

**St Giles Church
Blaston**



A Service of Thanksgiving
For the life of

ROBERT NIGEL PERKINS CORY

26th April 1942 - 18th February 2021

Friday 19th March 2021
12.00 noon

Think not of me when you are sad,
But think of me when you are glad.
And think of all the fun we had,
When you remember me.

Order of Service

Conducted by The Reverend Richard Barribal

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Gabriel's Oboe - Ennio Morricone

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

HYMN

We sit and listen to:

Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
and hushed their raging at thy word,
who walkedst on the foaming deep,
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
upon the waters dark and rude,
and bid their angry tumult cease,
and give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea

O Trinity of love and power,
our brethren shield in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,
protect them wheresoe'er they go:
thus evermore shall rise to thee
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

READING

Cornish Cliffs by John Betjeman

read by Nikki Maclean

Those moments, tasted once and never done,
Of long surf breaking in the mid-day sun.
A far-off blow-hole booming like a gun-

The seagulls plane and circle out of sight
Below this thirsty, thrift-encrusted height,
The veined sea-campion buds burst into white

And gorse turns tawny orange, seen beside
Pale drifts of primroses cascading wide
To where the slate falls sheer into the tide.

More than in gardened Surrey, nature spills
A wealth of heather, kidney-vetch and squills
Over these long-defended Cornish hills.

A gun-emplacement of the latest war
Looks older than the hill fort built before
Saxon or Norman headed for the shore.

And in the shadowless, unclouded glare
Deep blue above us fades to whiteness where
A misty sea-line meets the wash of air.

Nut-smell of gorse and honey-smell of ling
Waft out to sea the freshness of the spring
On sunny shallows, green and whispering.

The wideness which the lark-song gives the sky
Shrinks at the clang of sea-birds sailing by
Whose notes are tuned to days when seas are high.

From today's calm, the lane's enclosing green
Leads inland to a usual Cornish scene-
Slate cottages with sycamore between,

Small fields and tellymasts and wires and poles
With, as the everlasting ocean rolls,
Two chapels built for half a hundred souls.

TRIBUTE

Andrew Cory

HYMN

We sit and listen to:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now I'm found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
we have already come;
'Twas grace hath brought us safe thus far
and grace will lead us home .

When we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we've first begun.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
was blind, but now I see.

READING

Ecclesiastes 3

read by David Ward

ADDRESS

PRAYERS

HYMN

We sit and listen to:

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.

COMMENDATION & FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Orinoco Flow - Enya







*Donations if desired to
Hope Against Cancer (Leukemia) and RNLI
may be made online at www.jstampandsons.co.uk
or forwarded to the Funeral Directors below.*



J STAMP & SONS
◆ FUNERAL DIRECTORS ◆

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