

# Westminster Abbey



A SERVICE TO DEDICATE  
A MEMORIAL  
TO  
C S LEWIS  
WRITER, SCHOLAR, APOLOGIST

Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> November 2013  
Noon

‘In reading great literature I become a thousand men and yet remain myself. Like the night sky in the Greek poem, I see with a myriad eyes, but it is still I who see. Here, as in worship, in love, in moral action, and in knowing, I transcend myself; and am never more myself than when I do.’

*C S Lewis*



**Clive Staples 'Jack' Lewis**  
1898–1963

## THE C S LEWIS MEMORIAL STONE

*I believe in Christianity as I believe that the Sun has risen,  
not only because I see it but because by it I see everything else.*

Of the countless fine phrases that Lewis spoke and wrote, this one has been chosen as the inscription on his memorial in Poets' Corner. It links together many areas of his life and work.

The sentence comes from an address entitled 'Is Theology Poetry?' The answer Lewis gives to his own question is that although Christian theology is not *merely* poetry it is still poetic and therefore must be received with an imaginative, as well as a rational, embrace. Millions of readers who have moved about the worlds of Narnia, Perelandra, and Glome know the ripe fruits of his imaginative engagement with theological themes and the power of his poetic prose.

The address was one of many he gave to the Socratic Club, the forum for debate between Christians and non-Christians, of which he was President. Thus the inscription points to his role as an apologist who publicly—and not without professional cost—defended the faith, 'following the argument,' as Socrates said, 'wherever it should lead'. Lewis was a rationalist as well as a romantic.

The sentence is straightforwardly confessional, marking the centrality of his faith at a personal level. 'I never knew a man more thoroughly converted,' remembers Walter Hooper, to whom thanks are especially due at this anniversary time for doing so much over the last half century to keep Lewis's memory green.

The Sun is there, aptly enough, for 'the heavens are telling the glory of God', in the words of the psalm that Lewis regarded as the psalter's greatest lyric. 'Everything else' is there too, because his vision was all-embracing. Angels, poached eggs, mice and their tails, Golders Green, birdsong, buses, Balder, the great nebula in Andromeda: all are there and all may be redeemed for us in Christ—as long as the Cross comes before the Crown.

That Lewis spoke these words at a debating society in Oxford reminds us also of his long association with that university and of his distinguished academic career. If Oxford could have been picked up and deposited in his native County Down, he said, it would have realised his idea of heaven. He lived in Oxford all his adult life—even while happily employed as a professor at Cambridge—and died there three years after his beloved wife, Joy, at his home, The Kilns, on this day in 1963.

The 22<sup>nd</sup> November is the feast of St Cecilia, patron saint of music and musicians. Lewis's great comedic character, Screwtape, despises music as a direct insult to the realism, dignity, and austerity of Hell. Lewis himself believed its joy to be the serious business of Heaven. He had, in the words of Donne, 'tuned his instrument' at Heaven's door and knew with greater intensity than most the longing to cross the threshold and join the heavenly harmony. Fifty years ago, the door on which he had been knocking all his life opened at last.

'Nothing makes a man so noticeable as vanishing!' Lewis once observed, but he had not envisioned how true this would be in his own case. In conversation with Walter Hooper, he predicted that sales of his works would decline steeply after his death. Hooper countered, 'No, they won't. And you know why? Your books are too good, and people are not that stupid.' It was one of the rare occasions when Lewis's foresight failed him. Hence, it may be safely assumed that he would find today's service completely surprising, but also—it may be hoped—not wholly displeasing.

Come, let us worship God, wonderful in his saints!

*Dr Michael Ward,  
Senior Research Fellow,  
Blackfriars Hall,  
Oxford*

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

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

*The service is conducted by The Very Reverend Dr John Hall, Dean of Westminster.*

*The service is sung by the Westminster Abbey Special Service Choir, conducted by James O'Donnell, Organist and Master of the Choristers.*

*The organ is played by Martin Ford, Assistant Organist.*

*Music before the service:*

*Peter Holder, Organ Scholar, plays:*

Rhapsody I Op 17 *Herbert Howells (1892–1983)*

Sonata in F minor Op 65 no 1 *Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)*

*The Lord Mayor of Westminster Locum Tenens is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. Presentations are made. All stand, and then sit.*

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## ORDER OF SERVICE

*All stand as the Collegiate Procession moves to places in Quire and the Sacrarium.*

*The Choir sings*

### THE INTROIT

**V**ENI, Sancte Spiritus, et emitte caelitus lucis tuae radium. Veni, pater pauperum, veni, dator munerum, veni, lumen cordium. Amen.

