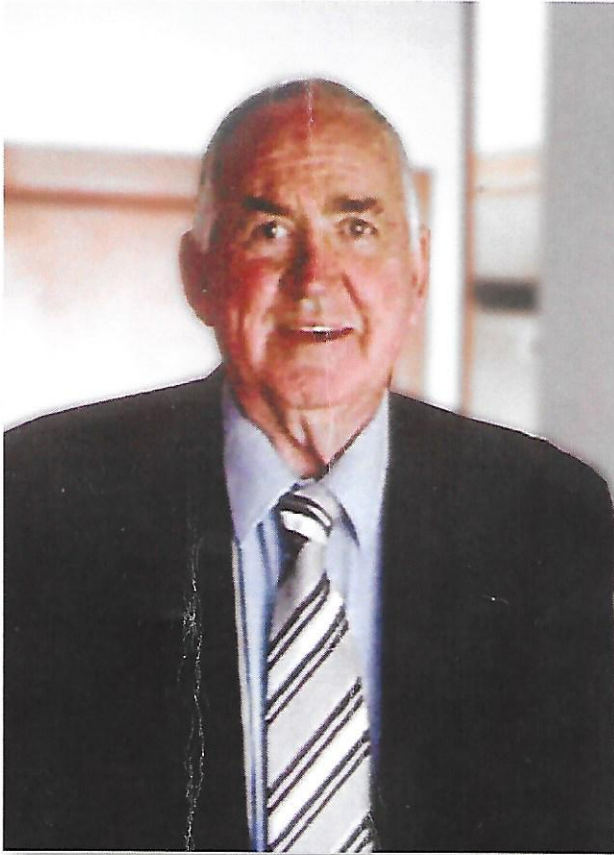


In Loving Memory of
Leonard John James
19 December 1932 – 3 April 2012



A Service to Celebrate Len's Life

The Church of Christ The King, 260 Richardson Road,
Owairaka on Easter Tuesday, 10 April 2012 at 11am

SERVICE FOR LEONARD JOHN JAMES

Celebrant: Father Peter Tipene

Organist: Annemarie Kerridge

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional Hymn: Here I Am, Lord

I the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save
I who made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Refrain:

*Here I am Lord, is it I Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go Lord, if you lead me,
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I the Lord of snow and rain
I have borne my people's pain
I have wept for love of them
They turn away
I will break their hearts of stone
Give them hearts for love alone
I will speak my word to them
Whom shall I send?

I the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save
Finest bread I will provide
Till their hearts be satisfied
I will give my life to them
Whom shall I send?

Eulogy

Poem: The Measure of a Man

Not - How did he die? But - How did he live?
Not - What did he gain? But - what did he give?
These are the things that measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.
Not - What was his station? But - had he a heart?
And - How did he play his God-given part?
Was he ever ready with a word of good cheer?
To bring back smile, to banish a tear?
Not - What was his church? Not - what was his creed?
But - Had he befriended those really in need?
Not - What did the sketch in the newspaper say?
But - How many were sorry when he passed away?
Theses are the things that measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

Author Anonymous

Reading: Ecclesiastes 3 : 1-11 A Time for Everything

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain,
a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace,
What do workers gain from their toil?
I have seen the burden God has laid on the human race.
He has made everything beautiful in its time.
He has also set eternity in the human heart,
yet no one can fathom what God has done from
beginning to end.

Poem

Poem by Ginell Sim **Grandad**

His Hazel blue eyes draw you in, they tell you a story, a story of a long life, which has been hard at times but was all worth it.

His small but sincere smile shows you, shows you the happy life he has lived, and the pride of the family he has built.

The small wrinkles decorating his face teach you, teach you what hard work is, and to succeed you must never give up.

His broad shoulders show you, show you how he has never failed to stand strong no matter what.

His cut up old hands and scarred arms teach you, teach you how dedication works.

And his staunch body, and wise face, tells you a story, the story of my grandads life.

