

**DON
SMITH**

Onwards & Upwards



TUESDAY JULY 12 2005 - 2.15PM

ST MARY'S HITCHIN HERTS



**ORDER of
SERVICE**

DON SMITH APRIL 22 1935 - JULY 1 2005
LOVING HUSBAND OF SYLVIA AND
PROUD FATHER OF ROBIN, NICHOLAS,
DRYDEN AND MARCIA.

St Mary's Church, Hitchin, Herts.

GREETINGS:

Rev. Michael Roden
says a few words

Benjamin Britten Sacred & Profane



Service Introduction
by Rev. Michael Roden

Hymn: 'Love Divine'
by Charles Wesley

Love divine, all loves
excelling, joy of heaven, to
earth come down, fix in us
thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.



Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.



Thee we would be always
blessing, serve thee as thy
hosts above; pray, and praise
thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.



Finish then thy new creation,
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee.



Changed from glory into
glory, till in heaven we take
our place; till we cast our
crowns before thee, lost in
wonder, love and praise.

Eulogy:



'Directions' by Billy Collins

You know the brick path in back of the house, the one you see from the kitchen window, the one that bends around the far end of the garden where all the yellow primroses are?

And you know how if you leave the path and walk up into the woods you come to a heap of rocks, probably pushed down during the horrors of the Ice Age, and a grove of tall hemlocks, dark green now against the light-brown fallen leaves?

And farther on, you know the small foot-bridge with the broken railing and if you go beyond that you arrive at the bottom of that sheep's head hill? Well, if you start climbing, and you might have to grab hold of a sapling when the going gets steep, you will eventually come to a long stone ridge with a border of pine trees which is as high as you can go and a good enough place to stop.

The best time is late afternoon when the sun strobes through the columns of trees as you are hiking up, and when you find an agreeable rock to sit on, you will be able to see the light pouring down into the woods and breaking into the shapes

and tones of things and you will hear nothing but a sprig of birdsong or the leafy falling of a cone or nut through the trees, and if this is your day you might even spot a hare or feel the wing-beats of geese driving overhead toward some destination.

But it is hard to speak of these things how the voices of light enter the body and begin to recite their stories how the earth holds us painfully against its breast made of humus and brambles how we who will soon be gone regard the entities that continue to return greener than ever, spring water flowing through a

meadow and the shadows of clouds passing over the hills and the ground where we stand in the tremble of thought taking the vast outside into ourselves.

Still, let me know before you set out. Come knock on my door and I will walk with you as far as the garden with one hand on your shoulder. I will even watch after you and not turn back to the house until you disappear into the crowd of maple and ash, heading up toward the hill, piercing the ground with your stick.

Reading
by
**MARCIA
SMITH**

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

by Andrew Seib



Hymn: 'Jerusalem' by William Blake

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains
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.

Address: Rev. Michael Roden

Oliver *Messiaen*

'Vingt regards sur l'enfant Jesu' played on organ



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.

Blessing

by Rev. Michael Roden

Hymn: 'Lord Of The Dance' by Sydney Carter

I danced in the morning
when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
and 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.

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:

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.

I danced on the Sabbath
and I cured the lame;
The holy people
said it was a shame.
They whipped and the stripped
and they hung me high,
and they left me there
on a cross to die.

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.

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:

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.

They cut me down
and I leap up high;
I am the life
that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the Dance,
said he:

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.



After the family depart for
the crematorium, guests are
invited to return to:
The Mill House, (off Purwell
Lane) Purwell, Hitchin
for refreshment where the
family will rejoin them.

There is a retiring collection,
all proceeds being donated
to the St Mary's Church
restoration fund.

Yo Donaldo!

Letter to The Editor

SACRE BLEU! I never saw that one coming. What an exit. We were all totally dumbfounded for a few days. Sort of 'WOW!'. Did you plan it long? Did it just happen? Is that what you were thinking about when your eyes were dimmed and cast to the floor as so often these past few months?

Y'know old bean, it doesn't matter. I think what you did was the most incredibly brave thing, staggeringly courageous. For me, it feels that in one dramatic act you dropped the last into a really complex jigsaw puzzle, one that had frustrated and befuddled and couldn't be solved. It all suddenly made sense. Voila! Take that you varlet! Who doubted your spirit, your defiance?

What's amazing in how you left is that no anger resides here as a result, no bitterness. I went to have a look up at the place where you stepped away and there was nothing there but peace, nothing violent or gruesome in the air. It was just a place. We understand how much you suffered and how that led you to find that place and it's ok, old fellow, it really is. You rest easy.

Donaldo, as I got older, I got dumber. My memory is shot to pieces. I wanted to remind you of some special tete a tete we shared or something like that but all I can remember is the time back in '52 when we were on that golfing holiday on the Moon. You remember? The 15th green? When that obese bug-alien leapt out of the bunker and pulled your trousers down? You went as red as a beet with embarrassment and I laughed so much I took off and spent the rest of the holiday in orbit! Aah! My only memory! I am so fond of it.

Time's nearly up. I read that people weren't 'things', they were 'moments'. I think that makes sense. You were a roar of laughter, a swirl of cigar smoke, a furious clattering of typewriter keys. The world is surely made afresh, moment by moment, constantly renewed. As you have slipped into the



land of dreams and memories, we will let you go and will remain here unafraid and undaunted. You aren't leaving in a box though, you are leaving in the love, words and tears of those around us now, people who have come here to bid you farewell. These things will set you safely on your way.

This is just a moment. Everything is ok. Rest easy.

Good-bye dad, husband, brother, friend...
We all love you very much.