

A Service of
Celebration for the Life of



Terence William "Terry" Mead

18 April 1937 - 1 February 2021

St Mary's Church, Hook-with-Warsash

Thursday 18th February 2021

1:00pm

Led by the Reverend Mike Terry

Processional

"The Lark Ascending" - Ralph Vaughan Williams,
Nicola Benedetti, London Philharmonic Orchestra,
Andrew Litton - *excerpt*

The Comfortable Words

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Tribute

"Violin Concerto in D Major, Op.61 II - Larghetto"

Ludwig van Beethoven, Itzhak Perlman,
Carlo Maria Giulini, Philharmonia Orchestra - *excerpt*

Reading: Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

— William Shakespeare

Reading: Gone from my sight

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts
for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck
of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with
each other.

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."

Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast,
hull and spar as she was when she left my side.
And, she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her
destined port.
Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying...

— Henry van Dyke

"Into the West"

(Lord of the Rings - Return of the King) Annie Lennox - *excerpt*

Reading: John Ch XIV v1 - 7

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so,

I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again,
and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest;
and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life:
no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also:
and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Address

Proficiscere

Earth, be my body. Wind be my breath

Waters of the world, my blood.

Night, my little death

Fire, be the life, from the sun and the stars

Omnipresent Universe, this and all be ours

Welcome now my soul's embrace

Beyond the shores of time and space

Courage, guide our faltering tread

Grace, be the path. Joy, be our bed

Hope, be our homing beacon, blazing in the dark

Love, be our truest arrow.

Love, be the mark.

— Stephen Crook

Prayers

Commencing with The Lord's Prayer said together:...

Our Father, which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done,
in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory,
For ever and ever.
Amen.

"The Lord Bless You And Keep You" - John Rutter,
Choir of St George's Chapel, Windsor, James Vivian, Luke Bond

Commendation

Recessional

"Requiem, Op.48 VII In Paradisum" - Gabriel Fauré,
Choir of King's College, Cambridge, Stephen Cleobury,
English Chamber Orchestra

Nunc Dimittis

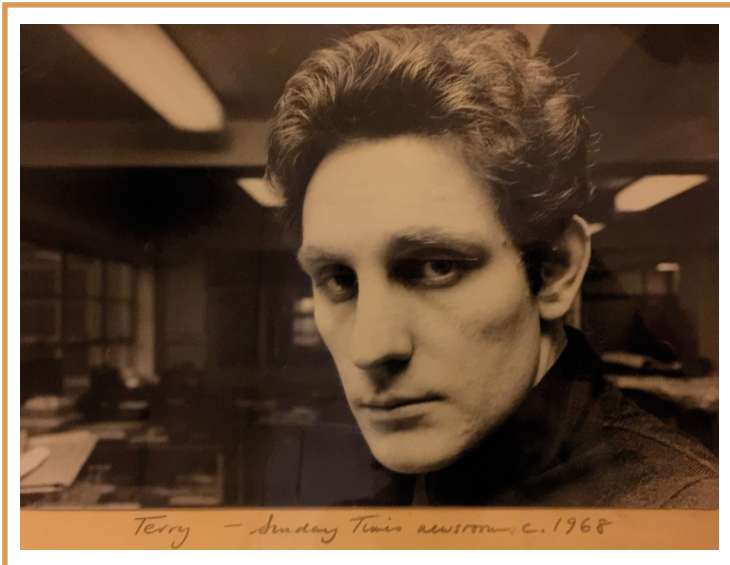
At The Graveside

Reading: Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions Meditation XVII

excerpt

...all mankind is of one author, and is one volume;
when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book,
but translated into a better language;
and every chapter must be so translated;
God employs several translators;
some pieces are translated by age,
some by sickness, some by war, some by justice;
but God's hand is in every translation,
and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again,
for that library where every book shall lie open to one another...

— John Donne



Reading: Psalm XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Remembrance and Farewell

The Committal

The Dismissal and Blessing



With heartfelt thanks to, and in admiration of, the team at Blackbrook House Residential Care Home and the Admiral Nursing Service for their outstanding care, kindness and support.



Donations in memory of Terry to the RNLI (Royal National Lifeboat Institution) and the RNIB (Royal National Institute for the Blind) Talking Book service – links can be found at Thompankhurst.com/terry

Tim Matthews, Family Funeral Director
10 Shore Road
Warsash
Southampton
SO31 9GQ