

A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF
JACK BUCKINGHAM

29TH MARCH 1950 - 16TH DECEMBER 2025



ST FAITH'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
GLEN IRIS

TUESDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 2026

Order of Service

Opening Hymn

Morning has Broken

Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where God's feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

Welcome and Introduction Reverend Heather Scott

Placing of Christian Symbols and Symbols of Jack's life

Tributes

Mary Buckingham
Roger Harder
Lis Black
Maureen Shinton

Reflection

Bridge Over Troubled Water
Simon & Garfunkel
The Orchards of Co. Armagh

Poem

Cam Black

Final Time by Jack Buckingham

Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green, he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
for thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Reading

Matthew 5:3-9

Mandy Koh

Poem

Eddie Harder

Gratitude by Jack Buckingham

What I feel today is gratitude.
To the postman cycling up the street.
To the fresh breeze flicking across my face.
To the feeding rainbow lorikeets,
Close at hand, and bravely
Upside down, pecking at the seed bars
We've left for them on a magnolia branch.
To everything hidden and valued.
To the gurgling baby in the pram pushed by.
To tomorrow's fleeting plans.
To yesterday's survival.
To the blurring edge between the two
That blesses our view with shadow.
To all that would truly carry on
And cherish the forces that brought us here.
Even to the snail, destined to ooze by night,
And to bitter sweetness, constantly refreshed.
What I feel today is gratitude,
As a warm-eyed dog comes wagging,
No apology to frame for this.

Hymn

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth,
for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies,

Refrain:

*Christ, our God, to you we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.*

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon and stars of light, [*Refrain*]

For the joy of ear and eye,
for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony
linking sense to sound and sight, [*Refrain*]

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild, [*Refrain*]

For the church that evermore,
lifting holy hands above,
offers up on every shore
the pure sacrifice of love, [*Refrain*]

Prayers of the Faithful

Steve Buckingham, Joan Scott,
Geoff Brewer and Melissa Cogdon

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

The Commendation

The Blessing

Closing Song

Nights in White Satin
The Moody Blues



Jack's family would like to thank you for being here today
and all your expressions of sympathy and support.

Following the service, you are invited to refreshments
in the St Faith's Parish Centre
for afternoon tea and to reflect on Jack's life.



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