



A Service of Remembrance and Thanksgiving for the Life of

**Michael Anthony Thorpe**

2nd February 1943–27th August 2014

# Order of Service

Tuesday 9th September 2014

to be led by the Rev Olwen Smith, Mike's cousin

## INTRODUCTION

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## OPENING PRAYERS

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## HYMN : All Things Bright And Beautiful

**All things bright and beautiful  
All creatures great and small  
All things wise and wonderful  
The Lord God made them all.**

Each little flower that opens  
He made their glowing colours  
Each little bird that sings  
He made their tiny wings.

### Chorus

The purple-headed mountain  
The river running by  
The sunset and the morning  
The brightens up the sky.

### Chorus

The cold wind in the winter  
The pleasant summer sun  
The ripe fruits in the garden  
He made them every one.

### Chorus

He gave us eyes to see them  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty  
Who has made all things well.

### Chorus

## READING

Revelation Ch 21:1-7

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## THE ADDRESS

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## PRAYERS

Minister: Lord in your Mercy

**All: Hear our Prayer**

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins  
as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power,  
and the glory are yours  
now and for ever.

Amen

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## A READING FROM WAINWRIGHT

“For Those Who Walked with Mike”

**PSALM 23**  
**(said together)**

The Lord is my shepherd;  
therefore can I lack nothing.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures  
and leads me beside still waters.  
He shall refresh my soul  
and guide me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  
Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I will fear no evil;  
for you are with me;  
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.  
You spread a table before me  
in the presence of those who trouble me:  
You have anointed my head with oil  
and my cup shall be full.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life,  
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

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**COMMENDATION and FAREWELL**

**II**

**The COMMITTAL**

**Σ**

**The DISMISSAL**

Cleo Laine *"He was Beautiful"*

**Donations**

If you wish to make a donation in Mike's  
memory, we wish to support St. Richard's  
Hospice: <http://www.strichards.org.uk/>



**After Service**

**Eckington Manor**  
Hammock Road  
Eckington  
Pershore  
WR10 3BJ

Everybody welcome, and we really would like  
you to come and join us! If you need to  
arrange for transport between Worcester  
Crematorium and Eckington, let us know.

# For Those Who Walked with Mike

“You may want a companion on your walking tour...Choose well, since the one you choose must of necessity be part of every scene, part of every minute of every day...Choose only one, never more; three is a crowd anywhere.

“Make up your mind about one thing: whoever is privileged to accompany you, that man is going to understand you as no man has ever done before, and you too will see him, perhaps for the first time, as he really is. You may nurse a secret at your breast for years. With an understanding, sympathetic companion, it will be disclosed. If your choice is good, it will continue a secret.

“Companionship doesn’t mean having someone to talk to; it means someone at your side....It is the quiet man you want. The best friend is the man who can walk along with you mile after mile and say not a word; in fact, silence is the great test of companionship. I refer not to the stubborn silences which create enmity, but to the understanding silences of comradeship. A look or a smile is always more expressive than the spoken word.

“A day on the hills strips a man of all sham and pretence. There are no silly conventions to be observed, no petty restrictions. There are no collars, no silk handkerchiefs. I don’t mean that the hills are peopled with clumsy, ill-mannered oafs, I don’t mean that at all; but with men who are for a brief spell as they were intended to be, free. Lovers of hills are the truest, the best-tempered, the most genuine fellows you will find anywhere; you can trust them, implicitly. If I were in serious trouble and wanted help, I would seek a man sitting at ease by a mountain cairn...of the few who meditate in old clothes on high hills, any would serve.”

Edited Extract from  
“*A Pennine Journey, The Story of a Long Walk in 1938*”  
by Alfred Wainwright

