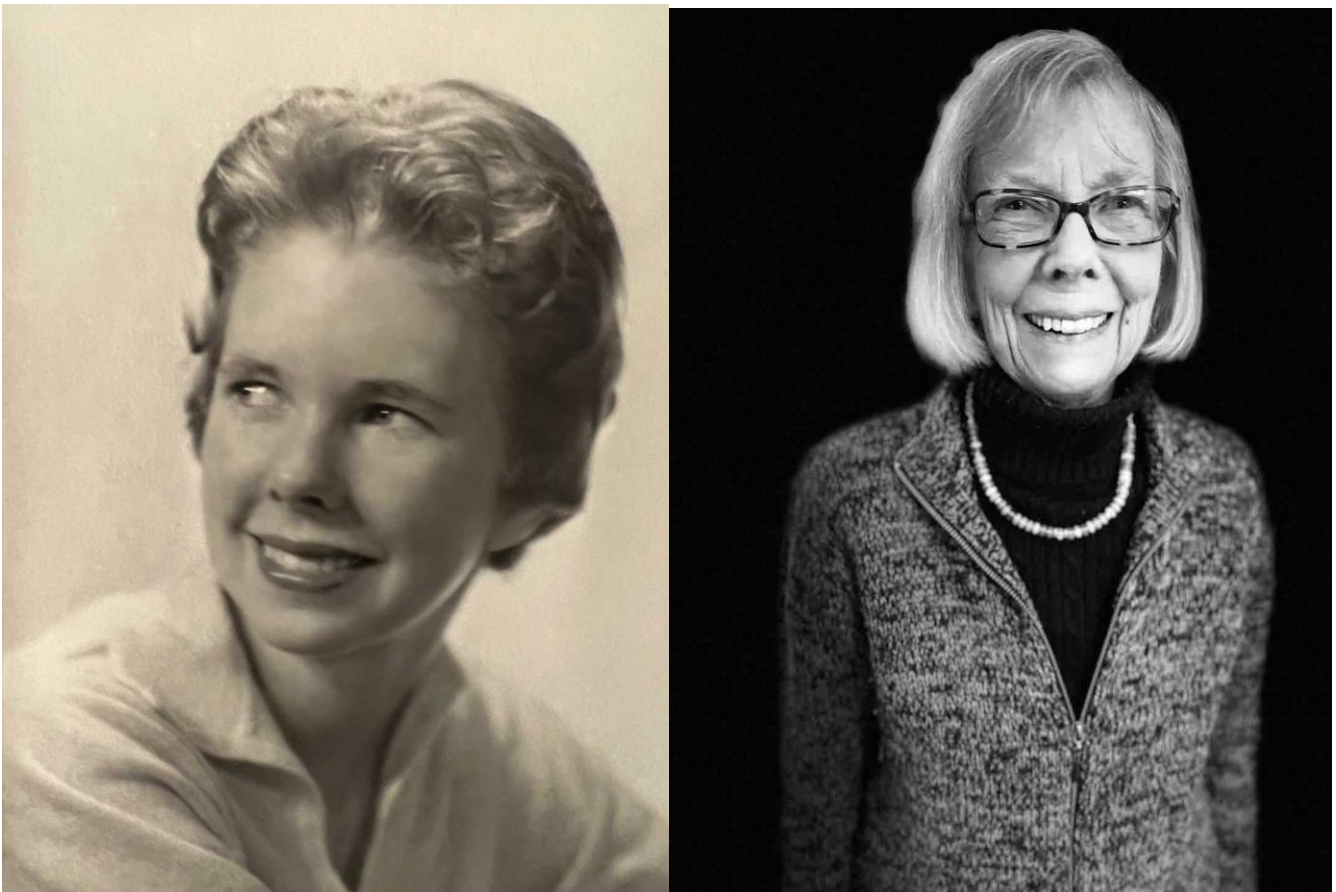


A Service of Remembrance
and Thanksgiving

Jean Paddock Sylwester

October 12, 1940 – September 5, 2025



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

Order of Service

Saturday, September 27, 2025
2:00 pm

Officiant: The Reverend Pam Worthington

Sentences of Scripture

“I am the resurrection and the life”, says Jesus. “Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. *(John 11:25-26)*

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, 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)*

Since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. So we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore, encourage one another with these words. *(1 Thessalonians 4:14, 17b, 18)*

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, God’s mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning. Great is God’s faithfulness. *(Lamentations 3:22-23)*

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. *(Matthew 5:4)*

Land Acknowledgement

Introduction

We’ve come here today to remember and honour before God our beloved sister **JEAN PADDOCK SYLWESTER**, to give thanks for her life, to commend her to God our merciful Creator and Redeemer, to commit her ashes to their final rest, and to comfort one another in our grief.

