

Service conducted by the Rev Sian Yates

APPRECIATION

John's family would like to express their sincere appreciation for the kindness and sympathy shown to them at this time, and to thank you for your attendance at the Service today.

Donations in lieu to:-

The Epiphany Trust (Truro) Ltd

Bosence Farm Community Ltd

Franciscan Aid

by retiring collection or

c/o H N Peake Funeral Director,

The Old Surgery, Tolcarne, Newlyn, Penzance TR18 5PR

INVITATION

The family invite you to share some light refreshments at The Newlyn Art Gallery following this service

St Peter's Parish Church, Newlyn

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of



John York Moore

10th October 1922 – 22nd March 2022

Friday 22nd April 2022 at 2.00pm

Introductory Music

Introductions and Variations on Theme Marlborough, Op 28
Marko Topchii

Valedictory Music

This Train is Bound for Glory
The Cosmic Carnival Express

This song was first recorded in 1922 the year of John's birth

Prayers

Led by a member of the Franciscan Community

Hymn – The Lord's my Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be

Opening Address

The Vicar

Hymn – Morning has Broken

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

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dew fall 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

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

Reading

Song of Songs Chapter 2

Verses 10 to 13 : Read by Ros Robinson

My beloved speaks and says to me:
Arise, my love, my beautiful one,
and come away,
for behold, the winter is past;
the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth,
the time of singing has come,
and the voice of the turtle dove
is heard in our land.

The fig tree ripens its figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give forth fragrance.
Arise, my love, my beautiful one,
and come away.

Poetry Reading

Home by Helen York Moore

Read by Rachael Williams

To sit beside you while we drink our coffee
In our snug room where the fire still glows -
Sharing the jokes of the morning papers
The cat is curled up in my favourite chair,
Always there earlier than I can be
Holly pretends to be asleep,
But always watching for a biscuit treat
Surrounded by photos of children and grandchildren;
The scent of blue hyacinths sweeps over me -
There is no greater happiness than this.

Written at 9 Larrigan Crescent, 2003

Music

God be in my head

Introduction by Helen Robinson and John York Moore

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in my eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at my end, and at my departing.

Eulogy

David York Moore

Music

My Song is Love Unknown

King's College Choir

Address

The Vicar