



MICHAEL BOND, CBE

1926-2017

In Celebration of his Life



Tuesday 14th November 2017
11 am

WELCOME TO ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

We are a Christian church within the Anglican tradition (Church of England) and we welcome people of all Christian traditions as well as people of other faiths and people of little or no faith. Christian worship has been offered to God here for over 1400 years. By worshipping with us today, you become part of that living tradition. Our regular worshippers, supported by nearly 150 members of staff and a large number of volunteers, make up the cathedral community.

We are committed to the diversity, equal opportunities and personal and spiritual development of all who work and worship here because we are followers of Jesus Christ. We are a Fairtrade Cathedral and use fairly traded communion wine at all celebrations of the Eucharist, and this order of service is printed on sustainably-produced paper. Thank you for being with us today. If you need any help, please ask a member of staff. Please be assured of our continuing prayers for you when you go back to your homes and places of worship.



As you prepare for worship, please be sensitive to the needs of those around you who may wish to pray quietly. Please switch off mobile telephones and do not use photographic, video or recording equipment at any time.



Michael Bond, CBE

Music before the Service

<i>Maestoso from Organ Sonata in A minor</i>	William H. Harris (1883-1973)
<i>Miniature Suite</i>	John Ireland (1879-1962)
i. <i>Intrada</i>	
ii. <i>Villanella</i>	
iii. <i>Menuetto-Impromptu</i>	
<i>Intermezzo</i>	Alfred Hollins (1865-1942)

The St Paul's Cathedral Choir is directed by Andrew Carwood, Director of Music. The Organ is played during the service by Simon Johnson, Organist and Assistant Director of Music, and before the service by Nicholas Freestone, Organ Scholar.

Action Medical Research

Action Medical Research is a leading UK-wide charity saving and changing children's lives through medical research. For 65 years, we've helped pioneer ways to prevent disease and develop treatments benefiting millions of people. Our research has helped to beat polio in the UK, develop ultrasound in pregnancy, fight meningitis and prevent stillbirths. Thank you for your support.

Action Medical Research is a charity registered in England (No 208701) and in Scotland (No SC039284).

ORDER OF SERVICE

*The congregation is asked to join in all texts printed in **bold**.*

Please remain seated as the Choir and Clergy proceed to the west end of the Cathedral.

Processional Hymn

during which the people stand and the procession moves through the Cathedral.

**All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluya, alleluya!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam:**

**O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!**

**Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise him, Alleluya!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice:**

**Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluya, Alleluya!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest us both warmth and light:**

**Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise him, Alleluya!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them his glory also show:**

**Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship him in humbleness,
O praise him, Alleluya!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, three in One:**

***O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!***

Words: St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226)
trans. William Draper (1855-1933)

Tune: *Lasst uns Erfreuen*
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Welcome and Bidding

given by

The Reverend Canon Mark Oakley,
Chancellor, Canon in Residence

Dear friends, we are gathered here in this cathedral church to give thanks to God for the life and work of Michael Bond.

We give thanks to the Divine Author of life that he blessed Michael with many gifts which he has shared with us through the art of story-telling.

We give thanks for the love he showed to family and friends, for the work he undertook with colleagues and associates, and for the inspiration he gave to readers and viewers.

And, as we remember with fondness the characters that sprang from Michael's imagination and recall their capacity for doing good, so let us give thanks for a bear called Paddington who fitted our world perfectly because he was different.

And we pray that good people will always look after each other, following the example of Jesus Christ in whose name we pray:

**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.**

Sit

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord:
who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel:
shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper:
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand.
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day:
neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in:
from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

Chant: Henry Walford Davies (1869-1941)

Reading 1

read by

India Jankel,
granddaughter

‘Fancy!’ chuckled Karen. ‘I’ve heard of guinea-pigs winning first prize for having the longest fur. I’ve heard of them winning first prize for having the smoothest and I’ve even seen awards for the longest whiskers . . . but yours . . .’ The voice dissolved into gales of laughter as the door closed. ‘It just serves you right for being so greedy!’

Olga sat for a while lost in thought. What could she have meant? Me . . . greedy? What sort of prize had she won?

She squinted through the window at the rosette still pinned to the travelling hutch and at the piece of card just below it.

Reading upside down wasn’t Olga’s strong point and although she had once, ages ago it now seemed, managed to spell out her name when there had been all the fuss about what to call her, new words were much more difficult and the writing on the card took a lot longer.

But then, **FIRST PRIZE TO OLGA DA POLGA FOR BEING THE FATTEST GUINEA-PIG IN THE SHOW** is a lot to get on a very small card, especially when the reader is so indignant she can hardly believe her own eyes.

Extract from The Tales of Olga da Polga

Reading 2

read by

Harry Jankel,
grandson

It was half-term and I went to spend the day with my grandparents . . .