*Come, Holy Spirit, and send the heavenly radiance of your light. Come, Father of the poor; come, giver of gifts; come, light of all hearts. Amen.*

*George Fenton (b 1950)*

*from the Sequence for Pentecost  
Stephen Langton (c 1150–1228)*

*All remain standing. The Very Reverend Dr John Hall, Dean of Westminster, gives*

### THE BIDDING

**F**IFTY years after the death of C S Lewis, we assemble to give thanks for his life and work. We celebrate his work as a scholar, as one of the most significant Christian apologists of the twentieth century, and as the author of stories that have inspired the imagination and faith of countless readers and film-goers.

Here are buried or memorialised over three thousand men and women of our country and of the Commonwealth and of the English-speaking world. Today the name of C S Lewis will join that distinguished roll when we dedicate a permanent memorial to him near the graves and memorials of poets and other writers in the South Transept.

As we celebrate C S Lewis, so we shall pray that scholars, writers and apologists may be inspired by his example, and that his work will continue to exercise an influence for good on young and old alike.

*All sing*

THE HYMN



**H**E who would valiant be,  
'gainst all disaster,  
let him in constancy  
follow the master.  
There's no discouragement  
shall make him once relent  
his first avowed intent  
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
with dismal stories,  
do but themselves confound,  
his strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might,  
though he with giants fight,  
he will make good his right  
to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend  
us with thy spirit;  
we know we at the end  
shall life inherit.  
Then, fancies, flee away!  
I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labour night and day  
to be a pilgrim.

*Monk's Gate 372 NEH  
adapted from a traditional English melody  
by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)*

*John Bunyan (1628–88)*

*All sit. An excerpt is played*

*from* BEYOND PERSONALITY: THE NEW MEN

*Voice of C S Lewis  
in the sole surviving recording  
of his broadcasts for BBC Radio*

**A**T the beginning of these talks I said there were Personalities in God. Well, I go further now. There are no real personalities anywhere else. I mean, no full, complete personalities. It's only when you allow yourself to be drawn into His life that you turn into a true person. But, on the other hand, it's just no good at all going to Christ for the sake of developing a fuller personality. As long as that's what you're bothering about, you haven't begun. Because the very first step towards getting a real self is to forget about the self. It will come only if you're looking for something else. That holds, you know, even for earthly matters. Even in literature or art, no man who cares about originality will ever be original. It's the man who's only thinking about doing a good job or telling the truth who becomes really original, and doesn't notice it. Even in social life you never make a good impression on other people until you stop thinking what sort of impression you make.

That principle runs all through life from the top to the bottom. Give up yourself and you will find your real self. Lose your life and you will save it. Submit to death, submit with every fibre of your being, and you will find eternal life. Look for Christ and you will get Him, and with Him everything else thrown in. Look for yourself and you will get only hatred, loneliness, despair, and ruin.

*Dr Francis Warner, C S Lewis's last pupil, reads*

ISAIAH 35: 1-7; 10

**T**HE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing:

for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

PSALM 19

**T**HE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another.

There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them.

Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean and endureth for ever: the judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant taught: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth: O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me: so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart: be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord: my strength, and my redeemer.

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.

*Edward Hopkins (1818–1901)*

*Professor Helen Cooper; Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English, University of Cambridge (Chair held by C S Lewis 1954–63), reads*

## 2 CORINTHIANS 4: 5–END

**W**E preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus's sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus's sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you. We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak; Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you. For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

### THE MOTET

*during which the Procession moves to the memorial stone*

**L**IKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

*Herbert Howells (1892–1983)*

*Psalm 42: 1–3*

*Douglas Gresham, younger stepson of C S Lewis, reads*

*from THE LAST BATTLE*

‘FURTHER up and further in!’ roared the Unicorn, and no one held back...And soon they found themselves all walking together—and a great, bright procession it was—up towards mountains higher than you could see in this world even if they were there to be seen. But there was no snow on those mountains: there were forests and green slopes and sweet orchards and flashing waterfalls, one above the other, going up for ever. And the land they were walking on grew narrower all the time, with a deep valley on each side: and across that valley the land which was the real England grew nearer and nearer.

The light ahead was growing stronger. Lucy saw that a great series of many-coloured cliffs led up in front of them like a giant’s staircase. And then she forgot everything else, because Aslan himself was coming, leaping down from cliff to cliff like a living cataract of power and beauty...

