

Remembered With Love
Joan Winnifred Massa
(née Brook)

February 25, 1927 – December 21, 2021



Funeral Service and Celebration of Life
St. Luke's Anglican Church - Victoria, BC
11:00 a.m. Saturday, May 7, 2022

Officiant: The Rev. Daniel Fournier
Organist: Susanne Reul-Zastre

*“Dear friends & family,
If you so wish lend a helping hand to a fellow man or a kind
word to a lonely heart. Goodbye and thank you for the memories.”*
(Joan Massa)

ORDER OF SERVICE

Scripture Sentences (Please stand.)

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This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day. (*John 6: 40*)

'I am the resurrection and the life,' says the Lord. 'Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die.' (*John 11: 25, 26*)

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. (*Romans 8: 38, 39*)

I know that my Redeemer lives, and that at the last he will stand upon the earth; and after my skin has been destroyed, then in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another. (*Job 19: 25-27*)

Please be seated.

Words of Welcome: The Rev. Daniel Fournier

Remembering Joan:

Eulogy given by Lesley Morrison, Betty Kask, and Doug Massa.

Please stand.

Hymn: In the Garden

Tune: Garden (Miles)

**I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.**

Refrain:

**And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.**

**He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing. [Refrain]**

**I'd stay in the garden with Him
Tho' the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling. [Refrain]**

Opening Prayer:

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And with thy spirit.

Priest: Let us pray.

Priest: Father in heaven, we praise your name
for all who have finished this life loving and trusting
you, for the example of their lives,
the life and grace you gave them,
and the peace in which they rest.
We praise you today for your servant Joan
and for all that you did through her.
Meet us in our sadness
and fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving,
for the sake of our risen Lord, Jesus Christ.

All: Amen.

Please be seated.

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 43: 1-3

(Read by Katie Morrison)

Reader: A reading from the Book of the Prophet Isaiah.

But now thus says the Lord,

he who created you, O Jacob,

he who formed you, O Israel:

Do not fear, for I have redeemed you;

I have called you by name, you are mine.

When you pass through the waters, I will be with you;

and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you;

when you walk through fire you shall not be burned,

and the flame shall not consume you.

For I am the Lord your God,

the Holy One of Israel, your Saviour.

Reader: Word of God, Word of Life.

All: Thanks be to God.

Psalm 23

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.***

Please stand.

Gradual Hymn: Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Tune: Aberyswyth

**Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.**

**Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.**

**Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.**

**Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.**

**Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.**

The Gospel

John 20: 1, 11-18

(Read by: The Rev. Daniel Fournier)

Reader: A reading from the Holy Gospel according to John.

All: Glory be to thee, O Lord.

Early on the first day of the week, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and saw that the stone had been removed from the tomb. But Mary stood weeping outside the tomb. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb; and she saw two angels in white, sitting where the body of Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the other at the feet.

They said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping?' She said to them, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him.' When she had said this, she turned round and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping? For whom are you looking?' Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, 'Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.'

Jesus said to her, 'Mary!' She turned and said to him in Hebrew, 'Rabbouni!' (which means Teacher). Jesus said to her, 'Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, "I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."' Mary Magdalene went and announced to the disciples, 'I have seen the Lord'; and she told them that he had said these things to her.

Reader: The Gospel of Christ.

All: Praise to thee, O Christ.

Reflection: The Rev. Daniel Fournier

Hymn: O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

Tune: St. Margaret

O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

The Apostle's Creed

All: I believe in God,
All the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ,
his only Son, our Lord.
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,

was crucified, died, and was buried.
He descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again
to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Prayers

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And also with you.

Priest: Let us pray.

Trusting in God's compassion,
let us offer our prayers, saying,
'God our refuge,
hide us under the shadow of your wings.'

God our refuge,
All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

God of grace and glory,
we thank you for Joan, who was near and dear to us,
and who we miss now and always.
God our refuge,
All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

We thank you for the friendship she gave
and for the strength and peace she brought.
God our refuge,
All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

We thank you for the love she offered
and received while she was with us on earth.
God our refuge,

All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

We pray that what was good in Joan's life
will not be lost,
but will continue to be of benefit to the world;
that all that was important to her
will be respected by those who follow;
and that everything in which she was great
will continue to mean much to us.

God our refuge,

All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

We ask that she may go on living in her children,
grandchildren, family and friends;
in their hearts and minds,
in their courage and their consciences.

God our refuge,

All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

We ask you that we who were close to her
may now be even closer to each other,
and that we may, in peace and friendship here on
earth, always be deeply conscious of your promise
to be faithful to us in death.

God our refuge,

All: hide us under the shadow of your wings.

May God grant us courage and confidence
in the new life of Christ.

We ask this in the name of our risen Lord.

All: Amen.

Priest: Father of all, we pray to you
for those we love but see no longer.
Grant them your peace;
let light perpetual shine upon them;

and in your loving wisdom and almighty power,
work in them the good purpose of your perfect will,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

**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 them that 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.**

The Commendation (please stand)

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

Priest: 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.

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

Priest: Into your hands, O merciful Saviour,
we commend your servant Joan Winnifred Massa.
Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold,

a lamb of your own flock,
a sinner of your own redeeming.
Receive her into the arms of your mercy,
into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

All: Amen.

Here follows a time of silence.

Priest: Rest eternal grant to her, O Lord.

All: And let light perpetual shine upon her.

Priest: May her soul, and the souls of all the departed,
by the mercy of God, rest in peace.

All: Amen.

Benediction:

Priest: May God bless you and keep you;
May God's face shine upon you
and be gracious to you;
May the light of God's countenance be on you
and grant you peace, now and always.

All: Amen.

Hymn: How Great Thou Art

Tune: 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,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.**

***Refrain:* 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,
I 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; (*refrain*)**

**But 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; (*refrain*)**

**When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And claim his own, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art!"
(*refrain*)**