



A Service of Thanksgiving

For the life of

STANLEY RAYMOND JOHNSON



21st March 1928 to 7th February 2021

Funeral Service
Thursday 11th February 2021
3.00 pm at
Parc Gwyn Crematorium, Narberth

Officiating Minister – Revd. Canon Marianne Osborne



Welcome to Parc Gwyn Crematorium, Narberth

Where we gather in celebration
and to give thanks for the life of

Stanley Raymond Johnson

of The Old Barn, Uzmaston and formerly of Yorkshire

*“For when the One Great Scorer comes
To mark against your name,
He writes - not that you won or lost -
But HOW you played the Game.”*

Order of Service

On Arrival

“How great Thou art”

Performed by Katherine Jenkins

Hymn:-How great Thou art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the Universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

And when I think that God his Son not sparing,
sent him to die – I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!

Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Poem
“Vermont Seasons”

Written by Raymond Johnson 25th September 1995
Read by Philippa Green (Granddaughter)

Pink flush on Larch proclaims the Spring,
Vermont awakes to the season’s thrill,
New life abounds, green buds unfurl,
Winged woodland choirs their anthems trill.

Summer’s endless green gowned mountains,
Silver ribboned with tumbling streams,
Jewelled with roof of sun-kissed farmsteads,
Garden of Eden? Land of my dreams?

Summer slips into Autumn’s splendour,
Myriad hues of purple, red, gold,
Like Joseph’s mantle enfolding all,
Peerless beauty, sheer joy to behold.

Vermont cocooned in Winter’s snow,
Glistening white, majestic, tranquil,
Evoking thoughts of eternal peace
And man in harmony with Gods will.

A welcome from Revd. Canon Marianne Osborne

Psalm 121

Read by Martin Green (Son in Law)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help? My help cometh 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 upon thy right hand shall give thee shade; The sun shall not strike thee by day: neither shall the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea it is he that shall keep thee safe. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Reading John Chapter 14 verses 1-6

Read by Revd. Canon Marianne Osborne

Let not your hearts be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many dwelling-places; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will come; again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way to where I am going.” Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me”.

Eulogy

Read by Liz Green (Daughter)

Music
Psalm 23 (Crimond)

Hymn:-The Lord's my shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling – place shall be.

Poem
“Pattern for Living”

Written by S Raymond Johnson 12th March 2007

Read by Georgina Green (Granddaughter)

1. Christ’s teaching. Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you. Be kind.
2. Thank people for every kindness and help.
3. Think before you speak or act.
4. Work hard and play hard.
5. Make a contribution to; home, street, school, employer, club and team.
6. Avoid selfishness.
7. Be reliable, fair and truthful.
8. Time is very precious don’t waste it.
9. Have high standards- though be mindful perfection may take too much time.
10. Do not show off.
11. Guard the environment.
12. Be prepared.
13. Plan set goals/have targets.
14. Have realistic expectations.
15. Say to yourself ‘I can, I will’. Be quietly confident.
16. Balance/assess ‘risk versus return’.
17. Success requires tenacity.
18. Train yourself to concentrate.
19. Avoid getting side tracked.
20. Life is for living: Have fun.

The Prayers

The Minister says:

The Lord be with you;
And with your spirit.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us,
Lord, have mercy upon 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

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death;
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father;
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants;
Whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy saints;
In glory everlasting.

Committal

Blessing

On Departure

“The day Thou gavest Lord has ended”

Performed by The Choir of Chichester Cathedral

Hymn:-The day Thou gavest Lord has ended

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.



*You can shed tears that Raymond has gone
or you can smile because he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all he's left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember him and only that he's gone
or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
or you can do what he'd want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

*The family wish to thank all relatives,
friends and neighbours for the kindness and
sympathy shown during Raymond's sad passing.*