

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH



AN ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

Sunday 8th November 2020
10.55am

Music before the service:

Nimrod (from *Enigma variations*) – Edward Elgar

At 10.55am, the officiant enters as the choir sings:

THE INTROIT

They went with songs - Andrew Macmillan (b.1976)

They went with songs to the battle, they fell with their faces to the foe.
As stars that shall be bright when we are dust, to the end, to the end, they remain.

THE BIDDING

Let us remember before God and commend to his sure keeping those who have died in the war; those whom we know and whose memory we treasure; and all those who have lived and died in the service of mankind. Especially we remember those who gave their lives in Chelsea Old Church on the night of 16th April 1941: Henry Frankland, Yvonne Green, Michael Hodge, Sydney Sims and Frederick Winter. And let us add to our prayers this year all those who have died or been wounded in war during this year of Our Lord, 2020.

Lieutenant-General Andrew Figgures CB, CBE,
reads:

They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

We will remember them.

THE LAST POST

Two minutes' silence is kept

REVEILLE

COLLECT for REMEMBRANCE

Almighty and eternal God, from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted, either by death or life: Hear our prayers and thanksgivings for all whom we remember this day: fulfil in them the purpose of thy love; and bring us with all of them, thine eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

All sing:

HYMN

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
Across the waves and waters, she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
And around her feet are lying the dying and the dead;
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns;
I haste to thee, my mother, a son among thy sons.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

AN ACT OF PENITENCE

Let us confess to God the sins and shortcomings of the world; its pride, its selfishness, its greed; its evils and hatreds. Let us confess our share in what is wrong, and our failure to seek and establish that peace which God wills for his children.

**Most merciful God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
we confess that we have sinned in thought, word and deed.
We have not loved thee with our whole heart.
We have not loved our neighbours as ourselves.
In thy mercy forgive what we have been.
Help us to amend what we are, and direct what we shall be;
That we may do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thee;
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

Almighty God, who forgives all who truly repent, have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and keep you in life eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The choir sings:

PSALM 23
(chant: G. C. Martin)

THE LESSON

Revelation 21: verses 1-7

All stand to sing:

HYMN

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men:'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PRAYERS

ANTHEM

So they gave their bodies – Peter Aston (1938 – 2013)

So they gave their bodies to the commonwealth, and received praise that will never die, and a home in the minds of men. Their story lives on, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives.

Bidding on behalf of the Royal British Legion
Mr Ian de Leschery OBE

OFFERTORY HYMN

O valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As you had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind – yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in the blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

HOMILY

AN ACT OF COMMITMENT

Let us pledge ourselves anew to the service of God and our fellow men and women; that we may help, encourage and comfort others and support those working for the relief of the needy and for the peace and welfare of the nations.

Lord God our Father, we pledge ourselves to serve thee and all mankind in the cause of peace for the relief of want and suffering, and for the praise of thy name. Guide us by the Spirit, give us wisdom, give us courage, give us hope; and keep us faithful, now and always. Amen

THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE GRACE

FINAL HYMN

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near;
Praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease, turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him!
Let the Amen sound from his people again:
Gladly for aye we adore him.

THE BLESSING

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

RECESSIONAL

Aria – Flor Peeters (1903 – 1986)

The service was conducted by the Reverend Nick Morris

The Choir of Chelsea Old Church

Craig Patterson – Trumpet

Andrew Macmillan – Organist & Director of Music