Gospel & Homily: Fr Peter

Prayers

of the Faithful: For our Dad who in baptism was given the pledge of eternal life, that he may now be admitted to the company of all the saints.

Lord Hear Us.

All: *"Lord Hear Our Prayer"*

Lord Jesus bless those who have cared for Dad at home, and the Mercy Hospice, for all those who have given love, friendship and prayers Lord Hear Us.

All: *"Lord Hear Our Prayer"*

Lord Jesus bless our Mum, Family and Friends, send your love and strength to get us through this time Lord Hear Us.

All: *"Lord Hear Our Prayer"*

Re-united with his son Nicholas, may they rest in peace Lord Hear Us

All: *"Lord Hear Our Prayer"*

All: *God our Father, we thank you that you have made each of us in your image and given us gifts and talents with which to serve you.*

We thank you for Len, Husband, Father, Grandfather, and friend, for the years we shared with him and the good we saw in him, the good he saw in us and the love we received from him.

Now give us the strength and courage to leave him in your care, confident in your promise of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

Procession of Gifts

Hymn: Be Not Afraid

You shall cross the barren desert,
though you shall not die of thirst;
You shall wander far in safety,
though you do not know the way;
You shall speak your words in foreign lands
and they will understand
You shall see the face of God and live.

Refrain:

*Be not afraid. I go before you always.
Come follow me and I will give you rest. (R)*

If you pass through raging waters
In the sea, you shall not drown
If you walk amid the burning flames
You shall not be harmed
If you stand before the power of hell
And death is at your side
Know that I am with you through it all (R)

Blessed are your poor
For the Kingdom shall be theirs
Blest are you that weep and mourn
For one day you shall laugh
And if wicked men insult and hate you
All because of me
Blessed, blessed are you! (R)

Hymn

after Communion

Sung by the Knights of the Southern Cross

Final Prayers

of Commendation:

“Receive his soul and present him to God the Most High”

Recessional Hymn:

Christ, Be Our Light

Longing for light, we wait in darkness.
Longing for truth, we turn to you.
Make us your own, your holy people,
Light for the world to see.

Chorus:

*Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts.
Shine through the darkness.
Christ, be our light! Shine in your Church
Gathered today.*

Longing for peace, our world is troubled.
Longing for hope, many despair.
Your word alone has power to save us
Make us your living voice. (Chorus)

Longing for food, many are hungry.
Longing for water, many still thirst.
Make us your bread, broken for others,
Shared until all are fed. (Chorus)

Longing for shelter people are homeless.
Longing for warmth, many are cold.
Make us your building, sheltering others,
Walls made of living stone. (Chorus)

Many the gifts, many the people,
Many the hearts that yearn to belong.
Let us be servants to one another,
Making your kingdom come. (Chorus)

My Grandad

Poem by Leonard James at Age 8

My Grandad has hair that looks like a white halo, sparkling in the sun.
He has blue eyes surrounded by wrinkly skin.
He wears a green T-shirt and black shorts and his old grey sand shoes at work.
He is pretty funny and makes me laugh.
Grandad buys ice cream all the time for a treat.
His name is Leonard just like me. He is my Grandad. I bet you knew that.

My Grandad

Poem by Matthew James at Age 7

I love my grandad because he is my grandad
and he had my mum so my mum could have me.
He has white hair with a bald spot at the back of his head.
He is tall with blue eyes.
He always smells like grass because he helps my uncle mow the grass.
He always helps unless he is asleep in his chair.
Generally he is funny and kind to us.
He sometimes gives us lollies when we are not meant to eat lollies.
He helps us fix things.
I love my sleeping, white haired, blue eyes, smelling of grass Grandad.





Patricia and the family thank you for your prayerful and loving support
at this time and for your presence at this Requiem Mass.
You are most welcome to join them at Waikaraka Cemetery
for Len's burial, following the mass.

The family also extend an invitation to you to join them
for refreshments at The Knights Church House of the Southern Cross Hall,
401 Dominion Rd, Mt Roskill.


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