

NATIONAL COAL BOARD

A Memorial Service

FOR

THE MEN WHO SUFFERED AND DIED

AT

THE MARKHAM COLLIERY IN DERBYSHIRE

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, 30th JULY, 1973

SATURDAY, 11th AUGUST, 1973

AT NOON

IN

CHESTERFIELD PARISH CHURCH

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

HYMN 165

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

¶ *All Sit*

PRAYERS

O GOD, the Lord of Life, the Conqueror of death, our help in every time of trouble, who dost not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; comfort us who mourn, and give us grace, in the presence of death to worship Thee, that we may have sure hope of eternal life and be enabled to put our whole trust in Thy goodness and mercy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, Father of all mercies and giver of all comfort, deal graciously, we pray Thee, with those who mourn, that casting every care on Thee, they may know the consolation of Thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, who lovest us with an everlasting love: Help us now to wait on Thee with reverent and submissive hearts, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, may have hope, and be lifted above our distress into the light and peace of Thy Presence; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

CRIMOND

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,
E'en 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 furnished
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.

LESSON: Romans, Chapter 8, verses 18 - end.

HYMN 359

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller, be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

THE ADDRESS: THE BISHOP OF REPTON

HYMN 27

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me.

¶ *All Sit*

We remember:

JOSEPH BIRKIN
CLARENCE BRIGGS
JOSEPH BROCKLEHURST
CLIFFORD BROOKS
HENRY CHAPMAN
GORDON COOPER
GEORGE EYRES
JAN KAMINSKI
MICHAEL KILROY

LUBJACK PLEWINSKY
FREDERICK REDDISH
WILFRED RODGERS
CHARLES SISSONS
FRANK STONE
RICHARD TURNER
ALBERT TYLER
ALFRED WHITE

THE PRAYERS

ALMIGHTY God, we commend to Thee the men who are suffering still and who lie in hospital. Deliver them from evil and from all that may hinder them. Fill their bodies in every part with Thy glory and power. Accelerate in them the processes of healing and grant them peace in their minds; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

WE give them back to Thee, dear Lord, Who gavest them to us. Yet as Thou dost not lose them in giving, so we have not lost them by their return. Not as the world giveth, givest Thou, O Love of Souls. What Thou gavest Thou takest not away: for what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And life is eternal, Love is immortal, death is only an horizon and an horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, Strong Son of God, that we may see further. Cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly. Draw us closer to Thyself that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved who are with Thee. And while Thou does prepare a place for us, prepare us for that happy place that where they are and Thou art, we too may be; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, the God of the spirits of all flesh in whose embrace all creatures live in whatsoever world or condition they be: We beseech Thee for them whose names and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe them light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation.

Grant that their life may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If they have ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of ours we pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore them that they may serve Thee without hindrance. Tell them O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much we love and miss them and long to see them again; and, if there be a way in which they may come, vouchsafe them to us as a guide and guard and grant us a sense of their nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught we can minister to their peace, be pleased to Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep us from every act which may deprive us of the sight of them as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this prayer, and let Thy will be done, for our will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THEN said he, "I am going to my Father's: and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am, My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder". When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went he said "Death where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said "Grave where is thy victory?" So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Pilgrim's Progress, JOHN BUNYAN.

THE BLESSING

At the close of the Service the congregation should stand while the families leave the church.