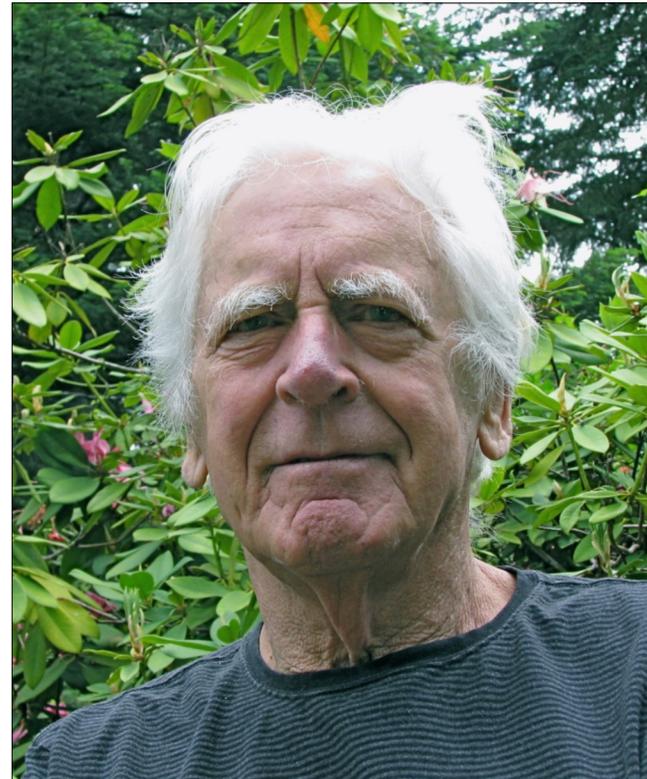


“So what must one do to inherit eternal life? A Hindu might spend the latter part of his life, after completing the family part of it, in the forest; then he takes his begging bowl, sandals, and saffron-coloured garment on the dusty road to renunciation and enlightenment. And there is something very tempting about that—sell off the house, pay out the mortgage, donate the money to the poor, and retire to a life of holy contemplation—perhaps in a monastic community sworn to poverty, obedience, and chastity. No more cappuccino bars. No more summers in *la belle France*, Aprils in Portugal. That’s one alternative. Another, as I contemplate ‘retirement’ a few years away, is the more customary one in our culture of the gilt watch, the cursory handshake, the garden in the suburbs, the two years of watching telly, followed by the dropping dead. I know that retirement will never be like this for me—at the very least I would try to finish Proust—but those are the choices: the mendicant on the road, or the aging writer under the loggia. Either/Or.”

“The one great advantage of Christianity (if you consider it merely as a system of ethics) is its simplicity—divest yourself of your wealth and identify yourself with the poor, the oppressed, and the marginalized. Its one great drawback is that hardly anybody’s ever done it: it takes either a rare, inborn disposition, or a conversion experience on a massive scale, or, as in Tolstoy’s case, a sudden attack of senile dottiness. It seems to run counter to what a study of history shows to be the human predilection for sin, for dog to eat dog, to cut throats, to kick the opponent when he is down, to aggrandize, rape, and pillage, and in short, pursue the allurements of the Id. Nevertheless, this divestment of wealth remains an ideal, and one that has begun to attract me more and more.”

From *Thank Your Mother For the Rabbits*  
John Mills  
1930-2016

## To the Glory of God and in Celebration of the Life of John Mills



Parish of Salt Spring Island

**A SERVICE OF MEMORIAL  
and  
THANKSGIVING**

for the life of

**Howard 'John' Edwin Mills**

**Date of Birth: June 23, 1930  
in London, England**

**Date of Death: January 16, 2016  
on Salt Spring Island, BC**

**Friday, February 5th, 2016  
3 p.m.**

**All Saints by-the-Sea**



**Officiant: The Reverend Richard Stetson  
Organist: Don Conley**

The Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island, 110 Park Drive,  
Salt Spring Island, BC V8K 2R7 T. 250-537-2171 E. ssanglican@shaw.ca

Celtic Blessing

Let us go forth in the name of Christ.  
Thanks be to God.

