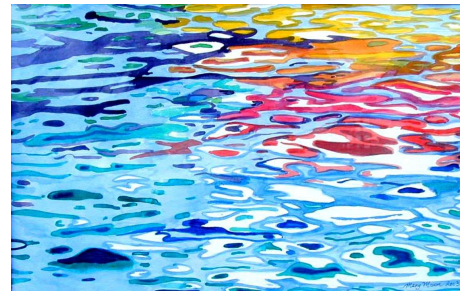




Galaxies
Evening Service
23 November 2013
Service by Fergus Collinson
& Pete Cowley



Welcome:

The title of our service tonight is "Requiem: The city called Heaven" and is a remembrance on those you have known, loved or cared for who have passed on.



Galaxies candle Lighting

In honour of those we have known and love even though no longer with us
In recognition of the gifts and sacrifices they have made on our behalf
and in our sincere hopes that we may be worthy of their memory
we light our candle
and give thanks
and we offer our prayers. Amen

Prayer for the departed

All:

God of indeterminate width, breadth, depth and love,
I am in you and you are in me.
and so too are memories of departed loved ones.
I remember and acknowledge, today particularly, my departed friends, family and acquaintances ...
and my beloved pets too!
For in my remembering
so they shall live
in me, and in you
and you in all of us.
Amen

nEVER uNDER eSTIMATE tWO yEAR oLDS - i'VE pICKED mY mOMENT... sUPERBLY

Dad wants me to sit on his knee.
I don't want to.
I hate the way he yells at Mum for
no apparent reason, or is he pissed off with her
protecting me?
I'm not going to sit on Dad's
knee. Again. Ever.

He lets it
go -
Yelling me at me in front of the men at
Mrs Clarkson's boarding house. .. The men, robust sweaty sturdy and
starting off at 6 to drive the trains to
Mossburn, Orawia, Riverton and
Waikaia. Getting back about
eleven - no its not cool to
rant

Somewhere Dad has written it down, and stood it up.
His motto
on the dresser
"The love, trustful, of a little child, and to visit
orphans and widows in their affliction, is
true religion"
Mum's cynical streak
saved her life, and James, the man who wrote it would be
disappointed too

"Fergus. You used to love oranges, eat them all the time, but Frank would give you a lemon"

I remember a drizzly Saturday. I've mowed all the lawns, and Dad. He's in one of his beserk moods, and I run off and hide in the old box factory. They're got a search party, and the policeman, and they find me, and nothing. Is. Resolved.



Somewhere in these
colliding recollections -
I loved cutting Dad's hair. It was - crinkly and tactile and dry.

... I remember the reassurance, sonorous, Dad reading me Longfellow's
Tales of Hiawatha. When I was. Little. Then I. Devoured. Books, and
typically teenage, headofftomyroom.

Mum was the
negotiator.

Dad wants me to read to him, but I don't want to.
Thats it! Re-reading Nearly Overdue, I've got a different
take about being an unco-operative bastard, I
realise it wasn't just being bloodymindedwithDad. Mum
would always ask - "Fergus? Is this a nice book" before I'd even
started.

Owaka Library is selling off their old books. Two of my faves - All Quiet on The Western Front, and Brazilian Adventure with brave naked Englishmen being punted up a black and white river by rascally Quieroz. I've got it! I have to keep my reading relish private and protected from disapproving Presbyterianism.

Grandma painted.
That was okay. It was ok with me too.
I never told her, watching me painting. Rapt.
I have worldly 40's dance music
on my tape deck. It makes my brushwork. Jump and jive. It still does

Remembrances of those you cared about

We each tell our stories of gratitude, love and laughter and remember the ones who have died but who we honour and remember.

Meditative Music

Yanni: Nostalgia

Vaness Mae: The Blessed Spirits