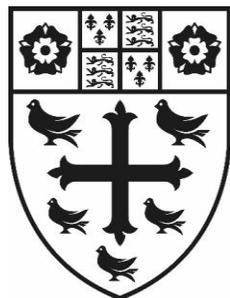
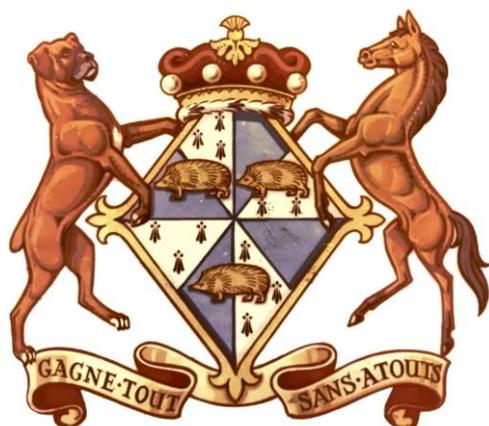


St Margaret's Church Westminster Abbey



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life and work of
The Right Honourable
The Baroness Trumpington DCVO



Tuesday 25th June 2019
Noon



The church is served by a hearing loop. Users should turn their hearing aid to the setting marked T.

Members of the congregation are kindly requested to refrain from using private cameras, video, or sound recording equipment. Please ensure that mobile telephones and other electronic devices are switched off.

The service is conducted by The Reverend Jane Sinclair, Canon of Westminster and Rector of St Margaret's Church.

The service is sung by the Choir of St Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, directed by James O'Donnell, Organist and Master of the Choristers, Westminster Abbey.

The organ is played by Thomas Trotter.

The trumpet is played by Mark Law.

Music before the service

Movements from Water Music George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Sarah Clarke, Lady Usher of the Black Rod, is received at the East Door and conducted to her seat.

The Right Honourable The Lord Fowler, Lord Speaker, is received at the East Door and conducted to his seat.

The Right Worshipful The Lord Mayor of Westminster and Deputy High Steward, Councillor Ruth Bush, is received at the East Door. All stand as she is conducted to her seat, and then sit.

Major Charles Macfarlane, representing Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra, the Honourable Lady Ogilvy, is received at the East Door.

Nicholas Marden LVO, representing Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Kent, is received at the East Door.

The Honourable Dame Shân Legge-Bourke DCVO, representing Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, is received at the East Door.

The Most Honourable The Marquess of Salisbury KG KCVO DL, representing His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, is received at the East Door.

All stand.

The Right Honourable The Earl Peel GCVO DL, representing Her Majesty The Queen, is received at the East Door.

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ORDER OF SERVICE

All stand as the choir and clergy enter. The choir sings

THE INTROIT

REJOICE in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice. Let your softness be known unto all men, the Lord is even at hand. Be careful for nothing: but in all prayer and supplication, let your petitions be manifest unto God with giving of thanks. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesu. Amen.

*English, 16th century
attributed to John Redford (c 1486–1547)*

Philippians 4: 4–7

The Reverend Jane Sinclair, Canon of Westminster and Rector of St Margaret's Church, gives

THE BIDDING

WITH her independent spirit, fearless sense of humour, and intelligent wit, Jean Trumpington lived life to the full. She is remembered with great affection for her war service at Bletchley Park, her influence on pupils at her husband's schools, her service in local and national government, her forthright political views, and her rich range of friendships. Jean Trumpington was never afraid to stand up for what she knew to be the truth; she had no time for cant or dissembling. YouTube and her autobiography alike bear witness to her unsurpassed ability to diffuse difficult situations with a witty remark or gesture. She unashamedly enjoyed the celebrity status of her later years, but always remained self-deprecating. Yet beyond Jean's public persona, she remained utterly devoted to her family and close friends throughout her long life.

Jean chose much of the music for this service including an anthem based on words from the Revelation to St John the Divine:

THEN I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, "See, the home of God is among mortals... Death will be no more; mourning and

All sit. Adam Barker reads

THE FIRST READING

I SEEM to have stumbled into fascinating events without really trying, and to have met formidable and extraordinary interesting people despite being rather dull myself.

That's one piece of luck. I have also been lucky in my family life. Without a doubt, the happiest years of my life were the years I lived with my husband Alan, and our son Adam at the Leys School in Cambridge. I don't think anybody could have been happier.

My final piece of luck has been finding a second life, and a second family, in the House of Lords. I adored being a minister and learning about this country. I feel honoured to be part of the very special, kind and fun-loving institution that is the House of Lords.

Some would say that people make their own luck. I don't agree, I believe more in fate. Some say that fortune favours the well-prepared. Well, I certainly wasn't well-prepared. There has been no design to my life at all; no plot, no plan. I've lived by the skin of my teeth and taking chances at village dances.