Hymn: "Who Would True Valour See"

Who would true valour see, Let him come hither;  
One here will constant be, Come wind, come weather  
There's no discouragement Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round With dismal stories  
Do but themselves confound; His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright, He'll with a giant fight,  
He will have a right To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend Can daunt his spirit,  
He knows he at the end Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies fly away, He'll fear not what men say,  
He'll labor night and day To be a pilgrim.

*The original text from Pilgrim's Progress*

Postlude

*How mysterious is Love.  
It binds us close to one another  
even as it gives us freely back to ourselves.*



The Family welcome you to a reception in the church hall  
immediately following the service.

Out-of-town friends are invited to the home after the tea.

**For you reign in the glory of the power that is love,  
now and for ever. Amen.**

*from A New Zealand Prayer Book, He Karakia Mibenare o Aotearoa*

## **The Communion**

Solos: "O Magnum Mysterium" Morten Lauridson  
"Pie Jesu" Gabriel Fauré  
Soloist: Manya Sadouski

**Prayer after Communion:** Let us pray.

**God of love,  
you have fed us at the table of your kingdom.  
Teach us to trust, without fear,  
in your eternal goodness and mercy.  
We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ the Lord.  
Amen.**

Poem: Reader: Barry Cooke  
"Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night" Dylan Thomas

## **The Commendation:**

**You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all;  
and we are mortal, formed of the earth,  
and to earth shall we return.  
For so did you ordain when you created me, saying,  
"You are dust, and to dust you shall return."  
All of us go down to the dust;  
yet even at the grave we make our song:  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.**

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour,  
we commend your servant John.  
Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold,  
a lamb of your own flock,  
a sinner of your own redeeming.  
Receive him into the arms of your mercy,  
into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,  
and into the glorious company of the saints in light.  
**Amen.**



Prelude  
(John's Special Request)

## **Welcome**

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
and the love of God,  
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,  
be with you all.  
**And also with you.**

## **Processional Hymn: "Let us, With a Gladsome Mind"**

**Let us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.**

*Refrain:* For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

**Let us blaze His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God. *Refrain***

**He with all commanding might  
Filled the new made world with light. *Refrain***

**He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery. *Refrain***

**He the golden tressèd sun  
Caused all day his course to run. *Refrain***

**Th'horned moon to shine by night;  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright. *Refrain***

**All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need.**

*Refrain:* **For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.**

**Let us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind. Refrain**

*John Milton*

In the midst of life we are in death;  
from whom can we seek help?  
From you alone, O Lord,  
who by our sins are justly angered.

**Holy God,  
holy and mighty,  
holy immortal one,  
have mercy upon us.**

Lord you know the secrets of our hearts;  
shut not your ears to our prayers,  
but spare us, O Lord.

**Holy God,  
holy and mighty,  
holy immortal one,  
have mercy upon us.**

O worthy and eternal Judge,  
do not let the pains of death  
turn us away from you at our last hour.

**Holy God,  
holy and mighty,  
holy immortal one,  
have mercy upon us.**

May all who share this poor pilgrim's portion  
from bread and cup  
be incorporated as one body and one holy people,  
God's priesthood joined in the offering of Jesus' birth,  
life, death and resurrection  
for the reconciliation of all things.  
May we walk the earth gently.

**In good time, we will walk straight on,  
not looking back, not turning our head,  
to enter eternal rest and peace.**

Glory and honour to God Triune, dynamic of love,  
complete and perfect unity,  
in one holy church, now and in all ages.

