

A Service of Remembrance
and Thanksgiving

Douglas Arthur Henderson

June 11, 1936 – February 23, 2024



Micah 4:3

*And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off;
and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks:
nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.*

The Anglican Church of St. John the Divine
1611 Quadra Street
Victoria, B.C. V8W 2L5

Order of Service

Saturday, June 8, 2024
14:00 pm

Officiant: The Venerable Alastair Singh-McCollum

Prelude

Meditation from Thais, by Jules Massenet [*David Stratkauskas, Organ*]

[Fur Elise by Beethoven](#)

[Adagio from Mozart's Clarinet Concerto in A major KV622](#)

Variation #9 "Nimrod" - from *Enigma Variations* by Elgar [*David Stratkauskas, Organ*]

Sentences of Scripture

Introduction & Opening Prayer

Tributes

Graeme Mount
Kevin Carle
Tim Henderson
Jody Carrow

Hymn (CP 3)

BUNESSAN



- 1. Morning has broken like the first morning:
blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word!**

2. **Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.**
3. **Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!**

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Music: Melody – Gaelic trad.; arr. C. Richard Hunt (1930-) ©.
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Collect (Prayer for funerals)

1st Reading

Geoff Carrow

The Sailor's Psalm (107:23-30)

"They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters: these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their souls melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress. For he maketh the storm to cease so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

2nd Reading 1 Corinthians 13

Tim Henderson

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete

comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Psalm 23

Molly Henderson

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

3rd Reading The Prayer of St. Columba

Gillian Henderson

Be thou a bright flame before me,
 Be thou a guiding star above me,
 Be thou a smooth path before me,
 Be thou a kindly shepherd behind me,
 Today – tonight – and forever. Amen.

Address/Sermon

Music [Let it Be](#)

Recording by the London Symphony Orchestra

Prayers of Intercession (Prayers of the people)

Carol-Ann Zenger

Let us pray.

Almighty God, you have knit your chosen people together in one communion, in the mystical body of your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Give to your whole Church in heaven and on earth your light and your peace.

All: Hear us, Lord.

May all who have been baptized into Christ's death and resurrection die to sin and rise to newness of life and may we with him pass through the grave and gate of death to our joyful resurrection.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that your Holy Spirit may lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Grant to your faithful people pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our sins and serve you with a quiet mind.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Grant to all who mourn a sure confidence in your loving care that casting all their sorrow on you, they may know the consolation of your love.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Give courage and faith to those who are bereaved, that they may have strength to meet the days ahead in the comfort of a holy and certain hope, and in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Grant us grace to entrust *Doug* to your never-failing love which sustained him in this life.

Receive him into the arms of your mercy, and remember him according to the favour you bear for your people.

All: Hear us, Lord.

Let us pray with confidence as our Saviour has taught us

**All: Our Father
who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on 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,
forever and ever.
Amen.**

The Naval Prayer

Chris Henderson

O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end: Be pleased to receive into thy almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us thy servants and the Fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and of the air and from the violence of the enemy; that we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Charles and his dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our Islands and Commonwealth may in peace and quietness serve thee our God; and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of our labours and with a thankful remembrance of thy mercies to praise and glorify thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Poem – Beannacht

Chris Henderson

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets into you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue,
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

*John O'Donohue
from Echoes of Memory*



1. **Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm restrains the restless wave,
who bids the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed bounds to keep:
we cry, O God of majesty,
for those in peril on the sea.**
2. **O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
and hushed their raging at your word,
who walked across the surging deep
and in the storm lay calm in sleep:
we cry, O Lord of Galilee,
for those in peril on the sea.**
3. **Creator Spirit, by whose breath
were fashioned sea and sky and earth;
who made the stormy chaos cease
and gave us life and light and peace:
we cry, O Spirit strong and free,
for those in peril on the sea.**
4. **O Trinity of love and power,
preserve their lives in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, flood and flame,
protect them by your holy name,
and to your glory let there be
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.**

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Commendation

All: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant *Douglas* with your saints,
 where sorrow and pain are no more,
 neither sighing, but life everlasting.
 You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all;
 and we are mortal, formed of the earth,
 and to earth shall we return.
 For so did you ordain when you created me, saying,
 "You are dust, and to dust you shall return."
 All of us go down to the dust;
 yet even at the grave we make our song:
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant *Douglas* with your saints,
 where sorrow and pain are no more,
 neither sighing, but life everlasting.

The celebrant, facing the body, says,

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant *Doug*
Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock,
a sinner of your own redeeming.
Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
and into the glorious company of the saints in light.
Amen.

Closing Prayer and Blessing

Go forth in the name of Christ.
Thanks be to God.

Nunc Dimitus

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace | according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen | thy salvation.
Which thou hast prepared | 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.

Recessional [Come Sail Away](#)

Recording by Styx



*The family invites everyone to come
out to the Church yard for the committal of Doug's ashes to the ground;
and join the family at the Wardroom, CFB Esquimalt*

Organist: David Stratkauskas
Flute: Soile Stratkauskas
Crucifer: Susanna Peterson
Greeter: Marilyn Moody



Obituary

Douglas Arthur Henderson

June 11, 1936 – February 23, 2024

Shortly before the end of the forenoon watch on Friday, February 23rd, Doug crossed the bar with family alongside. He leaves behind three children (Timothy, Lindsey, and Christopher Henderson), two step-sons (Geoffrey and Michael Carrow) and their families including eleven grandchildren and one great-grandson. Doug was predeceased by his second wife, Anne, with whom he spent 26 years traveling and serving his church and community. He is survived by Sarah, his first wife of 34 years with whom he had three great children and travelled the world.

Doug was born and educated in Montreal and joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1955, serving on both coasts and overseas in the UK, Italy, and Denmark. Following his retirement in 1993, Doug served in numerous municipal emergency planning roles, was a member of the Naval Association of Canada, and was a stalwart parishioner of the Church of St John the Divine in Victoria, BC.

With sincere thanks to the staff at the Royal Jubilee Hospital and the physician and nurse who assisted Dad in his final passage and showed what dignity looks like.

A memorial service will be held at the Church of St John the Divine, 1611 Quadra St, Victoria, B.C. at 14:00 on Saturday, June 8, 2024.

*I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.*

John Masefield



