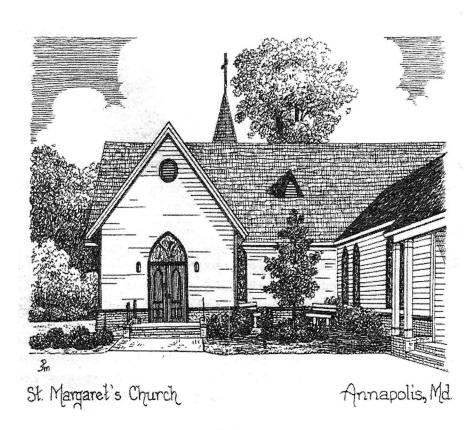
St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish

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Established 1692

The Rite of Christian Burial

October 25, 2002 9:30 A.M.

In Thanksgiving for the Life of

Arnett Taylor

Organ Prelude
Hymn "Surely the Presence of the Lord Is in This Place"
Insert
Opening Anthems
Hymn 687

Collect

BCP 493

BCP 493

THE WORD OF GOD

First Reading 1 Corinthians 15: 20-26, 35-38, 42-44, 51-58

Hymn 810 - WLP

Gospel John 14:1-6

Memorial Reflections

The Apostles' Creed

BCP 496

The Prayers

In peace, let us pray to the Lord.

Almighty God, you have knit together your elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of your Son Christ our Lord: Grant, we beseech you, to your whole Church in paradise and on earth, your light and your peace. *AMEN*.

Grant that all who have been baptized into Christ's death and resurrection may die to sin and rise to newness of life, and that through the grave and gate of death we may pass with Christ to our joyful resurrection. AMEN.

Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that your Holy Spirit may lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days. *AMEN*.

Grant to your faithful people pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our sins, and serve you with a quiet mind. AMEN.

Grant to all who mourn a sure confidence in your fatherly care, that, casting all their grief on you, they may know the consolation of your love. AMEN.

Surely the Presence of the Lord Is in This Place









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For the Committal

Psalm 23 King James Version

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou are with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou annointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Give courage and faith to those who are bereaved, that they may have strength to meet the days ahead in the comfort of a reasonable and holy hope, in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love. AMEN.

Grant us, with all who have died in the hope of the resurrection, to have our consummation and bliss in your eternal and everlasting glory, and, with all your saints, to receive the crown of life which you promise to all who share in the victory of your Son Jesus Christ; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. AMEN.

The Peace

THE HOLY COMMUNION

The Offertory

The Great Thanksgiving - Prayer B	BCP 367
Sanctus (Holy, Holy, Holy Lord)	BCP 367
Memorial Acclamation	BCP 368
The Lord's Prayer	BCP 364

The Breaking of the Bread

BCP 364

Fraction Anthem

The Administration of Communion

All are invited to receive the sacraments

Communion Hymn 335		I Am the Bread of Life
Postcommunion prayer	*	BCP 498
The Commendation		BCP 499
Hymn 608		Melita

The Blessing

The Dismissal Alleluia, alleluia.

Let us go forth in the name of the Risen Christ

People Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia.

Celebrant: The Reverend Thelma A. Smullen, Interim Rector

Organist: Mr. Michael Menne

I am standing upon the seashore.

A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.

I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?" Gone from my sight. That is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

there are other eyes watching her coming,

and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

Author Unknown