

Mass of Thanksgiving for the Life of Ann Buckland

25.07.1938 - 13.01.2024



**St Pie X, Belair, Luxembourg
27th January 2024**

Entrance: Meditation in Memoriam of Ann
Composed by Dafydd Bullock

Opening Hymn: Lord of all hopefulness

1. Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
2. Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
3. Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
4. Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

First Reading : Wisdom:(3:1-6.9) Read by Izzy, Ann's granddaughter

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was thought to be a disaster, and their going from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in the sight of others they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good, because God tested them and found them worthy of himself; like gold in the furnace he tried them, and like a sacrificial burnt offering he accepted them. Those who trust in him will understand truth, and the faithful will abide with him in love, because grace and mercy are upon his holy ones, and he watches over his elect.

The Word of the Lord - *Thanks be to God*

Response to reading : The Lord is my Shepherd

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Second reading: 1 Corinthians (13: 1-3, 8-13) *Read by Tom, Ann's son.*

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

The Word of the Lord - *Thanks be to God*

Gospel acclamation:

Alleluia, alleluia! I am the resurrection and the life, says the Lord. No-one comes to the Father except through me. Alleluia!

Gospel: John (20:11-18)

Now Mary stood outside the tomb crying. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb and saw two angels in white, seated where Jesus' body had been, one at the head and the other at the foot. They asked her, "Woman, why are you crying?" "They have taken my Lord away," she said, "and I don't know where they have put him." At this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not realise that it was Jesus. He asked her, "Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?" Thinking he was the gardener, she said, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will get him." Jesus said to her, "Mary." She turned toward him and cried out in Aramaic, "Rabboni!" (which means "Teacher"). Jesus said, "Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'" Mary Magdalene went to the disciples with the news: "I have seen the Lord!" And she told them that he had said these things to her.

The Gospel of the Lord - *Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ*

Offertory Hymn: Now the green blade riseth

1. Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
Wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead had been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.
2. In the grave they laid him, love whom men had slain,
Thinking that never he would wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.
3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain;
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.
4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
Thy touch call us back to life again;
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

Communion Hymn I : Make me a channel of your peace

1. Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love,
Where there is injury, your pardon Lord,
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.
2. Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

*Oh Master,
grant that I may never seek,
So much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood, as to understand,
To be loved, as to love with all my soul*

3. Make me a channel of your peace,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Communion Hymn II: How great thou art

1. O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder Consider all the worlds thy hand has made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy pow'r 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.*

2. When through the wood 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.
3. And when I think of 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.
4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart; When I shall bow in humble adoration, And there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.

Eulogy: Sarah Preston, Ann's daughter

Recessional hymn: Lord of the Dance

1. I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

2. I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on.
3. I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high;
And they left me there on a cross to die.
4. I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
But I am the dance and I still go on.
5. They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that will never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me-
I am the Lord of the Dance said he.

United at last with Colin



Tom, Sarah & Ann's grandchildren, Joey, Izzy, Elodie, Molly, Lucas and Ellie, thank you for your love and support.

Donations in lieu of flowers, if desired, to Alzheimer's Research UK or Médecins Sans Frontières. Details can be found at: alzheimersresearchuk.org & MSF.org

Prayer of Teilhard de Chardin (extract from one of Ann's favourite prayers)

*"Above all, trust in the slow work of God.
We are quite naturally,
Impatient in everything to reach the end
Without delay."*

