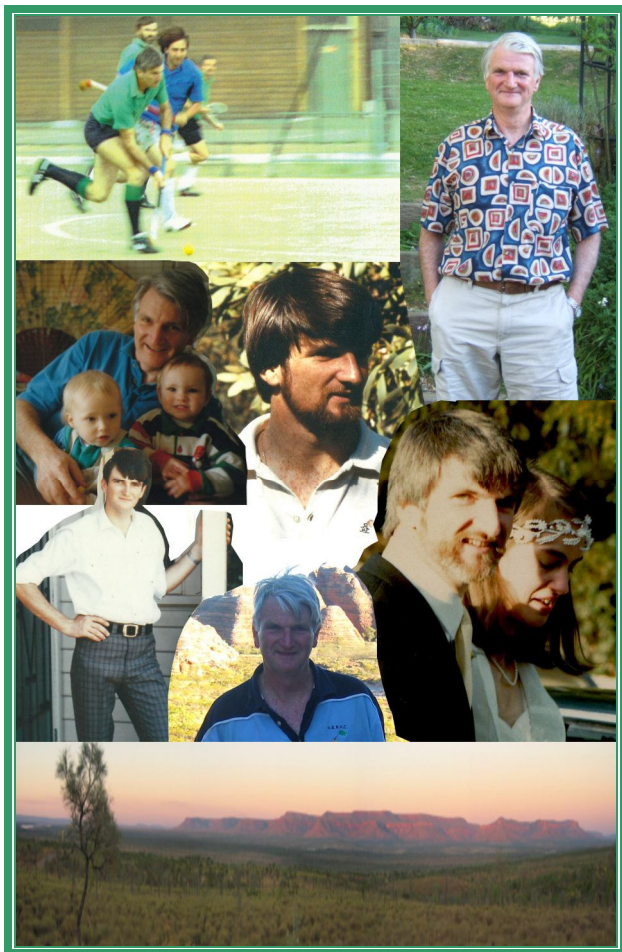


**A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
FOR THE LIFE OF**

**STEPHEN THOMAS  
BLACKNEY**

6 March 1949 – 7 July 2010



2.00 pm

Thursday 15 July 2010  
Christ Church, Chorleywood

# **Stephen**

Husband

Father

Brother

Friend

Australian

Hockey player

Coach

Professional engineer

Young Enterprise mentor

School governor

Russia country manager

**God's friend**

**Service led by  
Revd. Canon Gavin Collins**

**WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER**

**HYMN**

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:

*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  
And 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;

And 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:

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home—what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

**MEMORIES OF STEPHEN**

An opportunity for family and friends to share their  
tributes and memories of Stephen

**MUSIC**  
**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN**

Rolf Harris

**POEM**  
**I LOVE A SUNBURNT COUNTRY**

Written by Dorothea MacKellar  
Read by Stephen's aunt, Cate Charnell

The love of field and coppice,  
Of green and shaded Lanes,  
Of ordered woods and gardens,  
Is running in your veins;  
Strong love of grey-blue distance,  
Brown streams and soft, dim skies -  
I know but cannot share it,  
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of ragged mountain ranges,  
Of drought and flooding rains,  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel sea,  
Her beauty and her terror -  
The wide brown land for me.

The tragic ring-barked forests  
Stark white beneath the moon,  
The sapphire-misted mountains,  
The hot gold hush of noon.  
Green tangle of the brushes  
Where lithe lianas coil,  
And orchids deck the tree-tops  
And ferns the crimson soil.

Core of my heart, my country!  
Her pitiless blue sky,  
When sick at heart around us  
We see the cattle die -  
But then the grey clouds gather  
And we can bless again  
The drumming of an army,  
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!  
Land of the Rainbow Gold,  
For flood and fire and famine,  
She pays us back threefold;  
Over the thirsty paddocks,  
Watch, after many days,  
The filmy veil of greenness  
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,  
A wilful, lavish land -  
All you who have not loved her,  
You will not understand -  
Though Earth holds many splendours,  
Wherever I may die,  
I know to what brown Country  
My homing thoughts will fly.

## HYMN

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

When we've been there a thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

## READING

Psalm 51

Read by Michael Citroen

Have mercy on me, O God, according to your unfailing love; according to your great compassion blot out my transgressions. Wash away all my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions, and my sin is always before me. Against you, you only, have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight, so that you are proved right when you speak and justified when you judge.

Surely I was sinful at birth, sinful from the time my mother conceived me. Surely you desire truth in the inner parts; you teach me wisdom in the inmost place.

Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean; wash me, and I will be whiter than snow. Let me hear joy and gladness; let the bones you have crushed rejoice. Hide your face from my sins and blot out all my iniquity.

Create in me a pure heart, O God, and renew a steadfast spirit within me. Do not cast me from your presence or take your Holy Spirit from me. Restore to me the joy of your salvation and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

Then I will teach transgressors your ways, and sinners will turn back to you. Save me from bloodguilt, O God, the God who saves me, and my tongue will sing of your righteousness. O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth will declare your praise. You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it; you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise.

In your good pleasure make Zion prosper; build up the walls of Jerusalem. Then there will be righteous sacrifices, whole burnt offerings to delight you; then bulls will be offered on your altar.

## ADDRESS

## PRAYERS

### THE GRACE

2 Corinthians v14

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
and the love of God,  
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,  
be with us all evermore. Amen.

## HYMN

In Christ alone my hope is found,  
He is my light, my strength, my song;  
This cornerstone, this solid ground,  
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My comforter, my All in All,  
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! - who took on flesh,  
Fullness of God in helpless babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
Scorned by the ones He came to save:  
Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
The wrath of God was satisfied -  
For every sin on Him was laid;  
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,  
Light of the world by darkness slain:  
Then bursting forth in glorious Day  
Up from the grave He rose again!  
And as He stands in victory  
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,  
For I am His and He is mine  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,  
This is the power of Christ in me;  
From life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No power of hell, no scheme of man,  
Can ever pluck me from His hand;  
Till He returns or calls me home,  
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

## **FINAL PRAYER AND BLESSING**

**Sally, Phoebe and Misha invite everyone to  
come through to the Church Room for  
refreshments after the service.**

**Please ensure you sign the Condolence  
Book at the back of the church with your  
name and connection to Stephen before  
leaving.**

Stephen passed away on the evening of 7 July 2010 at a quarter to eight. He had had a stroke on 13 June. It was subsequently discovered to be caused by advanced pancreatic cancer. We had had no hints of this whatsoever prior to the stroke. Although hoping for a little longer, on Friday after a very positive morning, going outside, getting out of his wheelchair to sit on a bench under a tree for the first time, and a walk with stick in right hand and rather large physio tucked under his left side around the ward at a brisk pace, he was struck down with a serious infection. After 11am on Friday he no longer communicated with us, although at the time we just put it down to exertion and effects of the stroke. He did not respond to antibiotics. On Tuesday we moved him to a hospice where we sat with him for the next day and a bit.

Stephen made friends with many people in his life. This was evident when he was in hospital as not a day passed when he did not have visitors. Managing the flow became a full-time job! He continued to make friends on the ward, frequently sending fruit over to the bed opposite to be shared.

Thank you for your friendship to him and us over the years.