



Service of Thanksgiving
for
OTTERSHAW SCHOOL 1948–1980
held at
Ottershaw School
on
Saturday 5th July 1980 at 11 a.m.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome by Mr. I.G. Hislop, President of the Old Boys' Society

Hymn:

Now thank we all our god,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God
Whom heaven and earth adore
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PRAYERS

First Reading

THAT WE MAY ACCEPT THE NATURE OF LIFE

The world which is our home is a place of light and dark, sunshine and shadow, laughter and crying, gaiety and drabness, a cradle of innocence, a mountain of glory, a hill of anguish, a cross of agony, a tomb of death and a garden of life.

We try, for innumerable and unknowable reasons, to hold those things which seem satisfying and enriching – we strive to banish darkness, to be rid of pain, to forget death and to live without the ravages of experience and age.

All of us have moments when we fight realities we can never vanquish and in the struggle a part of ourself seems destroyed. The vision of Jesus Christ beckons us to a world which has no authority to destroy us. 'Fear not,' His calm voice speaks, 'I have overcome the world.'

May we be able to deal with each moment – to see meaning in grief as well as in ecstasy – to find a deeper sympathy and tolerance through our suffering – to enshrine an eternity of joy in a brief encounter, to find through all things seen and experienced that which can enable and bring depth to the dimensions of our existence.

We must not hide in the corners of life like frightened children; may we believe in strength when only weakness is our experience. May we grow in mind, spirit and soul and may our immortality be not only a hope beyond this mortality but may it be the light and joy, laughter and love that men find in us now.

Second Reading

The two qualities in Jesus which Oliver Wendell Holmes most admired were his majestic tranquillity and 'the fact that he left nothing un-finished.' What an achievement when, at the age of thirty-three, he could breathe out in death the words 'It is finished'.

'Nor would I care how short it were, if good.' It is not to be understood, however, that we are all blessed with a perfect sense of achievement in this life; nor that we enter our promised land here; nor that we see the design of the cathedral completed; but that each completes his part in the building and contributes to the promises of the future. Death interrupts many a project and produces many an unfinished symphony, and many a man dies in harness and seems to leave his life's work incomplete. But this is to forget that life is movement; that it is good to be 'on the job' when the call comes; to be found in the right place at the right time, and finishing well in spite of all the incompleteness, all the cracks in creation.

Hymn:

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear,
His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

For why? The Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

PRAYERS

We give you thanks for the life and work of our school, for the wisdom of those who founded it, for the dedication of those who have served it, for the loyalty of those who have believed in it. We remember all the boys who have lived, worked and played here, the happy and the unhappy, the successes and the failures, the self-confident and the shy, the strong and the weak. We remember with gratitude the work of the staff in teaching, caring and guiding, in classroom, laboratory, workshops, boarding houses, offices, kitchens, buildings and grounds, and we remember the wives and families who played their part and shared in the life of our community.

Lord, hear our prayer.

We thank you for the fellowship created in the school, for the friendships formed, for the loyalties inspired and for the generosity of spirit fostered in our community. We thank you for the beauty which has surrounded us, for the spaciousness which we have enjoyed and for the many opportunities for sport and recreation. We thank you for the loyalty of Old Boys and parents and we pray that the links which have been forged will endure and give strength to all who have loved the school. We pray especially for those boys who have to move on to other schools; may they be happy there and may they, like all of us, remember with affection the time spent here.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Our thoughts turn to those who served this school and who have died. We remember especially with love and gratitude Arthur Foot, Bill Tolley, Roby Johnson, George Hyde, Tom Christopher, Michael Goldsmith, Bill Penfold, Bert Butler, Pat Oettinger and Sister Mary Thompson and those who mourn them. With them we remember the boys and Old Boys whose lives have been cut short. May we who live be inspired by their example and give as generously as they did; they will not be forgotten.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Lord, make us instruments of your peace.

Where there is hatred, let us sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is discord, union;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy;

Grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to live; through the love of your Son who died for us, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hymn:

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation:
Come ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
All that is needful hath been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
All the Almighty can do,
He who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before Him!
Let the amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore him.

Address by the Headmaster, Mr. A.E.R. DODDS

Hymn:

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset Him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Blessing by The Vicar of Ottershaw, Rev. BERNARD COTTER

Please remain in your seats at the conclusion of the Service