Aslan turned to them and said: ‘You do not yet look so happy as I mean you to be.’ Lucy said, ‘We’re so afraid of being sent away, Aslan. And you have sent us back into our own world so often.’ ‘No fear of that,’ said Aslan. ‘Have you not guessed?’ Their hearts leaped and a wild hope rose within them. ‘There was a real railway accident,’ said Aslan softly. ‘Your father and mother and all of you are—as you used to call it in the Shadowlands—dead. The term is over: the holidays have begun. The dream is ended: this is the morning.’

And as He spoke He no longer looked to them like a lion; but the things that began to happen after that were so great and beautiful that I cannot write them. And for us this is the end of all the stories, and we can most truly say that they all lived happily ever after. But for them it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story which no one on earth has read: which goes on for ever: in which every chapter is better than the one before.

*C S Lewis*

*All stand for*

## THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL

*Dr Michael Ward, Senior Research Fellow, Blackfriars Hall, Oxford, says:*

**I** ASK you, Mr Dean, to receive into the safe custody of the Dean and Chapter this memorial in honour and memory of C S Lewis.

*The Dean replies:*

**T**O the greater glory of God and in thankful memory of C S Lewis, I dedicate this memorial: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

*Flowers are laid on the memorial stone by Walter Hooper, Trustee and Literary Adviser, the Lewis Estate.*

*The Dean says:*

**A**LMIGHTY God, Father of lights and author of all goodness: we give thee humble praise for the life and work of thy servant, C S Lewis, and beseech thee that, as he has helped us look to a world beyond this world and to hopes better than our own, we may come with him to the fullness of everlasting joy which thou hast prepared for them that truly love thee, in the heavenly courts of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

All sing

THE HYMN



**A**LL creatures of our God and King,  
lift up your voice and with us sing  
Alleluia, alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
thou silver moon with softer gleam:

*O praise him, O praise him,  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!*

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,  
ye clouds that sail in heaven along,

O praise him, Alleluia!

Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,  
ye lights of evening, find a voice:

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
make music for thy Lord to hear,

Alleluia, alleluia!

Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
that givest man both warmth and light:

And thou, most kind and gentle death,  
waiting to hush our latest breath,

O praise him, Alleluia!

Thou leadest home the child of God,  
and Christ our Lord the way hath trod:

Let all things their Creator bless,  
and worship him in humbleness,  
O praise him, Alleluia!  
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
and praise the Spirit, three in One:

*Lasst uns erfreuen 263 NEH*

*Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)*

*after a melody in*

*Geistliche Kirchengesäng Cologne 1623*

*St Francis of Assisi (1182–1226)*

*translated by William Draper (1855–1933)*

## THE ADDRESS

*by*

The Right Reverend and Right Honourable  
The Lord Williams of Oystermouth

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

## THE ANTHEM

LOVE'S as warm as tears,  
Love is tears:  
Pressure within the brain,  
Tension at the throat,  
Deluge, weeks of rain,  
Haystacks afloat,  
Featureless seas between  
Hedges, where once was green.

Love's as fierce as fire,  
Love is fire:  
All sorts—infernal heat  
Clinkered with greed and pride,  
Lyric desire, sharp-sweet,  
Laughing, even when denied,  
And that empyreal flame  
Whence all loves came.

Love's as fresh as spring,  
Love is spring:  
Bird-song hung in the air,  
Cool smells in a wood,  
Whispering 'Dare! Dare!'  
To sap, to blood,  
Telling 'Ease, safety, rest,  
Are good; not best.'

Love's as hard as nails,  
Love is nails:  
Blunt, thick, hammered through  
The medial nerves of One  
Who, having made us, knew  
The thing He had done,  
Seeing (with all that is)  
Our cross, and His.

*Paul Mealor (b 1975)  
Specially commissioned for this Service*

*C S Lewis*

*All kneel or remain seated. The Reverend Dr James Hawkey,  
Minor Canon and Sacrist of Westminster, leads*

## THE PRAYERS

In thanksgiving, let us pray to the Lord and giver of life.

*The Reverend Philip Hobday, Chaplain, Magdalene College,  
Cambridge, says:*

**L**ET us praise God for his revelation of truth and transcendent beauty to C S Lewis: for Lewis's longing for God, and his perception of divine reality, and for his deep appreciation of the strength and freshness of God's love in ordinary situations.

Let us bless the Lord:

**Thanks be to God.**

*The Reverend Professor Vernon White, Canon Theologian, says:*

**L**ET us praise God for Lewis's Christian vocation to inspire and to teach: for his love of debate and discussion, for his commitment to reason and the discovery of the truth, and for his passion to commend the credibility and reality of God.

