



Carol's family thank you for being here with them today and invite you to join them at the Mitre Hotel, on Parliament Street, for some refreshments after the service.

*"We are such stuff as dreams are made on;
And our little life is rounded with a sleep"
Shakespeare's "The Tempest"*

A Memorial Service
for the life of
Ruth Carol Clarke

13th February 1939 - 1st October 2021



Friday 22nd October 2021

12 noon

St Paul's Church, Ramsey

Service led by

Reverend Brian Evans-Smith

Donations in memory of Carol can be made to
Manx Wildlife Trust
c/o Corkhill & Callow
7 Dale Street
Ramsey

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Unforgettable by Nat King Cole

WELCOME & PRAYER

HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares can 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

TRIBUTE *By Johnny Galbraith*

POEM - *Death is Nothing At All by Henry Scott Holland*

PRAYER

READING - *From 'The Prophet' - Kahlil Gibran*

HYMN

Inspired by love and anger, disturbed by need and pain,
Informed of God's own bias we ask him once again:
"How long must some folk suffer? How long can few folk mind?
How long dare vain self interest turn prayer and pity blind?"

From those forever victims of heartless human greed,
Their cruel plight composes a litany of need:
"Where are the fruits of justice? Where are the signs of peace?
When is the day when prisoners and dreams find their release?"

From those forever shackled to what their wealth can buy,
The fear of lost advantage provokes the bitter cry,
"Don't query our position! Don't criticise our wealth!
Don't mention those exploited by politics and stealth!"

To God, who through the prophets proclaimed a different age,
We offer earth's indifference, its agony and rage:
"When will the wronged be righted? When will the kingdom come?
When will the world be generous to all instead of some?"

God asks, "Who will go for me? Who will extend my reach?
And who, when few will listen, will prophesy and preach?
And who, when few bid welcome, will offer all they know?
And who, when few dare follow, will walk the road I show?"

Amused in someone's kitchen, asleep in someone's boat,
Attuned to what the ancients exposed, proclaimed and wrote,
A Saviour without safety, a tradesman without tools
Has come to tip the balance with fishermen and fools

READING - St Paul's Epistle, Philippians verse 4-9, & verse 23

ADDRESS

PRAYERS INCLUDING THE LORD'S PRAYER

& A Prayer by Jane Austen

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 would not follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came to me and the dance went on.

I danced on the sabbath when 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 a Friday and 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.

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

That's Life by Frank Sinatra