

Christ Church Cathedral  
Vancouver, British Columbia



In Loving Gratitude for the Life of

*Stephanie Ahearn Carlson*  
*(nee Southam)*

*February 12th, 1945 – February 28th, 2024*

THURSDAY, APRIL 4<sup>TH</sup>, 2024, 3:00 P.M.

FIFTH DAY OF EASTER

# *Order of Service*

## **Prelude Music**

## **Entry of the Family**

*Please remain seated.*

## **Welcome and Acknowledgment**

The Very Rev. Christopher A. Pappas

## **Hymn**

*Jerusalem*

Text: William Blake (1757-1827).  
Music: C. H. H. Parry (1848-1918); arr. Gordon Jacob (1895-1984).

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my arrows of desire:  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green and pleasant Land.

I am Resurrection and I am life, says the Lord.  
Whoever has faith in me shall live,  
Even though she die.  
And everyone who lives  
And is committed to me in faith,  
Shall not die for ever.

*John 11: 25-26*

Let not your hearts be troubled;  
Believe in God, believe also in me.  
In my Father's house are many Mansions.  
If it were not so, would I have told you  
That I go to prepare a place for you?  
And when I go and prepare a place for you,  
I will come again and I will take you to myself,  
That where I am you may be also.

*John 14: 1-3*

I am sure that neither death nor life,  
Nor angels, nor principalities,  
Nor things present, nor things to come,  
Nor powers, nor height, nor depth,  
Nor anything else in all creation,  
Will be able to separate us from the love of God  
In Christ Jesus our Lord.

*Romans 8: 38-39*

## The Collect

O God, whose mercies cannot be numbered: accept our prayers on behalf of your servant Stephanie; and grant her entrance into the forest of light and joy, in the fellowship of your saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

## The Readings

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-11

Margot Southam Stephenson

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:  
a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is  
planted;

a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;  
a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace,  
and a time to refrain from embracing;

a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to throw away;  
a time to tear, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace.

God has made everything appropriate to its time, and has put the timeless into our  
hearts.

Death Is Nothing At All

Lilias Jean Watters

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away to the next room.  
I am I and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other,  
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way  
which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed  
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word  
that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effect.  
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same that it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.  
For an interval.  
Somewhere. Very near.  
Just around the corner.

All is well.

*Henry Scott-Holland (1847-1918)*

The Whisper of the Wind

Lucy Rose Yardley

The wind carries a whisper,  
A message from the divine,  
Each gust, a breath of love,  
Each breeze, a sacred sign.  
Listen to the whisper, my love,  
And let your heart align,  
In the wind's gentle murmur,  
We find the divine's design.

*Rumi*

**Personal Words about GG**

Cooper Kirk Jones

**Song for Mum**      *"Crazy Love"*

Van Morrison

**Remembering Mum**

Vanessa Elisabeth Carlson & Nancy Tyler Jones

**Musical Reflection**      *"For Steph"*

Benjamin John Miller Yardley

**Homily**

Bishop Michael Ingham

## God Be In My Head

Cathedral Choir  
Words from the Book of Hours 1514.  
Music by Henry Walford Davies.

God be in my head, and in my understanding;  
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;  
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;  
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;  
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

## The Apostles Creed

*Said by all.*

I believe in God,  
The Father almighty,  
Creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ,  
His only son, our Lord.  
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit  
And born of the Virgin Mary.  
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
Was crucified, died, and was buried.  
He descended to the dead.  
On the third day he rose again.  
He ascended into heaven,  
And is seated at the right hand of the Father.  
He will come again  
To judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
The holy catholic Church,  
The communion of saints,  
The forgiveness of sins,  
The resurrection of the body,  
And the life everlasting. Amen.

## The Prayers

Bishop Michael Ingham

God of grace and glory, we thank you for Stephanie who is so near and dear to us.

We thank you for the friendship she gave and for the strength and peace she brought.

We thank you for the love she offered and received while she was with us on earth.

We pray that nothing good in Stephanie's life will be lost, but will be of benefit to the world; and that all that was important to her will be respected by those who follow; and that everything in which she was great will continue to mean much to us now that she has died.

We ask you that she may go on living in her children, her family and her friends, in their hearts and minds, in their courage and in their conscience.

We ask you that we who were close to her may now, because of her death, be even closer to each other, and that we may, in peace and friendship here on earth, always be conscious of your promise to be faithful to us in death.

We pray for ourselves, who mourn her greatly. Help us not to minimize our grief nor seek refuge from it in words alone, but also help us not to be overwhelmed or to become isolated from each other.

We ask you, O God, to give us courage, and confidence, and faith in the new life of the risen Christ. **Amen.**

## The Lord's Prayer

*Said by all.*

Our Father in heaven,  
Hallowed be your name,  
Your kingdom come,  
Your will be done,  
On earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins  
As we forgive those who sin against us.  
Save us from the time of trial,  
And deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours,  
Now and for ever. Amen.

