The Chapel of Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge

Memorial Service

ROGER HUGH STEPHEN CARPENTER
M.A., Ph.D., Sc.D.

2nd September 1945 – 27th October 2017

Saturday 30th June 2018, 11.00a.m.

University Demonstrator in Physiology 1969-1974
Fellow of Gonville & Caius College 1973
College Lecturer in Physiology 1973-2012
University Lecturer in Physiology, Cambridge 1974-2001
College Tutor 1974-1984
College Registrary 1984-1988
Director of Studies in Medicine 1993-2001
University Reader in Oculomotor Physiology 2001-2008
University Professor of Oculomotor Physiology 2008-2012
Life Fellow of Gonville & Caius College 2012
Organ music before the service

Toccata in F (BuxWV157) Dieterich Buxtehude (1637-1707)

Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele (BWV 654)

Jesu, meine Freude (BWV 713)

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr’ (BWV 717)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
All stand for the procession of the Choir, Precentor & Dean

SENTENCES The Dean

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.
The LORD is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.
Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation.
The LORD God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.  
Habakkuk 2, 3

They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.  Isaiah 40.31

INTROIT sung by the Choir, all remaining standing

O nata lux de lumine,  O Light born of Light,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,  Jesus, redeemer of the world,
Dignare clemens supplicum  with loving-kindness deign to receive
Laudes precesque sumere.  suppliants’ praises and prayers.

Qui carne quondam contegi  Thou who once deigned to be clothed in flesh
Dignatus es pro perditis,  for the sake of the lost,
Nos membra confer effici  grant us to be members
Tui beati corporis.  of thy blessed body.

Music: Thomas Tallis (1505-85)
HYMN NEH 238

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Music: Melcombe
Text: John Keble (1792-1866)
And they came to Jericho: and as Jesus went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

Mark 10:46-52

ADDRESS       Michael Shadlen
The heavens declare the glory of God:
and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another.
There is neither speech nor language:
but their voices are heard among them.
Their sound is gone out into all lands:
and their words into the ends of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun:
which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber,
and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.
It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven,
and runneth about unto the end of it again:
and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul: the
testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart: the
commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever:
the judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.
Moreover, by them is thy servant taught:
and in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can tell how oft he offendeth:
O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.
Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins,
lest they get the dominion over me:
so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart:
be alway acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord: my strength, and my redeemer.
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: T. A. Walmisley
THE SECOND READING  The President

The church is catholic, universal, so are all her actions; all that she does, belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that head which is my head too, and ingrafted into that body, whereof I am a member. And when she buries a man, that action concerns me; all mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated; God employs several translators; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God’s hand is in every translation, and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for that library where every book shall lie open to one another; as therefore the bell that rings to a sermon, calls not upon the preacher only, but upon the congregation to come; so this bell calls us all: but how much more me, who am brought so near the door by this sickness.

… The bell doth toll for him, that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute, that that occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? But who takes off his eye from a comet, when that breaks out? who bends not his ear to any bell, which upon any occasion rings? But who can remove it from that bell, which is passing a piece of himself out of this world?

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend’s or of thine own were; any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

From MEDITATION XVII: NUNC LENTO SONITU DICUNT, MORIERIS

John Donne (1572-1631)

ADDRESS  Dunecan Massey
When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o’er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Music: Rockingham
Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Hear my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear!
Thyself from my petition do not hide!
Take heed to me! Hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee!
Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide.

The enemy shouteth, The godless come fast!
Iniquity, hatred upon me they cast!
The wicked oppress me, Ah, where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry!

My heart is sorely pained within my breast,
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed,
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall,
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call!

O for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove!
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.

Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-47)
Text: from Psalm 55
PRAYERS
The Dean shall say, Let us pray: and all kneel.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
**Christ, have mercy upon us.**
Lord, have mercy upon us.

**OUR Father, which art in heaven,**
hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that 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.

COLLECT
Almighty God, thou hast given to each of us an earthly house, a body; and also an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens: so, as we walk by faith, not by sight, may we also be present with you, as our trust is our brother Roger be. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A PRAYER OF JOHN DONNE
**O ETERNAL and most gracious God,** who, though thou didst permit darkness to be before light in the creation, yet in the making of light didst so multiply that light, as that it enlightened not the day only, but the night too; I bless and glorify thy holy name, that thou hast afforded me the light of
thy Spirit, against which the prince of darkness cannot prevail, nor hinder his illumination of our darkest nights, of our saddest thoughts. Even the visitation of thy most blessed Spirit upon the blessed Virgin, is called an overshadowing. There was the presence of the Holy Ghost, the fountain of all light, and yet an overshadowing; nay, except there were some light, there could be no shadow. Let me never fall into utter darkness; and let those shadows which do fall upon me, be overcome by the power of thine irresistible light, O God of consolation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Dr Caius’s prayers for daily use in the College are prayed by the Master, Professor Sir Alan Fersht

O LORD the Holy Spirit, who art the Author of all good and the Giver of all wisdom, bestow on us thy servants the power of learning, the desire of wisdom, and grace to do good; that by an honest life and prudent conduct we may be found worthy to serve thee and thy kingdom, who livest and reignest God for ever and ever. Amen.

THE GOD of peace and love remain with us always. Amen.

All stand for

BLESSING   The Dean

The love of the Lord Jesus draw you to himself, the power of the Lord Jesus strengthen you in his service, the joy of the Lord Jesus fill your hearts; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always.

AMEN   from O salutaris hostia William Byrd (1540-1623)
Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life thou givest - to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish - but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

Music: St Denio
Text: W. Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)

Organ Voluntary

Valet will ich dir geben (BWV 736)  J. S. Bach
The College has established the Roger Carpenter Fund to recognise the contribution made by Professor Carpenter to the teaching of medical students at Caius. The Fund will support research undertaken by Caius students in the general area of medical science. Donations are invited from alumni and other friends. Please see the College’s website for more details or contact the Director of Development with any queries.