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*Online Christmas
Remembrance
Service*

Sunday 6th December 2020 at 4pm

www.coopfunerals.co.uk/christmas

Words of Welcome by

*Reverend Norma
Fergusson*

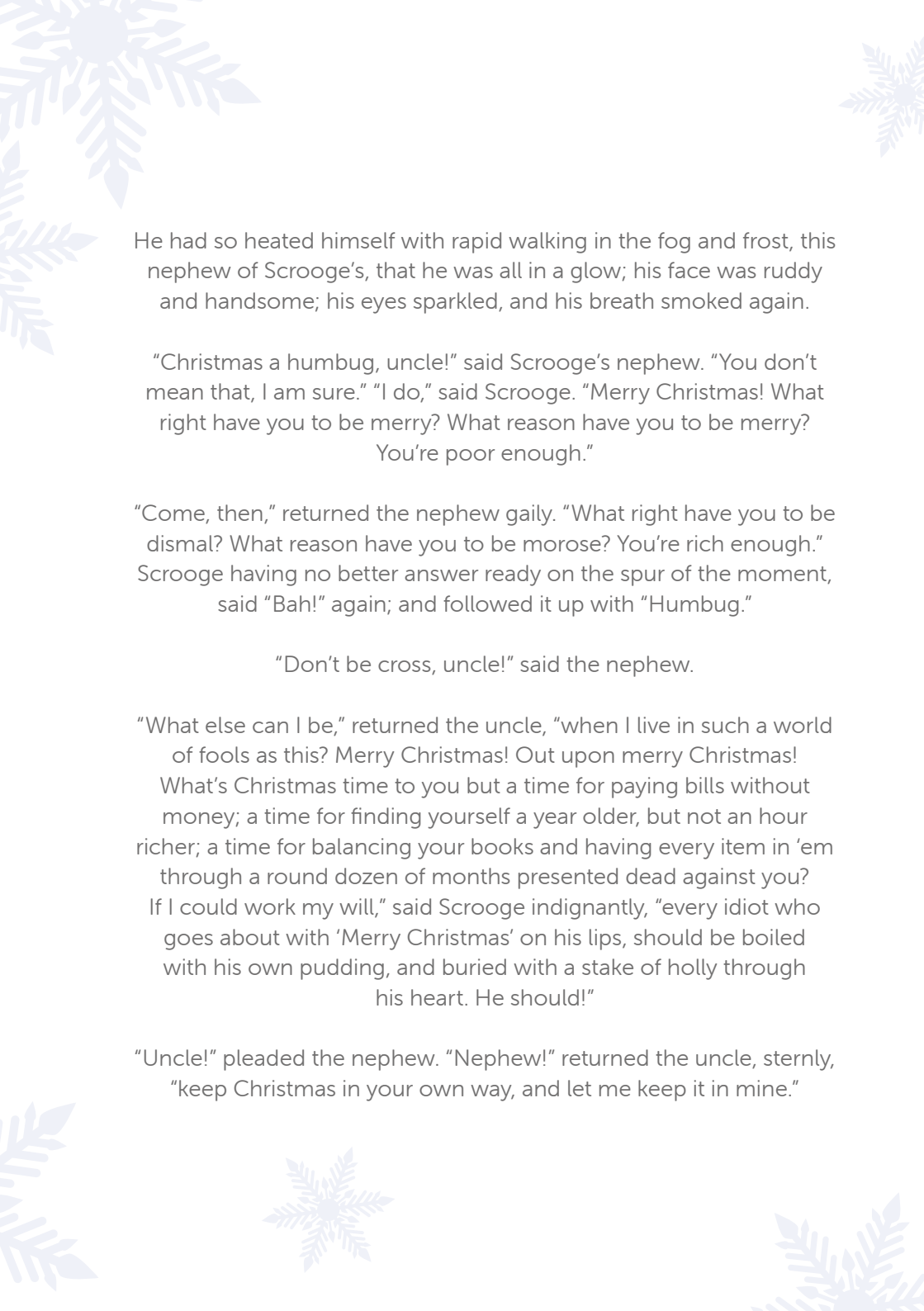
Extract read by Richard Fergusson Lay Minister

*A Christmas
Carol*

By Charles Dickens

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach. "Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"



He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure." "I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough." Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew. "Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."



