

SATURDAY, 15TH AUGUST 2015
70th Anniversary of V-J Day
Service of Remembrance and Thanksgiving

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC

Nimrod (Enigma Variations) – by Elgar
Organist Gerald Lindner

LAMENT

“Hills of Argyll”
Piper Duncan Thomson

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

OPENING PRAYERS

Canon Christopher Samuels

HYMN

“PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN”

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| <p>1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven!
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him! (2)
Praise the everlasting King!</p> <p>2. 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.
Praise Him! Praise Him! (2)
Glorious in His faithfulness!</p> | <p>3. 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.
Praise him! Praise him! (2)
Widely as his mercy flows!</p> <p>4. 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.
Praise him! Praise him! (2)
Praise with us the God of grace!</p> |
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A READING FROM SCRIPTURE

Psalm 23 – The Lord is my Shepherd
Read by Anthony Jackson

VERY OLD CHINESE PROVERB

Read by Alison Brierley

If there be righteousness in the heart,
There will be beauty in the character.
If there is beauty in the character,
There will be harmony in the home.
If there is harmony in the home,
There will be order in the nation.
When there is order in the nation,
There will be peace in the world.

MOON OVER MALAYA

Read by Penny Dembrey

Palm trees are swaying in the moonlight,
Casting their shadows o'er the sea,
What then will greet us in the morning?
Just stay a while and listen here to me.

For the moon is shining on Malaya,
Stars twinkle down from up above,
Girls in their sarongs and kabayas,
In their kampongs, they sing their songs of love.

You can hear *Terang Bulan* and old *Sarino*,
Songs their mothers sang in days gone by,
From Penang to Ipoh and Malacca,
You can hear those enchanted lullabys.

For the guitars they are strumming in the moonlight,
And the echo of those *kronchangs* never die.
There's a moon shining brightly on Malaya,
And to think some day, we're going to say ... Goodbye!

THE ADDRESS

Canon Christopher Samuels

HYMN

"ABIDE WITH ME"

Arranged in 4 parts by Lisa Ho

Dedicated to the Malayan Volunteers of WW1 & 2

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy Grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

"AMAZING GRACE"

Piper Duncan Thomson

READING

Taken from John Hedley's Diary "The last Days of Freedom."
Read by Imogen Holmes

"WHAT IS A FEPOW?"

By Queenie Spink (1992)
Read by Ann Evans

What is a FEPOW? A FEPOW is one
Who fought a great battle, without sword or gun,
Who suffered starvation, torture, disease,
When captured by the Japanese.
Stripped of his dignity, degraded and hit,
The FEPOW fought back with courage and grit.
No longer a fight for King and Country
But a fight for survival in captivity.
Herded like cattle, worked the day long,
His body grew weak but his spirit was strong,
Determined to win the fight to survive,
To outwit the Japs and to stay alive.
Some couldn't make it: laid to rest there,
No flowers, no parades, just a tear and a prayer.
Never forgotten, remembered still
By their comrades who buried them there on the hill.
So – what is a FEPOW? A FEPOW is one
Unique among men, a hero unsung.

THE CAPTIVES' HYMN

Written by Margaret Dryburgh

An English Missionary School Mistress and civilian internee on Banka Island, Sumatra.
First sung on Sunday, 5th July 1942 and sung every Sunday thereafter during the war.

1. Father in captivity
We would lift our prayer to Thee,
Keep us ever in Thy love,
Grant us daily we may prove
Those who place their trust in Thee
More than conquerors may be.
2. Give us patience to endure,
Keep our hearts serene and pure,
Grant us courage, charity,
Greater faith, humility,
Readiness to own Thy will,
Be we free, or captive still.
3. For our country we would pray,
In this hour be Thou her stay,
Pride and selfishness forgive,
Teach her by Thy laws to live.
By Thy Grace may all men see
That true greatness comes from Thee.
4. For our loved ones we would pray,
Be their Guardian night and day,
From all danger keep them free,
Banish all anxiety.
May they trust us to Thy care,
Know that Thou our pain dost share.
5. May the day of freedom dawn,
Peace and Justice be reborn.
Grant that nations, loving Thee,
O'er the world may brothers be,
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,
See Thy Kingdom come on earth.

"THE VIGIL"
A Commemorative Poem by Margaret Dryburgh
Read by June Jackson

'Tis night, and in the camp's wide square
Unwonted silence fills the air,
For now the central open shed
Acts as a shelter for the dead.
How slowly time doth pass!

A tiny lamp with a steady glow
Lightens the darkness and doth show
Where watchers solemn vigil keep
Beside the dead while others sleep.
How slowly time doth pass!

'Why do you use this public place?
Within the walls is there no space?'
The living scarce have room to lie
There is no spot for those who die.
How slowly time doth pass!

But, watcher, in this tropic clime
Death brings decay in a little time.
Why, therefore, do you think it meet
To use nought but a winding sheet?
How slowly time doth pass!

READING

Taken from "The Rainbow Through the Rain" by the Revd. Geoffrey Scott Mowat
Read by Michael Mowat

HYMN

"THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED."

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| 1. 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. | 3. 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. |
| 2. 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. | 4. 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. |
| 5. So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
The Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own Thy sway. | |

PRAYERS
Canon Christopher Samuels

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name:
Thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be done;
In earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that 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.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

THE CHAPEL SERVICE ENDS
WITH MUSIC BY HANDEL
"Air from Rinaldo"
Played by Organist Gerald Lindner

LED BY THE PIPER,
THE CONGREGATION IS REQUESTED TO FOLLOW CANON SAMUELS
TO THE MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS' MEMORIAL GARDEN,
FOR THE WREATH LAYING, TWO MINUTES SILENCE,
READINGS AND PRAYERS.

**IN THE MEMORIAL GARDEN
PIPER TO PLAY AS THE CONGREGATION GATHERS**

PRAYERS

Canon Christopher Samuels

WREATH LAYING

Ken and Eileen Wright

TWO MINUTES SILENCE

THE LAST POST

Buglers Arial and Catherine West

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH"

By Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861)

Read by Anne Hinam

Say not the struggle naught avaieth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look, the land is bright!

THE EXHORTATION

Read by Stephen Caldicott

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

We will remember them.

THE FEPOW PRAYER
By Cpl. Arthur Ogden and Victor Merrett
Read by Stephen Caldicott

And we who are left grow old with the years,
Remembering the heartache, the pain and the tears.
Hoping and praying that never again
Man will sink to such sorrow and shame.
The price that was paid, we will always remember,
Every day, every month, not just in November.
We shall remember them.

THE KOHIMA EPITAPH
Read by Stephen Caldicott

When you go home, tell them of us and say,
"For your tomorrow, we gave our today."

REVEILLE
Buglers Arial and Catherine West

LAMENT
Piper Duncan Thomson

CANON CHRISTOPHER SAMUELS
To conclude the Service

"DON'T LOOK BACK"
After the grief, the pain, and the tears,
The business of death, and what appears
To be an endless loneliness,
There comes a time for quiet repose
To think of those who still are here
And dear to you – remember those.
By Louise Melina Aylward, 1925-2010

Sir Winston Churchill said, "A nation that forgets its past has no future."

**MVG MEMBERS AND INVITED GUESTS ARE REQUESTED TO MAKE THEIR WAY
BACK TO POD 3 OF THE MARQUEE FOR THE BUFFET LUNCH**