



Philip, Richard and families would like to thank, most sincerely, all relatives and friends for the kindness and sympathy shown to them during their bereavement. They also acknowledge, with gratitude, messages of condolence and your attendance at this service.

Following this service, the family would be delighted if you would join them at Chadwell Grange, Newport, Shropshire, TF10 9BG for light refreshments, where they will join you following the interment in the Churchyard.

All donations generously received will be divided between St. Mary's Church, Blymhill and the Severn Hospice.



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A Service to Celebrate
the Life of

David Lloyd Maddocks

19th September, 1933 ~ 27th April, 2023

Aged 89 years

St. Mary's Church, Blymhill
Thursday 11th May, 2023

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 high,
And 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 am the dance and I still go on:

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

Sydney Carter (1915-2004)

Commendation

Music on Exit
'My Way'
Frank Sinatra

~ **The family will Proceed to the Graveside for the Private Committal** ~

Reading and Address
1 Corinthians 13: 4-8a
Reverend Linda Beech

Prayers for David and the Family
The Rev.d Prebendary Chris Thorpe

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: 'Lord Of The Dance'

I danced in the morning, when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon, and the stars and the sun,
And 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 wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on:

Music on Entry
'Pachelbel – Canon in D'
played by organist, Dennis Cornes

Welcome and Opening Prayer
Reverend Linda Beech

HYMN: 'The Day Thou Gavest'

The day thou gavest, Lord is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-93)

Eulogy

Read by sons Philip and Richard

HYMN: 'Take My Life, And Let It Be'

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-79)

**Bible Reading
Ecclesiastes 3**

Read by Grandchildren Philippa, William, Jessica and Bay

**Reflections of Friendship
Neale Dalton**

HYMN: 'We Plough The Fields And Scatter'

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.*

He is the only 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.

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*M. Claudius (1740-1815)
tr. J. M. Campbell (1817-78)*

Poem

'A Reflection On An Autumn Day'
Read by Nephew Nigel Adams