

A Service of Thanksgiving
and Celebration for the Life of

D. A. GORDON PIRIE

1931 - 1991

Tuesday 25th February 1992

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET
in the City of London

Rector

Canon John Oates

Director of Music

Robert Jones

Organist

Matthew Morley

ORDER OF SERVICE

Finlandia

Sibelius

Chariots of Fire

As the choir enters, the Congregation shall stand

Choir

INTROIT

J. S. Bach

“Jesu joy of man’s desiring”

Remain standing for

BIDDING PRAYER

We meet today in St. Bride’s Church to give thanks for the life of Gordon Pirie and for all he meant as a father, grandfather and friend. We give thanks above all for his vision and tenacity as an athlete, for his encouragement by example and inspiration to many athletes throughout the world.

We pray for all those whom he loved that they may be comforted in their sadness by the true friendship and support of every person here today.

For all who learned from him and for all the memories precious to each one of us, we commend him Lord to you in our prayers and praise.

All

HYMN

1

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

4

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. LYTE (1793-1847)
Psalm 103

1ST READING

Read by Mike Farrell, Olympic Athlete.

"Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you: Whatever we were to each other that we are still. Call me by the old familiar name, speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolute and unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well."

Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

Choir

MAGNIFICAT

Stanford in G

2ND READING

"RUNNING WILD"

by D. A. Gordon Piric

Read by Jennifer Gilbody

All

HYMN

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain:
*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far.
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star,
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.*

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accepts the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts:
*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.*

3RD READING

Read by Harry Hicks

Southern C Cross Country Association and English Cross Country Union

You know (do you not?) that at the sports all the runners run the race, though only one wins the prize. Like them, run to win! But every athlete goes into strict training. They do it to win a fading wreath; we, a wreath that never fades. For my part, I run with a clear goal before me; I am like a boxer who does not beat the air; I bruise my own body and make it know its master, for fear that after preaching to others I should find myself rejected.

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.

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| <p>2 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.</p> | <p>4 My table thou hast furnished In presence of my foes, My head with oil thou dost anoint, and my cup overflows.</p> |
| <p>3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill. For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.</p> | <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life Will surely follow me. And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |

ADDRESS

By Chris Brasher and Mick Firth.

PRAYERS

All shall kneel

Lead by The Revd. Philip Morgan

HYMN

All

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.

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| <p>2 Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing stream doth flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through: Strong deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.</p> | <p>3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side: Songs and praises I will ever give to thee.</p> |
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W. WILLIAMS (1717-91)
 tr. P. and W. WILLIAMS *

BLESSING

All shall kneel

Canon John Oates

JERUSALEM

All

William Blake 1757 - 1827

And did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountain's green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?
 And did the countenance divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold
 Bring me my arrows of desire
 Bring me my spear O clouds, unfold
 Bring me my chariot of fire
 I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.