

Memorial Service for
LORNA CHRISTINE
(Kik) WATSON

1st September 1930 – 7th December 2022



Fr Peter MacLeod-Miller
St Matthews Anglican Church, Albury NSW

Tuesday 20th December 2022



St Matthew's Tower Bells ringing in tribute
to Kik from her friends and fellow bellringers.

PRELUDE MUSIC

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer

Organ Malcolm Halford

Dianne Prince-McKie and Choir Members

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION by Father Peter

The family remembers Christine through the lighting
of candles by her pallbearers

PIANO MEDITATION by Eloise Watson

"Comptine d'un autre été: l'après-midi" by Yann Tiersen, 2001

PRAYER

Loving shepherd of our souls who has blessed your servant
Christine with a great length of days and the blessing
of a beloved husband and family.

Lead Christine's family and friends to a place of peace
and comfort them in their loss.

Give unto them the gift of faith, hope and love
and the grace to walk gently with others
until you bring us all safely home. **Amen.**

HYMN

Song of Joy

From Beethoven Symphony No.9

Organ Malcolm Halford

Dianne, Choir and Congregation

Come, sing a song of joy
For peace shall come, my brother
Sing, sing a song of joy
For men shall love each other.

That day will dawn just as sure
As hearts that are pure
Are hearts set free
No man must stand alone
With outstretched hands before him.

Reach out and take them in yours
With love that endures
Forever more
Then sing a song of joy
For love and understanding.

Come, sing a song of joy
Of freedom, tell the story
Sing, sing a song of joy
For mankind in his glory.

One mighty voice that will bring
A sound that will ring
Forever more
Then sing a song of joy
For love and understanding.

Come, sing a song of joy
Of freedom, tell the story
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*Songwriter: Albert Hammond,
Composer: Ludwig van Beethoven [1770 - 1827]
Song of Joy lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.*

READING by Elizabeth Tatterson

Time for All Things – Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

For everything there is a season,
And a time for every matter under heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to embrace, And a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to seek, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to throw away;
A time to tear, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to heal.

HYMN

Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

**Organ Malcolm Halford
Dianne, Choir and Congregation**

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
formed you for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
what can shake your sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
you may smile at all your foes.

See, the streams of living waters
springing from eternal love!
Well supply your sons and daughters
and all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver
never fails from age to age.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in your name:
Fading are the world's best pleasures,
all its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasures
none but Zion's children know.

*Tune of Joseph Haydn's [1732 - 1809],
"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser" (referred to in hymnals as "Austria")*

POEM read by Stephanie Watson

If I Should Go by Joyce Grenfell

If I should die before the rest of you,
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone.
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice,
But be the usual selves that I have known.
Weep if you must,
Parting is hell.
But life goes on,
So sing as well.

READING by Oliver Raymond

The Greatest Gift – 1 Corinthians 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I have become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profits me nothing.

Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails.

But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known. And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love

HYMN

Thine be the Glory

**Organ Malcolm Halford, Trumpet Billy Stewart
Dianne, Choir and Congregation**

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death has won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

Chorus

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting:

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
Life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife,
Make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above;

*Words: Edmond L. Budry, 1884 (À Toi la Gloire).
First published in Chants Evangéliques (Lausanne, Switzerland: 1885).
Translated from French to English by Richard B. Hoyle, 1923.
Music: Judas Maccabaeus 1747, George F. Handel, [1685 - 1759]*

TRIBUTES - THE FAMILY REMEMBERS

Hugh Watson

Andrew Watson

Katrina Raymond

PRAYERS

O Father of all, we pray to thee for those whom we love, but see no longer. Grant them thy peace; let light perpetual shine upon them; and in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in them the good purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies and giver of all comfort: Deal graciously, we pray thee, with those who mourn, that casting every care on thee, they may know the consolation of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord

All: Amen.

O heavenly Father, who in thy Son Jesus Christ, hast given us a true faith, and a sure hope: Help us, we pray thee, to live as those who believe and trust in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection to life everlasting, and strengthen this faith and hope in us all the days of our life: through the love of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour.

All: Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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.**

WORDS AND MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Revelation 14:13

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me:
'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit;
for they rest from their labours.
Now unto the King eternal, immortal,
invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory
for ever and ever. **Amen.**'

HYMN

I Vow to Thee my Country

**Organ Malcolm Halford, Trumpet Billy Stewart
Dianne, Choir and Congregation**

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.

Poem: Cecil Spring-Rice, 1918

Composer: Gustav Holst [1874 - 1934] from The Planets 1921

COMMENDATION and BLESSING

Bring Us O Lord by John Donne

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
Into the house and gate of heaven.

To enter 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 habitation of thy glory and dominion,
World without end, **Amen.**

Prayer of Blessed by John Henry Newman

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life,
Until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes,
And the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over,
and our work is done.

Then, Lord, in thy mercy, grant us with Christine and Bob
a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last. **Amen.**

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Trumpet Tune in C major, ZT 678 by Henry Purcell

Organ Malcolm Halford, Trumpet Billy Stewart

You are warmly invited to join the extended Watson family for lunch and refreshments at The Albury Club at the conclusion of the service.

