



A FUNERAL SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF

**BRENDA MARY
CHILDS-BARRY**

31 JULY 1938 – 10 JANUARY 2024



TUESDAY 13 FEBRUARY 2024

10.30 AM

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

reflects Brenda's Irish heritage, with pieces based on Irish liturgical tunes by CV Stanford, WH Harris and Healy Willan.

-- THE GATHERING --

PLEASE STAND AS THE COFFIN IS BROUGHT INTO THE CHURCH, DURING WHICH THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES OF SCRIPTURE ARE READ.

'I am the resurrection and the life,' says the Lord. 'Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die.'

JOHN 11.25, 26

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

ROMANS 8.38, 39

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is his faithfulness.

LAMENTATIONS 3.22, 23

God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life.

JOHN 3.16

All shall be Amen and Alleluia
We shall rest and we shall see
We shall see and we shall know,
We shall know and we shall love,
We shall love and we shall praise.
Behold our end which is no end.

ST AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

-- WELCOME & INTRODUCTION --

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ, who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father. Grace and mercy be with you.

We have come here today to remember before God beloved Brenda; to give thanks for her life; to commend her to God our most merciful Father and redeemer; and to comfort one another in our grief.

**All -- Almighty God, you care for us with infinite mercy and justice and love everything you have made. In your mercy turn the darkness of death into the dawn of new life, and the sorrow of parting into the joy of heaven; through our Saviour, Jesus Christ.
Amen.**

-- HYMN --

**I bind unto myself today
the strong name of the Trinity,
by invocation of the same,
the Three in One, and One in Three.**

**I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation
his Baptism in the Jordan river,
his death on Cross for my salvation:
his bursting from the spiced tomb,
his riding up the heavenly way,
his coming at the day of doom,
I bind unto myself to-day.**

**I bind unto myself to-day
the virtues of the star-lit heaven
the glorious sun's life-giving ray,
the whiteness of the moon at even,**

**the flashing of the lightning free,
the whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
the stable earth, the deep salt sea
around the old eternal rocks.**

**I bind unto myself to-day
the power of God to hold and lead,
his eye to watch, his might to stay,
his ear to hearken to my need;
the wisdom of my God to teach,
his hand to guide, his shield to ward,
the word of God to give me speech,
his heavenly host to be my guard.**

**Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.**

**I bind unto myself the name,
the strong name of the Trinity
by invocation of the same,
the Three in One and One in Three,
of whom all nature has creation,
eternal Father, Spirit, Word.
Praise to the Lord of my salvation;
salvation is of Christ the Lord!**

ATROMRIUG UNDIU NIURT TREN
ATTRIBUTED TO ST PATRICK (372-466), TR. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1818-1895)

-- PLEASE SIT OR KNEEL --

-- PRAYERS OF PENITENCE --

As children of a loving heavenly Father, let us ask his forgiveness, for
He is gentle and full of compassion.

For the times we have failed in our love for God: Lord, have mercy.

All - Lord, have mercy.

For the times we have failed to love our neighbour as ourselves: Christ,
have mercy.

All - Lord, have mercy.

For the times we have fallen short of God's glory: Lord, have mercy.

All - Lord, have mercy.

May God our Father forgive us our sins and bring us to the eternal joy
of the kingdom, where we are united with those we love and death
has no dominion.

All - Amen.

COLLECT

Blessed are those who die in the Lord.

Yes says the Spirit for they rest from their work.

God of the spirits of all people give freely to Brenda, who rests in
Jesus, the many blessings of your love, that the good work you have
begun with her here on earth may now be completed in heaven.

Kind Father in heaven, may we, who remember Brenda now on earth,
one day be found fit to share with her the life of the saints in light,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All - Amen.

READING -- SONNET 30 -- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Read by Ellie Macmillan-Fox

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

READING -- PILGRIM'S PROGRESS -- JOHN BUNYAN

Read by Ted Macmillan-Fox

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with "Peace be unto thee". So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

"Who's this? the Pilgrim. How! 'tis very true, Old things are past away, all's become new. Strange! he's another man, upon my word, They be fine feathers that make a fine bird.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing—

"Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"

-- 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.**

Dance, then...

**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 on high,
and they left me there on a Cross to die.

Dance, then...

I danced on a 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.

Dance, then...

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.
Dance, then...