**Amen.**

*Liturgy for the Islands, Anglican Diocese of British Columbia, alt.*

*Alternative text for the Lord's Prayer*

**Eternal Spirit,  
Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,  
Source of all that is and that shall be,  
Father and Mother of us all,  
Loving God, in whom is heaven:**

**The hallowing of your name  
echo throughout the universe!  
The way of your justice be followed  
by the people of the world!**

**Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!  
Your commonwealth of peace and freedom  
sustain our hope and come on earth.**

**With the bread we need for today, feed us.  
In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.  
In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.  
From trials too great to endure, spare us.  
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.**

Later he took the cup,  
and when he had given thanks,  
he gave it to his companions saying,  
“Drink this, all of you;  
this is the new covenant of my blood,  
shed for you and for the world  
for forgiveness and healing.  
Whenever you drink it, do this to remember me”.

Entering into the mystery of faith we call:

**Come, Creator.**

**Come, transforming Word.**

**Come, Breath of Life.**

We recall the offering of Jesus,  
guardian of your people:  
whose birth was in poverty, a child refugee,  
a worker with his hands,  
how he gathered disciples  
and taught and healed the people,  
Showed power over sin and triumph over death,  
and now, with his sacred presence  
unbounded by space and time,  
we offer to you this bread and cup.

Send the Breath of Life, like wind,  
blowing where it will, north, east, south and west.

May the Breath brood over these gifts and  
all who feast at this table  
offering a foretaste of the eternal feast to come.

**Bless and unite us in the sacrifice of Jesus  
that we may celebrate with all creation,  
mountains and valleys, fields and seas,  
creatures of the rivers, oceans and forests!**

The Collect: Let us pray.

God of all consolation,  
in your unending love and mercy,  
you turn the darkness of death  
into the dawn of new life.

Show compassion to your people in their sorrow.  
Be our refuge and our strength  
to lift us from the darkness of grief  
to the peace and light of your presence.

**Amen.**

Psalm 23

Makena Hyde

Gospel reading: Luke 24:13-16, 28-35

Finn Pedersen

Homily

Remembrances

Emma Hyde  
Harvey deRoo  
Don Grayston  
Meg Hodges

Intercession

**Hymn: “How Can I Keep from Singing”**

**My life flows on in endless song,  
above earth's lamentation.  
I hear the clear, though far off hymn  
that hails a new creation.**

**Refrain: No storm can shake my inmost calm  
while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?**

Through all the tumult and the strife,  
I hear that music ringing.  
It finds an echo in my soul.  
How can I keep from singing?

*Refrain:* No storm can shake my inmost calm  
while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comforts die?  
I know that my God liveth.  
What though the darkness gather round?  
Songs in the night God giveth. *Refrain*

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
a fountain ever springing!  
All things are mine since I am his!  
How can I keep from singing? *Refrain*

## The Celebration of the Eucharist

### Eucharistic Prayer 1:

Presider: God is here

People: **The Spirit is with us.**

Presider: Lift up your hearts and minds.

People: **We lift them to God.**

Presider: Let us give thanks to God the Creator.

People: **It is right to give our thanks and praise.**

Great Creator,  
with wit and wisdom you have formed the universe.

Your Spirit brooded over all in expectation,  
midwife of transformation.

At your Word, the skies, the seas and the lands  
and all life came to be.

The winds and breezes, waters, fresh and salt,  
calm or gale swept,  
beaches and tides, mountains, rain and snow,  
are the setting of life and teach respect  
for the forces of nature.

In this land, the people learned to depend upon the  
plants, the cedars, creatures of forest, sea and air  
for daily needs and signs of what is to come.

In ceremony and song, in dance and art,  
these relationships are portrayed and honored.

All created things shared life with one another,  
sensing their connection.

When connections were dishonored and broken,  
creation suffered.

Yet, creation continues and brings light from night,  
freedom from slavery, and life from death.

The living Word was sent to freely share sorrow and  
joy, pain and healing,  
life and death in Jesus our brother and friend.

On the night before Jesus died,  
he feasted with his companions.

He taught them to remember how they are loved  
and to know his presence with them and in them  
always.

He took bread, gave thanks, broke it and gave it to  
them saying,  
"Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you".