

IN THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF
EDWIN ARTHUR HUCK



12.30PM - TUESDAY 2 JUNE 2026

EDWIN ARTHUR HUCK



05 MARCH 1926– 16 MAY 2026

ORDER OF SERVICE

GATHERING

'Ich ruf zu dir' BWV 639 by Johann Sebastian Bach

HYMN

Lord of all Hopefulness

READINGS

'Remember' by Christina Rossetti

'Crossing the bar' by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SCRIPTURE

Gospel of Saint John

Second Letter of Saint Paul the Corinthians

Gospel of Saint Matthew

THE HOMILY

HYMN

Immortal Invisible, God only Wise

THE PRAYERS

REFLECTION

'Ave verum' by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

THE COMMITTAL

THE LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN

Jerusalem

PARTING

'Toccata from 5th Symphony' by Charles-Marie Widor

GATHERING

The congregation stands as the bells ring.

† In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

May the Father of mercies, the God of all consolation be with you.
And also with you.

LORD OF ALL HOPEFULNESS



Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares can destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labors, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

READINGS

‘Remember’

Read by Kerwin Huck

by Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

‘Crossing the bar’

Read by Rhiannon Williams

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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.

SCRIPTURE

The Gospel of Saint John

Jesus said to his disciples, “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.” Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid.’

Gospel of St. John 14:1-4, 27

The Second Letter of Saint Paul to the Corinthians

So we do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed day by day. For this slight momentary affliction is preparing us for an eternal weight of glory beyond all measure, because we look not at what can be seen but at what cannot be seen; for what can be seen is temporary, but what cannot be seen is eternal. For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this tent we groan, longing to be clothed with our heavenly dwelling— if indeed, when we have taken it off we will not be found naked. For while we are still in this tent, we groan under our burden, because we wish not to be unclothed but to be further clothed, so that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life. He who has prepared us for this very thing is God, who has given us the Spirit as a guarantee. So we are always confident; even though we know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord— for we walk by faith, not by sight. Yes, we do have confidence, and we would rather be away from the body and at home with the Lord. So whether we are at home or away, we make it our aim to please him. For all of us must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each may receive recompense for what has been done in the body, whether good or evil.

Corinthians 4.16 -5.10

The Gospel of Saint Matthew

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain; and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. Then he began to speak, and taught them, saying: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. “Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. “Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled. “Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God. “Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. “Blessed are you when people revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

Gospel of St. Matthew 5.1 – 12a

The Homily

By The Reverend Father John Baldock, Vicar of Christ Church, South Yarra.



IMMORTAL INVISIBLE



Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, your great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor, wanting, nor wasting, but ruling in might;
your justice like mountains high soaring above,
your clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

You give life to all, Lord, to both great and small,
in all life now living, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on a tree,
then wither: but ever unchanged you will be.
Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
your angels adore you, all veiling their sight;
of all your rich graces this grace, Lord, impart—
take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

All praise we would render: reveal to our sight
what hides you is only the splendour of light;
and so let your glory, Almighty, impart,
through Christ in the story, your Christ to the heart.

Author: Walter C. Smith (1867)

Tune: ST DENIO – TIS 143

REFLECTION

'Ave verum' by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Sung by Lily Flynn, Soprano

*Candles will be lit in remembrance of Edwin
and in thanksgiving for the light he brought into our lives.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The coffin is sprinkled with water as a reminder that Edwin was baptised into Christ's death and resurrection and made pure and spotless in the sight of God.

The coffin is then censed with incense, as our prayers and thoughts of Edwin rise to the heavens.

