

Forget- Me-Not Dementia-Friendly Service

As you come into church, please give the name of the person you would like to remember so we can add them to the list of names to be read out during the service.

Hymn

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world
Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass
Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning
God's recreation of the new day
Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Eleanor Farjeon

Bible reading

Isaiah 49:15-16 (Good News Translation)

15 "Can a woman forget her own baby
and not love the child she bore?
Even if a mother should forget her child,
I will never forget you.
16 Jerusalem, I can never forget you!
I have written your name on the palms of my hands.

Reading

Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and shaking hand
Blessed, who know my ears today
Must strain to hear the things they say.
Blessed are those who seem to know
My eyes are dim and my mind is slow
Blessed are those who look away
When I spilled tea that weary day.
Blessed are they who, with cheery smile
Stopped to chat for a little while
Blessed are they who know the way
To bring back memories of yesterday.
Blessed are those who never say
"You've told that story twice today"
Blessed are they who make it known
That I am loved, respected and not alone.
And blessed are they who will ease the days
Of my journey home, in loving ways.

Esther Mary Walker

Period of quiet reflection

We remember those who have died, people we know who are living with dementia and those who love and care for them.

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness,
Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like,
No cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking,
And give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled
At the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours,
And give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome,
Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing,
And give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
At the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment,
Whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping,
And give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
At the end of the day.

Jan Struther

Blessing

Go in peace, knowing that the Lord goes with you;
Let Him lead you each day into the quiet place of your heart,
Where he will speak with you.
Know that he loves you and watches over you,
That he listens to you in gentle understanding,
That he is with you always,
Wherever you are and however you may feel.
And may the light of God's blessing shine upon you.

Amen.

Everyone is welcome in the hall for tea and entertainment.