

A celebration of the life of

# Sheena Young

8th April 1930 - 19th March 2020



Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> of April 2020



## **Processional music**

The Swan of Tuonela by Sibelius

## **Welcome**

*Revd Guy Edwards*

### **First hymn – Through all the changing scenes of life**

Through all the changing scenes of life,  
in trouble and in joy,  
the praises of my God shall still  
my heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
with me exalt his Name;  
when in distress to him I called,  
he to my rescue came.

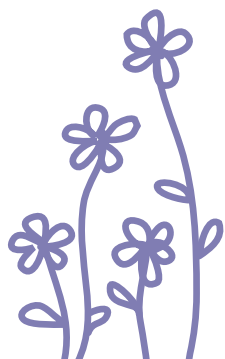
The hosts of God encamp around  
the dwellings of the just;  
deliverance he affords to all  
who on his succor trust.

O make but trial of his love;  
experience will decide  
how blest are they, and only they  
who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
have nothing else to fear;  
make you his service your delight;  
your wants shall be his care.

For God preserves the souls of those  
who on his truth depend;  
to them and their posterity  
his blessing shall descend.

*This was sung at Mike and Sheena's  
wedding and they always thought  
of it as one of "their" hymns.*



## Opening Prayer

*Revd Guy Edwards*

### Psalm 21

*Read by Mike Young*

- 1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
- 2 My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
- 5 The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
- 7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
- 8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.


*This is chosen because we all know how much Sheena loved the hills.*

### Eulogy

*Read by Philip Young*

### **The Lake of Innisfree, by William Butler Yeats**

*Read by Catherine Davidson*



I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes  
dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

*Sheena used to recite this poem quite often, including on  
the day when Catherine took her into hospital shortly before  
she passed away.*

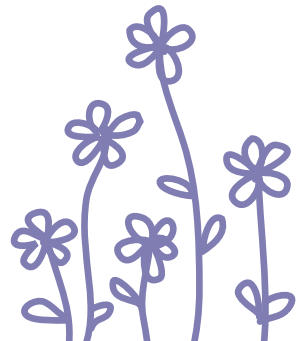
## **Alphabet**

*Written and read by Nicholas Young and based on the  
poem 'Alphabet' by Inger Christensen*

## **I am Standing upon the Seashore, by Henry Van Dyke**

*Read by Janet Young*

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze  
and starts for the blue ocean.  
She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.



Then, someone at my side says;  
"There, she is gone!"  
"Gone where?"  
Gone from my sight. That is all.  
She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"  
There are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;  
"Here she comes!"  
And that is dying.

*Sheena really liked this poem - she carried a copy of it  
around in her handbag - and often told Janet that she  
wanted to have it read out at her funeral.*

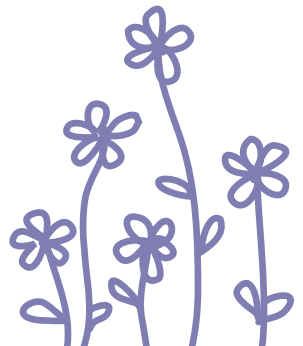
## **Address**

*Revd Guy Edwards*

## **Prayers**

## **Lords prayer**

## **Commendation and farewell**



## **Closing Hymn – Hills of the North Rejoice**

Hills of the north, rejoice;  
river and mountain spring,  
hark to the advent voice;  
valley and lowland, sing;  
though absent long, your Lord is nigh;  
he judgment brings and victory.

Isles of the southern seas,  
deep in your coral caves  
pent be each warring breeze,  
lulled be your restless waves:  
he comes to reign with boundless sway,  
and makes your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the East, awake,  
soon shall your sons be free;  
the sleep of ages break,  
and rise to liberty.  
On your far hills, long cold and gray,  
has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,  
ye that have waited long,  
unvisited, unblessed,  
break forth to swelling song;  
high raise the note, that Jesus died,  
yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

Shout, while ye journey home;  
songs be in every mouth;  
lo, from the North we come,  
from East, and West, and South.  
city of God, the bond are free,  
we come to live and reign in thee!

*This was another of Mike and Sheena's hymns. It reminded them of their travels together; "Shores of the utmost west" means Vancouver Island and the Burchett Gardens in Victoria.*



## Prayer and benediction

### **Exit music – Mairi's Wedding by Jimmy Shand**

*As children, we used to dance up and down the sitting room when Mum put on her Jimmy Shand dance music. Sheena was a fan of Jimmy Shand when she was younger.*

### **Deep peace, pure white of the moon to you, by Fiona Macleod**

Deep peace, pure white of the moon to you;  
Deep peace, pure green of the grass to you;  
Deep peace, pure brown of the earth to you;  
Deep peace, pure grey of the dew to you,  
Deep peace, pure blue of the sky to you!

Deep peace of the running wave to you,  
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,  
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you.  
Deep peace of the shining stars to you.  
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

*Sheena was deeply moved by this blessing when she first heard it at her sister Eileen's funeral and kept a copy thereafter taped to her wardrobe door*



*Painting by Jennifer, one of Sheena's granddaughters*