**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.**



JERUSALEM



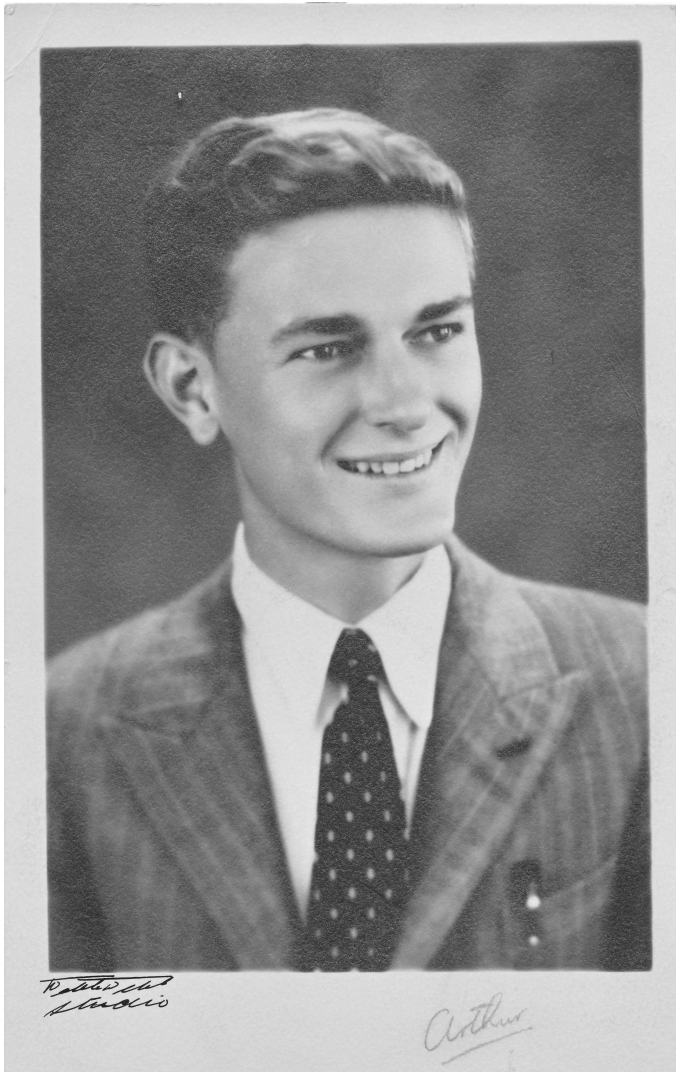
And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Amongst these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold
Bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear: o clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Author: William Blake (1757 - 1827)

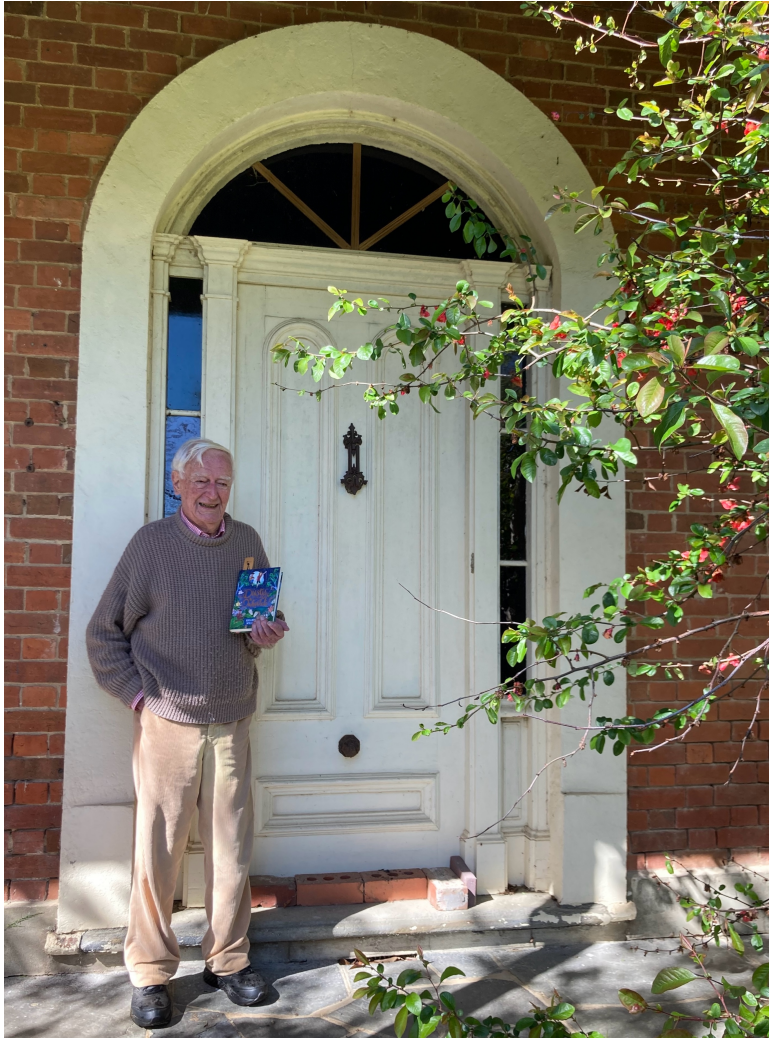
Tune: JERUSALEM

With thanks to
Fr. John Baldock - *Celebrant*
Lily Flynn - *Soloist*
Peter Guy - *Organ*



*You are all invited to join for a wake after the service
to celebrate Arthur's life at one of his favourite watering holes*

*Naughtons Hotel
The Back Room
43 Royal Parade, Parkville
2pm - 4.30pm*



Christ Church South Yarra

Corner Punt and Toorak Roads

PO Box 8 South Yarra

Victoria 3141 Australia

+ 61 3 9866 4434

www.ccsy.org.au