

*A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of*



Colin Christopher Paget
Glenconner

1926 - 2010

*Traquair Church, Innerleithen
Saturday, 18 June, 2011
2:30 pm*

Welcome & Call to Worship

The Reverend Janice Faris

Hymn 212

Morning Has Broken

Prayer of Approach

Psalm 8

O Lord our Lord,
Your greatness is seen in all the world!
Your praise reaches up to the heavens;
It is sung by children and babies.
You are safe and secure from all our enemies;
You stop anyone who opposes you.

When I look at the sky which you have made,
And the moon and the stars which you set in their places
What is man, that you think of him;
Mere man that you care for him?

Yet you made him inferior only to yourself;
You crowned him with glory and honour.
You appointed him ruler over everything you made;
You placed him over all creation;
Sheep and cattle, and the wild animals too;
The birds and the fish
And the creatures in the seas.

O Lord, our Lord,
Your greatness is seen in all the world.

The Gaelic Blessing

Sung by Aishling Samson

Deep peace of the running wave to you
Deep peace of the flowing air to you
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you
Deep peace of the shining stars to you
Deep peace of the gentle night to you
Moon and stars pour their healing light on you
Deep peace of Christ the light of the world to you
Deep peace of Christ to you

John Rutter (b. 1945)

Hymn 519

Love Divine, all Loves excelling

John Stainer (1840 -1901)

A Tribute

Susannah Johnston

Reading

Read by Cody Glenconner

Reincarnation

I too remember distant golden days
When even my soul was young; I see the sand
Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze -
Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
- And slim brown jargoning men in blue and gold,
I know it all so well, I understand
The ecstasy of worship ages-old.

Hear the first truth: The great far-seeing soul
Is ever in the humblest husk; I see
How each succeeding section takes its toll
In fading cycles of old memory.
And each new life the next life shall control
Until perfection reach eternity

Edward Wyndham Tennant (1897 – 1916)
July 1916 - Ramparts, Ypres

Hymn

On the Wings of a Dove

On the wings of a snow white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of dove

When troubles surround us
When evils come
The body grows weak
The spirit grows numb

When these things beset us
He doesn't forget us
He sends down His love
On the wings of a dove

On the wings of a snow white
dove...

When Noah had drifted
On the flood many days
He searched for land
In various ways

Troubles he had some
But wasn't forgotten
He sent him His love
On the wings of a dove

On the wings of a snow white
dove...

Bob Ferguson (1927 – 2001)

Reading

Read by Bella Tennant

Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he is not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; he would not want you to.
He'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times and the way you showed you cared,
The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared.
Let memories surround you, a word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,
That brings him back as clearly as though he were still here,
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.
For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart
And he will live forever locked safely within your heart.

Anon

Reading

Written & Read by Demetra Tennant

GRAND G

The best was Grand G
Especially with his dog Frankie
He always carried a hankie.

Always so happy
Parties all around
He was very chatty
And he always danced to the sound.

He always was so kind
especially with his hat that shined.
He always was so loving
Also he was very stunning.

Reading

Read by Euan Tennant

The Violins of St Jacques

“Crossing the eastern channel between the islands at carnival time, the fishermen say they can hear the sound of violins coming up through the water. As though a ball were in full swing at the bottom of the sea”.

“Do they?” There was a note of surprise and of almost girlish excitement in her voice, “Do they really say that?”

“Yes, they are called the ‘violins of Saint Jacques’, or just the ‘count’s violins’. Very little is known of the story now and it is seldom connected with the eruption; and to judge from the way they speak, it might have all happened centuries ago. They say they are the fiddles that were played once at a great ball long ago given by a Count in honour of his beautiful princess”.

Sir Patrick Leigh Fermor (1915 – 2011)

This is a slightly abridged extract from one of Colin’s favourite stories

The Lords Prayer

Our Father, Who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name; Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, On Earth as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our debts; As we forgive our debtors; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil; For thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory; Forever and ever, Amen.

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Hymn 476

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

Benediction

Recessional

Farewell

Composed & Performed by **Red Bean** at the time of Colin's funeral
Producer: Claudette Adjodha

Organist: Sarah Brown

Please give donations to:
Innerleithen, Traquair and Walkerburn Parish Church of Scotland
Charity Number: SC001100