

The University Church of St Mary the Great, Cambridge

## Memorial Service

Professor James Thomas Fitzsimons

PhD, MD, ScD, FRS

*8<sup>th</sup> July 1928 - 27<sup>th</sup> December 2023*



3.00 pm, Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> April 2024

# James Fitzsimons

Matriculated 1946

BA 1949

MA 1954

Fellow 1961-90

University Lecturer in Physiology 1964-76

Reader in Physiology 1976-90

Director of Studies in Medicine 1978-93

Professor of Medical Physiology 1990-95

Professorial Fellow Gonville & Caius College 1990-95

Life Fellow Gonville & Caius College 1995

President 1997-2005

*Cover image: Portrait by Paul Gopal-Chowdhury (painted in James's room in 1984).*

## ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

*Fantasia & Fugue in C minor BWV 537*

J S Bach (1685-1750)

*Chorale Prelude on 'Herzlich tut mich verlangen' Op 122/10*

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

*Prelude in F (Allegretto) Op. 101, No. 1*

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

*Corale-Prelude on 'Alle Menschen müssen sterben'*

Robin Holloway (b 1943)

SENTENCES *The Dean*

INTROIT God be in my head

God be in my head  
and in my understanding;  
God be in mine eyes  
and in my looking;  
God be in my mouth  
and in my speaking;  
God be in my heart  
and in my thinking;  
God be at mine end  
and at my departing.

*John Rutter (b 1945)*

WELCOME *The Dean*

## HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before him;  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

*Music: John Goss (1800-80)*

*Text: H F Lyte (1793-1847)*

*Sit*

THE FIRST READING *Ecclesiasticus 38.1-15*

Professor Ferdia Gallagher

Honour the physician with the honour due him, according to your need of him, for the Lord created him; for healing comes from the Most High, and he will receive a gift from the king. The skill of the physician lifts up his head, and in the presence of great men he is admired. The Lord created medicines from the earth, and a sensible man will not despise them. Was not water made sweet with a tree in order that his power might be known? And he gave skill to men that he might be glorified in his marvellous works. By them he heals and takes away pain; the pharmacist makes of them a compound. His works will never be finished; and from him health is upon the face of the earth. My son, when you are sick do not be negligent, but pray to the Lord, and he will heal you. Give up your faults and direct your hands aright, and cleanse your heart from all sin. Offer a sweet-smelling sacrifice, and a memorial portion of fine flour, and pour oil on your offering, as much as you can afford. And give the physician his place, for the Lord created him; let him not leave you, for there is need of him. There is a time when success lies in the hands of physicians, for they too will pray to the Lord that he should grant them success in diagnosis and in healing, for the sake of preserving life. He who sins before his Maker, may he fall into the care of a physician.

ADDRESS Professor Dino Giussani

## 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)*

THE SECOND READING      *Holy Dying* *Jeremy Taylor (Caian)*  
Professor Robin Holloway

Our blessed Lord was pleased to legitimate fear to us by his agony and prayers in the garden. It is not a sin to be afraid. Death is a thing that every one suffers, even persons of the lowest resolution, of the meanest virtue, of no breeding, of no discourse. Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers; and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die. Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, death is the most innocent of its accusation.

ADDRESS      The Master

ANTHEM      How lovely are thy dwellings

How lovely are thy dwellings fair, O Lord of Hosts.  
My soul ever longeth and fainteth sore for the blest courts  
of the Lord;  
My heart and flesh do cry to the living God.  
How lovely are thy dwellings fair, O Lord of Hosts.  
O blest are they that in thy house are dwelling:  
They ever praise thee, O Lord, for evermore.  
How lovely are thy dwellings fair.

