the old cow just goes, 'Moo'

Well, the dogs and the cats they take up the middle

The honeybee hums and the crickets fiddle

The donkey brays and the pony neighs

The old coyote howls

Well, listen to the top where the little bird sings
The melody with the high voice ringing
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jaybird disagrees

Singing in the nighttime, singing in the day
The little duck quacks and he's on his way
The 'possum don't have much to say
And the porcupine talks to herself

All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing low, some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
And some just clap their hands,
or paws or anything they got now

Songwriters: Bill Staines / Janet Wheeler

*All God's Critters (2004 Remaster) lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc, B
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Blessing

Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace. Where there is
hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon;
where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness,
light; where there is sadness, joy.

St Francis of Assisi

Closing hymn Jerusalem (with original tune and words)

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 Chariot 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.

Words: William Blake (1757 – 1827)

Music: Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 – 1918); arr. Gordon P S Jacob (1895 -)

Dismissal

Rest eternal grant to Suzi, O Lord
And let light perpetual shine upon her.

May her soul, and the souls of all the departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen.

Postlude Mao Tzur (Hebrew "Rock of Ages")

This hymn was chosen by Suzi as the postlude after her
marriage to David.

The family invite you to join them for a
reception downstairs.

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The Reverend Helen Dunn, Priest

The Reverend Elizabeth Mathers, Deacon

The Reverend Peggy Trendell-Jensen, Deacon

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