

In Loving Memory and Thanksgiving for the Life of

Jessie Helen Mantle

January 19, 1932 – September 2, 2021



The Anglican Church of St. John the Divine
1611 Quadra Street
Victoria, B.C. V8W 2L5

Spirituality ... a life changing option

Spirituality always involves a process of becoming. Our relationship with the Other initiates a process of growth in our lives and calls for an ongoing response and commitment to live whatever is encountered on our particular journey. Inevitably, spirituality calls us out of a preoccupation with ourselves and toward love and compassion for others and the world.

We can say, therefore, that spirituality concerns the experience of striving for self-transcendence, to be in relationship with the Other – a quality that goes beyond religious affiliation. It is a striving for meaning, purpose, and knowledge of the Transcendent that has personal, communal, and public aspects.¹

from “Ulysses” by Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1833

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use.

from “The Greatest Thing in the World”

Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, [sic.] and among things, and among trouble, and difficulties, and obstacles. You remember Goethe’s words: ...“Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life.”²

¹ From a poster by Providence Health Care that makes acknowledgements to the Canadian Catholic Hospital Association & Don Misner, the Multifaith Calendar (1991), and Bonnie McKinnon and Caryn Stelck of St Vincent’s Hospitals-Pastoral Care.

² Drummond, Henry. *The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses*, 1891.

Order of Service

Officiant: The Reverend Canon Karen Fast

Prelude

Welcome and Announcements

Resurrection Sentence

I am sure that neither death, nor life,
nor angels, nor principalities,
nor things present, nor things to come,
nor powers, nor height, nor depth,
nor anything else in all creation,
will be able to separate us from the love of God
in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:38-39

Opening Prayer

God of all consolation, you are a refuge and a strength for us, a helper close at hand in times of loss. Help us so to hear the music and words of our faith that our loneliness is eased and our hope reawakened. May your Holy Spirit lift us above our natural sorrow, to the peace and light of your constant love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Hymn (CP 575)

THAXTED

- 1. Let streams of living justice
flow down upon the earth;
give freedom's light to captives,
let all the poor have worth.
The hungry's hands are pleading,
the workers claim their rights,
the mourners long for laughter,
the blinded seek for sight.
Make liberty a beacon,
strike down the iron power;
abolish ancient vengeance:
proclaim your people's hour.**

2. **For healing of the nations,
 for peace that will not end,
 for love that makes us lovers,
 God grant us grace to mend.
 Weave our varied gifts together;
 knit our lives as they are spun;
 on your loom of time enroll us
 till our thread of life is run.
 O great Weaver of our fabric,
 bind church and world in one;
 dye our texture with your radiance,
 light our colours with your sun.**
3. **Your city's built to music;
 we are the stones you seek;
 your harmony is language:
 we are the words you speak.
 Our faith we find in service,
 our hope in other's dreams,
 our love in hand of neighbour:
 our homeland brightly gleams.
 Inscribe our hearts with justice;
 your way—the path untried;
 your truth—the heart of stranger;
 your life—the Crucified.**

Text: William Whitla (1934-).
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1st Reading

Psalm 104:1a, 10-24 (with Vancouver Island variations)

Read by Judith Branion

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, you are very great.
 You make springs gush forth in the alleys; they flow between the hills,
 giving drink to every wild animal; the wild elk quench their thirst.
 By the streams the birds of the air have their habitations;
 they sing among the branches.
 From your lofty abode you water the mountains;
 the earth is satisfied with the fruit of your work.
 You cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for people to use,
 to bring forth food from the earth,
 and wine to gladden the human heart,

oil to make the face shine, and bread to strengthen the human heart.
The trees of the Lord are watered abundantly,
 the cedars of Vancouver Island that God planted.
In them the birds build their nests;
 the eagle has its dome in the fir trees.
The high mountains are for the marmots;
 the rocks are a refuge for the rabbits.
You have made the moon to mark the seasons;
 the sun knows its time for setting.
You make darkness, and it is night,
 when all the animals of the forest come creeping out.
The young cougars roar for their prey, seeking their food from God.
When the sun rises, they withdraw and lie down in their dens.
People go out to their work and to their labour until the evening.
O Lord, how manifold are your works!
In wisdom you have made them all; the earth is full of your creatures.

2nd Reading

Ecclesiastes 3:1–15

Read by The Venerable Alastair Singh-McCollum

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

What gain have the workers from their toil? I have seen the business that God has given to everyone to be busy with. He has made everything suitable for its time; moreover, he has put a sense of past and future into their minds, yet they cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end. I know that there is nothing better for them than to be happy and enjoy

themselves as long as they live; moreover, it is God's gift that all should eat and drink and take pleasure in all their toil. I know that whatever God does endures for ever; nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it; God has done this, so that all should stand in awe before him. That which is, already has been; that which is to be, already is; and God seeks out what has gone by.

Time of Remembering and Sharing

Arthur Roy – Jessie's early days in Chemainus

Jeanette Funke Furber – Jessie's Professional Career

Belinda Parke – Jessie as teacher, colleague, and friend

Homily

Hymn (CP 352)

NEW BRITAIN

- 1. Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found:
was blind, but now I see.**
- 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!**
- 3. The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.**
- 4. Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.**
- 5. When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we'd first begun.**

Text: St. 1-4, John Newton (1725-1807).
St. 5, *A Collections of Sacred Ballads*, Richmond, 1790.