Soloist Brooklyn Rose

*Fields of
Gold*

Poem read by Richard Fergusson Lay Minister

*Did You Take
It With You?*

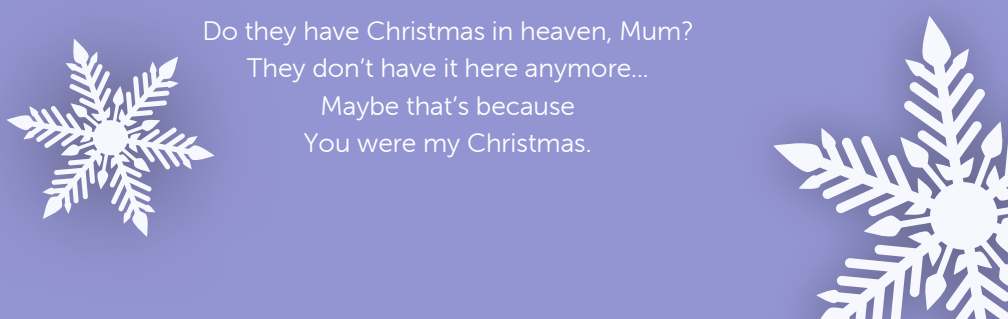
By Melanie Ashford

Christmas has been stolen from me.
Like a child nagging for Santa,
I held out my hand to you.

But you had long since left
This world of bitterness behind,
And me with it.

Christmas will not be the same;
This first year of your terminal absence
Will be the harshest.

Do they have Christmas in heaven, Mum?
They don't have it here anymore...
Maybe that's because
You were my Christmas.



The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with several white, stylized snowflake cutouts of various sizes and orientations, scattered across the page. The cutouts have a delicate, feathery structure with multiple points.

Pianist Victoria Hatch

Primavera

By Ludovico Einaudi

Reflections by
Graham Lymn Civil Celebrant

Choir Sings

*Drop, Drop,
Slow Tears*

Prayers and Lord's Prayer
By Reverend Norma Fergusson

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.

Soloist Brooklyn Rose

A Thousand Years

Poem read by Richard Fergusson Lay Minister

I Do Not Stand Alone

By Nicola Slee

I do not stand alone,
But with others to support me
I will stand my ground.

I do not see the way,
But with others to walk it with me
I can make a path.

I do not possess the truth,
But with others to witness to what they know
I will be able to discern what is right.

I cannot master all skills,
But with others who will lend their accomplishments
I can do enough.

I cannot carry every burden,
But with others to share it
I may bear my own load.

I cannot meet all my needs,
But with others to nourish and replenish me
I will be able to give enough.

I do not have limitless free choice,
But with others to consult
I will make my own choices gladly.

I will not always be consistent,
But with others to laugh at me
I will regain my equanimity.

I am not invincible,
But with others to reach out a hand
I may learn from my mistakes and start again.

I cannot be perfect,
But with others to make up the shortfall of my imperfections
I can be content to be good enough.



Act of Remembrance -
Lighting the Candles
By Reverend Norma Fergusson

Choir Sings
Lead Me Lord

Poem read by Richard Fergusson Lay Minister
The Unchristmas Tree
By Rosie Miles & Nicola Slee

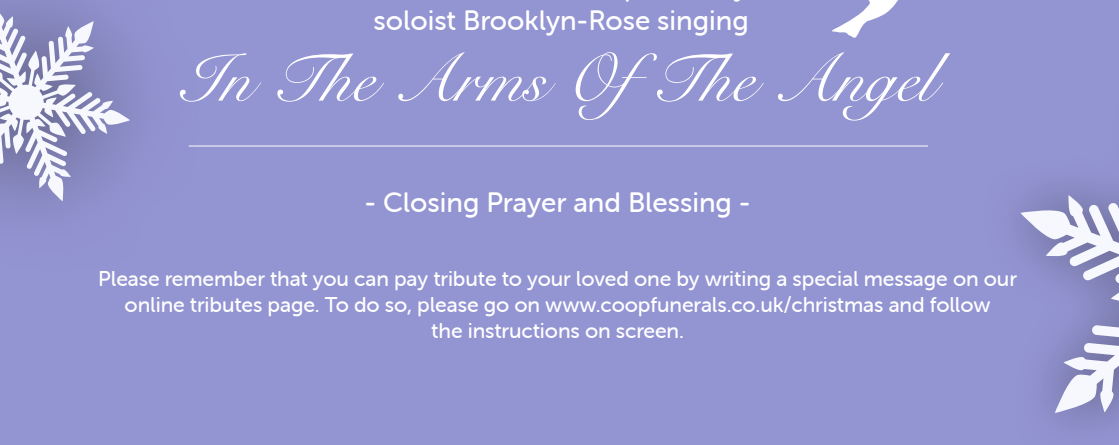
The unchristmas tree has no lights,
Except what filters through its spaces;
 No tinsel,
Except its own astringent needles;
 No star,
Except those caught in its branches;
 No presents,
Except the giving of itself.
The unchristmas tree costs nothing at all,
Except the grace to notice where it grows.

Dove release accompanied by
soloist Brooklyn-Rose singing



In The Arms Of The Angel

- Closing Prayer and Blessing -



Please remember that you can pay tribute to your loved one by writing a special message on our online tributes page. To do so, please go on www.coopfunerals.co.uk/christmas and follow the instructions on screen.