Memorial Service for

Robert Jeremy Adam Inch Catto

1939-2018

The University Church of St Mary the Virgin

The Feast of All Souls

Friday, 2nd November 2018 at 2.30pm
HYMN
For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed;
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest.
Alleluya, Alleluya!
Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluya, Alleluya!
O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluya, Alleluya!
The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluya, Alleluya!
But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluya, Alleluya!
From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluya, Alleluya!

Words: William Walsham How (1823-97)
Tune: Sine nomine (Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958)
HYMN

Lead, kindly Light, amidst th’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!

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path,
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God.
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

Words: John Henry Newman (1801-90)
Tune: Alberta (William Harris, 1883-1973)
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav’n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88)
Tune: Blaenwern (William Rowlands, 1860-1937)

For by the grace given to me I say to everyone among you not to think of yourself more highly than you ought to think, but to think with sober judgment, each according to the measure of faith that God has assigned. For as in one body we have many members, and not all the members have the same function, so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and individually we are members one of another. We have gifts that differ according to the grace given to us: prophecy, in proportion to faith; ministry, in ministering; the teacher, in teaching; the exhorter, in exhortation; the giver, in generosity; the leader, in diligence; the compassionate, in cheerfulness.

Let love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast to what is good; love one another with mutual affection; outdo one another in showing honor. Do not lag in zeal, be ardent in spirit, serve the Lord. Rejoice in hope, be patient in suffering, persevere in prayer. Contribute to the needs of the saints; extend hospitality to strangers.

Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. Live in harmony with one another; do not be haughty, but associate with the lowly; do not claim to be wiser than you are. Do not repay anyone evil for evil, but take thought for what is noble in the sight of all. If it is possible, so far as it depends on you, live peaceably with all.

Vulgate translation:

Dico enim per gratiam quae est mihi omnibus qui sunt inter vos non plus sapere
SERMON
Fr John Warnaby (Oriel ‘79)
Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster

ANTHEM
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Words: Ordinary of the Mass
Music: Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

All kneel

THE PRAYERS

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 them that 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.

All stand

HYMN

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Be all else but naught to me, save that Thou art;
Be Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Wycliffite translation:

For Y seie, bi the grace that is gouun to me, to alle that ben among you, that ye sauere no more than it bihoueth to sauere, but for to sauere to sobrenesse; and to ech man, as God hath departed the mesure of feith. For as in o bodi we han many membris, but alle the membris han not the same dede; so we many ben o bodi in Crist, and ech ben membris vun of anothir. Thersfor we that han giftis dyuersynghe, aftir the grace that is gouun to vs, ethir prophecie aftir the resoun of feith; ethir seruise, in mynystryng; ethir he that techith, in techyng; he that stith safily, in monestyng; he that gyueth, in symplenesse; he that is souereyn, in bisynesse; he that hath merci, in gladnesse. Lune with ouen feynyng, hatyng yuel, drawynge to good; louynge togidere the charite of britherhod. Eche come before to worschipen othere; not slow in bisynesse, feruent in spirit, seruynge to the Lord, ioyinge in hope, pacient in tribulacioun, bisy in preier, comunynge to the vned of seyntis, kepinge hospitalite. Blesse ye men that pursueyn gouun, blesse ye and nyle ye curse; for to ioye with men that ioyyn, for to wepe with men that wepen; feel ye the same thing togidere; not sauerynghe heiy thingis, but consentynghe to make thingis. Nyle ye be prudent anentis you siff; to no man yeldynge yuel for yuel, but puruynge ye goode thingis, not oneli bifor God, but also bifor alle men. If it may be don, that that is of you, haue pees with alle men.

Jeremy was working on Wycliffite translations of the Bible in Oxford shortly before his death.
Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word;
Be Thou ever with me, and I with Thee, Lord;
Be Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be Thou my armour, be Thou my true might;
Be Thou my soul's shelter, and Thou my high Tow'r,
O raise Thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Be Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
Be Thou and Thou only the first in my heart,
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, Thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys, after vict'ry is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be Thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: Irish, 8th century; trans. Mary Byrne (1880-1931)
Tune: Slane, traditional Irish melody

THE BLESSING
The Revd Dr William Lamb
Vicar of the University Church of St Mary the Virgin

ORGAN VOLUNTARY
Polonaise from Eugene Onegin
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-93)

The congregation is asked to remain until the Voluntary
is finished and are then invited to Oriel College for refreshments in Hall.
A book will be available for all to sign.

A retiring collection will be taken on behalf
of the Oriel College Chapel Choir