Statement of Faith

**Hear, O Israel,
The Lord our God, the Lord is one.**

**Love the Lord your God
with all your heart,
with all your soul,
with all your mind,
and with all your strength.**

**This is the first and the great commandment.
The second is like it:
Love your neighbor as yourself.**

There is no commandment greater than these.

Prayers

Marnie Bradfield

Lord's Prayer

(A version of The Lord's Prayer from *The New Zealand Prayer Book*)

**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 through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the peoples 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 testing, strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.**

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

Commendation

**Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Jessie with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

**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.**

**Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Jessie with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

Presider

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

Blessing

(This is the blessing Jessie remembers her father giving her every night of her childhood.)

The Lord Bless thee and keep thee.
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now
and evermore. **Amen.**

Final Hymn

LORD OF THE DANCE

1. I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon and stars and the sun;
and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth –
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

Refrain

*Dance then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he;
I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
I will lead you all in the dance, said he.*

2. I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
but they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fisherman, for James and John,
they came with me and the dance went on.

Dance then, wherever you may be...

3. I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
the holy people said it was a shame;
they whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,
and they left me there on a cross to die.

Dance then, wherever you may be...

4. I dance on a Friday when the sky turned black –
it's hard to dance with the devil on your back;
they buried my body and they thought I'd gone –
but I am the dance and I still go on.

Dance then, wherever you may be...

5. They cut me down and I leap up high:
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me –
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Dance then, wherever you may be.

Text: Sydney Carter (1915-2004)

Postlude

Fugue and Toccata in D minor

J.S. Bach

The Committal

The cremated remains will be placed at a later date in the grave of Jessie's parents at St. Mary's Cemetery, Somenos, BC.

Organist: David Stratkauskas
Livestream and Zoom Technician: Karen Coverett
Crucifer & Verger: Chuck Neilson

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Jessie was much more than her small obituary. She was an extraordinary woman with many accomplishments and a striking personality. In the beginning, she was my mother's professor, but she grew to be more like an aunt to me. When I was a child she made a lasting impression. She was everything I aspired to be: independent, funny, thoughtful, intelligent, and kind. Every year on New Year's Day we would go over to her townhouse and play board games. Her laugh and voice were so distinct and joyful. One time she came to my high school class to do a presentation on her career. She talked about how in college she would guess the test answers by making a design with the multiple choice, which made my classmates laugh and more intrigued by the presentation. In my twenties when I was living away, I always made a point to visit Jessie when I came back to Victoria. We'd have tea and talk about theatre and what we were reading. I couldn't believe she saw the original production of Ecstasy of Rita Joe and the Stratford festival in the tents. She had lived in the US and all over Canada. As she lived through her 80s, she never lost her sense of curiosity. She came to my wedding and was even flirting with my friend Eamon, which was hilarious. She was such a champion of my work as an actor and when this business can be so unloving, it's really nice to have someone in my corner. She obviously wasn't the only one, but still, it meant a lot early on. She always invested time in asking about me and more importantly my career as a theatre artist, which was really meaningful.

My one regret is that I am unable to go to her funeral due to travel logistics. I hope that in the end, she didn't have to suffer too much, and I know she is up there with my Mom catching up and laughing in her iconic beautiful way. Love you very much.

*Laura Harris was a very dear friend to Jessie.*



Jessie was born in Chemainus, BC, on Vancouver Island. All her life she proudly referred to herself as being “islandic”. After graduating from Ladysmith High School, she entered the Royal Jubilee Hospital School of Nursing to begin a nursing career – her life-long passion. Upon graduation in 1953, she worked in Nanaimo, BC in order to save money for her other passion – traveling. In September 1954, she and a nursing classmate spent a year abroad based in England. She held short-term jobs to finance travels throughout Britain and Western Europe, staying at youth hostels and immersing herself in the cultural treasures of the countries she visited. Upon her return to Canada she took a position at St Paul’s hospital in Vancouver as part of the staff who opened the Post Anesthetic Room and where she became a Head Nurse. Influenced by her experiences in Europe she went to McGill University to study the arts, humanities, as well as nursing. She received her baccalaureate degree in nursing and traveled to Boston to study psychiatric nursing. During her time in Montreal she broadened her understanding of Canadian culture by living with a French Canadian family. Upon her return to St Paul’s Hospital, she taught in the School of Nursing, beginning another professional area of interest in education. In 1968 she returned to school in San Francisco where she completed her public health nursing certificate and her Master of Nursing degree. After graduation she assumed a position as a member of the Faculty of Nursing at the University of Western Ontario, a post she held for 12 years, and during which time she studied the nursing specialty of gerontological nursing at the University of Washington. In 1981 she returned to Victoria to combine her twin interests of education and nursing practice by accepting a joint appointment, teaching at the University of Victoria and becoming a clinical nurse specialist at the Juan de Fuca hospitals.



At various times over these years she was a member of the Board of the Canadian Nurses Association, the first president of the Canadian Gerontological Nursing Association, recipient of a World Health Scholarship, and a teacher in one of the first distance nursing courses offered over the BC Knowledge Network. She shared her ideas in teaching workshops across Canada and in publications. She retired in Victoria in 1995, continuing to travel, camping in many regions of Canada and visiting those regions of Western Europe she had missed on her first trip. Her beloved companion was the rescued dog called Alphie. She was a member of the Church of St John the Divine where she participated in the launching of the night shelter for street youth and the development of a parish nursing project as well as the healing ministry.