



The
University
Of
Sheffield.

Service of Thanksgiving 2021.

*In memory of those who have given their bodies for
Medical Education*

*Convocation Hall, The Octagon Centre,
University Of Sheffield*

*Wednesday 10th November 2021
2.30 p.m*

This Service is dedicated to all those who have generously donated their bodies to the University of Sheffield over the past two years and, in so doing, have contributed to the benefit of future generations - even after death.

University of Sheffield Chamber Choir

Locus Iste, *Anton Bruckner*

Locus iste a Deo factus est,
inaestimabile sacramentum,
irreprehensibilis est.

Welcome and Introduction

The Service is led by the University Chaplaincy Centre.

Act of Remembrance

Please stand for the Act of Remembrance

The University's Book of Remembrance and a lighted candle are carried to the table.

The names of the donors are read by students studying in the Medical Teaching Unit at the University of Sheffield and candles lit in memory of each donor.

CHAPLAIN: Let us pray.
Most merciful God,
whose wisdom is beyond our understanding,
surround with your love
the families and friends of those whom
we remember today.
Let them not be overwhelmed by their loss,
but let them be strengthened
and consoled as we honour the memory
of their loved ones
and acknowledge their generosity.

ALL: **Amen**

Please be seated

The University of Sheffield Brass Band

First Light, *Ben Hollings*

Soloist: Izzy Faulkner

The Tree of Life

Taken from 'The Falcon and the Dove', *Herbert Read*

Read by Dr Emily Wood, University Humanist Advisor

My own attitude towards death has never been one of fear ... My favourite symbol is the Tree of Life. The human race is the trunk and branches of this tree, and individual men are the leaves, which appear one season, flourish for a summer, and then die. I am like a leaf of this tree, and one day I shall decay and fall, and become a pinch of compost about its roots. But meanwhile I am conscious of the tree's flowing sap and steadfast strength. Deep down in my consciousness is the consciousness of a collective life, a life of which I am a part, and to which I contribute a minute but unique extension. When I die and fall, the tree remains, nourished to some small degree by my brief manifestation of life. Millions of leaves have preceded me and millions will follow me; the tree itself grows and endures.

This Heritage

Anonymous

Read by Revd Ben Oliver

They are not dead,
Who leave us this great heritage
Of remembered joy.
They still live in our hearts,
In the happiness we knew,
In the dreams we shared.

They still breathe,
In the lingering fragrance windblown,
From their favourite flowers.
They still smile in the moonlight's silver
And laugh in the sunlight's sparkling gold.

They still speak in the echoes of words
We've heard them say again and again.
They still move,
In the rhythm of waving grasses,
In the dance of the tossing branches.

They are not dead;
Their memory is warm in our hearts,
Comfort in our sorrow.

They are not apart from us,
But a part of us
For love is eternal,
And those we love shall be with us
Throughout all eternity.

University of Sheffield Medics' Choir

The Long day Closes, *Arthur Sullivan*

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake, through grey mist creeping.
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses,
The clock has ceased to sound. The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavour,
To count the sound of mirth, now dumb forever.
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves. The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim are fading slowly.
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes.
Thy book of toil is read. The long day closes.

Bible Reading

Ecclesiastes 3:1-16

Read by a student studying in the Medical Teaching Unit at the University of Sheffield

There is a moment for everything, a time for every activity in the world.

There is a time for giving birth, and a time for dying;
a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant.

There is a time for killing, a time for healing;
a time for tearing down, a time for building.

There is a time for tears, and a time for laughter;
a time for mourning, and a time for dancing.

There is a time for making love, a time for not making love;
a time for kissing, a time for not kissing.

There is a time for searching, and a time for losing;
a time for keeping, and a time for discarding.

There is a time to tear, and a time to mend;
a time for silence, and a time for speech.

There is a time for loving, and a time for hating;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

But what profit is there in all these activities?, I asked when I studied the activities that God gives humans to busy themselves with.

Every activity he has made is beautiful in its own moment. But the totality he has cloaked in darkness, so that we can never discover the full meaning of all the activities he has created.

What I do know is that there is nothing better for human beings than to be happy and enjoy themselves as long as they live.

When we eat and drink and find happiness in all our activities, that is a gift from God.

I know too that whatever God does will recur for ever; there is no adding to it, no taking away.

It is a closed system, and it is awesome.