Let us bless the Lord:

**Thanks be to God.**

*Professor Simon Horobin, Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Oxford, and Tutorial Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, says:*

**L**ET us praise God for Lewis's academic life: for his contribution to scholarly research, for his commitment to the imaginative and literary worlds which shaped his own writing and communication, and for his respect for the power of great literature to open new horizons.

Let us bless the Lord:

**Thanks be to God.**

*The Reverend Adrian Dorrian, Rector, St Mark's, Dundela, says:*

**L**ET us praise God for Lewis's vision and creativity: for his imagination and ability to communicate lucidly to children and adults alike, for his care as a correspondent, for his skill as an author, poet and broadcaster, for his understanding of the human condition, and his joy in the glorious vitality of creation.

Let us bless the Lord:

**Thanks be to God.**

*The Reverend Tim Stead, Vicar, Holy Trinity, Headington Quarry, says:*

**L**ET us pray for all those who take inspiration from Lewis's life and work: for teachers and apologists, catechists and mystics, playwrights, film-makers, novelists, and poets, and for those seeking after God, or pondering the mysteries of existence.

Lord, hear us:

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

*The Reverend David Stanton, Canon in Residence, says:*

**A**LMIGHTY God, who hast proclaimed thine eternal truth by the voice of prophets and evangelists: direct and bless, we beseech thee, those who in our generation speak where many listen, and write what many read, that they may do their part in making the heart of the people wise, its mind sound, and its will righteous; to the honour of Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

*The Sacrist concludes:*

Watching in hope for the coming of Christ's Kingdom, we are bold to pray:

**O**UR 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



A - men, a - men.

**O** PRAISE ye the Lord!  
praise him in the height;  
rejoice in his word,  
ye angels of light;  
ye heavens adore him  
by whom ye were made,  
and worship before him,  
in brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord!  
praise him upon earth,  
in tuneful accord,  
ye sons of new birth;  
praise him who has brought you  
his grace from above,  
praise him who has taught you  
to sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord!  
all things that give sound;  
each jubilant chord,  
re-echo around;  
loud organs, his glory  
forth tell in deep tone,  
and, sweet harp, the story  
of what he has done.

O praise ye the Lord!  
thanksgiving and song  
to him be outpoured  
all ages along:  
for love in creation,  
for heaven restored,  
for grace of salvation,  
O praise ye the Lord! Amen, Amen.

*Laudate Dominum 427 NEH*  
*Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918)*  
*from Hear my words, ye people*

*Henry Williams Baker (1821–77)*  
*after Psalm 150*

*All remain standing. The Dean pronounces*

## THE BLESSING

**G**O forth into the world in peace; be of good courage; hold fast that which is good; render to no man evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted; honour all men; love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit; 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:*

Allegro maestoso *from* Sonata in G Op 28

*Edward Elgar*  
(1857–1934)

**Members of the Congregation are requested to remain in their  
places until invited to move by the Stewards.**

**A retiring collection will be taken in aid of the  
C S Lewis Scholarship in Medieval Literature.**

## SCHOLARSHIP IN MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

The Professorship of Medieval and Renaissance English at the University of Cambridge, first held by C S Lewis, reflects Lewis's conviction that the Middle Ages made possible many of the great achievements of the early modern period—especially in the field of writing. Shakespeare's and Spenser's works, for example, were as replete with the princes, damsels and troubadours as were Chaucer's and Dante's.

C S Lewis, too, drew from the rich tapestry of medieval literature in his writings, and taught his students that they must 'keep the clean sea breeze of the centuries blowing through [their] minds', something which could only be done 'by reading old books'. It is thanks to him that Medieval and Renaissance Literature thrives as a study subject on every academic level, but it cannot be denied that its study in this country is on the decline. At present, there are many more British medievalists in the United States than there are in the United Kingdom. The new scholarship scheme will enable a brilliant young scholar to study Medieval literature at the University of Cambridge, and help future generations to continue reading the 'old books' so beloved by Jack Lewis.

If you wish to contribute by cheque, please make your cheque payable to 'Lewis in Poets' Corner'. Enquiries about the C S Lewis Scholarship Fund should be sent to [database@alumni.cam.ac.uk](mailto:database@alumni.cam.ac.uk).

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Warm gratitude is extended to all those who helped make possible the Poets' Corner memorial to C S Lewis through their kind contributions.

The individual donors are too numerous to mention by name, but their generosity is appreciated just as much as that of the following institutions who gave their support:

Azusa Pacific University, California  
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