Unsurprisingly, perhaps, having celebrated my ninetieth birthday, and attended the funerals of so many of my dear friends, I've got my own memorial service all planned out. In fact, I did it years ago. It will be in St Margaret's, Westminster, the beautiful sixteenth-century church that stands between the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

*from Coming up Trumps
Jean Barker, Baroness Trumpington*

Christopher Barker reads

THE SECOND READING

IF I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower
Nor inscribe a stone,
Nor when I am gone
Speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves
That I have known.

Weep if you must,
Parting is hell
But life goes on,
So... sing as well.

Life goes on
Joyce Grenfell (1910–79)

The choir sings

THE ANTHEM

HE, watching over Israel
slumbers not, nor sleeps.

Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, he will quicken thee.

*from Elijah Op 70
Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)*

Psalms 121: 4; 138: 7a

Gigi Barker reads

THE THIRD READING

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing:—" Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in the shade
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

*from The Glory of the Garden
Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)*

All stand to sing

THE HYMN



*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

EACH little flower that opens, The cold wind in the winter,
Each little bird that sings, the pleasant summer sun,
He made their glowing colours, the ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made their tiny wings. he made them every one;

The purple-headed mountain, The tall trees in the greenwood,
The river running by, the meadows for our play,
The sunset and the morning, the rushes by the water,
That brightens up the sky; to gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful
traditional English melody

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–95)

All sit for

THE ADDRESS

by

The Right Honourable The Lord Deben

The choir sings

THE ANTHEM

LAST night I lay asleeping, there came a dream so fair, I stood
in old Jerusalem, beside the temple there. I heard the children
singing, and ever as they sang, methought the voice of Angels
From Heav'n in answer rang:

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!”

And then methought my dream was chang'd, the streets no longer
rang, hush'd were the glad Hosannas the little children sang. The
sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill, as the
shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Hark! how the Angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!”

And once again the scene was chang'd, new earth there seem'd to
be, I saw the Holy City Beside the tideless sea; the light of God
was on its streets, the gates were open wide, and all who would
might enter there and no one was denied. No need of moon or
stars by night, or sun to shine by day, it was the new Jerusalem
that would not pass away.

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing, for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna for evermore!”

Stephen Adams (1841–1913)
arranged by Doris Arnold (1904–1969)

The Holy City

THE ADDRESS

by

The Right Honourable The Lord Elton

The Reverend Christopher Stoltz, Minor Canon and Precentor, introduces

THE PRAYERS

Let us remember before God his servant, Baroness Trumpington, giving thanks for her life, her achievements, and for all that she has left to us.

All kneel or sit. Martin Priestley, Headmaster, The Leys School, says

OFATHER of all, we pray to thee for those whom we love, but see no longer. Grant them thy peace; let light perpetual shine upon them; and in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in them the good purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Reverend Edward Lewis, Vicar, St Mary the Virgin, Kenton, says

LORD, thou knowest better than we know ourselves that we are growing older, and will some day be old. Keep us from getting talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking we must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release us from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Keep our minds free from the recital of endless details—give us wings to get to the point. We ask for grace enough to listen to the talks of others' pains. Help us to endure them with patience. But seal our lips on our own aches and pains—they are increasing and our love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as years go by. Teach us the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that we may be mistaken. Keep us reasonably sweet: we do not want to be a saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Make us thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With our vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all—but thou knowest, Lord, that we want a few friends at the end. **Amen.**

The Nun's Prayer
anonymous, 17th century

The Reverend Prebendary Rose Hudson-Wilkin, Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, says

ALmighty God, by whom alone kings reign, and princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding: we thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in thy name, do most humbly beseech thee to send down thy heavenly wisdom from above to direct and guide us in all our consultations; and grant that, we having thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests,

prejudices, and partial affections, the result of our counsels may be the glory of thy blessed name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, the safety, honour, and happiness of the Queen, the publick wealth, peace, and tranquillity of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. **Amen.**

The Parliamentary Prayer

The Right Honourable The Earl of Arran says

O LORD, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shades lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then, Lord, in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The choir sings

NUNC DIMITTIS

L ORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace :
according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen :
thy salvation,
which thou hast prepared :
before the face of all people;
to be a light to lighten the Gentiles :
and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son :
and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
world without end. Amen.

Geoffrey Burgon (1941–2010)

The Precentor says

Let us pray for the fulfilment of God's Kingdom, in the words our Saviour has taught us:

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.

All stand to sing

THE HYMN



MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
his truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgement seat:
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps:
they have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
his day is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
as he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
while God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

*Battle-Hymn of the Republic 242 H&P
traditional American melody*

Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910)

The Rector pronounces

THE BLESSING

GOD grant to the living grace; to the departed rest; to the Church, The Queen, the Commonwealth, and all people, peace and concord; and to us sinners life everlasting; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

All remain standing as the choir and clergy depart.

Music after the service

Chattanooga Choo-Choo

Harry Warren (1893–1981)

Prelude in E flat BWV 552

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

*There will be a retiring collection in aid of
Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew*

