

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LIFE OF

Anne Nicola Willoughby
Chapman

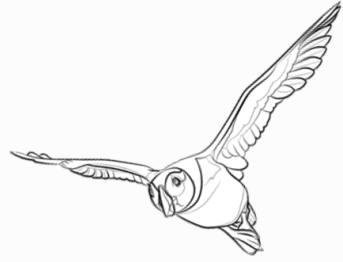
19 JUNE 1938 - 4 MAY 2026



21 May 2026

12:30PM

ST WILFRID'S CHURCH, RIBCHESTER



ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by: Reverend Canon Brian McConkey

Organist: Ann Marie Ruddock

OPENING MUSIC

Pavane Opus 50 by Gabriel Fauré



WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

HYMN: Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

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:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

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:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

OPENING PRAYER

READING: Psalm 16:8-11

HARRY CHAPMAN, GRANDSON

I know the Lord is always with me. I will not be shaken, for he is right beside me. No wonder my heart is glad, and I rejoice. My body rests in safety. For you will not leave my soul among the dead or allow your holy one to rot in the grave. You will show me the way of life, granting me the joy of your presence and the pleasures of living with you forever.

MEMORIES OF MUM

SIMON AND TIM CHAPMAN

READING: John 15:18-20

BARNABY CHAPMAN, GRANDSON

"Dear woman, why are you crying?" Jesus asked her. "Who are you looking for?" She thought he was the gardener. "Sir," she said, "if you have taken him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will go and get him."

"Mary!" Jesus said.

She turned to him and cried out, "Rabboni!"

(which is Hebrew for "Teacher").

"Don't cling to me," Jesus said, "for I haven't yet ascended to the Father. But go find my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'"

Mary Magdalene found the disciples and told them, "I have seen the Lord!" Then she gave them his message.

HYMN: Be Thou My Vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my Wisdom, and thou my true Word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight;
Thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower:
Raise thou me heavenward, O power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

ADDRESS



READING: I Forgot To Pray

JOSHUA CHAPMAN, GRANDSON

I got up early one morning
And rushed right into the day;
I had so much to accomplish
That I didn't take time to pray.

Problems just tumbled about me,
And heavier came each task,
"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered.
He answered, "You didn't ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty,
But the day toiled on gray and bleak;
I wondered why God didn't show me;
He said, "But you didn't seek."

I tried to come into God's presence;
I used all my keys at the lock;
God gently and lovingly chided,
"My child you didn't knock."

I woke up early this morning,
And paused before entering the day;
I had so much to accomplish
That I had to take time to pray.

-Unknown

HYMN: Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise. (x2)

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee. (x2)

 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love! (x2)

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace. (x2)

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm! (x2)

READING: The Gate Of The Year

JAMES CHAPMAN, GRANDSON

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:
"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown".

And he replied:

"Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God.
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way".
So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night.
And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

- Minnie Louise Haskins

PRAYERS

SANDRA CHAPMAN, DAUGHTER IN LAW

THE LORD'S PRAYER (ALL)

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 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 COLLECT

FOR AID AGAINST ALL PERILS (ALL)

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord;
and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this
night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRAYERS OF COMMENDATION

HYMN: Thine Be The Glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Keep the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.

BLESSING

LEAVING MUSIC

Nimrod by Edward Elgar



A GAELIC BLESSING

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face;
the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.



Collection plates are available at the back of the church. Donations can also be made online via the QR code. All funds will be given towards the upkeep and preservation of St. Saviour's, Stydd (via St Wilfrid's PCC). This beautiful and peaceful 12th century chapel stands just across the fields from Cherry Yate, Mum and Dad's home for over 50 years. They walked over there most evenings to pray and lock it up for the night. It is a precious place for our whole family.



Simon, Tim and the whole family thank you for the wonderful kindness, love and support you have given them at this sad time. They hope that as many people as possible will be able to join them after the service for refreshments at the Ribchester Arms. They would be very grateful if you would leave your name and address on the attendance cards in the pews.