

A Celebration of Life



Alan McKinna

13th August 1932 – 12th December 2020



2.00 pm on Wednesday, 7th July 2021

**St Thomas' Church, Winchelsea
East Sussex, TN36 4EB**

Organist
Carl Jackson

‘Amazing Grace’
The Sussex Bagpiper
Gary Anderson

Welcome and Introduction
Reverend Jonathan Meyer
Rector – St Thomas’ Church, Winchelsea

Hymn
‘I Vow To Thee, My Country’
Sir Cecil Spring Rice 1921
Music by Gustav Holst

A Celebration of Dad’s Life
Andrew, Fiona and James McKinna

Memories from The Front Line
Professor Graham Layer
Consultant Surgeon

A Winchelsea Life Well-Lived
David Page
Mayor of Winchelsea

Hymn
‘Lord of All Hopefulness’

Jan Struther 1931

Music – Traditional Gaelic Melody

Peter Hatch

Bible Reading

David Page

JOHN 14:1-6

Jesus said, “Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going”. Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me”.

Address and Prayers

The Lord’s Prayer

Reverend Jonathan Meyer

Psalm 23
‘The Lord is My Shepherd’
Peter Hatch

‘In the Water-Margins’
Jonty Driver

Here, at the water’s edge, in a cabin on stilts,
I am listening to what the reeds are telling me
in a kind of breathless whispering, *As if...as if...as if...*
so indefinite that the words are like swallows fluttering low
but too fast to be caught by anyone or anything
except as streaks on the edge of one’s retina
like smears of ink on a faded Chinese manuscript...

And then, in your most matter-of-fact voice, you say
*It’s just the noise of the wind in the reeds and the water moving
when the reeds are shuffled backwards and forwards.*
So you scoff at me like a post-modernist philosopher:
*Do you really think you can hear what the reeds say?
You may as well try to catch the swallows as they curve
down to the meniscus of the water and then upwards.*

The water-margins are where trouble-makers were sent
by the emperor and his mandarins when they'd had enough
of their insidious garrulity, inconstancy, duplicity.
Even here at home, even in what was once my own country,
the soul gets sent away, out of all imagining.
What the reeds are saying as the wind passes between them,
are aspirant conditionals, *as if, if only, and provided.*

As if everything, that's what the reed-bed is saying,
which isn't much different from *as if nothing*,
when nothing and victory may be synonymous.
It's no good your telling me it should be otherwise;
if you can't hear what I hear when the reeds gossip to me,
it's because you seem to know precisely that this is personal;
you suppose the noise is sans significance, the words without
meaning.

Even when you think there is nothing that matters,
something does. And that turns out to be the biggest puzzle,
that there should be something at all, and not just nothing.
This is what I am having such trouble with, when I hear
that persistent chorus. I feared those voices would be baleful;
instead they are kind of peaceful, kind of accepting,
maybe even kind of kindly, here in the water-margins.

Music

'The Lord Bless You and Keep You'

John Rutter

Peter Hatch

Reading

Fiona McKinna

From 'Benedictus, A Book Of Blessings'

By John Donohue

This is the time to be slow
Lie low to the wall
Until the bitter weather passes
Try, as best you can,
Not to let the wire brush of doubt
Scrape from your heart
All sense of your self
And your hesitant light
If you remain generous
Time will come good;
And you will find your feet again
On fresh pastures of promise,
Where the air will be kind
And blushed with beginning.

A Celtic Blessing
Andrew McKinna

May the road rise gently at your feet;
May the sun shine warmly upon your face;
May the wind be always at your back;
May the rain fall softly upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

The Final Blessing
Reverend Jonathan Meyer

Departure of the Family for The Committal

**Congregation to remain seated, please, while the
organist plays, until invited to walk over to the
New Hall for tea**

Music
'The Rowan Tree'
Lady Nairne 1822
Gary Anderson
The Sussex Bagpiper



We would like to thank all Mum and Dad's friends in Winchelsea, as well as family and friends across the world, and Mum's wonderful carers, for their incredible support and love, particularly over the last seven months.



Donations in memory of Dad may be made to St Thomas' Church, Winchelsea

