

HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for the springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

Eleanor Farjeon

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

‘Sheep May Safely Graze’ from the Birthday Cantata - *J.S. Bach*

Everybody is welcome to join Connie’s many friends and family
after the funeral at the Hope Anchor on Watchbell Street

A Connie Lindqvist Trust is being established to bring to fruition the many
projects Connie was involved with at the time of her death. These include
Rye’s Maritime Heritage; The Magpie Sagas; Animals Talk Back; In the
Footsteps of Linnaeus & The Private Papers of Crocodile Uppsala.

Further details to be published in the December 2002 issue of Rye’s Own.

*(Translation of front page)
Although you are gone,
I will remember and give thanks
for all the love you’ve given me.*

ST. MARY’S PARISH CHURCH RYE

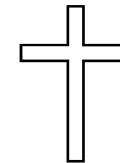


CONNIE LINDQVIST

1950-2002

Jag önskar dig ändå allt gott
Du ljuva ängel fin
Fast du ifrån mig haver gått
Är du I hågen min
Så tackar jag for kärleken
Jag njutit har av dig min vän
Till denna dag and stund

Dalarna (trad .- translation on last page)



**Thursday 14th November 2002
12 noon**

ORDER OF SERVICE

Tolling of the tenor bell of St. Mary's Church
John Gurney

Adagio in D from the Clarinet Concerto *W.A. Mozart*
Jean Taverner, Organist of St. Thomas à Becket, Winchelsea

SENTENCES, WELCOME, OPENING PRAYERS

Canon Martin Sheppard, Rector of St. Mary's, Rye

HYMN

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

READING

Ecclesiastes, Chapter Three. 'For everything there is a season'
Sue Davison

Panis Angelicus - César Franck
Luke Price

ADDRESS

Biddy Cole

A Poem from Rye - *Patric Dickinson*
Bernardine Fiddimore

Van Dyck drew it from the South
From the river, seeing a plateau,
The great church riding eastward
In its tideless ocean of faith.

From the East, coming over the marsh
Or from the golf-club it's a pyramid
With the church tower at the top,
A black silhouette in the twilight.

Turner halfway from Winchelsea,
From the West, romantically stationed
Upon some dangerous sea-stopped
Causeway of his imagination,

Drew Camber Castle floated away
Almost hull-down to the east
And Rye in a spotlight, half Italian,
And half as it were a volcano,

With smoke and fire belching
From the church, it is always the church
That crowns the unique town.

From the North you come down hill
From the mainland then climb again,
Up this rocky hillock like a moraine heap:
Rye is an island, St Mary's Mount,—

Is also a castle, should have a drawbridge.
There are aeons of life in this pyramid,
Fire in this volcano,—

Is also like an old
Beautifully jewelled brooch
Worn at South England's throat,

As land gives way to channel:
The Tillingham mates with the Brede
And both mix in the Rother
The sweet and the salt waters,
Below Watchbell Street and under
The eyes of the Ypres Tower,
Last dry land or first island,
A place between past and future,
A historic present to speak of
In a language of salty silence
That is sweet on every tongue.

PRAYERS

Rev John Papworth, St Mary's, Purton