I was telling them all about how the scenery caught fire.

‘I suppose you were nowhere near it at the time,’ said Papa.

I know why he said that. It was because soon after I arrived at their house he found the coffee machine switched on. Well, I saw this button sticking out and I couldn’t resist it.

‘Oh dear, oh dear,’ he said. ‘I’d better phone the police. I’ll tell them we’ve got this funny fault. The red light on our coffee machine keeps coming on all by itself.’

And he did too. He picked up the telephone and he dialled a number. I hung around looking out of the front window for a police car, but no one turned up. Thinking about it afterwards, I suspect it was only a pretend call.

Papa is always doing things like that. Like the time he explained to me how they make pasteurised milk.

He picked up a milk bottle, passed it in front of me and said, ‘There you are. It’s been past your eyes.’

I tried it out on our science mistress, Miss Jones, but she didn’t seem to think it was at all funny.

I suppose it’s the way you tell them.

Extract from *It Wasn’t Me*

Reading 3

read by

Robyn Jankel,
granddaughter

Paddington removed his hat and laid it carefully on the table while Mr Brown poured out the tea. He looked hungrily at the cakes, in particular at a large cream-and-jam one which Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him.

“There you are, Paddington,” he said. “I’m sorry they haven’t any marmalade ones, but they were the best I could get.”

“I’m glad I emigrated,” said Paddington, as he reached out a paw and pulled the plate nearer. “Do you think anyone would mind if I stood on the table to eat?”

Before Mr Brown could answer he had climbed up and placed his right paw firmly on the bun. It was a very large bun, the biggest and stickiest Mr Brown had been able to find, and in a matter of moments most of the inside had found its way onto Paddington’s whiskers. People started to nudge each other and began staring in their direction. Mr Brown wished he had chosen a plain, ordinary bun, but he wasn’t very experienced in the ways of bears. He stirred his tea and looked out of the window, pretending he had tea with a bear on Paddington station every day of his life.

Extract from *A Bear Called Paddington*

Anthem

Listen, listen carefully, O my child, to your teacher's guidance,
and incline the ear of your heart, incline the ear of your heart.
Receive willingly and carry out effectively
your loving Father's advice.

Words: from *The Rule of St Benedict*
trans. from Latin by Michael Berkeley (b.1948)

Music: Michael Berkeley (b.1948)

Tribute

given by

Karen Jankel, daughter

Stand

Hymn

**Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
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.**

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

**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!**

Words: John Whittier (1807-92)

Tune: *Repton*
C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)

Sit

Tribute

given by

Ann-Janine Murtagh,
Executive Publisher, HarperCollins Children's Books

Anthem

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

*Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.*

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Words: C. F. Alexander (1818-95)

Music: John Rutter (b.1945)

Reading

read by

Stephen Durbridge,
Michael Bond's agent

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

I Corinthians 13

Sermon

The Reverend Canon Michael Hampel,
Precentor

Anthem

Verbe égal au Très-Haut,
notre unique espérance,
Jour éternel de la terre et des cieux,
De la paisible nuit
nous rompons le silence:
Divin Sauveur,
jette sur nous les yeux.

Répands sur nous le feu
de ta grâce puissante;
Que tout l'enfer fuie
au son de ta voix;
Dissipe le sommeil
d'une âme languissante
Qui la conduit
à l'oubli de tes lois!

Ô Christ! sois favorable
à ce peuple fidèle,
Pour te bénir maintenant assemblé;
Reçois les chants
qu'il offre à ta gloire immortelle,
Et de tes dons
qu'il retourne comblé.

Words: Jean Racine (1639-99)

Word, one with the Most High,
our only hope,
Eternal Day of heaven and earth,
We break the silence
of the peaceful night;
Saviour Divine,
cast your eyes upon us.

Pour on us the fire
of your powerful grace,
That all hell may flee
at the sound of your voice;
Banish the slumber
of a weary soul,
That brings forgetfulness
of your laws!

O Christ, look with favour
upon your faithful people
Now gathered here to praise you;
Receive their hymns
offered to your immortal glory;
May they go forth
filled with your gifts.

Music: *Cantique de Jean Racine* (Op. 11)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Prayers

led by

The Reverend Helen O'Sullivan,
Priest Vicar and Chaplain

Charlie Redmayne, CEO,
HarperCollins UK

Val Remington-Hobbs,
Trustee, Action Medical Research

Nicholas Durbridge,
Chairman, The Copyrights Group

Let us pray.

Sit or kneel

God our Father,
you never cease the work you have begun
and prosper with your blessing all human creativity:
make us wise and faithful stewards of your gifts,
that we may serve the common good,
maintain the fabric of the world
and seek that justice where all may share
the good things you pour upon us;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

Let us pray for the world in which we live,
giving thanks to God for the creative impulse
of artists, writers, and composers,
for those who draw us together in fellowship
by entertaining us and providing hospitality for us;
for our own creativity that God may turn it to good ends
and encourage us to love one another
and to become more like God
as God has become more like us
in the person of Jesus Christ.

