

ST HILDA'S ASHFORD



CANDLES OF REMEMBRANCE SERVICE

4PM 9TH NOVEMBER 2025

Welcome to this special service today.

In this service we remember with thanksgiving all those we have known and loved, now parted from us.

We pray for those who are mourning, those who are bearing heavy burdens, those who are finding their lives difficult and we seek God's help to trust his love and live our lives to his praise and glory.

“Why?”
I said,
“What did I do to deserve this?
How will I cope?
Why me?”
The Lord said,
“Don’t blame me, cling to me;
Don’t shut me out, call on me;
Don’t question me, trust me.
I love you, I died for you;
I won’t desert you now.
I see your tears.
I understand the agony in your heart.
You are not alone,
Trust me”.

Hymn

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

[Frances Ridley Havergal]

A Prayer

Lord, we know that it is not what has happened to us that matters, but how we react to it. We accept responsibility for our attitudes, but we do need your help with them. We could be such a glowing Christian if some of the people and problems in our life didn't exist! Help us to focus on the good things rather than the bad. And, Lord, tell us quickly whenever we begin to feel sorry for ourselves.

Bible Reading: 1 Corinthians ch 15 vv 51 – 58

Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

‘Death has been swallowed up in victory.’

‘Where, O death, is your victory?

Where, O death, is your sting?’

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.

Reflection

Hymn

O Lord my God, when I, in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works thy hand has 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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

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!

*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!*

[Stuart K. Hine tr. Karl Boberg (1953)]

Prayers

Leading into the commemoration of those we especially remember

Candles of Remembrance

Lighting a candle is a prayer: It kindles in the hearts and minds the prayers we have already offered for them.

Lighting a candle is a parable: burning itself out it gives light to others. Christ gave himself for others.

He calls us to give ourselves.

Lighting a candle is a symbol: of love and hope, of light and warmth. Our world needs them all.

Candles may be offered at the altar during the following hymns

Hymn

**Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.**

**Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.**

**I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me.**

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

[H. F. Lyte]

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'nly friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
To guide the future as he has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul: the tempests still obey
His voice, who ruled them once on Galilee.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

[Text: 10 10 10 10 10 10; Katharina von Schlegel;
in *Neue Sammlung Geislicher Lieder*, 1752;
tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897.
Music: Jean Sibelius, 1865–1957.]

**Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.
Come, bow before him now, with reverence and fear.
In him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy one is here.**

**Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire, with splendour he is crowned.
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.**

**Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place;
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister his grace.
No work too hard for him, in faith receive from him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.**

[David J. Evans © 1986 Kingsway's Thankyou Music]

*When all the candles are lit, the church lights are extinguished
and there follows a period of silence as each candle reminds us of
those we miss and remember, not only tonight, but always in our
thoughts.*

*When the Church lights are turned back on the Choir will sing an
anthem.*

Poem: *I am with you always* by Sue Wallace

I am with you always, when the crushing pain of doubt sets in
and you feel utterly, utterly alone,

I am with you.

When you are screaming why at the sky
and the pain sears through you like a soldier's spear,

I am with you.

When everything you had trickles like sand through your
fingers,

I am with you.

When your plans are in shreds,

I am with you,

ALWAYS

I am here.

Blessing

May the comfort and peace of God be yours.

May the light and joy of God be yours,
in this world and the next.

And the blessing of God, giver of Life,
the Son, redeemer of Life,
the Holy Spirit, transformer of Life,
be among you and remain with you always.

All Amen

Hymn

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

[John Ellerton]

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