In Loving Memory of

# Julian Martin Bewick

28th January 1943 - 21st August 2024



Bath Abbey
Wednesday 18th September 2024
at 3.00 pm

# Order of Service

Entrance Music
Cavalleria rusticana – Intermezzo
Pietro Mascagni

Organist
Malcolm Archer
(formerly Organist and Director of Music at Wells and
St. Paul's Cathedrals, and friend of Julian)

**Welcome**
Rev. Andy Hutchinson
Chaplain - Monkton Combe School

**Hymn**
**Abide with me**

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me

**Eulogy**
David Bewick

**Psalm 121**
*Read by Chris Wheeler*
*Principal - Monkton Combe School*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,
and even for evermore.

**A few verses from the 1st letter from the Monktonians.**

Penned by JMB (1988)

*Read by Andrew Bewick*

Selfishness is impatient and has no time for other people;
it jostles to the front of the queue,
particularly if smaller or less important people are in the front;
they have no reason to hurry after all, and can easily wait;

selfishness is unkind;
it searches out the weak and makes them unhappy,
one way or another;
it makes deliberate fouls in the scrum of the dining hall
as well as on the rugby field;

selfishness envies other people's successes and
contrives to make them small;
it boasts of its own importance while blowing up other
people's weakness out of all proportion and dismissing their strengths;

when opportunities arise, it makes mountains out of molehills, and in-
flames situations which could with tact be calmed down;

it remembers others' weakness even if they have mended their ways,
and stores up scandal for satisfying distribution at a later date;

it rubs its hands with glee when other do wrong; and is so smug;

There is nothing that selfishness cannot abuse;
there are endless opportunities for it to be under-mining,
and it hurts unscrupulously,
causing festering pain and lingering unhappiness.

**Poem**

The Oarsman's Song

*Read by Annabel Tall*

The willowy sway of the hands away
And the water boiling aft,
The elastic spring and the steely fling
That drives the flying craft.

The Steely spring and the musical ring
Of the blade with the biting grip,
And the stretching draw of the bending oar
That rounds the turn with a whip.

And the lazy float that runs the boat,
And makes the swing quite true,
And gives the rest that the oarsman blest
As he drives the blade right through.

All through the swing he hears the boat sing
As she guides on her flying track,
And he gathers aft to strike the craft
With a ringing bell-note crack.

From stretcher to oar with drive and draw,
He speeds the boat along.
All whalebone and steel and a willowy feel
That is the oarsman's song

**Reflection**

Chorale Prelude on 'Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland'

***J.S.Bach***

**Prayers**

Grant, O Lord, to all who are bereaved the spirit of faith and courage,
that they may have strength to meet the days to come
with steadfastness and patience;
not sorrowing as those without hope, but in thankful remembrance of your
great goodness, and in the joyful expectation
of eternal life with all who love you.

## 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

## Hymn
## Love Devine, All Loves Excelling

1. Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heav'n to earth come down, fix in
us Thy humble dwelling;
all Thy faithful mercies crown!Jesus,
Thou art all compassion, pure,
unbounded love Thou art; visit us with
Thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
let us find the promised rest.
Take away our love of sinning; Alpha
and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver;
let us all Thy life receive;
suddenly return and never, nevermore
Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
glory in Thy perfect love.

4. Finish then, Thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see Thy great salvation perfectly
restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heav'n we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before Thee, lost
in wonder, love, and praise.

**Committal**

**Hymn**
**Dear Lord and Father of Mankind**

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.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

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!

**Recessional**
**Litanies**
***Jean Alain***

*You must create an impression of passionate incantation," Alain wrote about playing this piece. "Prayer is not a lament but a devastating tornado, flattening everything in its way. It is also an obsession. You must fill people's ears with it, and God's ears too! If you get to the end without feeling exhausted you have neither understood it nor played it as I would want it.*



Julian's family would like to thank you all for attending today's service and for all the kind thoughts and expressions of sympathy at this sad time.

They warmly welcome you to join them after the service at:

Bath Pavilion
N Parade Rd, Bathwick, Bath BA2 4EU
(6 minute walk from Bath Abbey)

Should you wish to donate in memory of Julian, please do so at

https://bluefriars.org.uk/donations/