

Peter John Scott Stokes MBE



3rd February 1925

26th November 2004

*Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.*

Opening Hymn:

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 buildéd 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.

William Blake (1757-1827)

Greeting:

Penitential Rite:

First Reading:

A reading from the book of Wisdom

He accepted them as a holocaust.

(3 :1-9)

The souls of the virtuous are in the hands of God, no torment shall ever touch them.

In the eyes of the unwise, they did appear to die, their going looked like a disaster, their leaving us, like annihilation;
but they are in peace.

If they experienced punishment as men see it, their hope was rich with immortality;

slight was their affliction, great will their blessings be.

God has put them to the test and proved them worthy to be with him;
He has tested them like gold in a furnace, and accepted them as a holocaust.

When the time comes for his visitation they will shine out;
as sparks run through the stubble, so will they. They shall judge nations, rule over peoples, and the Lord will be their king for ever.

They who trust in him will understand the truth, those who are faithful will live with him in love;

for grace and mercy await those he has chosen.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God

Responsorial Psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.

**The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.

Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose.
Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit.

**The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

He guides me along the right path;
he is true to his name.

If I should walk in the valley of darkness no evil would I fear.
You are there with your crook and your staff;
with these you give me comfort.

**The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes.
My head you have anointed with oil;
my cup is overflowing.

**The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell for ever and ever.

**The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

Second Reading:

A reading from the first letter of St Paul to the Corinthians

Death is swallowed up in victory.

(15 :51-57)

I will tell you something that has been secret: that we are not all going to die, but we shall all be changed. This will be instantaneous, in the twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet sounds. It will sound, and the dead will be raised, imperishable, and we shall be changed as well, because our present perishable nature must put on imperishability and this mortal nature must put on immortality.

When this perishable nature has put on imperishability, and when this mortal nature has put immortality, then the words of scripture will come true. Death is swallowed up in victory. Death, where is your victory? Death, where is your sting? Now the sting of death is sin, and sin gets its power from the Law. So let us thank God for giving us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God

Gospel Acclamation:

Alleluia, alleluia!

**I am the resurrection and the life, says the Lord,
whoever believes in me will never die.**

Alleluia!

The Lord be with you

And also with you

A reading from the holy Gospel according to John

Glory to you, Lord

Lazarus, Here! Come out!

(11 :32-44)

Mary the sister of Lazarus went to Jesus, and as soon as she saw him she threw herself at his feet, saying, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died'. At the sight of her tears, and those of the Jews who followed her, Jesus said in great distress, with a sigh that came straight from the heart, 'Where have you put him?' They said, 'Lord, come and see'. Jesus wept; and the Jews said, 'See how much he loved him!' But there were some who remarked, 'He opened the eyes of the blind man, could he not have prevented this man's death?' Still sighing, Jesus reached the tomb: it was a cave with a stone to close the opening. Jesus said, 'Take the stone away'. Martha said to him, 'Lord, by now he will smell; this is the fourth day'. Jesus replied, 'Have I not told you that if you believe you will see the glory of God?' So they took away the stone. Then Jesus lifted up his eyes and said: 'Father, I thank you for hearing my prayer. I knew indeed that you always hear me, but I speak for the sake of all these who stand round me, so that they may believe it was you who sent me.'

When he had said this, he cried in a loud voice 'Lazarus, here! Come out!' The dead man came out, his feet and hands bound with bands of stuff and a cloth round his face. Jesus said to them, 'Unbind him, let him go free'.

Many of the Jews who had come to visit Mary and had seen what he did believed in him.

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ

Homily:

Bidding Prayers:

Offertory Hymn:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory halleluia!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps.
They have gilded him an altar in the evening dews and damps.
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgement seat.
O, be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
with a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
Whilst God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)

Eucharistic Acclamations:

Communion 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, O 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!

H. F. Lyte(1793-1847)

Final Commendation

Remembering Peter

Recessional Hymn:

Guide me, O thou great redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more, feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through;
strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer
be thou still my strength and shield, be thou still my strength and
shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside,
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side;
songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee, I will ever give to thee.

W. Williams (1717-9)], tr. P. and W. Williams

*You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he lived,
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that you shared,
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.*

*You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on,
You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

To live in the hearts of those left behind is not to die

There will be a cremation immediately following this service at West Wiltshire Crematorium in Semington. Please feel free to join us there.

The family would like to thank all relatives and friends for the kind messages of condolence and support and would like to invite you all for refreshments at The Bear Hotel, Market Place, Devizes after the cremation.

*Everything that has a beginning has an ending.
Make your peace with that and all will be well*