



# David Lindsay Maxwell

8TH APRIL 1951 - 18TH DECEMBER 2023

Saturday 2nd March 2024  
All Saints The Old Chapel, Eastbourne

## ENTRANCE

Nimrod – Edward Elgar

## WELCOME

Mary Haines

## HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.  
In deeper reverence, praise.*

*In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow Thee.  
Rise up and follow Thee.*

*O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love!  
Interpreted by love!*

*Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.  
The beauty of Thy peace.*

*Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm.  
O still, small voice of calm.*

### **SCHOOL DAYS**

Erick Curzon

### **THE ETON BOATING SONG**

Male Voice Choir

Jolly boating weather,  
And a hay harvest breeze,  
Blade on the feather,  
Shade off the trees,  
Swing swing together,  
With your bodies between your knees,  
Swing swing together,  
With your bodies between your knees.

Rugby may be more clever,  
Harrow may make more row,  
But we'll row for ever,  
Steady from stroke to bow,  
And nothing in life shall sever,  
The chain that is round us now,  
And nothing in life shall sever,  
The chain that is round us now.

Others will fill our places,  
Dressed in the old light blue,  
We'll recollect our races,  
We'll to the flag be true,  
And youth will be still in our faces,  
When we cheer for an Eton crew,  
And youth will be still in our faces,  
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

### **ROWING MEMORIES**

Chris Baillieu

### **READING**

Gone From My Sight - Henry Van Dkye  
Linda Titterington

I am standing upon the seashore  
A ship at my side spreads her white  
sails to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.  
She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length

she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.  
Then, someone at my side says;  
"There, she is gone!"  
"Gone where?"  
Gone from my sight. That is all.  
She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.  
And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"  
There are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;  
"Here she comes!"  
And that is dying.

### **MEDICAL CAREER**

Colin Kennedy

### **HYMN**

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer

*Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven  
Feed me till I want no more.  
Feed me till I want no more.*



*Open thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing stream shall flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer  
Be thou still my strength and shield.  
Be thou still my strength and shield.*

*When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.  
I will ever give to thee.*

### **FAMILY LIFE**

Maxine Murray

### **READING**

What Will Matter – Michael Josephson  
Bryony Maxwell

Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end.  
There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours, or days.  
All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten,  
will pass to someone else.  
Your wealth, fame, and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance.  
It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed.  
Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies  
will finally disappear.  
So, too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will expire.

The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away.

It won't matter where you came from

or what side of the tracks you lived on at the end.

It won't matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant.

Even your gender and skin color will be irrelevant.

So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought but what you built;

not what you got but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned but what you taught.

What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage,

or sacrifice that enriched, empowered,

or encouraged others to emulate your example.

What will matter is not your competence but your character.

What will matter is not how many people you knew but how many will

feel a lasting loss when you're gone.

What will matter is not your memories

but the memories of those who loved you.

What will matter is how long you will be remembered,

by whom, and for what.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident.

It's not a matter of circumstance but of choice.

Choose to live a life that matters.

## **CLOSING WORDS**

Mary Haines

## **MUSIC**

Adagio in G Minor - Albinoni

Thomas Kirby (viola) and Peter Young (piano)



The family would like to thank you for attending today. There is a book of attendance in the entrance hall which you are all invited to sign. Please join us for refreshments in the Chapel immediately after the service and share with others your memories of David.

### **DONATIONS**

If you wish to make a donation please consider  
St Wilfrid's Hospice, Eastbourne.