SYDNEY CARTER (1915-2004)
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READING -- THE DAY SOON TO BE BORN -- UNKNOWN

Read by Bernard Sabran

Saint Christopher has crossed the river.
All night long he has marched against the stream
Like a rock his huge-limbed body stands above the water.
On his shoulders is the Child, frail and heavy.
St Christopher leans on a pine-tree that he has
Plucked up, and it bends. His back also bends.
Those who saw him set out vowed that he would never win through, and for
a long time
Their mockery and their laughter followed him.
Then the night fell and they grew weary.
Now Christopher is too far way for the cries of those standing on the water's
brink to reach
Him. Through the roar of the torrent he hears only the tranquil voice of the
Child, clasping a
Lock of hair on the giant's forelock in his little hand, and crying, 'March on'.
And with bowed back, and eyes fixed straight in front of him on the dark
bank whose
Towering slopes are beginning to gleam white, he marches on.
Suddenly the Angelus sounds, and the flock of bells suddenly springs into
wakefulness.
It is the new dawn!
Behind the sheer black cliff rises the golden glory of the invisible sun.
Almost falling, Christopher at last reaches the bank, and says to the Child,
'Here we are! How heavy thou wert!
Child, who art thou?'
And the Child answers,
'I am the day soon to be born'

READING -- LITTLE GIDDING -- TS ELIOT

Read by TS Eliot

If you came this way,
Taking the route you would be likely to take
From the place you would be likely to come from,
If you came this way in may time, you would find the hedges
White again, in May, with voluptuary sweetness.
It would be the same at the end of the journey,
If you came at night like a broken king,
If you came by day not knowing what you came for,
It would be the same, when you leave the rough road
And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull facade
And the tombstone. And what you thought you came for
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled
If at all. Either you had no purpose
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured
And is altered in fulfilment. There are other places
Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,
Or over a dark lake, in a desert or a city—
But this is the nearest, in place and time,
Now and in England.

If you came this way,
Taking any route, starting from anywhere,
At any time or at any season,
It would always be the same: you would have to put off
Sense and notion. You are not here to verify,
Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
Or carry report. You are here to kneel
Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more
Than an order of words, the conscious occupation
Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.
And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.
Here, the intersection of the timeless moment
Is England and nowhere. Never and always.

CHOIR -- MISERERE *ALLEGRI*

BIBLE READING -- 1 CORINTHIANS 13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous, or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophesy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away.

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope and love abide, these three; But the greatest of these is love.

ADDRESS -- REVD RICHARD CARTER

CHOIR -- IN PARADISIUM *DURUFLÉ*

-- PLEASE REMAIN SEATED OR KNEEL --

-- PRAYERS --

The response to the prayers is:

All -- **Hear our prayer**

At the end:

All -- **Amen.**

Let us pray with confidence as our Saviour has taught us

**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.**

-- HYMN --

**O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
to worship rightly is to love each other,
each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer**

**For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken:
the holier worship which He deigns to bless
restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
and feeds the widow and the fatherless.**

**Follow with reverent steps the great example
of him whose holy work was doing good;
so shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
each loving life a psalm of gratitude.**

**Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
and in its ashes plant the tree of peace..**

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)

-- COMMENDATION & FAIRWELL --

Revd Richard Carter stands by the coffin.

Father we commend to your care our sister, Brenda, giving thanks for all she brought us. Though now taken from us, let her not be parted from you. May your servant, set free from the bondage of earth, be changed into your likeness, from glory to glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All - Amen.

Go forth upon your journey from this world, dear child of God, into the hands of the Father who made you, to find life in Christ who redeemed you, to rejoice in the Spirit who renews you. May the heavenly host sustain you and the company of the redeemed enfold you; may peace be yours this day, and the heavenly city your home.

All - Amen.

CHOIR -- IRISH BLESSING *CHILCOTT*

-- FINAL PRAYERS & BLESSING --

Revd Richard Carter

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening, into the house and gate of heaven, 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 habitations of thy glory and dominion world without end.

JOHN DONNE (1572-1631)

All - Amen.

May God give you comfort and peace, light and joy, in this world and the next; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always.

All - Amen.

-- PLEASE STAND --

CHOIR -- NUNC DIMITTIS *BURGON*

ORGAN VOLUNTARY
CARILLON DE WESTMINSTER *VIERNE*

A RETIRING COLLECTION WILL BE TAKEN FOR THE WORK OF WWF AND
ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS



THERE WILL BE REFRESHMENTS AFTER
THE SERVICE IN THE AUSTEN WILLIAMS ROOM, 6 ST MARTIN'S PLACE

MEMORIAL WEBSITE WHERE YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR THOUGHTS AND
MEMORIES OF BRENDA:

<https://brenda-childs-barry.muchloved.com/>



Service conducted by Revd Richard Carter
Current/former members of the
Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields and friends
Directed by Jennifer Sterling
Organist -- Alexander Eadon
Soloist for the Burgon -- Louise Eekelaar

**BRENDA'S FAMILY WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN UP THEIR TIME TO STEWARD,
AND THOSE WHO HAVE IMPARTED SUCH ELEGANT MUSICAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS SERVICE**

St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 4JJ
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