Service of

Thanksgiving 2022

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

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

*Wednesday 9th November 2022*

*2.30 p.m.*

**This Service is dedicated to all those who have generously donated their bodies to the University of Sheffield during the last year and, in so doing, have contributed to the benefit of future generations - even after death.**

**University of Sheffield Chamber Choir and**

**University of Sheffield Medics’ Choir**

Locus Iste, *Anton Bruckner*

Locus iste a Deo factus est, This place was made by God

inaestimabile sacramentum, a priceless sacrament

irreprehensibilis est. it is without reproach.

**Welcome and Introduction**

This ecumenical Christian and multi-faith Service is led by team members of the University’s Belief, No Belief and Religious (BNBR) Life Centre, and involves people from diverse belief, no belief and many religious traditions.

**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**

A Little Prayer, *Evelyn Glennie*

**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 Chamber Choir and**

**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 Reverend Sabine Tenge-Heslop, of the University’s Belief, No Belief and Religious (BNBR) Life Centre

**Hymn**

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 Ustadha Ameena Blake, University Muslim Chaplain

Most people worry about what will happen when they die and if they will still remain a part of worldly thoughts. Before we die we may ask three reflective questions to ourselves:

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 worldly work comes to an end and they can no longer do anything except three things that can continue to accumulate rewards for them. This ensures that their shining light in this world continues:

1. Charity or good work that they left behind; even the smiles,

warmth and hugs they gifted to others to brighten their lives.

2. Knowledge or paths of knowledge they have left behind.

3. Loved ones who, in the name of that person, continue to look

after their charity; hence their legacy continues.

Today we are here together, as we are every year, with old faces and new ones, to remember the selfless people, some who had nobody to remember them, who have started great charitable work which will benefit hundreds and thousands of human beings. They have left their worldly remains 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 and be inspired by their legacy that we will all benefit from. History will always remember them because they devoted their most precious worldly possession - their body; for a most noble cause. We will not forget them. We salute them.

**The Prayers of Intercession**

Led by the University’s Belief, No Belief and Religious (BNBR) Life 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**

They are at rest, *Edward Elgar*

They are at rest.

We may not stir the heav'n of their repose

By rude invoking voice, or prayer addrest

In waywardness to those

Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,

And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

And soothing sounds

Blending with the neighb'ring waters as they glide;

Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,

Angelic forms abide,

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove

The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

**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 God of Life be always with you.

May the God of hope bless you and keep you.

May the face of the God of peace shine upon you and be gracious to you.

May the God of love look upon you with kindness

And give you peace.

**ALL: Amen**

**END OF SERVICE**

The names of those we remember today are recorded in the University Book of Remembrance, which was carried in procession and placed on the table at the beginning of the Service.

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.

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

**The University of Sheffield**

**Service of Thanksgiving 2022**

**Arranged and organised by:**

Wendy Howard, Bequeathal Officer

Revd Dr Jeremy Clines, Coordinating Chaplain

in conjunction with the following University Departments:

The Medical Teaching Unit

Belief, No Belief and Religious (BNBR) Life Centre

Performance Venues

Faculty of Medicine, Dentistry and Health

**The University of Sheffield Chamber Choir**:

Jess Madden (Secretary), Matthew Warbis (Conductor), Florrie Hulbert and Joseph Banerjee (Committee Members)

**The University of Sheffield Medics’ Choir**:

Jamie Davis (President), Victoria Smith (Secretary)

**The University of Sheffield Brass Band**

Jasmine Dunkley (Secretary), Anna Campbell (President), Jack Aitken (Conductor)

Filming by the University Creative Media Services, 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*