

The Philip Sherlock Centre for the Creative Arts, UWO

invites you to

A Celebration of the Life and Work

of

B/N

Sir Philip Sherlock: Caribbean Man
A Retrospective



on

Sunday, February 25, 2001

10:00 a.m. Interment of the Ashes and Tree Planting
in the Chapel Gardens

11:00 a.m. Sir Philip – A Retrospective

Presenters: Prof. Baugh, Prof. Chevannes
Sir Roy Augier, Ms. Maud Fuller

in the P.S.C.C.A.

Exhibition on Sir Philip Sherlock in the Round.

Refreshments will be served

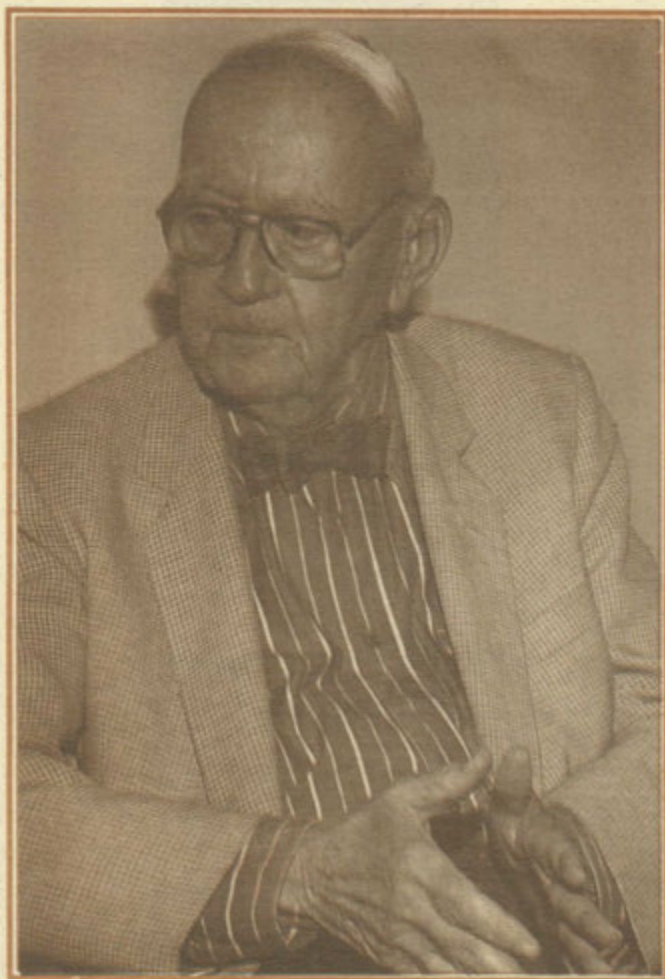
RSVP: Tel: 927-1456/927-1047/927-1935

National Library of Jamaica

Philip Sherlock, Philip Manderson



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of



Philip Manderson Sherlock

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of



Philip Manderson Sherlock

The University Chapel
Mona Campus

on

Saturday, December 9, 2000
at 10:00 am

Officiating Clergy:

Rev. Dr. Terence Rose
Rev. Dr. Claude Cadogan
Fr. James Webb, S.J.

Organist:

Archie Dunkley

ORDER OF SERVICE

9:45 – 10:00 am University Singers

SENTENCES

HYMN *“Immortal Invisible”*

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 nought
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.

PRAYER

PSALM 23 *“The Lord’s My Shepherd”* (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 no 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.

FIRST READING Ecclesiasticus (selected verses)

Hon. Seymour Mullings
Deputy Prime Minister

TRIBUTE Professor the Hon. Rex Nettleford

Vice Chancellor

HYMN *"Still, Still with Thee"*
&
Professor Barry Chevannes
on Guitar

*(During the singing, a collection will be accepted for the
University Needy Students Fund and the S.T.E.P. Centre)*

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness,
I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest;
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn
morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given;
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto
Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings
o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought –
I am with Thee!

GOSPEL READING Luke 6 v 27-38
Samantha Sherlock Goddard
(Grand-daughter)

HYMN *"Fight the Good Fight"*

Fight the good fight with all thy might!
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be –
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good
grace,
Life up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies;
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

MESSAGE Dr. Terence Rose

PRAYERS

COMMENDATION

HYMN *"The Right Hand of God"*

The right hand of God is writing in our land,
Writing with power and with love,
Our conflicts and our fears, our triumphs and
our tears,
Are recorded by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is pointing in our land
Pointing the way we must go;
So clouded is the way, so easily we stray,
But we're guided by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is striking in our land,
Striking out at envy, hate and greed;
Our selfishness and lust, our pride and deeds
unjust,
Are destroyed by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is lifting in our land
Lifting the fallen one by one;
Each one is known by name,
And rescued now from shame,
By the lifting of the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is healing in our land
Healing broken bodies, minds and souls;
So wondrous is its touch,
With love that means so much,
When we're healed by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is planting in our land,
Planting seeds of freedom, hope and love;
In these Caribbean lands,
Let His people all join hands,
And be one with the right hand of God.

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL – University Singers *“O Praise Ye the Lord”*

A Beauty Too of Twisted Trees

A beauty too of twisted trees
The harsh insistence of the wind
Writes lines of loveliness within
The being of this tortured trunk.
I know that some there are that
spring
In effortless perfection still.

No beauty there of twisted trees
Of broken branch and tortured
trunk
And knotted root that thrusts its
way
Impatient of the clinging clay.

John who leapt in the womb has
fled
Into the desert to waken the dead,
His naked body broken and torn
Knows nothing now of
Bethlehem's peace,
And wild of mood and fierce
of face
He strives alone in that lonely
place.

Ezekiel too saw the dry bones live
The flames and smoke and
conflicts give
A lightning flash to the dead
man's sight
And Moses smote the rock, no rock
In a weary cactus-land to mock
Hollow men stuffed with straw,
but a rock
That freely pours from its riven side
Water for those who else had
died ...

And hangs on a twisted tree
A broken body for those who see,
All the world, for those who see
Hangs its hope on a twisted tree.
And the broken branch and the
tortured trunk
Are the stubborn evidence of
growth
And record proud of strife, of life.
A beauty too of twisted trees.

Philip Sherlock

*And You Being
So Abundantly
Blessed with Names*

And you being so abundantly
blessed with names
I strive to commit each one to
memory
to each is attached a glimpse
of your face
to each a revelation a key to
your infinity.
A recitation of your names is a
singing
shining chain binding us to you
round perfect as the moon's
face
we stand in the circle of light
that is you.
The everlasting luminous go-
round of your names
we chant them, order them to
lists
arrange them in a disc, color
them differently our favorites.
But they are all our favorites.
We love your names and yet
the life task of wordsmiths must
now be,
from the fire of the soul's
refining
to forge more names for your
shining
for the sum of the names we
know now
is not equal to
the smallest glory that is you.

Lorna Goodison