

Daffodils (1804)

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



The Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island

All Saints' By-the-Sea

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In Celebration of the life of Kenneth Burt Williams 1920-2009



Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island

**A SERVICE OF MEMORIAL
and
THANKSGIVING**

for the life of

Kenneth Burt Williams

Date of Birth: April 26th, 1920
in Abbey Wood, Kent, UK

Date of Death: November 13th, 2009
in Victoria, BC

Thursday, November 26th, 2009

2:00 p.m.

All Saints' By-The-Sea

Officiant: The Reverend Richard L. Stetson
Organist: David Storm



THE FUNERAL LITURGY

(Book of Alternative Services)

Prelude: "Claire de Lune" Claude Debussy

Hymn 24 vs. 1, 3, 4: Abide with Me

Welcome

Psalm 121 p.590

Prayer

Reading: IF Rudyard Kipling
reader: Sylvia Ommaney

Eulogy Jennifer Williams

Reading: 1 Kings 5.1-5

Hymn 519: The Lord's My Shepherd tune: Crimond

Reading: Death is Nothing Henry Scott Holland
reader: Scott Merrick

Solo: Jerusalem Sir C. Hubert H. Parry
soloist: Ken Rootham

The Prayers p.593

The Lord's Prayer p.594

Hymn 416: All Things Bright and Beautiful

Commendation

† † †

The family cordially invite you to a reception
after the service at 130 Arnell Way

IF (1896)

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
' Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

Death is Nothing

“Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are.
Call me by my old familiar name,
speak to me in the easy way you always used.
Put no difference in your tone,
wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name forever be the household word it always was;
let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was;
there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for the interval,
somewhere very near,
just around the corner.
All is well”

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)
Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral

Meaning of the Hymn “Jerusalem”

“*Jerusalem*” is considered to be England’s most popular patriotic song, the *New York Times* has called it “Fast becoming an alternative national anthem,” and there have even been calls to give it official status.

The legend is linked to an idea in the Book of Revelation (3:12 and 21:2) describing a Second Coming, wherein Jesus establishes a new Jerusalem. The Christian church in general, and the English Church in particular, used Jerusalem as a metaphor for Heaven, a place of universal love and peace. The poem implies that the visit of Jesus briefly created a heaven in England, in contrast to its post-industrial-revolution “dark Satanic Mills.” However the image of “chariots of fire” was drawn from the Old Testament story of Elijah in 2 Kings 2.11.