Whatever happens has already happened before, and what has happened before is what is yet to happen. In its turn, every activity is summoned back into existence by God.

Short Address

Given by Revd Dr Jeremy Clines,
University Coordinating Chaplain

Anthem University of Sheffield Medics' Choir

Abide with Me, *Henry Francis Lyte*

Tune: Eventide

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Reflection

Given by Imam Mohammad Ismail DL, University Muslim Chaplain

Most people fear what will happen when they die. Will there be anyone taking care to remember them or even devote some time to talk about them? And before we die we may, worryingly, ask three reflective questions ourselves or these questions may come to mind:

1. Would someone remember me when I die?
2. What good did I do for others so people can remember me?
3. What good legacy have I left behind which will benefit others?

In the Islamic tradition it is said that when someone dies their works come to an end since they can no longer do anything. However, three things continue to accumulate rewards for them and ensure people remember their good work:

1. Any charity or good work that they left behind.
2. Any knowledge or means of knowledge they have left behind.
3. A family that continues to look after their charity.

Today we gather here, as we do every year, to remember those that have started a great charitable work which will benefit hundreds and thousands of human beings. They have devoted themselves and their bodies, to be the means of spreading knowledge for the benefit of others. We all, relatives, students and staff, are their family. This is why we are gathered here to remember them that they were great people and we will all benefit from their charity. History will always remember them because they devoted their bodies for a very noble cause. We will never forget them.

The Prayers of Intercession

Led by the University Chaplaincy Centre

CHAPLAIN: Eternal God, giver of life,
we give thanks for all whom we remember in this
Service,
for all they mean to their families and communities.
We give thanks for their gift to medicine and to
humanity,

and we commend them to your loving care,
confident that they are at peace.
We pray for all who mourn for them;
surround them with your love to ease their pain,
and loving friends to share their burdens.
We give thanks for medical science
and for the creative work of all who study and
teach it in this University;
give them wisdom, patience and compassion,
so that the lives of many may be enriched by their
learning and research,
and by the gift of those we remember today.

ALL: **Amen.**

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Anonymous

Read by Isabelle Heyerdahl-King, Medical Teaching Unit Manager

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

University of Sheffield Chamber Choir

Crossing the Bar, *Hubert Parry*

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness or farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The Acknowledgment

Professor Michelle Marshall, Director of Medical Education at the University of Sheffield acknowledges on behalf of the University, the generosity of those whom we remember today.

The Blessing & Dismissal

Please stand for the Blessing and Dismissal

CHAPLAIN: May the God of all hope strengthen and sustain you,
And may the Lord of Life be always with you.
May the Lord bless you and keep you.
May the face of the Lord shine upon you and be
gracious to you.
May the Lord look upon you with kindness
And give you peace.

ALL: **Amen**

END OF SERVICE

The names of those we remember today are inscribed in the University Book of Remembrance, which is on display at the front of the Hall.

After the Service, you are welcome to view the book and pay your respects by spending a few moments standing or sitting nearby. The Book of Remembrance will remain on display in the Hall until everyone who wishes to has had an opportunity to view it.

We ask that you please respect social distancing when viewing the Book.

**Everyone is welcome to stay for refreshments,
which will be served in the Hall after the Service.**

The University of Sheffield Service of Thanksgiving 2021

Arranged and organised by:

Wendy Howard, Bequeathal Officer

Revd Dr Jeremy Clines, University Coordinating Chaplain

Imam Mohammad Ismail DL, University Muslim Chaplain

in conjunction with:

The University Medical Teaching Unit

The University Chaplaincy Centre

The University of Sheffield Chamber Choir

The University of Sheffield Medics' Choir

The University of Sheffield Brass Band

The University of Sheffield Performance Venues

The University of Sheffield IT Services

The Faculty of Medicine, Dentistry & Health

The University of Sheffield Chamber Choir

Director: Matthew Warbis

The University of Sheffield Medics' Choir

President: Izzi Graves

Filming by The University Creative Media Service, IT Services

*'The Tree of Life' by Herbert Read – from 'The Falcon and the Dove' taken from
'Seasons of Life: Prose and Poetry for Secular Ceremonies and Private Reflection'*

'This Heritage' taken from www.funeralhelper.org

*Biblical translation by Professor David J. A. Clines (Professor Emeritus of the
University of Sheffield), by permission.*

*'Do not Stand at my Grave and Weep' taken from 'Staying Alive real poems for
unreal times' edited by Neil Astley*