SELWYN COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

A SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE
Sunday 13 November 2022 at 6:00pm
ABOUT THIS SERVICE

Today, we gather as a community of all faiths and none to reflect on the human cost of conflict and to honour the fallen. You are invited to join in when indicated.

This is an opportunity to remember those who died fighting in the First and Second World Wars, and all those who have suffered because of those wars. It is also an opportunity to remember all those who have died as a result of conflicts before and since.

As well as being a service of remembrance, this is also a time to reflect on the ways in which war and violence continue to tear apart lives, communities, and countries. It is also a service of hope; hope that a future without violence, hatred, fear, and misunderstanding can be possible.

The service will consist of anthems sung by the choir, accompanied by a series of readings. In addition, the names of those listed on the college’s war memorials will be read out, and we will hear a reflection on what it is to remember.

The chapel community prays regularly for those whose names are added on the prayer board at the back of chapel. You are welcome to add the names of anyone for whom you would like us to pray in this way.

Cover image: ‘Gas Drill’ by Molly Lamb Bobak (1920-2014)
Please stand as the choir and ministers enter the Chapel.

**CHOIR**

**DULCE ET DECORUM EST**

words: Horace (65-8 BCE)

music: Alex Patterson (b. 1988)

Dulce et decorum est
pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persequitur virum
nec parcit inbellis iuventae
poplitibus timidoque tergo.

How sweet and fitting it is
to die for one’s country:

Death pursues the man who flees,
spares not the hamstrings or
cowardly backs of battle-shy youths.

**SENTENCE**

*Minister*

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares
and their spears into pruning hooks;
nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war any more.  
*Isaiah 2: 4*

Please sit.

**READING**

**ON RECEIVING NEWS OF THE WAR**

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918)

Snow is a strange white word;
No ice or frost
Have asked of bud or bird
For Winter’s cost.

Yet ice and frost and snow
From earth to sky
This Summer land doth know
No man knows why.
In all men’s hearts it is.
Some spirit old
Hath turned with malign kiss
Our lives to mould.

Red fangs have torn His face.
God’s blood is shed.
He mourns from His lone place
His children dead.

O! ancient crimson curse!
Corrode, consume.
Give back this universe
Its pristine bloom.

From *The Collected Works of Isaac Rosenberg,*

Please stand.

**HYMN**

**ETERNAL RULER OF THE CEASELESS ROUND**

1
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
of circling planets singing on their way;
guide of the nations from the night profound
into the glory of the perfect day;
rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.
We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
one in our love of all things sweet and fair,
one with the joy that breaketh into song,
one with the grief that trembles into prayer,
one in the power that makes thy children free
to follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
our inspiration be thy constant word;
we ask no victories that are not thine:
give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
足够的 to know that we are serving thee.

Please sit.

READING       L’CHOL EESH YESH SHEM
Zelda Schneurson Mishkovsky (1914-1984)

Everyone has a name
given to him by G-d
and given to him by his parents

Everyone has a name
given to him by his stature
and the way he smiles
and given to him by his clothing

Everyone has a name
given to him by the mountains
and given to him by his walls
Everyone has a name
given to him by the stars
and given to him by his neighbours

Everyone has a name
given to him by his sins
and given to him by his longing

Everyone has a name
given to him by his enemies
and given to him by his love

Everyone has a name
given to him by his feasts
and given to him by his work

Everyone has a name
given to him by the seasons
and given to him by his blindness

Everyone has a name
given to him by the sea and
given to him
by his death.

(Translated from Hebrew by Marcia Falk,
quoted from "Generations of the Holocaust" by Bergmann and Jugovy)
Dominator caelorum  
et terrae creator  
Qui conteris bella ab initio  
Eleova brachium tuum  
super omnes gentes  
Qui cogitant servis tuis mala  
Et dextera tua  
gloricicetur in nobis.

Da pacem, Domine,  
in diebus nostris:  
quia non est alias  
qui pugnet pro nobis,  
nisi tu, Deus noster.

Ruler of heaven  
and creator of earth  
Who destroys wars from the beginning  
Lift up your arm  
against all the people  
Who intend evil towards your people  
And your right hand  
will be glorified in us.

Give peace, O Lord,  
in our time:  
because there is no one else  
who would fight on our behalf  
extcept you, our Lord.

