

Philip Parnell Bowcock

Born 28th April 1927

Died 4th June 2021

Thanks be to God for his life, service, love, and talents



Funeral Service and Thanksgiving

St Bartholomew's Church, Otford

Sevenoaks, Kent TN14 5PQ

at 2pm on Wednesday 21st July 2021

Planning the Funeral

Philip left some specific notes about his funeral and discussed them with us before he died. They were mostly about his choice of hymns, which he struggled to limit to only four. His choice centred around the words and authors. We therefore quote these notes below, but in order that this does not turn into a quiz question, they appear in the order in which the hymns take place.

“One by a nineteenth century priest who gave his name to an Oxford college.”

John Keble (1792-1866)

“One by a nineteenth century American Quaker. The hymn was Brenda’s favourite.”

John G Whittier (1807-92)

“One by a seventeenth century Anglican parish priest.”

George Herbert (1593-1633)

“One by a nineteenth century Anglican scholar priest who died a Roman Catholic Cardinal.”

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

Philip specified that he wanted to be carried out to the Nunc Dimittis. This is the prayer spoken by Simeon, an old religious man who spent much time in prayer in the temple and had been promised by God that he would not die until he had seen the Messiah. When Mary and Joseph brought Jesus to the temple to be dedicated to God, Simeon recognised him immediately, took Jesus into his arms, and said this prayer. We have chosen a setting by Charles Wood which starts with a quiet passage sung by the basses and ends in a joyful Gloria.

Our father wanted something from our mother Brenda’s funeral. The hymn ‘Dear Lord and Father’ and the quotations on the back cover were used on Easter Eve 1995. Brenda’s funeral service in Leek, Staffordshire was led by Philip’s cousin, the Right Reverend John Finney, who will also lead in today’s service together with the vicar of Otford, the Reverend David Guest.

Philip loved poetry and committed many poems and speeches to heart. It was a constant source of amazement to the family during meals that he would recite poems that his grandchildren were studying at school and might have struggled to remember even the first line. The Shakespeare song ‘Fear no more the heat of the sun’ that Justin will sing before the service, was one such example.

The pallbearers will be Philip’s sons Matthew and Oliver Bowcock, his grandsons Edmund and Justin Shee and Dominic Bowcock, and his son-in-law James Sparks.

Thank you for your presence today, whether in person or virtually. Our father said that he wanted his funeral to end with a celebration, and therefore everyone is invited afterwards to the garden of Park Farm House, Otford for refreshments.

Stella, Matthew, and Oliver

Music before the service

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Words by William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616) from *Cymbeline*

Music by Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Sung by Justin Shee, grandson

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

Please stand for entry of Philip's coffin

Funeral Sentences

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

1 Timothy 6.7; Job 1.21

Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8.38, 39

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

John 11.25, 26

The choir sings Kontakion of the Dead.

Russian Traditional

Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant with thy saints:
where sorrow and pain are no more;
neither sighing but life everlasting.
Thou only art immortal, the creator and maker of man:
and we are mortal formed from the dust of the earth,
and unto earth shall we return:
for so thou didst ordain,
when thou created me saying:
“Dust thou art und unto dust shalt thou return.”
All we go down to the dust;
and weeping o’er the grave we make our song:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Heavenly Father,
you have not made us for darkness and death,
but for life with you for ever.
Without you we have nothing to hope for;
with you we have nothing to fear.
Speak to us now your words of eternal life.
Lift us from anxiety and guilt
to the light and peace of your presence,
and set the glory of your love before us;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Welcome

David Guest

Hymn

Blest are the pure in heart,
for they shall see our God;
the secret of the Lord is theirs,
their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens
our life and peace to bring,
to dwell in lowliness with men,
their pattern and their king.

Still to the lowly soul
he doth himself impart
and for his dwelling and his throne
chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek;
may ours this blessing be:
give us a pure and lowly heart,
a temple meet for thee.

John Keble

Reading from the Holy Bible

Amelia Shee, granddaughter

Revelation 21.1-7

I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

‘See, the home of God is among mortals.

He will dwell with them;

they will be his peoples,

and God himself will be with them;

he will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;

mourning and crying and pain will be no more,

for the first things have passed away.’

And the one who was seated on the throne said, ‘See, I am making all things new.’ Also he said, ‘Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.’ Then he said to me, ‘It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.’

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John G Whittier

Eulogy

Stella, Matthew, and Oliver

poem written by Harriet Bell, granddaughter in Kenya

Hymn

The God of love my Shepherd is,
and he that doth me feed;
while he is mine and I am his,
what can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
where I both feed and rest;
then to the streams that gently pass,
in both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
and bring my mind in frame,
and all this not for my desert,
but for his holy Name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
well may I walk, not fear;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
to guide, thy staff to bear.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
shall measure all my days;
and as it never shall remove,
so neither shall my praise.

George Herbert

Address

John Finney

Hymn

Praise to the holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive, and should prevail;

O generous love! that he who came
as man to smite our foe,
the double agony for us
as man should undergo:

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

John Henry Newman

Prayers

David Guest

This prayer by Dietrich Bonhoeffer was read several times by Stella and Philip together before he died.

O Lord my God,
thank you for bringing this day to a close.
Thank you for giving me rest
in body and soul.
Your hand has been over me
and has guarded and preserved me.
Forgive my lack of faith
and any wrong that I have done,
and help me to forgive all who have wronged us.
Let me sleep in peace under your protection,
and keep me from all the temptations of darkness.
Into your hands I commend my loved ones.
I commend to you my body and soul.
O God, your holy name be praised.

Please stand for:

Commendation

Committal

Nunc Dimittis

Luke 2:29-32

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen



Philip requested family flowers only at the funeral but if you would like to make a donation in his memory please send it to

Hope & Homes for Children, East Clyffe, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP3 4LZ

www.hopeandhomes.org



“Because we have been shaped by those we love, we hold a deposit of their lives within us.”

“Christ is the morning star who, when the darkness of this world is passed, brings to his saints the promise of the light of life and opens everlasting day”.

Venerable Bede (circa 720 AD)