

# St Peter's Church, Brampton



‘This above all: to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’

*Hamlet Act III scene 1*

A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

## **Timothy Duffus Holford Scott** **'Tim'**

29<sup>th</sup> March 1949 – 3<sup>rd</sup> December 2020

**Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> December 2020**  
**at 2pm**

**Music: Fauré's Requiem**

*sung by the choir of King's College Cambridge,  
conducted by David Willcocks*

**Burial Sentences:**

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

*St. John 11. 25, 26*

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

*Job 19. 25 - 27*

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

*1 St. Timothy 6.7; Job 1.21*

**Welcome and Opening Prayer**

*by the Reverend David Hagan-Palmer*

**Reading: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8**

*read by Maggie Gormley (Sister)*

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which 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 cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; A time to rend, 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 of war, and a time of peace.

## **'Church Going'**

*read by Freddie Scott (Son)*

Once I am sure there's nothing going on  
I step inside, letting the door thud shut.  
Another church: matting, seats, and stone,  
And little books; sprawlings of flowers, cut  
For Sunday, brownish now; some brass and stuff  
Up at the holy end; the small neat organ;  
And a tense, musty, unignorable silence,  
Brewed God knows how long. Hatless, I take off  
My cycle-clips in awkward reverence,

Move forward, run my hand around the font.  
From where I stand, the roof looks almost new —  
Cleaned or restored? Someone would know: I don't.  
Mounting the lectern, I peruse a few  
Hectoring large-scale verses, and pronounce  
'Here endeth' much more loudly than I'd meant.  
The echoes snigger briefly. Back at the door  
I sign the book, donate an Irish sixpence,  
Reflect the place was not worth stopping for.

Yet stop I did: in fact I often do,  
And always end much at a loss like this,  
Wondering what to look for; wondering, too,  
When churches fall completely out of use  
What we shall turn them into, if we shall keep  
A few cathedrals chronically on show,  
Their parchment, plate, and pyx in locked cases,  
And let the rest rent-free to rain and sheep.  
Shall we avoid them as unlucky places?

Or, after dark, will dubious women come  
To make their children touch a particular stone;  
Pick simples for a cancer; or on some  
Advised night see walking a dead one?  
Power of some sort or other will go on  
In games, in riddles, seemingly at random;  
But superstition, like belief, must die,  
And what remains when disbelief has gone?  
Grass, weedy pavement, brambles, buttress, sky,

A shape less recognizable each week,  
A purpose more obscure. I wonder who  
Will be the last, the very last, to seek  
This place for what it was; one of the crew  
That tap and jot and know what rood-lofts were?  
Some ruin-bibber, randy for antique,  
Or Christmas-addict, counting on a whiff  
Of gown-and-bands and organ-pipes and myrrh?  
Or will he be my representative,

Bored, uninformed, knowing the ghostly silt  
Dispersed, yet tending to this cross of ground  
Through suburb scrub because it held unspilt  
So long and equably what since is found  
Only in separation - marriage, and birth,  
And death, and thoughts of these — for whom was built  
This special shell? For, though I've no idea  
What this accoutred frowsty barn is worth,  
It pleases me to stand in silence here;

A serious house on serious earth it is,  
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,  
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.  
And that much never can be obsolete,  
Since someone will forever be surprising  
A hunger in himself to be more serious,  
And gravitating with it to this ground,  
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,  
If only that so many dead lie round.

*written by Philip Larkin*

**Hymn: Dear Lord and Father of Mankind**

*sung to the tune Repton by the pupils of the Repton School Choir*

**Memories of Tim**

*Tom Deards (Nephew)*

**Sonnet 74**

*read by Annabel Cowley & Jessica Gormley (Nieces)*

But be contented when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee:  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due,  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead,  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.  
The worth of that is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

*written by William Shakespeare*

**Music: Bourrées I & II**

**from J.S. Bach's 3rd Suite (for solo 'cello) in C Major**

*played by Dominic Vlasto (Friend) on the viola*

## **Excerpt from *Lycidas***

*read by Sam Deards (Nephew)*

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

*written by John Milton*

## **Address**

*delivered by Martin Amherst Lock (Friend)*

## **Prayers**

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## **The Lord's Prayer**

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
In earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,  
For ever and ever.  
Amen.

## **Music: Nunc Dimittis**

*by Geoffrey Burgon, sung by the choir of Trinity College Cambridge*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace:  
according to thy word.  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation:  
which thou hast prepar'd before the face of all people;  
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles:  
and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost:  
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be;  
World without end. Amen

## **Commendation**

## **Closing Prayer and Blessing**

## **Music: Ode to Joy**

*composed by Beethoven, conducted by Herbert von Karajan*



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