

A Service of Thanksgiving  
for the life of  
Betty Jane (McLeod) Miller, deacon  
1954-2021



Monday, October 4, 2021— 2.00 p.m.  
Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria



## Order of Service

*All that is necessary to follow the service is printed in this leaflet.*

### The Gathering of the Community

*Please stand at the entrance of the clergy and chancel party. The pitcher, bowl and towel set next to the urn are traditional symbols of the servant-ministry of deacons.*

The Sentences of Comfort and Hope

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Tribute

Hymn

*please remain standing*

*Heather Dufault / all are seated*

*Tune: Ye Banks & Braes (Common Praise # 292) / please stand*

We cannot measure how you heal  
or answer every sufferer's prayer,  
yet we believe your grace responds  
where faith and doubt unite to care.  
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,  
survive to hold and heal and warn,  
to carry all through death to life  
and cradle children yet unborn.

The pain that will not go away,  
the guilt that clings from things long past,  
the fear of what the future holds,  
are present as if meant to last.  
But present too is love which tends  
the hurt we never hope to find,  
the private agonies inside,  
the memories that haunt the mind.

So some have come who need your help  
and some have come to make amends,  
as hands which shaped and saved the world  
are present in the touch of friends.  
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here

to mend the body, mind and soul,  
to disentangle peace from pain  
and make your broken people whole.

*Text: John L. Bell (1949-).*

*Music: Melody Scottish trad., alt.; arr. The Iona Community (Scotland).*

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## The Proclamation of the Word

First Reading

*Ecclesiastes 3.1-8 / please be seated*

*Reader* Word of God, Word of life.  
*People* **Thanks be to God.**

Psalm 139

*all remain seated*

*Leader* Lord, you have searched me out and known me;♦  
you know my sitting down and my rising up;  
you discern my thoughts from afar.

*People* **You trace my journeys and my resting-places♦  
and are acquainted with all my ways.**

*Leader* Indeed, there is not a word on my lips,♦  
but you, O Lord, know it altogether.

*People* **You press upon me behind and before♦  
and lay your hand upon me.**

*Leader* Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;♦  
it is so high that I cannot attain to it.

*People* **Where can I go then from your Spirit?♦  
where can I flee from your presence?**

*Leader* If I climb up to heaven, you are there;♦  
if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.

*People*      **If I take the wings of the morning♦  
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,**

*Leader*      Even there your hand will lead me♦  
and your right hand hold me fast.

*People*      **If I say, “Surely the darkness will cover me,♦  
and the light around me turn to night,”**

*Leader*      Darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day♦  
darkness and light to you are both alike.

*People*      **For you yourself created my inmost parts;♦  
you knit me together in my mother's womb.**

*Leader*      I will thank you because I am marvellously made;♦  
your works are wonderful, and I know it well.

*People*      **My body was not hidden from you,♦  
while I was being made in secret and woven in the depths of the earth.**

*Leader*      Your eyes beheld my limbs, yet unfinished in the womb;  
all them were written in your book;♦  
they were fashioned day by day, when as yet there was none of them.

*People*      **How deep I find your thoughts, O God!♦  
how great is the sum of them!**

*Leader*      If I were to count them, they would be more in number than the sand;♦  
*All*            **to count them all, my life span would need to be like yours.**

Second Reading

*Mark 10.35-45*

*Reader*      Word of God, Word of life.  
*People*      **Thanks be to God.**

Homily

*The Right Reverend John Stephens, Bishop of New Westminster*

May the road rise to meet you  
may the wind be at your back  
may the sun shine warm upon your face  
May the rain fall softly on your fields  
and until we meet again  
may you keep safe  
in the gentle loving arms of God.

For everything there is a season:  
a time for meeting,  
a time to say goodbye.  
In all things  
God is near  
always guiding your way

May the road rise to meet you;  
may the wind be at your back;  
may the sun shine warm upon your face.  
May the rain fall softly on your fields  
and until we meet again  
may you keep safe  
in the gentle loving arms of God

Affirmation of Faith

*Iona Community / all stand as able*

*Officiant* We believe, O God of all gods,  
that you are the eternal maker of life:  
we believe, O God of all gods,  
that you are the eternal maker of love.

