

A Service of Thanksgiving and Celebration for the life of

Robert (Bob) Stephen Duncan

18th June 1940 – 2nd February 2025



Thanet Crematorium
13th February 2025 @3pm

Conducted by Canon Philip Musindi

Order of Service

Entrance music: Jesu Joy of Man's desiring by Johann
Sebastian Bach

Welcome: Canon Philip Musindi



Hymn:

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia, alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, alleluia,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows,
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia, alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)



Opening Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father, we gather here today to remember the life of Robert and celebrate the life that he enjoyed here on earth and to thank you for each precious moment and memory that we have had with him. His life has touched so many, in so many different ways. We pray that your peace and presence will be upon us during this time and we pray this in the name of your Son Jesus Christ. Amen



Bible Readings: 1 Corinthians 13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing.

If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast,[b] but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.

It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.

For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

Eulogy read by Stephen Duncan

Tribute to Robert from Enid - read by Jenny Lambert

Poem:

Death is nothing at All — Canon Henry Scott-Holland

Prayers by Canon Philip

The Lord's Prayer (said by 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,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Hymn: How great thou art

O LORD my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made;
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze

Chorus

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin

Chorus

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God how great Thou art!

Stuart Hine 1899-1989

Prayers by Canon Philip

Commendation:

Final blessing

Exit music : Nimrod by Edward Elgar

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Following the service please join family and friends at
The Racing Greyhound, 227 Hereson Rd, Ramsgate
CT11 7EX for light refreshments and to share memories.

Donations in lieu of flowers to Butler Trust via the
funeral directors .



