

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



**A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
AND REMEMBRANCE**

**In memory of people with haemophilia who have died
as a result of treatment with contaminated blood products**

Saturday 28 October 2023

2.30pm

WELCOME

*from the Rector, Revd David Armstrong,
Churchwardens and staff of St Botolph's*

It is an enormous pleasure to welcome once again to St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate those who have assembled here today to remember those with haemophilia who have died as a result of the treatment with contaminated blood products.

Christian worship has probably been offered in this place since Roman days; the present church, the fourth on the site, was completed in 1729. Having survived the Great Fire of London unscathed, and only lost one window in the Second World War, St Botolph's was one of the many buildings to be damaged by a bomb planted by the IRA which damaged a large area of the City in 1993. The restoration took several years to complete, returning the church to its former glory.

Today St Botolph's is an active church seeking to minister to those who work in, or visit, the City. The church is open for quiet thought or prayer every weekday (please check the website for current times); there are weekly services early on Tuesday morning and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at lunchtime; and our Church Hall and Netball Court remain in demand by the local business community. It is the church of the Ward of Bishopsgate, and contains the regimental memorial chapel of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Book of Remembrance of the London Rifle Brigade, and of course its most recent addition - the memorial you have come to honour today.

Musicians

The Choir of St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate
(Organist and Director of Music: Iestyn Evans)

Guest Organist and Choir Director: Gavin Roberts

ORDER OF SERVICE

If you would like to write a note for a loved one to be placed on the altar, you will find a card, pen and envelope in your pew.

The organist will play quietly before the service.

Fr David will light candles for those who are not able to be present in church.

At 2.30pm all stand to sing: HYMN

**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.**

**Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.**

**When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.**

Words: Welsh, William Williams 1717–91

Music: *Cwm Rhondda*, John Hughes 1873–1932

The Revd David Armstrong, the Rector of St Botolph's, welcomes the congregation and introduces the service

Sit

A READING

Following the tragic death of a friend of mine, I needed to talk to someone about it. I discovered once again how compelling our need to talk about such things and not just painful events but happy ones as well. It just bursts inside and it can't be contained in the narrow, deep solitude of our being.

I looked for someone who had known my friend well, or even a little, to tell them the terrible news; but in reality, I was just looking for someone with whom to share the pain. This is our profound need – to call to another and share the burden. Shared suffering always brings a little relief. Again I told myself: help others to talk. Listen to them quietly, don't worry about saying the right things or saying anything at all. Just be welcoming, people need your support in carrying their pain.

*From 'With Open Heart' by Michel Quoist 1918-97,
translated by Colette Copeland*

Read By: Susan Stretch – Trustee of The Haemophilia Society

The choir sing:

PSALM 23

'Brother James's Air'

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.

Yea, though I pass through shadowed vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My soul he doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of blessedness,
E'en for his own Name's sake.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my days
Will surely follow me:
And in my Father's heart always
My dwelling-place shall be.
And in my heart for evermore
Thy dwelling-place shall be.

Words: Scottish Psalter, 1650

Music: James Leith Macbeth Bain ('Brother James') arr. Gordon Jacob

A MEMORIAL PRAYER

When we are weary and in need of strength,
When we are lost and sick at heart

All say: We remember them.

When we have a joy we crave to share
When we have decisions that are difficult to make
When we have achievements that are based on his
We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,
We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
We remember them.

At the rising of the sun and at its setting,

We remember them.
As long as we live, they too will live
For they are now a part of us,
As we remember them.

From the Yizkor Service

Yizkor, which means remembrance in Hebrew, refers to Judaism's memorial prayer service.

Read By: Dame Diana Johnson MP

The choir sing:

AN ANTHEM

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of
heav'n, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise
nor silence,
but one equal music; no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;
no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity; in the habitation of thy
glory and dominion, world without end. Amen.

Words: John Donne 1572-1631

Music: Sir William Harris 1883-1973

A READING: A Dutch Blessing

May the Lord ensure...
that you may go the way that is good for you,
that you'll rise up again, when you fall.
That you'll become the one you are meant to be
in the eyes of God and in the eyes of others.
Know that the earth will carry you,
that your path is lighted with daylight,
that the wind will be at your back.
That you may taste the fruits of life,
and that you may go in peace. Amen.

Andries Govaart, Dutch theologian and poet
(from *The New Dutch Hymnbook*, 2013)

Read By: Helen Colyer, Widow of Michael

The choir sing:

THE RUSSIAN CONTAKION OF THE DEAD

Give rest, O Christ, to thy servants with thy saints:
where sorrow and pain are no more;
neither sighing but life everlasting.
Thou only art immortal, the creator and maker of man:
and we are mortal formed from the earth,
and unto earth shall we return:
for so thou didst ordain,
when thou created me saying:
“Dust thou art und unto dust shalt thou return.”
All we go down to the dust;
and weeping o’er the grave we make our song:
Alleluya, alleluya, alleluya.
Give rest, O Christ, to thy servants with thy saints:
where sorrow and pain are no more;
neither sighing but life everlasting.

Words: Eastern Orthodox Memorial Service;
translated by W J Birkbeck 1869–1916

Music: Contakion of the Dead, Kiev Melody

A READING: A Father's Lament

What shall I say to the Lord who took my son
While in his prime with half his course to run?
But if my heart is numb through listening for his voice in vain
And feeling I shall never smile nor laugh again.
What can I say to his mother
Who carried him in her womb
And at the end followed as they bore him to the tomb?

In the years between, she nursed him as a child and wiped away his tears,
She soothed his painful limbs and calmed his anxious fears.
She watched him grow from boy to youth
Struggling bravely through the years.
Until with tender loving care,
He triumphed enjoying life with his peers.

But then Ah me! Fate raised his ugly head
When help designed to heal led to death instead.
So, what shall I say to the Lord who took my son
While in his prime with half his course to run?
As I speak I hear the voice of the Lord himself:
"Some things you will not understand until your journey leads you here
Then you will meet again with your son and all will be clear.

Meanwhile, your son is safe with me
Rejoicing in the wonders of heaven, liberated, set free.
For while he is no longer where he was before,
He is now wherever you may be."

Revd Alan Tanner's unfinished lament for his son Mark, who having haemophilia died through the use of contaminated blood products.

Read By: Paul Tanner, Nephew of Revd Alan Tanner

All stand to sing:

HYMN

**Make me a channel of your peace:
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love;
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.
*O Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.***

**Make me a channel of your peace:
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, only light;
And where there's sadness, ever joy.
*O Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.***

**Make me a channel of your peace:
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
In giving to all men that we receive;
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.**

Words: adapted from a prayer of St Francis of Assisi 1181-1226

Music: Sebastian Temple 1928-97

Sit

THE ADDRESS

The choir sing:

YOUR EYES FALL UPON US
(Anthem for Remembrance)

O Lord, your eyes fall upon us
And your ears are open to our cry.
When we weep, you are near.
When we stumble, you lead us back.
You let us walk by the brooks of water,
You restore our fortunes as the river restores the desert,
And the beauty of the Lord, our God, is upon us.

You are the hope of the ends of the earth
And of the farthest seas;
From everlasting to everlasting you are God!
And the beauty of the Lord, our God, is upon us.

A thousand years in your sight
Are but as yesterday!
We spend our years as a tale that is told
And like a watch in the night
They pass away,
And you carry us, as if in a dream,
And we fade away like the tender grass.
As our days come to an end
You turn us back to dust.
We return to the earth like a sigh,
And our spirit returns to you.
And the beauty of the Lord, our God is upon us

Words: adapted from Scripture by Sue Threakall

Music: Andrew March

A PRAYER

For a loved one

You shared life with us: God give eternal life to you.

You gave your love to us: God give his deep love to you.

You gave your time to us: God give eternity to you.

You gave your light to us: God give everlasting light to you.

Go upon your journey, dear soul: To love, light and life eternal.

David Adam b. 1936

Read By: Clive Smith – Chair of The Haemophilia Society

THE ACT OF RECOLLECTION AND THANKSGIVING

You are now invited to bring your candle to the Altar to be lit and place your card in the basket, while the choir sing spirituals.

After everyone has returned to their seats the names of those to be remembered are solemnly read aloud by Tony Farrugia & Liz Rizzuto

At the end the choir sing:

A SPIRITUAL

Deep river, my home is over Jordan;

Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.

O don't you want to go to that Gospel feast,

That promised land where all is peace?

Deep river, my home is over Jordan;

Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.

Words and music: traditional spiritual

Kneel or sit

THE PRAYERS

Merciful Father and Lord of all life, we praise you that we are made in your image and reflect your truth and light. We thank you for the life of those whom we see no longer. Above all we rejoice at your gracious promise to all your servants, living and departed, that we shall rise again at the coming of our Lord. And we ask that in due time we may share with them that clearer vision, when we shall see your face in the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Lord, we pray for all who are affected by the contaminated blood tragedy, and for their families and friends who support them: give them courage, humour, patience and hope. We thank you for the wisdom and skill of doctors, scientists and nurses working today to bring healing, comfort and support. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

For thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear, for the memory of their words and example; for the sure and certain hope for reunion with them hereafter, we give thanks to thee, O God, saying:

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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.

All stand to sing:

HYMN

**Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.**

**Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.**

**Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.**

**Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.**

Words: Jan Struther 1901-53

Music: *Slane*, traditional Irish melody

Kneel or sit

THE FINAL PRAYERS AND THE BLESSING

Eternal creator, sustainer of life, giver of all things; let your love transform our lives that anger may give way to peace, that despair may give way to hope, that out of sorrow may come joy.

God of all care and compassion, hear our prayer for all whose hearts are broken. Hold them through the pain of grief, surround them with the gentle care they need and give them the strength for the future that is yet to be, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen**

Go forth into the world in peace, be of good courage, hold fast to that which is good; render to no man evil for evil; strengthen the fainthearted; support the weak; help the afflicted; honour all men; Love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit, and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be upon you, and those whom you love, now and in life eternal. **Amen**

The choir conclude the Blessing with:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen.

Words: Numbers 6: 24-26

Music: John Rutter b. 1945

THE ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier, BWV 731 – Johann Sebastian Bach 1685-1750

As the organist plays the Voluntary please stay quietly in your seat, and you will then be guided to leave the church by the Bishopsgate exit.

You are now welcome to join us for tea, coffee and light refreshments in the Church Hall next door.

Please do take your candles home

**Collection to support the Service of Remembrance
and our services for the Community**

If you would like to make a donation, The Gift Aid Donation envelope you have received with this order of service can be placed in the basket as you leave church after the service.

Alternatively, you can make a donation online at:

<https://haemophilia.org.uk/get-involved/give/make-a-one-off-donation>

We thank you for any donation you might make to support this event.

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal,
Love leaves a memory no one can steal.

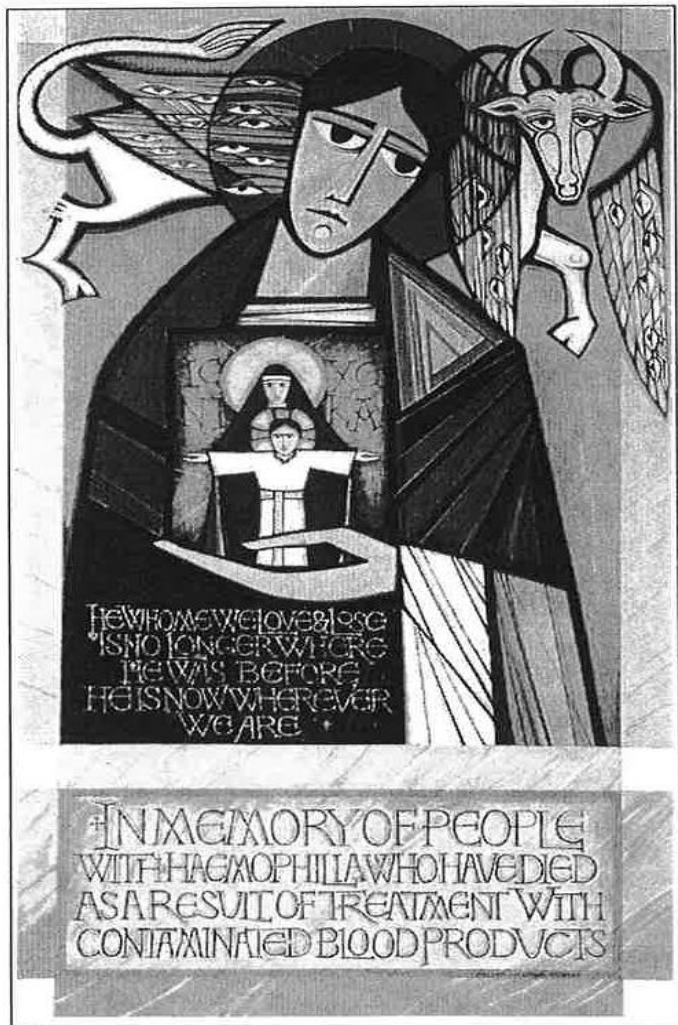
From a headstone in Ireland

Love doesn't end with dying,
Or leave with the last breath,
For someone you've loved deeply,
Love doesn't end with death.

John Addey

Time is too slow for those who wait
Too swift for those who fear
Too long for those who grieve
Too short for those who rejoice
But for those who love, time is eternity.

Henry van Dyke 1852–1933



**He whom we love and lose is no longer where he was before
- he is now wherever we are.**

St John Chrysostom 347-407