*All* **We believe  
O Lord and God of all people,  
that you are the creator of the high heavens,  
that you are the creator of the skies above,  
that you are the creator of the oceans below.**

*Officiant* We believe  
O Lord and God of all people,

that you are the one who created our souls  
and set their course,  
that you are the one who created our bodies  
from dust and ashes,  
that you gave to our bodies their breath  
and to our souls their possession.

*All*      **God bless to us our bodies,  
God bless to us our souls,  
God bless to us our lives,  
God bless to us our belief.**

Prayers for the Departed and Bereaved  
The Lord's Prayer

*remain standing*

*Officiant*    Gathering our cares into one,  
let us pray as our Saviour taught us:  
*All*      **Our Father, in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins,  
as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Save us from the time of trial,  
and deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power  
and the glory are yours,  
now and for ever. Amen.**

### The Commendation

*The chancel party gathers at the urn for the commendation. The congregation joins in singing the refrain.*

Commendatory Anthem: Kontakion

*Rupert Lang*

*Choir*      Give rest unto your servants with your saints, O God;  
give rest, give rest.

Where there is neither pain nor sorrow,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.

*All*        **Give rest unto your servants with your saints, O God;  
give rest, give rest.  
Where there is neither pain nor sorrow,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

*Choir*     For you, God, only are immortal;  
the creator and the maker of all,  
And we are mortal formed of the earth,  
and to the earth we shall return.

*All*        **Give rest...**

*Choir*     For so did you ordain when you created me saying:  
“You are dust, and to dust you shall return.  
All of us go down to the dust,  
yet even at the grave we make our song:

*All*        **Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.”**

*Choir*     Give rest unto your servants with your saints, O God;  
give rest, give rest.  
Where there is neither pain nor sorrow,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.

#### Commendatory Prayer & Blessing

*Bishop Anna Greenwood-Lee*

*Bishop*     Into your hands, O merciful Saviour,  
we commend your servant Betty Jane.  
Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold,  
a lamb of your own flock,  
a sinner of your own redeeming.  
Receive her into the arms of your mercy,  
into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,  
and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

*People*     **Amen.**



## Dismissal

*Deacon* The eternal God is your dwelling place,  
and underneath are the everlasting arms.  
*People* **Blessed is the Lord, our strength and our salvation.**

## Hymn

*Tune: The Singer and the Song (at Common Praise # 307)*

When long before time and the worlds were begun,  
when there was no earth and no sky and no sun,  
and all was deep silence and night reigned supreme,  
and even our Maker had only a dream.

...the silence was broken when God sang the Song,  
and light pierced the darkness and rhythm began,  
and with its first birth-cries creation was born,  
and creaturely voices sang praise to the morn.

The sounds of the creatures were one with their Lord's,  
their harmonies sweet and befitting the Word;  
the Singer was pleased as the earth sang the song;  
the choir of the creatures reechoed it long.

Though, down through the ages, the Song disappeared,  
its harmonies broken and almost unheard,  
the Singer comes to us to sing it again:  
our God is with us in the world now as then.

The Light has returned as it came once before;  
the Song of the Lord is our own song once more;  
so let us all sing with one heart and one voice  
the song of the Singer in whom we rejoice.

To you, God the Singer, our voices we raise;  
to you, Song Incarnate, we give all our praise;  
to you, Holy Spirit, our life and our breath,  
be glory forever, through life and through death.

*Text and melody: Peter Davison (1936-) ©; harm. George Black (1931-2003) ©.*

*All remain standing as the urn is borne from the cathedral and the piper plays:*

MacPherson's Lament



*Sadly, COVID protocols do not allow us to gather socially to raise a glass to Betty, or to share our stories at this time. Her family has in mind a good gathering at a later date. Thank you for being here today.*

## Assisting in Today's Service

*Tribute* Heather (McLeod) Dufault

*Ushers* Jen Purkis, Janis Wheatley

*Readers* The Venerable Robert Baillie  
The Most Reverend Andrew S. Hutchison

*Musicians* The Cathedral Consort  
Pipe Major Roger McGuire, Canadian Scottish Regiment  
Donald Hunt, *Director of Music*

*Verger* Canon Elaine Ellison

*Tech Team* Canon Ian Alexander  
Mark McDonald

*Clergy* The Reverend Ross Bliss  
The Reverend Canon Nancy E. Ford, *deacon*  
The Very Reverend M. Ansley Tucker  
The Right Reverend Anna Greenwood-Lee

