



A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

Simon Peter Franey

5TH JUNE 1977 - 15TH OCTOBER 2015



REQUIEM MASS AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HARBORNE
FRIDAY 6TH NOVEMBER 2015 AT 12.00NOON

FOLLOWED BY INTERMENT AT QUINTON CEMETERY AT 1.45PM

ORDER *of* SERVICE

ENTRANCE HYMN MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

READING

PSALM I, THE LORD OF SEA & SKY

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?

*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 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?

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Even if you have to die, close to my word keep faithful,
For your faithfulness I will give you the crown of life
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

GOSPEL

HOMILY

INTERCESSIONS

PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

*All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings:

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky:

The tall trees in the greenwood,
the meadows where we play,
the rushes by the water
we gather every day:

COMMUNION HYMN
WALK WITH ME O MY LORD

*Walk with me, oh my Lord,
Through the darkest night and brightest day
Be at my side, oh Lord,
Hold my hand and guide me on my way.*

Sometimes the road seems long,
My energy is spent.
Then, Lord, I think of you
And I am given strength

Stones often bar my path,
And there are times I fall,
But you are always there
To help me when I call.

Just as you calmed the wind
And walked upon the sea
Conquer, my living Lord
The storms that threaten me.

Help me to pierce the mists
That cloud my heart and mind,
So that I shall not fear
The steepest mountain-side.

As once you healed the lame
And gave sight to the blind
Help me when I'm downcast
To hold my head up high.

FINAL COMMENDATION
THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

Chorus:

*This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.*

The light that shines is the light of love,
Lights the darkness from above,
It shines on me and it shines on you,
And shows what the power of love can do.
I'm gonna shine my light both far and near,
I'm gonna shine my light both bright and clear,
Where there's a dark corner in this land
I'm gonna let my little light shine.....

Chorus:

POEM
DAFFODILS

by William Wordsworth

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: -
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.





Susan, Paul and family would like to thank everyone for attending today's service and for all the kind thoughts and expressions of sympathy at this time.

You are warmly invited to join them after the service at

ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH CENTRE
Vivian Rd, Harborne.

If you would like to make a donation in memory of Simon for his beloved children please place in the baskets or charity box as you leave the church, or send your donation c/o Thos Furber & Co. Ltd.
122 Station Rd, Harborne, Birmingham B17 9LS.