Gonville and Caius College Chapel

TAMMY CHEN FENAICHE
August 4, 1984 - August 13, 2017

COMMENORATION

3.30pm, Saturday 28th October 2017
Organ music

*Siciliano* (Concerto in D minor Op. 3, No. 11)
Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Please stand at the entrance of the clergy and choir

WELCOME

The Dean

Sit

REST ETERNAL Choir

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.
Exaudi orationem meam; ad te omnis caro veniet.
Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine on them.
To thee praise is due O God in Zion,
and to thee vows are paid in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer; unto thee shall all flesh come.
Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

*Gabriel Fauré* (1845-1924)
Stand  
SONG  All  (Tune: Londonderry Air)

Who is so low that she is not my sister?
Who is so high that I’ve no path to him?
Who is so poor I may not feel their hunger?
Who is so rich I may not pity them?
May none, then, call on me for understanding,
May none, then, turn to me for help in pain,
And drain alone the bitter cup of sorrow,
Or find they knock upon my heart in vain.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and live.

Sit  
TRIBUTE  Bogdan Cristea
MUSIC    From thy love as a Father    Choir
From thy love as a Father,
O Lord, teach us to gather
That life will conquer death:
They who seek things eternal
Shall rise to light supernal
On wings of lowly faith.

Charles Gounod (1818-93)

TRIBUTE    Russ Holmes

READING    Poem for Tammy    Jack Parlett
There will be a plaque with your name,
size and inscription to be determined.

Steel, yours. You were made of the sternest
stuff, a mettle scarce in others, special.
Fearless.

Maybe it will hang near the window, will
not fail to catch a glint of local sun
even in the off seasons.
New eyes will fall upon it, will come to
know how you filled that room
and others. Rooms and futures were
brighter with you in them.

Tradition poured by your hand
on Thursdays felt airy, playful. Discounts fell
to you by phone, your voice was enough,
more pizza for all and laughs.

The way you poked fun and put straight,
the way you led and listened. So present,
and only here for half the year.
I came to you once in New York on the eve of a new year. Your arms were wide open. The last of the Chinese food would go to no one else under your watch. A true ‘mama’, that was our joke, a fiction until it wasn’t.

I wish there would be more. More drunk in the kitchen, more shisha coughs, more time to see your work out stretched in the lives of girls and women. More for you. And more of you.

The news makes a dwelling place of our recent past. How else to tune out the hate and the horror if not by filling the ear and so the heart with your great deeds and dues?

This is my memory’s thread, one voice in one town. I think of the others and the elsewheres – how many! – now hurting in kind. Of how big and global in love and age and number the category of us is.

That’s motherhood for you.

TRIBUTE  Jonathan Evans

MUSIC  The Great Amen  Choir
       Asithi-Amen, siyakudumisa.
       Asithi-Amen, Baba, Amen.
       Amen, praise the name of the Lord,
       Amen, Amen.

Peter Klatzow (b. 1945)
READING  Rijak Grover

I may speak in tongues of mortals or of angels, but if I am without love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal. I may have the gift of prophecy, and know every hidden truth; I may have faith strong enough to move mountains; but if I have no love, I am nothing. I may dole out all I possess, or even give my body to be burnt, but if I have no love, I am none the better. Love is patient; love is kind and envies no one. Love is never boastful, nor conceited, nor rude; never selfish, not quick to take offence. Love keeps no score of wrongs; does not gloat over other men’s sins, but delights in the truth. There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance. Love will never come to an end. Are there prophets? their work will be over. Are there tongues of ecstasy? they will cease. Is there knowledge? it will vanish away; for our knowledge and our prophecy alike are partial, and the partial vanishes when wholeness comes. When I was a child, my speech, my outlook, and my thoughts were all childish. When I grew up, I finished with childish things. Now we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror, but then we shall see face to face. My knowledge now is partial; then it will be whole, like God’s knowledge of me. In a word, there are three things that last for ever: faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of them all is love.

1 Corinthians 13

TRIBUTE  David Clark

READING  Caitlin Ellis

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I’m gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must
Parting is hell
But life goes on
So sing as well.

Joyce Grenfell (1910-79)
MUSIC  In Paradisum  Choir

In paradisum deducant te angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam habeas requiem.

May the angels lead you into paradise, may the martyrs receive you in your coming, and may they guide you into the holy city, Jerusalem. May the chorus of angels receive you and with Lazarus, once poor, may you have eternal rest.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

PRAYERS & REFLECTIONS The Dean & the Dean’s Vicar

God is the light of the heavens and the earth.
The likeness of God’s light is as a niche where a lamp burns— the lamp in a glass, and the glass, as it were, a star for brilliance.
The lamp is kindled from a blessed tree, an olive neither of the East nor of the West, the oil of which is almost incandescent of itself, without the touch of fire. Light upon light.
God guides to his light whom he wills. From the Qu’ran

When we are weary and in need of strength, when we are lost and sick at heart, we remember her.
When we have a joy we long to share, when we have decisions that are hard to make, we remember her.
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, at the opening of the buds and in the birth of spring, we remember her.
At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer, at the changing of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn, we remember her.
At the rising of the sun and at its setting, we remember her.
Tammy, you shared your life with us: God give eternal life to you.
You gave your love to us: God give his deep love to you.
You gave your time to us: God give his eternity to you.
You gave your light to us: God give everlasting light to you.
Go upon your journey dear soul, to love, and light, and life eternal.

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
into the house and gate of heaven;
to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light;
no noise nor silence, but one equal music;
no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;
no ends, nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;
in the habitations of thy glory and dominion, world without end.

John Donne (1572-1631)

ending with
THE LORD’S PRAYER sung by the Choir
Setting based on African melodies by Geoffrey Webber (G&CC)

TRIBUTE Tiffany Chen

FINAL WORDS The Dean
Stand
SONG

All

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art,
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord,
Be thou my great Father, and I thy true son,
Be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,
Be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might,
Be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower,
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Be thou my inheritance now and always,
Be thou and thou only the first in my heart,
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,
O grant me its joys, after vict'ry is won,
Great heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O ruler of all.

Remain standing as the clergy & choir depart.

All are welcome to come to the east end and light a candle for Tammy, as a sign of the light her life shed on so many, and a pledge that we shall not forget her.
Organ music

Andante (Sonata IV) (BWV528) J. S. Bach

Following the Commemoration in Chapel, refreshments are available in the SCR, and all are welcome.