



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
STEPHAN HOWARD
FALCONER JACQUES

27th December 1950 - 1st January 2025



St Peter's Church, Ruddington
Thursday 30th January 2025 at 2.30 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

A misty forest scene with trees having golden-brown autumn leaves. The atmosphere is soft and ethereal, with a light blue and white mist filling the background. The trees are tall and thin, with their branches and leaves creating a delicate, lace-like pattern against the sky. The ground is covered in fallen leaves, and the overall color palette is dominated by warm, golden tones and cool, misty blues.

ENTRY MUSIC
Highland Cathedral
by David McRobb

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

OPENING HYMN

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918)

READING

Psalm 23

POEM

Raven

read by Hamish Moncef Falconer Jacques-Rankin

Rock rasps, what are you?

I am Raven! Of the blue-black jacket and the
boxer's swagger, stronger and older than peak
and than boulder, raps Raven in reply.

Air asks, what are you?

I am Raven! Prince of Play, King of Guile,
grin-on-face base-jumper, twice as agile as
the wind, thrice as fast as any gale, rasps
Raven in reply.

Vixen ventures, what are you?

I am Raven! Solver of problems, picker of
locks, who can often outsmart stoat and
always out-think fox, scoffs Raven in reply.

Earth enquires, what are you?

I am Raven! I have followed men from forest
edge to city scarp: black shadow, dark
familiar, hexes Raven in reply.

Nothing knows what you are.

Not true! For I am Raven, who nothing cannot
know. I steal eggs the better to grow, I eat
eyes the better to see, I pluck wings the
better to fly, riddles Raven in reply.

TRIBUTE

MUSIC
Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus:

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

Robert Burns

A misty forest scene with trees covered in autumn foliage. The trees are tall and thin, with their branches reaching up. The leaves are a mix of orange, yellow, and brown, indicating the fall season. The ground is covered in fallen leaves, and the overall atmosphere is soft and ethereal due to the mist.

ADDRESS

PRAYERS



THE 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

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825-1878)

POEM

Crossing The Bar
read by Adam Colton

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness or farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



COMMENDATION AND BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Flowers Of The Forest

played on the pipes by David McRobb

After the service in church, the committal service will be held at
Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel.

After the service, you are welcome to join the family for refreshments at
The Plough Inn, Keyworth Road, Wysall NG12 5QQ.

Donations in memory of Stephan for the
R.N.L.I. Cornwall
may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box
on leaving the service left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituararies
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

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