

Elizabeth Mary Theodora Mawer



4th April 1928

10th September 2006

*To mourn too long for those
we love is self indulgent -
But to honour their memory
with a promise to live a little better
for having known them,
gives a purpose to their life -
and some reason for their death.*

Opening Hymn:

I watch the sunrise
I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,
Casting its shadows near.
And on this morning bright though it be,
I feel those shadows near me.

*But you are always close to me
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
Following all your ways, Lord.*

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds,
Warming the earth below.
And at the mid-day, life seems to say:
"I feel your brightness near me."

*For you are always close to me
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
Following all your ways, Lord.*

I watch the sunset fading away,
Lighting the clouds with sleep.
And as the evening closes its eyes,
I feel your presence near me.

*For you are always close to me
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
Following all your ways, Lord.*

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,
Waiting till morning comes.
The air is silent, earth is at rest
Only your peace is near me.

*Yes, you are always close to me
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
Following all your ways, Lord.*

In memory of AHM

Greeting:

Penitential Rite:

First Reading:

A reading from Corinthians

And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

If I give away all I have, and if I deliver up my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant.

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

But when the perfect comes, the partial will pass away.

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways.

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known.

So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

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 Anthem:
(Solo)

Panis angelicus
Fit panis hominum
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis
Manducat Dominum
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis

Eucharistic Acclamations:

Communion Hymn:

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Ian Struther (1901 – 1953)

Final Commendation

Remembering Elizabeth

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

In Memory of AHM

William Butler Yeats (1865 - 1939)

Recessional 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.

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.

Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice (1859 – 1918)

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

The family would like to thank all relatives and friends for the kind messages of condolence and support. There will be a celebration of Elizabeth's life in the Royal Burnham Yacht Club immediately after this service. Please join us to raise a glass or two.

There will be a cremation this afternoon at 3:00 pm at Chelmsford Crematorium. Please feel free to join us there as well if you wish.

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