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# Memorial Service

in

Loving Memory of

## Flight Lieutenant Alan Pilcher

R. C. A. F.

In the Church of St. John the Divine,

Fort Steele,

British Columbia,

Sunday, December the 12th,

1943

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## Order of Service

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

### PSALM 90.

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine:  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart:  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law:  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard;  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard:  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

LESSON. Wisdom III. 1 - 9.

I Thessalonians 4. 13 - 18.

SERMON Text: Ecclesiasticus 17, 1 - 12, 13. (R.V.)

*"The Lord created man upon the earth . . . He gave them a law of life for an heritage. He made an everlasting covenant with them. Their eyes saw the majesty of His Glory, and their ear heard the glory of His voice."*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
    Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
    Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—Amen.

## PRAYERS.

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, O 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, Lord, 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. Amen

## BENEDICTION.