

**Holy Trinity Skipton
and
St Michael and All Angels Hubberholme**



**A Service to Celebrate
the life of
Derek Green
1954 - 2021**

Thursday 4th February 2021

MUSIC

Vaughan Williams, Prelude on Rhosymedre

WELCOME and OPENING PRAYERS

READING

Romans 8. 18-19, 22-23, 31-39

I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory about to be revealed to us. For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the children of God; We know that the whole creation has been groaning in labour pains until now; and not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly while we wait for adoption, the redemption of our bodies.

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us.

Who will separate us from the love of Christ?

Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

'For your sake we are being killed all day long;
we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.'

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

HYMN

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

1 Alleluia, sing to Jesus!
his the sceptre, his the throne:
Alleluia! his the triumph,
his the victory alone.
Hear the songs of holy Zion
thunder like a mighty flood:
'Jesus out of every nation
has redeemed us by his blood!'

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now:
Alleluia! he is near us;
faith believes, but knows not how.
Though the cloud from sight
received him
whom the angels now adore,
shall our hearts forget his
promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

3 Alleluia! bread of heaven,
here on earth our food, our stay:
Alleluia! here the sinful
come to you from day to day.
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
earth's redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! King eternal,
you, the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
earth your footstool, heaven your
throne:
you, within the veil have entered,
robed in flesh, our great high
priest;
yours the blood and yours the
body,
in our eucharistic feast.

TRIBUTE

Revd Veronica James

Derek Green – A personal thanksgiving

While in Manorlands Derek told me that he had achieved his dream of living in the Upper Dales with a vintage Landrover and his beloved girls, Ellie and Daisy, at Studio Cottage.

I first met Derek in spring 2014, on the drive at The Rectory, during his break from serving the rural communities driving for the local bus company. It was an absolute delight that we found we had many common threads in our lives that went back to the 1970's.

As a priest who trained at the London College of Fashion, imagine my delight to find I had an exquisitely gifted tailor from the international London Scene as my Church Warden.

With the strategic placing of Holy Trinity as the Gateway to the Dales, welcoming thousands of visitors, holiday makers and friends, Derek lived out his faith as an example of the generosity of God's spirit, freely given.

This is some 200 plus miles from Derek's beginnings in Bushy, North Watford and just half an hour from where I grew up. The two of us from the same corner of Hertfordshire, ending up serving together some 40 years later, in North Yorkshire. Derek once described himself to me as a liberal Anglican, enjoying traditional liturgy. Our spirituality dovetailed together and his support of the vision, to take the church back into the town of Skipton and visiting community, took off.

His ability to communicate this vision to those who came into his presence could be witnessed by all around, old and young, tourist and resident, Sunday congregation and visitor for the morning, Pop-Up Fetes, on Café shifts, and editing and contributing to the Parish magazine.

I shall be forever grateful for the support and confidence he gave me as Rector. Churches provide great landmarks of stories past and present. Holy Trinity's rich heritage of the arts mirrored Derek's appreciation of Victorian Art and Literature he studied for his Masters – and he provided us all with a 'Master Class' in colour and style!

The 'Jewels of Holy Trinity' are many and varied in the stained glass, ceramics and carvings all around us; 'The Boy from Watford' shone as one of those Jewels.

PSALM 121

**I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills *
from whence cometh my help.**

**My help cometh even from the Lord *
who hath made heaven and earth.**

**He will not suffer thy foot to be moved *
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.**

**Behold, he that keepeth Israel *
shall neither slumber nor sleep.**

**The Lord himself is thy keeper *
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;**

**So that the sun shall not burn thee by day *
neither the moon by night.**

**The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil *
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.**

**The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in *
from this time forth for evermore.**

READING

John 20. 11-18

But Mary stood weeping outside the tomb. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb; and she saw two angels in white, sitting where the body of Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the other at the feet. They said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping?' She said to them, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him.' When she had said this, she turned round and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping? For whom are you looking?' Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, 'Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.' Jesus said to her, 'Mary!' She turned and said to him in Hebrew, 'Rabbouni!' (which means Teacher). Jesus said to her, 'Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, "I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." ' Mary Magdalene went and announced to the disciples, 'I have seen the Lord'; and she told them that he had said these things to her.

HOMILY

READING

The Darkling Thrush, Thomas Hardy

*I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.*

*The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.*

*At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.*

*So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.*

PRAYERS

HYMN

Be Still My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is at your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
To guide the future as he has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice, who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

THE COMMENDATION

ORGAN

Thine Be The Glory!

THE BLESSING

MUSIC

Lark Ascending, Ralph Vaughan-Williams

The service is followed by burial at
St Michael and All Angels Hubberholme.

Donations to be offered for Manorlands Hospice.

A DALES BLESSING

*May the Father's grace abound in you
as the flowing water of the beck.*

*May the Son's love and hope invigorate you
as the rising slopes of fell and dale.*

*May the Spirit's companionship be with you
as the glory of the golden meadows.*