*From the Requiem by Johannes Brahms (1833-97)*

THE THIRD READING *Luc 2.25-32*

Thomas Fitzsimons

Et voici, il y avait à Jérusalem un homme appelé Siméon. Cet homme était juste et pieux, il attendait la consolation d'Israël, et l'Esprit-Saint était sur lui. Il avait été divinement averti par le Saint-Esprit qu'il ne mourrait point avant d'avoir vu le Christ du Seigneur. Il vint au temple, poussé par l'Esprit. Et, comme les parents apportaient le petit enfant Jésus pour accomplir à son égard ce qu'ordonnait la loi, il le reçut dans ses bras, bénit Dieu, et dit:

Maintenant, Seigneur, tu laisses ton serviteur  
S'en aller en paix, selon ta parole.  
Car mes yeux ont vu ton salut,  
Salut que tu as préparé devant tous les peuples,  
Lumière pour éclairer les nations,  
Et gloire d'Israël, ton peuple.

*And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,*

*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,  
According to thy word:  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;  
A light to lighten the Gentiles,  
And the glory of thy people Israel.*



ADDRESS      Paul Kaiser

PRAYERS & THE LORD'S PRAYER      *The Dean's Vicar*

**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.**

*Stand*

## HYMN

O Christ the same, through all our story's pages,  
Our loves and hopes, our failures and our fears;  
Eternal Lord, the King of all the ages,  
Unchanging still, amid the passing years:  
O living Word, the source of all creation,  
Who spread the skies, and set the stars ablaze;  
O Christ the same, who wrought man's whole salvation,  
We bring our thanks for all our yesterdays.

O Christ the same, the friend of sinners, sharing  
Our inmost thoughts, the secrets none can hide,  
Still as of old upon your body bearing  
The marks of love, in triumph glorified:  
O Son of Man, who stooped for us from heaven,  
O Prince of life, in all your saving power,  
O Christ the same, to whom our hearts are given,  
We bring our thanks for this the present hour.

O Christ the same, secure within whose keeping  
Our lives and loves, our days and years remain,  
Our work and rest, our waking and our sleeping,  
Our calm and storm, our pleasure and our pain:  
O Lord of love, for all our joys and sorrows,  
For all our hopes, when earth shall fade and flee,  
O Christ the same, for all our brief tomorrows,  
We bring our thanks for all that is to be.

*Music: Air from County Derry  
in the Petrie Collection of Irish Melody  
Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b 1926)*

BLESSING      *The Dean*

Closing Organ Voluntary *Pièce d'Orgue* (BWV 572) J S Bach

The Choir of Gonville & Caius College

Precentor: Matthew Martin

Organists:

Professor Malcolm Smith

Dr Geoffrey Webber

Eben Eyres *Peter Walker Organ Scholar*

Ushers: Caius medics years 1-6

Tharun Manivannan

Arinjoy Banerjee

Fauzaan Ahmed

Tommy Kelly

Rohan Rana

Clerk: Layo Akinola

*Tea will be served immediately after this service in the  
Senior Combination Rooms, Gonville & Caius College.*

*All are welcome.*

## *Les Feuilles Mortes*

Oh, je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes,  
Des jours heureux quand nous étions amis,  
Dans ce temps là, la vie était plus belle,  
Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.

*Oh, I wish you'd remember,  
Happy days when we were friends.  
In those days life was better,  
And the sun hotter than today.*

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,  
Tu vois je n'ai pas oublié.  
Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,  
Les souvenirs et les regrets, aussi,

*Dead leaves are picked up by the shovel,  
You see, I haven't forgotten  
Dead leaves are picked up by the shovel,  
Memories and regrets too,*

Et le vent du nord les emporte,  
Dans la nuit froide de l'oubli.  
Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié,  
La chanson que tu me chantais.

*And the north wind carries them away  
In the cold night of oblivion.  
See, I haven't forgotten  
The song you used to sing me*

C'est une chanson, qui nous ressemble,  
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.  
Nous vivions, tous les deux ensemble,  
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.

*It's a song that looks like us,  
You loved me and I loved you  
And we both lived together,  
You who loved me, I who loved you.*

Et la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment,  
Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit.  
Et la mer efface sur le sable,  
Les pas des amants désunis.

*But life separates those who love  
each other. Slowly, quietly.  
And the sea erases on the sand  
The footsteps of broken lovers.*

Nous vivions, tous les deux ensemble,  
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.  
Et la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment,  
Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit.

*And we both lived together,  
You loved me and I loved you  
But life separates those who love  
each other. Slowly, quietly.*

*Jacques Prévert (1900-77)*