



### **Take time**

Take time to think.... it is the source of power.

Take time to play.... it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read.... it is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to pray.... it is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved.... it is a God-given privilege.

Take time to be friendly.... it is the road to happiness.

Take time to laugh.... it is the music of the soul.

Take time to give.... it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to work.... it is the price of success.

Take time to do charity.... it is the key to heaven.



**Ann Sanderson**

12-9-55— 7-2-09



### **Memorial Service**

4.30pm, Friday 20th February 2009

St. Laurence's Church, Foxton

## The Welcome

by Revd.Christopher Strong

## Prayer

### Hymn: Immortal Invisible God Only Wise

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above  
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest to both great and small;  
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;  
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,  
And wither and perish but nought changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;  
All laud we would render: O help us to see  
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

## Poem

### Death Is Nothing At All

Emily Sanderson

Death is nothing at all  
I have only slipped away into the next room  
I am I and you are you

On moving to Foxton Ann transferred her energies to the village and St. Bede's School. In the latter, leading them through several heritage projects to benefit the students. The village has benefited from her work and organisational skills in the over 60's group arranging trips, mailings, flu jabs and the Christmas and other events.

Ann was a prime mover in establishing a youth group for the church linking both the Methodist and Anglican communities in the process. The youth group raised money for various charities, made banners to decorate the church and created a Biblical garden in the churchyard.

Her greatest joy was her family, but this was closely followed by her love of plants and gardens. It took her a long time to get there, but eventually taking up gardening as a full time job gave her immense pleasure.

Throughout her life she was caring. Individuals or groups in need, the state of spirituality and morality in society and the church, and the state of our planet, all caused her to want to give something to heal any hurts. She did everything she could to help with no thought of return or reward.

She will be greatly missed.

R.I.P.

Catherine Ann Malton was born in Sheffield on 12th September 1955, the second child of William and Betty. Her father died in 1960, Betty married Bill Ockendon and the family moved to Leeds.

Ann kept in touch with friends she made in the local primary school, Allerton Girls High School and the guides and Venture Scout units up to her death on 7th February 2009.

In 1974 she started a pharmacy degree at Bradford University and met Ian in the first week. After completing a PhD in pharmaceuticals at Nottingham University, they married in Leeds registry office on 17th March 1984.

Ann gave up working full time for Glaxo in Ware to care for her children, Owen born in 1987 and Emily in 1989. Ann started thinking seriously about religion shortly after the family moved to Foxton in 1997. She was confirmed in 1999.

Throughout her life she was concerned about the immediate needs of others. She made a big impact on Kingsmead preschool in Hertford and was a governor at the nearby Wheatcroft Primary. She revitalised and established two clubs for the NAGC, and later joined their board of Trustees, leading the Finance group.

Whatever we were to each other  
That we are still  
Call me by my old familiar name  
Speak to me in the easy way you always used  
Put no difference into your tone  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow  
Laugh as we always laughed  
At the little jokes we always enjoyed together  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was  
Let it be spoken without effort  
Without the ghost of a shadow in it  
Life means all that it ever meant  
It is the same as it ever was  
There is absolute unbroken continuity  
What is death but a negligible accident?  
Why should I be out of mind  
Because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you for an interval  
Somewhere very near  
Just around the corner  
All is well.  
Nothing is past; nothing is lost  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before  
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting  
when we meet again!

By Canon Henry Scott-Holland

## Music

**Stranger on the Shore**  
Acker Bilk

Owen Sanderson

## Tributes

### Hymn:       **How Great Thou Art**

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling 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:

*Chorus*

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:

*Chorus*

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

*Chorus*

The family would like to thank everyone for their cards, offers to help, their support and numerous acts of kindness during this sad time. Rather than send flowers we would prefer that a donation was sent to the Stroke Association in the hope that others can be helped.

Postal donations for the Stroke Association should be sent to:  
The Appeals Department, The Stroke Association, 1 Sterling Business Park, Salthouse Road, Northampton NN4 7EX

**Hymn: Jerusalem**

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

**The Blessing**

The service will be followed by a gathering with food and drinks organised by Ann's friends, in the village hall, to which everyone is invited.

**Reading Revelations 21:1-7**

Barbara Boreham

I, John, 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.  
He will dwell with them;  
they will be his peoples,  
and God himself will be with them;  
he will wipe every tear from their eyes.  
Death will be no more;  
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,  
for the first things have passed away.'

And the one who was seated on the throne said, 'See, I am making all things new.' Also he said, 'Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.' Then he said to me, 'It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.'

**Address**

by Revd. Christopher Strong

**Music**                      Foxton Singers

**Reading**      **Joy and Sorrow**                      Pam Johnson

Then a woman said, "Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow."  
And he answered:  
Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.  
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes  
filled with your tears.  
And how else can it be?  
The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can  
contain.  
Is not the cup that hold your wine the very cup that was burned in the  
potter's oven?  
And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was  
hollowed with knives?  
When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is  
only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.  
When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see  
that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.  
Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow," and others say, "Nay,  
sorrow is the greater."  
But I say unto you, they are inseparable.  
Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board,  
remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.  
Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your  
joy.

Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced.  
When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his  
silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.

By Khalil Gibran

**Prayers**                      by Revd. Ian Smart

**Commendation**      by Revd. Christopher Strong

**Prayer**                      **The Lord's Prayer**

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.