Amen.

O Lord,
who hast taught us that all our doings
without charity are nothing worth;
send thy Holy Ghost,
and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity,
the very bond of peace and of all virtues,
without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee:
grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake.

Amen.

And let us give thanks to God for Michael Bond,
for his family and friends,
his colleagues and supporters,
and for his creatures:
that his legacy may continue to cheer and inspire us on our way
and bring joy to people down the years.
Heavenly Father, please look after this author. Thank you.

Amen.

Silence is kept

Almighty God,
the fountain of all wisdom,
who knowest our necessities before we ask,
and our ignorance in asking;
we beseech thee to have compassion upon our infirmities;
and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not,
and for our blindness we cannot ask,
vouchsafe to give us,
for the worthiness of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

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.

About Michael Bond

delivered by

Hugh Bonneville

Samuel Joslin

and

Madeleine Harris

Michael's family have received tributes from all over the world. Here are just a few of them . . .

When I was younger I borrowed Paddington Bear the book from the library. I cried when it was time to take it back and hid it so my mum couldn't find it.

Well done, for your dedication to increasing joy in a world much in need of it.

I can't help but think that A.A. Milne and Michael Bond can now compare notes about bears!

You must have been a very special man to have created such a lovely character. I love Paddington Bear as much today as I did as a child back in the 70s. Thank you.

Thank you Mr Bond for making it OK to get into scrapes!

I doubt I'd ever have become a teacher if it hadn't been for Paddington Bear. His tips on hard stares served me particularly well.

Thank you for showing us proper values through a bear called Paddington.

Paddington is as much a British icon as the red post box and the phone box.

When I heard of the passing of Michael Bond, my world stopped for a few beats.

He was the creator of my friend and confidant during some very painful childhood years. I don't even know how I discovered Paddington, but I did. I was 8 years old.

I was painfully shy. Not just quiet . . . but frozen in my tracks, unable to speak to people, make eye contact, or make friends . . . it was awful.

But then I met this bear. I would escape my life and tag along with Paddington.

I joined him at the movies, when he dropped the marmalade sandwich on the bald guy's head and when he flooded the bathroom.

I got that he didn't belong in that world, and yet at the very same time, yes he did ... that he was different and imperfect and that is what made him so lovable.

I did grow up to be a normal functioning adult, with a degree in nursing, and now often stand in front of groups of nursing students and staff, teaching.

Funny how things work out.

When I arrived in Toulouse as a student with nowhere to live, not knowing anyone, sitting on the pavement with my suitcase I felt just like Paddington. And I thought to myself, Paddington managed, so shall I!

If your books were read to all kids around the world, the world would be a much kinder place!

When I was a child the Paddington books were new and coming into the library at intervals.

I had a regular order so that I could be the first to read them.

When the library's postcard came to advise me that they had a copy waiting for me, I would pedal my small bicycle as fast as I could to collect it.

Paddington represents such a major part of my childhood, that even today, when I think of myself in those years I can remember the impact of those stories upon me.

We should all go out and give idiots a hard stare in commemoration ...
... And eat marmalade.

The gift of Paddington and all the other wonderful characters he created, will leave a legacy of stories that will inspire, charm and teach children about good manners for decades to come.

Michael Bond will always be remembered with a smile and I don't think that there is any better way to remember someone.

And, as Stephen Fry put it, Michael was as kindly, dignified, charming and lovable as the immortal Paddington Bear he gave us.

Good night Michael Bond. Thank you for writing the books that taught me to read, and to want to read more.

Stand

Hymn

**The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.**

**We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.**

**As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.**

**The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.**

**So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.**

Words: John Ellerton (1826-93)

Tune: *St Clement*
Clement Scholefield (1839-1904)

Blessing

given by

The Canon in Residence

May God give to you,
and to all those you love,
comfort and peace,
light and joy,
in this world and the next,
and the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be upon you, and remain with you always.
Amen.

The Choir and Ministers return to the Dean's Aisle.

Organ Voluntary

Fanfare from Four Extemporisations

Percy Whitlock (1903-46)

You are invited to be seated for the playing of the Organ Voluntary, or to leave at this point without disturbing those who wish to listen.

To exit, please follow the directions of the Wandsmen and Stewards.

There will be a retiring collection in aid of Action Medical Research (please use and complete the gift aid envelope you were given when you arrived).

The St Paul's Cathedral Guild of Ringers will ring *Stedman Cinques* after the service.

Please take this order of service away with you
to reflect on the readings and prayers and as a reminder of your visit.



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