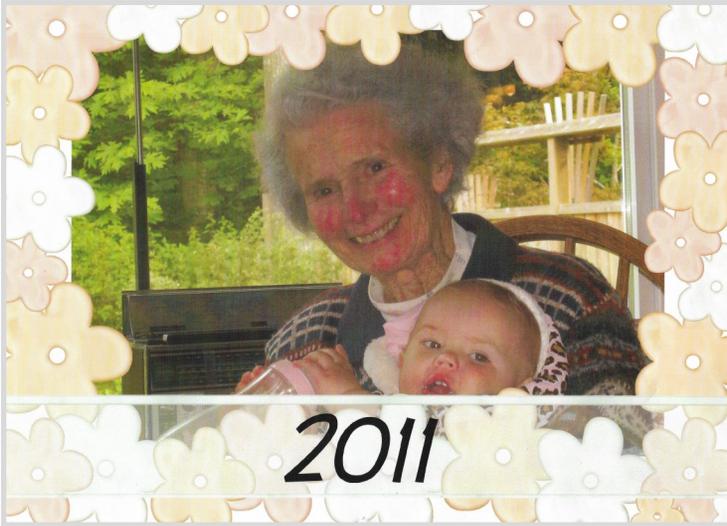


**To the Glory of God  
and in Celebration  
of the Life of  
Joan Larson**



**The Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island**  
All Saints by-the-Sea  
Church office: 110 Park Drive,  
Salt Spring Island, BC V8K 2R7  
T. 250.537.2171 E. ssanglican@shaw.ca  
www.saltspringanglican.ca



**Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island**

**A SERVICE OF MEMORIAL  
and  
THANKSGIVING**

**for the life of**

**Violet Joan Larson**

**Date of Birth: December 25, 1921  
in England**

**Date of Death: February 16, 2017  
On Salt Spring Island BC**

**Saturday, March 25th, 2017  
2:00 p.m.  
All Saints by-the-Sea**

**Officiant: The Reverend Richard Stetson  
Organist: David Storm**



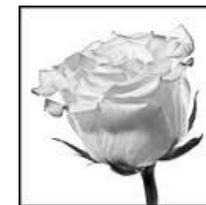
kindness, enhanced by the enduring companionship of her assistant gardener, Gil.

She was rooted in love, which was manifested in her faith, her family and her friendships, and even when transplanted, the strength of her roots anchored her deeply to the soil of her new location. Nevertheless, her connection to the girl who had grown up in a rural English village, with its principles of caring for your neighbour and the land, was never lost. What you saw was what you got, in generous measure and spilling over. She remained without guile throughout the years I knew her, and I loved her for it and, I hope, learned from her example.

Joan, the many furrows you dug and the stones you cleared from the land continue to make it easy for us to walk in the gardens you planted. All those sturdy shrubs you so generously gave away to friends and the many seeds you scattered will bear blossoms and fruit for many seasons to come. Even the birds at the door of your house continue to look for the crumbs you eagerly spread before them on wintry mornings.

As for me, I can't wait for the day when I arrive at the gate of your heavenly garden, for the hour when you swing it open wide in welcome, and for the moment I see your smiling face and hear you say, "Hello luv."

*Lottie Devindisch March 2017*



## A GARDEN CALLED JOAN

As I stood by Joan's bedside in the hospital a few weeks ago, it took me by surprise when the nurse came by and said, "Violet has had a good day". Violet, I mused. Does she mean my dear friend Joan? I had never known her floral name, but it made sense.

Nevertheless, the tiny lady lying smiling up at us from a mound of sheets and blankets was, for me, more than a sweet-scented violet. She was a whole garden. She was not only the delicate stem of a winter snowdrop and the sprightly face of a spring jonquil, she was also the radiance of a hot-headed dahlia. She suffused the delicate fragrance of mock-orange and often displayed the prayerful complexity of passion-flowers climbing an ornamental fence.

Yes, her garden even harboured feisty and tenacious weeds, but those, in her energetic and matter-of-fact way, were regularly pulled out by the roots and tossed onto the compost to become much more useful in the nurture of a vegetable patch.

The cultivation of this garden that was Joan – or Violet – took many seasons of sun, rain and wind to display such depth of colour and variety, and though I am glad to have known her in the mature years of her blooming, I wish I could have enjoyed her company in the years of early pruning and shaping as well. I believe we would have hit it off! Her energy and vivacity attracted many to her, both young and old, and from the stories she told, it was clear that many a bee, butterfly, and even a frog or two, was anxious to spend time in her garden. These stories were filled with laughter, compassion, and a good deal of

## THE FUNERAL LITURGY

(Book of Common Prayer)



Prelude

**Procession**

**Welcome and Sentences from Scripture**

**Hymn 415: "All Things Bright and Beautiful"**

**Psalm 23:**

**The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
he leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.**

**Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.**

**Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.**

**Surely goodness and mercy  
shall follow me  
all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD  
for ever.**

**Reading: Isaiah 25:6-9**

### **The Responses and Prayers**

The Lord be with you.  
**And with thy spirit.**

Let us pray. Lord, have mercy upon us.  
**Christ, have mercy upon us.**

Lord, have mercy upon us.

**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 them that 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.**

O Saviour of the world,  
who by thy Cross and precious  
Blood hast redeemed us;  
**Save us and help us,  
we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.**

Graciously look upon our afflictions, O Lord;  
**Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.**

Make thy servants to be numbered with thy saints;  
**In glory everlasting.**

**Hymn 619: "Fairest Lord Jesus"**

**Blessing**

Postlude