Opening Prayer

God of all consolation, your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears at the grave of Lazarus, his friend. Look with compassion on all your children in their loss. Give to troubled hearts the light of hope, and strengthen in us the gift of faith, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All: Amen.

Tributes

John Sylwester
Will Sylwester
Kit Didion

Hymn (CP #519)

CRIMOND



1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
 he makes me down to lie
 in pastures green, he leadeth me
 the quiet waters by.
2. My soul he doth restore again,
 and me to walk doth make
 within the paths of righteousness,
 even for his own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
 yet will I fear no ill;
 for thou art with me, and thy rod
 and staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnishèd
 in presence of my foes;
 my head thou dost with oil anoint,
 and my cup overflows.

please turn page for v. 5



**5. Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.**

Text: Ps. 23; para. Scottish Psalter, 1650.
Music: Melody – Jessie Seymour Irvine (1836-1887).

Collect (Prayer for funerals)

Please stand and say with me

***All:* Loving and compassionate God, hear our prayers and comfort us.
Renew our trust in your Son, whom you raised from the dead.
Strengthen our faith that all who have died in the love of Christ
will share in his resurrection; who lives and reigns with you, in
the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.**

1st Reading

Poem – “*Forget Me Not*”

read by Margaret Walker

Think of me in quiet moments
Our memories hold them dear
And know that I am with you
My spirit keeps me near.

I am found in gentle laughter
In the joy of sun and rain
In the comfort of your knowing
We will someday meet again.

Find me in the distant rustle
In the whispering of leaves
In the strength of your convictions
And in all your heart believes.

I have lived and loved and embraced
Life's many lessons taught
And now, my struggle over
I know you will, forget me not.

Psalm 31:1-5

In you, O GOD, have I taken refuge; let me never be put to shame; *
deliver me in your righteousness

Incline your ear to me; * **make haste to deliver me.**

Be my strong rock, a castle to keep me safe, for you are my crag and
my stronghold; * **for the sake of your Name, lead me and
guide me.**

Take me out of the net that they have secretly set for me, ***for you
are my tower of strength.**

Into your hands I commend my spirit, * **for you have redeemed me,
O GOD, O God of truth.**

2nd Reading Poem – “*The Sun Rises and the Sun Sets*” read by Judith Branion

The sun rises, and the sun sets;
and we are born,
and we live,
and we die.

And in the time that passes:
standards are set,
values are accepted;
relationships, obligations,
goals and decisions
are chosen;
knowledge is acquired
and experiences are encountered-
often repeated,
sometimes remembered
and sometimes forgotten.

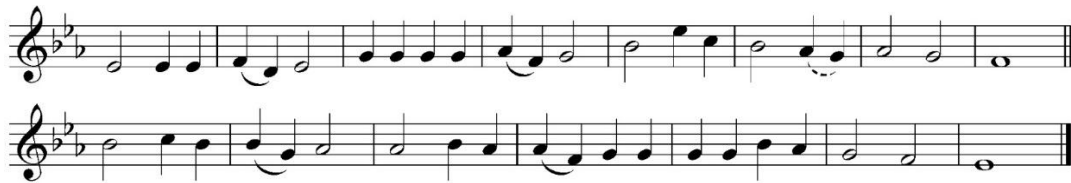
And a person has been formed.
And a life has been lived.
Let's watch the sun come up,
and while it shines
let's laugh and sing and be happy.
Let's try to be sincere,
gentle, considerate and fair.

And when it leaves,
as for each of us it must,
let's not fear it or cry.
Let's be content with the time that we had:
the things that were accomplished,
and the beauty and joys
that we experienced.
Let's just smile
and nod
and say goodbye.

Jon Francis

Hymn (CP #619)

CRUSADERS' HYMN



1. **Fairest Lord Jesus,
ruler of all nature,
O thou the Godhead's human son:
Thee will I cherish,
thee will I honour,
thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.**
2. **Fair are the meadows,
fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
who makes the troubled heart to sing.**
3. **Fair is the sunshine,
fairer still the moonlight,
and fair the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
than all the angels heaven can boast.**

4. All fairest beauty,
heavenly and earthly,
wondrously, Jesus, is found in thee;
none can be nearer,
fairer, or dearer
than thou, my Saviour, art to me.

Text: Munster Gesangbuch, 1677; tr. Church Chorals and Choir Studies, 1850, alt.
Music: Melody Silesian trad.; Schlesische Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842; arr. James Hopkirk (1908-1972).
Arr. © Estate of James Hopkirk.
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Address/Sermon

Prayers of Intercession (Prayers of the people) read by Karen Coverett

We pray for God's grace and love in our loss, for the memory of those we have loved and for all those who mourn.

To the words "God, in your love", we respond ...
"hear our prayer"

God of grace, God of life, you have made us in your image to reflect your truth and light: we give you thanks for our beloved **JEAN**, for the grace and mercy she received from you, for all that was good in her life, for the memories we treasure today.