## The Commendation

Bishop Michael Ingham

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant Stephanie. Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

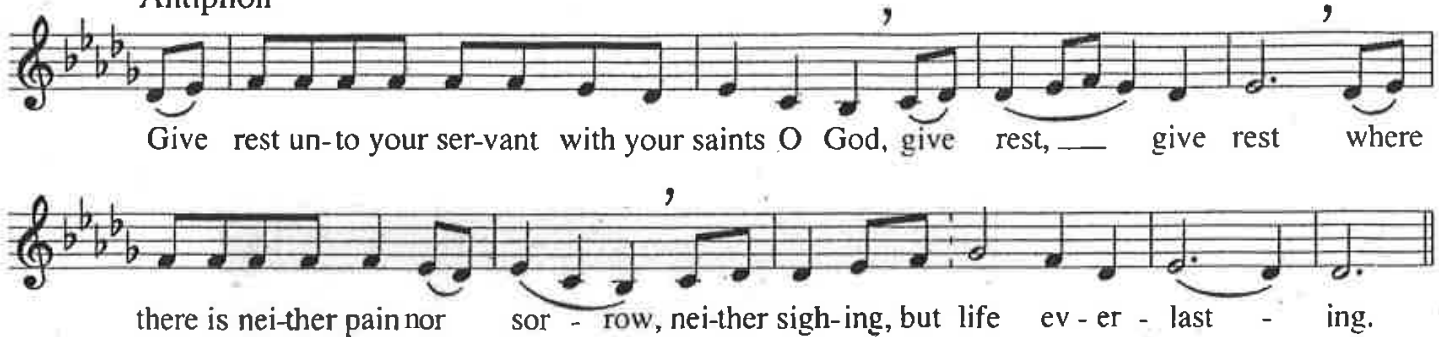
*The bell tolls, once for each decade in which Stephanie lived*

## Kontakion

Text: Orthodox Funeral Liturgy; Music: Rupert Lang.

*Please join the choir in the singing of the Antiphon*

### Antiphon



Give rest un-to your ser-vant with your saints O God, give rest, — give rest where  
there is nei-ther pain nor sor - row, nei-ther sigh-ing, but life ev - er - last - ing.

### Choir

For you, God only are immortal, the creator and the maker of all;  
and we are mortal, formed of the earth,  
and to earth we shall return.

### Antiphon

### Choir

For so did you ordain when you created me, saying,  
“You are dust, and to dust you shall return.”

All of us go down to the dust;  
yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, Alleluia...

### Antiphon



## **The Bishop's Blessing**

Return now to the place where God has given you responsibility.

Remember the peace and love we have celebrated, and do not fail to show to all people  
The new life that is already among us.

Have courage. Hold on to what is good.

Return no one evil for evil.

Strengthen those who fail,

Support the weak, and honour all life.

And the blessing of God almighty,

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,

Be with you, and remain with you, always.

*After the service, please join Doug and the three Girlies  
at the Hotel Vancouver for a reception on the Roof.*

*Please follow the Piper in an informal procession  
across the street to the Hotel Vancouver.*

## ***ACKNOWLEDGMENTS***

### ***Clergy***

The Right Reverend Michael Ingham  
The Very Reverend Christopher Pappas

### ***Greeters***

Mark Halyk  
Jennifer Anger

### ***Ushers***

Todd Jordan Bolli  
Frances Tyler Johnson  
William James Edward Jones  
Christian Stewart Owen  
J. Ross Southam  
Serena Jean Southam  
Benjamin John Miller Yardley

### ***Musicians***

Christ Church Cathedral Choir and Friends  
Rupert Lang, Organist & Director of Music  
Scott Wood, Piper  
Katherine Evans, Trumpeter

### ***Honorary People and Places***

Mamie Angus  
Patricia Carlton  
Maya Cudney  
Bee Elmore  
Lynn Eyton  
Holly Hutchinson  
Ruth MacPhee  
Roy McIntosh  
Jamie Murphy  
Carol Ogdén  
Jonty Parker  
Joanna Liliás Carlson  
Ross McDonald  
Orcas Island  
Qualicum Beach

### ***Qualicum Caregivers\****

Haylee Clackson RN  
Juanita Gillespie  
Vicki Kleu RN  
Michelle Otto RN  
Laurie Pettinger RN  
Tori Scroggs RN

*\* Stephanie's family and Doug would like to extend our deepest gratitude to the team that helped us take care of her in her last weeks in Qualicum.*

## Our Fragile Dead

They do not walk the world, our fragile dead:  
They do not stalk our streets or pace our floors.  
They do not stand behind unopened doors,  
Rehearsing all the words that went unsaid.

They cannot walk the world as we would walk:  
They cannot choose to see a much-missed place,  
They cannot choose to see a much-loved face;  
They cannot seek a quiet spot to talk.

And so we have to walk the world for them:  
We have to seek the sacred places out,  
To pace the lonely ways of loss and doubt,  
And stumble clumsily to Bethlehem.

But sometimes on that road  
They'll take our hand,  
And squeeze our palm to say  
"I understand."

Jonathan Steffin  
(From the Spectator UK magazine)



Qualicum Beach, summer of 1981