You who believe, uphold justice  
and bear witness to God, even if  
it is against yourselves, your  
parents, or your close relatives.  
Whether the person is rich or  
poor, God can best take care of  
both. Refrain from following  
your own desire, so that you can  
act justly—if you distort or  
neglect justice, God is fully  
aware of what you do.'
CROSSING THE BAR

words: Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)
music: Rani Arbo (b. 1968)

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 of 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.

A PRAYER FOUND NEAR A CHILD’S BODY

in Ravensbrück Women’s Concentration Camp

O Lord, remember not only the men and women of good will, but also those of evil will. But do not remember all the suffering they have inflicted upon us, Lord; remember the fruits we have brought, thanks to this suffering: our comradeship, our loyalty, our humility, our courage, our generosity, the greatness of our heart which has grown out of all this; and when they come to judgement, let all the fruits we have borne be their forgiveness. Amen.
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.

When some were speaking about the temple, how it was adorned
with beautiful stones and gifts dedicated to God, he said, “As for
these things that you see, the days will come when not one stone
will be left upon another; all will be thrown down.” They asked him,
“Teacher, when will this be, and what will be the sign that this is
about to take place?” And he said, “Beware that you are not led
astray; for many will come in my name and say, ‘I am he!’ and, ‘The
time is near!’ Do not go after them. “When you hear of wars and
insurrections, do not be terrified; for these things must take place
first, but the end will not follow immediately.” Then he said to them,
“Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against
kingdom; there will be great earthquakes, and in various places
famines and plagues; and there will be dreadful portents and great signs from heaven. “But before all this occurs, they will arrest you and persecute you; they will hand you over to synagogues and prisons, and you will be brought before kings and governors because of my name. This will give you an opportunity to testify. So make up your minds not to prepare your defence in advance; for I will give you words and a wisdom that none of your opponents will be able to withstand or contradict. You will be betrayed even by parents and brothers, by relatives and friends; and they will put some of you to death. You will be hated by all because of my name. But not a hair of your head will perish. By your endurance you will gain your souls.

REFLECTION ON REMEMBRANCE

Clare Owen

Ordinand on Attachment from Westcott House
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Please remain standing.

READING  PEACE  
Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)

My Soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skillful in the wars;
There, above noise and danger
Sweet Peace sits, crown’d with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow’r of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.
THE ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

Silence is kept as the candles by the chapel war memorials are lit.

Minister Mindful of our ever fragile world, in hope we light these candles as a symbol of God’s peace.

Please remain standing as the names of members of Selwyn who died in war are read aloud.

Silence is kept.

The choir sings:

FOR THE FALLEN
words: Lawrence Binyon (1896-1943)
music: Douglas Guest (1916-1996)

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them.

Minister: Rest eternal grant unto them O Lord:
All: And let light perpetual shine upon them.
INTERCESSIONS

Leader: Let us pray.

Please sit or kneel to pray.

Leader: God of forgiveness, bring healing and reconciliation to this broken world. Help us to not forget the horrors of war, the massacres committed in the name of war, and the people whose lives are disfigured and destroyed because of war. Forgive us for the ways in which we act out of hatred and fear, and for our willingness to allow injustice to go unchallenged.

All Amen.

Leader: God of truth and justice, we hold before you those whose memory we cherish, and those whose names we will never know. Help us to lift our eyes above the torment of this broken world, and grant us the grace to pray for those who wish us harm. As we honour the past, may we put our faith in your future; for you are the source of life and hope, now and for ever.

All Amen.

Leader: God of the nations, as we look to that day when you will gather people from north and south, east and west, into the unity of your peaceable Kingdom, guide us with your just and gentle wisdom, that all you people may spend their days in security, freedom, and peace.

All Amen.

Please stand.
THE DISMISSAL

Minister Go in peace to love your neighbour.  
Go in power to work for reconciliation.  
Go in hope to proclaim peace to the nations.  
All Amen.

VOLUNTARY Elegy – C. H. H. Parry (1848-1918)

Please leave the Chapel quietly at the end of the service.

Refreshments will be served after the service in the Old SCR.

Supper for those who have booked will be served in the Harrison Room at 7.30pm.

There will be a retiring collection for the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal (Registered Charity No 219279).