God, in your love ...

All: hear our prayer

You promised eternal life to your people. Remember for good this your servant **JEAN** as we also remember her. Bring all who rest in Christ into the fullness of your love where death is no more, only life everlasting.

God, in your love ...

All: hear our prayer

Your mighty power brings joy out of grief and life out of death. Look in mercy on all who mourn. Give them patient faith in times of darkness. Strengthen them with the knowledge of your love.

God in your love ...

All: hear our prayer

You are tender towards your children, and your mercy is over all your works. Heal memories of hurt and failure. Give us the wisdom and grace to use well the time that is left to us here on earth, to follow in the way of Christ that leads to fullness of life.

God in your love ...

All: hear our prayer.

All: God of truth, entrusting into your hands all that you have made and rejoicing in our communion with all your faithful people, we make our prayers through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

(Adapted from Common Worship: Pastoral Services)

Let us now pray with confidence as our Saviour Christ has taught us:

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,

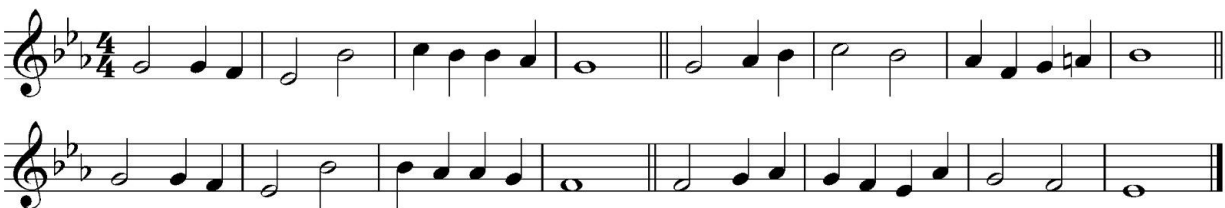
but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,

forever and ever. Amen.

Hymn (CP #24)

Tune: Eventide



1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
Music: William Henry Monk (1823-1889).

Commendation and Farewell

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

Let us commend *JEAN* to the mercy of God, our Maker and Redeemer.

Silence is kept

Loving and compassionate God, by your power Christ conquered death and entered into glory. Confident of his victory and claiming his promises, we entrust **JEAN PADDOCK** to your mercy. In the name of Christ Jesus our Lord, who died and is alive and reigns with you, now and forever.

All: Amen.

Committal

God is full of compassion and mercy, slow to anger and of great goodness. As a parent is tender toward their children, so is the Lord tender to those who come to him. For God knows of what we are made, remembering that we are but dust. Our days are like the grass. We flourish like a flower of the field; when the wind goes over it, it is gone and its place will know it no more. But the merciful goodness of our God endures forever and for all.

We have entrusted our sister **JEAN** to God's mercy. And now: In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to our Loving Creator our sister **JEAN PADDOCK SYLWESTER**, and we commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The Lord bless her and keep her, the Lord make his face to shine upon her and be gracious to her, the Lord lift up his countenance upon her and give her peace.

All: Amen.

Closing Prayer

Support us, O Christ, all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then, Loving God, in your mercy grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

Blessing

And now: the Peace of God which passes all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of God's son, Christ Jesus. And the blessing of God – Creator, Word, and Holy Spirit – be with you, with those you love and with all of creation ... now and forever.

All: Amen.

We give thanks for the beautiful and inspiring life of our beloved **JEAN PADDOCK SYLWESTER**; may she Rest in Peace and Rise in Glory!

All: Amen!



*The family invites you to join them for refreshments
at the back of the church following the service.*

Organist : David Stratkauskas
Verger: David Pupak
Crucifer: Duane Lecky
Greeters: Bill Huzar & Louise Langman

Jean Paddock Sylwester
October 12, 1940 — September 5, 2025

Jean Paddock Sylwester passed away suddenly on September 5, 2025, at the age of 84. Jean was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease five years ago and spent the last 1 1/2 years at Veterans Memorial Care Lodge.

Jean was born in 1940 in Seattle. She met John in Nicaragua, where they both worked for the US State Department, where Jean was eager to use her Spanish degree. They married in Seattle in 1965. In 1971, they moved to Winnipeg for John's job. They thought it would only last two years. However, they grew to love Canada and eventually became citizens. Jean was a secretary and administrative assistant for the Department of Immunology at the University of Manitoba. Jean enjoys reading newspapers and books, walking, and especially spending time in her garden. She is survived by her husband, John, and children, Mary, William, Anne and her sister Kathy. Predeceased by her parents, Robert and Katherine Hutchinson, and her brother George.

The family extends their heartfelt gratitude to the Veterans Memorial Care Home for their years of compassionate care.