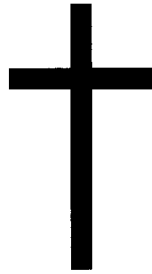


HOLY TRINITY CHURCH  
Stourpaine



MARK ROLAND SHAND

28th June 1951 – 23rd April 2014

1st May 2014

Noon

If I should go before the rest of you  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice  
But be the usual selves that I have known  
Weep if you must  
Parting is hell  
But life goes on  
So sing as well.

*Joyce Grenfell (1910-1979)*

The man is a success who has lived life well,  
laughed often, and loved much; who has gained  
the respect of intelligent men and the love of  
children; who filled his niche and accomplished  
his task; who leaves the world better than he found  
it, who never lacked appreciation of Earth's  
beauty, or failed to express it; who looked for the  
best in others and gave the best he had; his  
memory is a benediction.

*Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)*

When you part from your friend,  
you grieve not;  
For that which you love most in him  
may be clearer in his absence,  
as the mountain to the climber  
is clearer from the plain.  
And let there be no purpose in friendship  
save the deepening of the spirit.  
For love that seeks  
ought but the disclosure of its own mystery  
is not love but a net cast forth:  
and only the unprofitable is caught.

*Khalil Gibran (1883-1931)*

*The Service is conducted by*  
The Reverend Stephen Coulter

*The Singers are*  
Hal and Lara Cazalet

*The Organ is played by*  
Graeme Jenkins

*Music to be played before the Service:*

Fantasia in c BWV 562 *J. S. Bach (1685-1750)*

SUSSEX:  
Adagio in E *Frank Bridge (1879-1941)*

BALI:  
Bali Ha'i (South Pacific) *Richard Rogers (1902-1979)*

ELEPHANT:  
The Elephant *from* Carnival of the Animals *C. Saint-Saens (1835-1921)*

Elegy *G. T. Thalben-Ball (1896-1987)*

Solemn Melody (arr. J. E. West) *W. Davies (1869-1941)*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

*All stand*

## THE SENTENCES

The March *from* Saul HWV 53

*G F Handel (1685-1759)*

## BIDDING PRAYER

*All remain standing to sing*

## HYMN

**P**RAISE, 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.

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

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.

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.

*Words:* H. F. LYTE (1793-1847)

*Music:* JOHN GOSS (1800-80)

READING

Farewell my Friend

*read by*

Tom Parker Bowles

**F**AREWELL My Friend

It was beautiful  
As long as it lasted  
The journey of my life.  
I have no regrets  
Whatsoever said  
The pain I'll leave behind.  
Those dear hearts  
Who love and care...  
And the strings pulling  
At the heart and soul...  
The strong arms  
That held me up  
When my own strength  
Let me down.  
At the turning of my life  
I came across  
Good friends,  
Friends who stood by me  
Even when time raced me by.  
Farewell, farewell My friends  
I smile and  
Bid you goodbye.  
No, shed no tears  
For I need them not  
All I need is your smile.  
If you feel sad  
Do think of me  
For that's what I'll like  
When you live in the hearts  
Of those you love  
Remember then  
You never die.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1861-1941)

## WILD WORLD

*Words and Music:* CAT STEVENS (b. 1948)

### READING

Vital Lampada

*read by*

Otis Irwin

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close tonight –  
Ten to make and the match to win –  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote –  
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT (1862-1938)

*All stand to sing*

### HYMN

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Re-clothe 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!

*Words:* J. WHITTIER (1807-92)

*Tune:* Repton

*Music:* SIR C. H. H. PARRY (1848-1918)

*All sit*

## TRIBUTE

*given by*

Don McCullin

## MOTET

Panis Angelicus

**P**ANIS Angelicus fit panis hominum  
Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum  
O res mirabilis! Manducat Dominum  
Pauper, pauper, servus et humilis  
Pauper, pauper, servus et humilis

*Words:* SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS (1225-74)

*Music:* C. FRANK (1822-90)



## READING

An excerpt from *Travels on my Elephant* by Mark Shand

read by

Ben Elliot

I SPENT two idyllic days with Tara. Everybody left us alone, respectful of my feelings. She was still a little shaky, not quite her old self, affected by the long truck ride. Her neck was a mass of sores and abrasions where the ropes had cut into her. We explored her new territory together – going for long rides in the quiet forest – wallowing and playing in the rock pools. In the afternoons, she would stretch out in the lengthening shadows and I would lie on top of her and write my diary. In the evenings I would watch her feeding on a new delicacy, prepared by Mujeem – large doughy chapatees, as big as serving dishes, which she would chew slowly, her eyes squeezed tight, in total bliss.

On the evening of my last night, my stomach started to churn with the dread of having to say goodbye. I needed something to numb my feelings. I needed to get drunk and leave with a hangover. Bob kindly gave me a bottle of whisky and after dinner I joined her.

Tara was already lying down. I settled comfortably between her legs, my head propped up on her stomach. However, she wasn't going to let me drink alone. As we shared the whisky, I told her of my home, the land that I lived in and why she would not be happy there. In reply, she occasionally rumbled. Before I passed out I vaguely remembered feeling something long and warm encircle my neck and draw me closer.

I awoke with a start in the early hours. The mist was heavy on the ground. Something was poking me urgently on my backside. I rolled over, my head throbbing. She was standing over me, looking disapproving, signalling towards the pile of sugar cane. I fed her for the last time.

As the car was taking me out of the camp later that morning, I asked the driver to stop. I walked slowly towards Tara, my mind detached, floating. Holding her tail, I clipped off three long springy hairs, the only memento I would take with me. It was then that Tara gave me my last lesson: elephants do weep. When I kissed her on her eye, one hot salty tear fell, staining my cheek. I walked quickly back to the car. We moved slowly away. I forced myself to look stonily ahead. But, as we rounded the corner, I turned and caught one last glimpse of her standing quietly, looking at me. Then she was gone, swallowed up in India's dust.

## ARIA

Somewhere (West Side Story)

Words: S. SONDHEIM (b. 1930)

Music: L. BERNSTEIN (1918-90)

## PRAYERS

A TRIBUTE TO HER FATHER

*by*

Ayesha Shand

*All stand to sing*

## HYMN

I DANCED in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,  
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,  
But they would not dance and they would not follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John—  
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;  
The holy people said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high;  
They left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black—  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;  
But I'm the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
I am the life that will never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me—  
I am the Lord of the Dance said he.

*Words:* SYDNEY CARTER (1915-2004)

*Music:* 19th Century Shaker Tune  
*arr* SYDNEY CARTER

*All remain standing*

## COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

## BLESSING

## RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Colonel Hathi's March  
The Elephant Song (The Jungle book)

*Richard M Sherman (b. 1928)*

Prelude and Fugue in c BWV 546

*J. S. Bach (1685-1750)*

The Congregation is invited to join the Family at Stourpaine House  
after the Service.

## ATHOUGHT

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away to the next room.  
I am I and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other,  
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to 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 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 effect.  
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same that it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.  
For an interval.  
Somewhere. Very near.  
Just around the corner.

All is well.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND (1847-1918)