



Mass of Thanksgiving for the life of

## **Ann-Margaret Mary Wilson**

18<sup>th</sup> June 1941 – 7<sup>th</sup> June 2003

*“I said to Life, I would hear Death speak. And Life raised her voice a little higher and said, You hear him now.” - Kahlil Gibran*

Our Lady, Mother of the Saviour Church, Chipperfield, Herts

Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2003

**Entrance hymn:** Dear Lord and Father of Mankind (No 116)

**First Reading:** *Ecclesiastes 3 1:8*  
Gavin Shurmer

To everything there is a season,  
and a time for every purpose under heaven.  
A time to be born and a time to die,  
A time to plant and a time to uproot,  
A time to kill and a time to heal,  
A time to tear down and a time to build,  
A time to weep and a time to laugh,  
A time to mourn and a time to dance,  
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
A time to embrace and a time to refrain,  
A time to search and a time to give up,  
A time to keep and a time to throw away,  
A time to tear and a time to mend,  
A time to be silent and a time to speak,  
A time to love and a time to hate,  
A time for war and a time for peace.

**Hymn:** The Lord is my Shepherd (No 530)

**Second Reading:** *St Paul's 1st Letter to the Corinthians*  
Miles Shurmer

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the

right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. When I was a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope and love abide these three; but the greatest of these is love.

**Gospel:** *Matthew 5 1:10*

Seeing the crowds, he went up on the mountain, and when he sat down his disciples came to him. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven”

“Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted”

“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth”

“Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall obtain mercy”

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God”

“Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God”

“Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven”

**Bidding prayers:**

**Priest:** Let us call trustingly upon God the Almighty Father, who raised Christ his Son from the dead, for the salvation of the living and the dead.

**Reader:** Our Sister Ann-Margaret received in baptism the seed of eternal life and was nourished by Christ’s body. At the banquet of

his kingdom, may she enjoy the company of the saints forever and rise again on the last day.

Lord hear Us: Lord graciously hear us

**Reader:** Lord, we beg you to accept the good things Ann-Margaret has done and lead her to eternal life.

Lord hear Us: Lord graciously hear us

**Reader:** We pray for all those who are affected by the loss of Ann-Margaret, whom we loved. May God console us in our grief, lighten our sorrow with his surpassing love, increase our faith and strengthen our hope.

Lord hear Us: Lord graciously hear us

**Reader:** Mary was close to Jesus when he died, so we know that she can understand our sorrow at this time. Let us turn to her for help.

### **Hail Mary..**

Let us now pray in silence for the repose of the soul of Ann-Margaret

**Offertory Procession:** Kate L'Estrange, Magali Jalovec,  
Isabelle Shurmer and Peter Shurmer

**Offertory Hymn:** *Lord of all Hopefulness* (No 329)

**Song:** *"You've got a Friend"*  
Valley Road School Choir

**Valedictory Address:** Martin Wilson

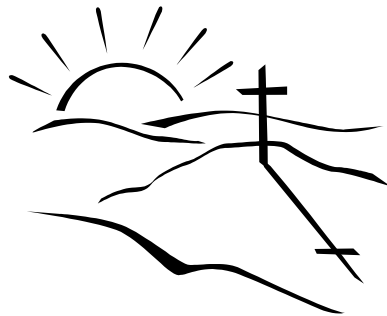
**Song:**

*“My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose”*  
(recording sung by Peter Morrison)

**Recessional Hymn:** *Abide with Me* ( No 4)

Martin Wilson, Miles and Gavin Shurmer and their families would welcome your company at the Reception at Saint Paul's Church Hall, Chipperfield Green, for light refreshments at 13:00.

There will be a Visitors Book at the entrance to the Reception. The family would be very grateful if those attending the funeral could record their presence as a memento of the occasion.



## "You've Got a Friend" - by Carole King

When you're down and troubled  
And you need some loving care  
And nothing, nothing is going right  
Close your eyes and think of me  
And soon I will be there  
To brighten up even your darkest night

You just call out my name  
And you know wherever I am  
I'll come running to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall  
All you have to do is call  
And I'll be there  
You've Got a Friend

If the sky above you  
Grows dark and full of clouds  
And that old north wind begins to blow  
Keep your head together  
And call my name out loud  
Soon you'll hear me knocking at your door

You just call out my name  
And you know wherever I am  
I'll come running to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall  
All you have to do is call  
And I'll be there

Ain't it good to know that you've got a friend  
When people can be so cold  
They'll hurt you and desert you  
And take your soul if you let them  
Oh, but don't you let them

You just call out my name  
And you know wherever I am  
I'll come running to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall  
All you have to do is call  
And I'll be there  
You've Got a Friend

## "My Love is Like A Red, Red Rose" – by Robert Burns

My Luve is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
My Luve is like a melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
Sae deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my Dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my Dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
And fare thee weel, a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!