



Celebrating the life of

# John Stone

4 December 1925 - 24 April 2024

Service: 12.15pm Friday 17 May 2024

# Order of Service

Entry music	The Lark Ascending by Vaughan Williams
Welcome and opening prayer	Arthur
Reading of Psalm 23	Charlie
Poems	Georgia
Reading from Changing Times	William
Reflective music	Claire
Prayers and committal	Arthur
Exit music	Loch Lomond, Kenneth McKellar

## The Lords Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come,  
your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours for ever. Amen

## There is a Green Hill Far Away

There is a green hill far away,  
Outside a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heav'n,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too  
And trust in His redeeming blood  
And try His works to do.

## Aurora Borealis

Last night you came in the aurora,  
the sky blushed with pink, with copper green,  
and with you, millions of molecules  
to remind us how vast is life, and yet how small.  
Your time, bright as sun-burst, but still too fleeting.  
Super-charged particles, north and south, returning home.

I wonder where you would go -  
to the crooks and crocks of Biggin hill?  
The whale-grey seas of Newfoundland?  
The mole-pitted orchards of Hereford?

Contrails streak through the womb of night.  
We are all travelling through, but now your flight  
is untethered from the wings of a bi-plane,  
from the propellor of a Spitfire,  
from the physics of fettered speed.

Through solar flare fingers, beaming like celestial rabbiting lamps,  
I see you soaring into freedom - with Eva, with Mark,  
with the mad aunt who believed electricity would explode the world;  
those characters in your book, transformed, ablaze, beside you.  
You would never be alone. Your star burned too fiercely for that.

Around us, in air, in wild places, in solid ground,  
is a celestial magic we don't yet know -  
unexplained energy, plasmic mass, the spaces  
between each breath of our earthly life.

We watch the light show fade,  
the sliver of a crescent moon slumber  
into a wooded horizon,  
the stars restored once more.

Beneath our feet dandelion clocks  
wait for summer breezes.  
And you, you with your gentle humour,  
your generosity, your love for life,  
travel still within us all.

By Lizzy Lister

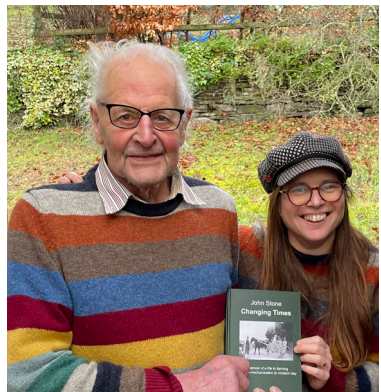


## Changing Times

By John Stone

John's book is available to download from  
Lizzie's website here:

<https://railholiday.co.uk/johnstone.htm>



Please join us after the service at:  
Hope under Dinmore Village Hall, HR6 OPR

