

**St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate
Bishopsgate, London EC2**



Service of Thanksgiving for the lives of

SIR JOHN DELLOW CBE DL

5 June 1931 – 30 December 2022

& LADY DELLOW

20 July 1929 – 3 December 2022

Thursday 27 April 2023

at 11.00 am

Welcome to St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate

Officiating Clergy

The Revd David Armstrong
Rector, St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate
The Revd Prebendary Jonathan Osborne MBE
Senior Chaplain to the Metropolitan Police
Priest in Ordinary to H M The King

Charity collection

In thanksgiving for John's and Heather's lives and at the request of their family, a collection will be taken up during the singing of the second hymn for Sense (Registered Charity No 289868), a charity with which Sir John worked closely. Sense exists so that no one who is deafblind or has other complex disabilities is isolated or unable to fulfil their potential.

Please give generously, and if you are a UK taxpayer please complete the Gift Aid declaration provided and put it in the collection basket with your donation so an additional 25% can be claimed.

Contactless payments are also possible - you will find a dedicated QR code on the table at the back of the church.

The collection will be counted, and the Gift Aid calculated, at the church, before the total amount collected is forwarded to Sense.

Attendance card

Enclosed with this order of service you will find a card which the Dellow family ask you to complete as a record of attendance at today's service.

This may be handed in with the collection, or as you leave the church.

Reception

Following the service all are warmly invited to join the family in the Church Hall (turn right out of the church door and the Hall is in the garden on your right) for refreshments.

—ORDER OF SERVICE—

Please stand at the ringing of the bell

As the clergy enter the Choir sings

Jesu, joy of man's desiring,
Holy wisdom, Love most bright.
Drawn by thee, our souls aspiring
Soar to uncreated light.
Word of God, our flesh that fashioned
With the fire of life impassioned,
Striving still to truth unknown,
Soaring, dying, round thy throne.

ROBERT BRIDGES

J S BACH

Please sit

Welcome and Reflection

The Revd David Armstrong

Please stand

Hymn

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

CECIL SPRING-RICE

THAXTED, GUSTAV HOLST

Please sit

Reading

1 Corinthians 13: 1–13

*read by Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis
Sir Mark Rowley QPM*

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have 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 do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Reading

The Way through the Woods - Rudyard Kipling
read by Commissioner of Police of the City of London
Angela McLaren

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate.
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods.
But there is no road through the woods.

Choir

O come everyone that thirsteth, O come to the waters,
O come ye unto him; O hear, and your souls shall live for ever.

ISAIAH 55: 1, 3

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY (FROM 'ELIJAH')

Tribute

given by Prebendary Jonathan Osborne

Choir: Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SIR HUBERT PARRY

Tribute

*given by Ben Gunn CBE QPM
former Chief Constable, Cambridgeshire Police*

Please stand

During the singing of the hymn which follows a collection will be taken up for the work of Sense (you will find more information about the charity at the start of this order of service). If you are a UK taxpayer please complete the Gift Aid declaration and put it in the basket with your donation. If you would prefer to make a contactless donation you will find a dedicated QR code on the table at the back of church as you leave. Your attendance card may also be added to the collection basket.

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE

JERUSALEM, SIR HUBERT PARRY

Please kneel or sit

Prayers

led by The Revd Prebendary Jonathan Osborne

To include a prayer for the Police Services:

Almighty God, bless all who are called to serve in the Metropolitan Police Service and the City of London Police; grant them the spirit of wisdom and discernment; make them strong and patient, upright and compassionate, for the welfare of all whom they serve. **Amen.**

The Regimental Collect of the Honourable Artillery Company:

Almighty God, whom to serve is perfect freedom, and by whose providence the Honourably Artillery Company has proudly fulfilled its citizenship in the ancient capital of our land; grant that, armed with the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit, we may serve thee in freedom and peace as citizens of that other realm of which our Saviour Christ is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. **Amen.**

The Company Prayer of the Worshipful Company of Fletchers:

(The Toxophilus of Roger Ascham A.D 1545)

And thus I pray God that al Fletchers getting their Lyvyng truely and al archers vsynge shootynge honestly, and al manner of men that favour artillery , may lyve continuallye in healthe and meriness, obeying theyr prince as they shulde and loving God as they ought, to whom al thinges be al honour and glorye for ever. **Amen.**

A prayer for those who mourn:

Lord, your mighty power brings joy out of grief and life out of death. Look in mercy on all who mourn. We pray for John and Heather's family and loved ones. Give them patient faith in times of darkness. Through this service filled with memories, give them hope, and we ask that you strengthen them with the knowledge of your love. **Amen.**

A prayer of St John Henry Newman:

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

The prayers are concluded with The Lord's Prayer said by all:

As our Saviour taught us, so we pray:

**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,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Please stand

Blessing

The Revd David Armstrong

The Choir conclude the blessing by singing

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

SARUM PRIMER 1558

SIR HENRY WALFORD DAVIES

Please remain standing as the clergy and choir depart.

Organ music

Nimrod (Enigma Variations) – Sir Edward Elgar

Musicians

Organist: Iestyn Evans

The Choir of St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate

