

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH
CHELSEA

A Service of Thanksgiving
For The Life
of

A. CARY HARRISON III

26 AUGUST 1931 – 18 APRIL 2003

WEDNESDAY 21ST MAY 2003

THE BIDDING PRAYER

HYMN

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye: Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

God's word above all earthly powers-
No thanks to them-abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom, is for ever.

READING

Proverbs 4: 1-13

read by Randolph Cary Harrison

PSALM 121

sung by the choir

READING

Death is nothing at all – *Henry Scott Holland*
read by Carla Roundell-Greene

HYMN

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
when the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
when the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?

Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
when the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
while your anchor holds within the veil.

Will your eyes behold through the morning light
the city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
when life's storms are past for evermore?

ADDRESS

Allen Harrison

TRIBUTE

Sally Noël

ANTHEM

Rejoice in the Lord – *Reford*

PRAYERS

HYMN

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth;
At Bethlehem
I had my birth.

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

I danced for the scribe
And the Pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John;
They came with me
And the dance went on.

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.

I danced on the 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.

They cut me down
And I leapt 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.

THE BLESSING