

*When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart,  
and you shall see that in truth you are weeping  
for that which has been your delight.*

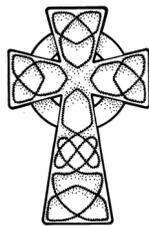


The Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island  
All Saints' By-the-Sea Anglican Church  
Church office: 110 Park Drive,  
Salt Spring Island, BC V8K 2R7  
Telephone 250.537.2171  
[www.saltspringanglican.ca](http://www.saltspringanglican.ca)

In Celebration  
of the life of  
**Courtenay Jane Steele**



Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island



**The family cordially invites you to a reception  
in the Church Hall following the service**



**In lieu of gifts, please make a donation  
to the charity of your choice.**

### **The Lord's Prayer**

*One:* And now, as our Saviour Christ has taught us,  
we are bold to say,

*All:* **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 trespasses,  
as we forgive those who 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.**

Blessing

"I am Sailing"

Rod Stewart



## **A SERVICE OF MEMORIAL and THANKSGIVING for the life of Courtenay Jane Steele**

**Date of Birth: July 30, 1981  
Salt Spring Island, BC**

**Thursday, August 7th, 2008  
2:30 p.m.  
All Saints By-the-Sea**



**Officiant: The Rev. Canon Dr. Kim Murray  
Organist: Barry Valentine**

**As we take our children by the hand  
and help them through this world,  
so do they take our hands  
and help us on our soul journey.**

**“Forever Young”**

**written by Bob Dylan  
sung by Joan Baez**

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

*People:* **And also with you.**

### **The Collect**

*Celebrant:* Let us pray.

O God, the maker and redeemer of all,  
grant us, with your servant Courtenay  
and all the faithful departed,  
the sure benefits of your Son’s saving passion  
and glorious resurrection;  
that in the last day,  
when you gather up all things in Christ,  
we may with them enjoy the fullness  
of your promises;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
who lives and reigns with you  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
God for ever and ever. **Amen.**

### **The Prayers of the People**

Canon Kim Murray

#### **Hymn 500: Sister, Let Me Be Your Servant**

**Sister, let me be your servant,  
let me be as Christ to you;  
pray that I may have the grace to  
let you be my servant too.**

**We are pilgrims on a journey,  
fellow travelers on the road;  
we are here to help each other  
walk the mile and bear the load.**

**I will hold the Christ-light for you  
in the night-time of your fear;  
I will hold my hand out to you,  
speak the peace you long to hear.**

**I will weep when you are weeping;  
when you laugh I’ll laugh with you.  
I will share your joy and sorrow  
till we’ve seen this journey through.**

**When we sign to God in heaven,  
we shall find such harmony,  
born of all we’ve known together  
of Christ’s love and agony.**

**Brother, let me be your servant,  
let me be as Christ to you;  
pray that I may have the grace to  
let you be my servant too.**

**Farewell to Nova Scotia:  
Guitar:**

**Canadian Folk Song  
Alan Moberg**

The Steele family has deep roots in the Maritimes, and this folk song is something of a family tradition when we gather. It was played at Courtenay's grandfather's funeral, and she was quite moved by it, which is why we want to include it at this time.

**The sun was setting in the west,  
The birds were singing on every tree,  
All nature seemed inclined for to rest  
But still there was no rest for me.**

*Chorus:*

*Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea-bound coast,  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?*

**I grieve to leave my native land,  
I grieve to leave my comrades all,  
And my parents whom I held so dear,  
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.**

*Chorus*

**I have three brothers and they are at rest,  
Their arms are folded on their breast.  
But a poor simple sailor just like me,  
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.**

*Chorus*

**First Reading: from Psalms  
Reader:**

**Judy Tyson**

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even to the end. God is our refuge and our strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea."

**Psalm 121 (said together)**

**I lift up my eyes to the hills—  
where does my help come from?  
My help comes from the Lord,  
the Maker of heaven and earth.**

**He will not let your foot slip—  
he who watches over you will not slumber;  
indeed, he who watches over Israel  
will neither slumber nor sleep.**

**The Lord watches over you—  
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;  
the sun will not harm you by day,  
nor the moon by night.**

**The Lord will keep you from all harm—  
he will watch over your life;  
the Lord will watch over your coming and going  
both now and forevermore.**

**Second Reading: "On Children"**

**Reader:**

**Khalil Gibran  
Poppy Steele**

Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters  
of Life's longing for itself.  
They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you,  
yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,  
for they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,  
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.  
You may strive to be like them,  
but seek not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children  
as living arrows are sent forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,  
and He bends you with His might  
that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let our bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,  
so He loves also the bow that is stable.

**Hymn 292: We Cannot Measure How You Heal**

**We cannot measure how you heal  
or answer every sufferer's prayer,  
yet we believe your grace responds  
where faith and doubt unite to care.  
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,  
survive to hold and heal and warn,  
to carry all through death to life  
and cradle children yet unborn.**

**The pain that will not go away,  
the guilt that clings from things long past,  
the fear of what the future holds,  
are present as if meant to last.  
But present too is love which tends  
the hurt we never hope to find,  
the private agonies inside,  
the memories that haunt the mind.**

**So some have come who need your help  
and some have come to make amends,  
as hands which shaped and saved the world  
are present in the touch of friends.  
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here  
to mend the body, mind, and soul,  
to disentangle peace from pain  
and make your broken people whole.**

Eulogy:

Suzanne Steele

Homily:

Kim Murray