



Seeking God : Sharing Faith : Serving Halifax

The Funeral Service for



Andrew Norman Crawford

At Halifax Minster
Monday 11th September 2pm

The Gathering

Music: Nimrod – Sir Edward Elgar

[Edward Elgar - Enigma Variations, Op.36: IX. \(Nimrod\) - YouTube](#)

As the Coffin enters the Funeral Sentences are proclaimed by The Rev'd David Carpenter, Lecturer

Introduction

Rev'd Canon Hilary Barber, Vicar

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ,
who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father.
Grace and mercy be with you all.

Words of welcome are given:

Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows!

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

We have come here today
to remember before God our brother Andrew;
to give thanks for his life;
to commend him to God our merciful redeemer and judge;
to commit his body to be cremated,
and to comfort one another in our grief.

God of all consolation,
your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears
at the grave of Lazarus his friend.
Look with compassion on your children in their loss:
give to troubled hearts the light of hope
and strengthen in us the gift of faith,
in Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Prayers of Penitence

The Rev'd Sam Crook, Curate

As children of a loving heavenly Father,
let us ask his forgiveness,
for he is gentle and full of compassion.

Silence is kept.

Call to remembrance, O Lord,
your compassion and loving kindness,
for they have been from of old.
Lord have mercy.
Lord have mercy.

Remember not my sins nor my transgressions;
but according to your mercy
think on me.
Christ have mercy.
Christ have mercy.

O keep my life, and deliver me,
put me not to shame,
for I have put my trust in you.
Lord have mercy.
Lord have mercy.

May God our Father forgive us our sins
and bring us to the eternal joy of his kingdom,
where dust and ashes have no dominion.
Amen.

Music

<https://youtu.be/w-2cpZvojI4?si=SW2nGTnno8cO4PxS>

Thou knowest Lord the secrets of our hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayers;
but spare us Lord, spare us Lord most holy,
O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour,
thou most worthy judge eternal,
suffer us not at our last hour,
for any pains of death to fall from thee. Amen.

Henry Purcell from the Burial Service

The Collect

Merciful Father,
hear our prayers and comfort us;
renew our trust in your Son,
whom you raised from the dead;
strengthen our faith
that all who have died in the love of Christ
will share in his resurrection;
who lives and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

Please sit

The Liturgy of the Word

Reading

Read by James Lockwood, Headmaster, Woodhouse Grove School.

Gospel of John, chapter 14, beginning to read at verse 1. *Jesus, the Way to the Father.*

14 "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me.

² In my Father's house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? ³ And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and I will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also.

⁴ And you know the way to the place where I am going.' ⁵ Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' ⁶ Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. ⁷ If you know me, you will know my Father also.

From now on you do know him and have seen him."

Thanks be to God for his word to us.

Psalm 121 sung by the choir.

<https://youtu.be/inHrXDMal4g?si=ruk3lJQme2yOrC3C>

The Eulogy - Stephen Wood.

Good Afternoon . Thank you all for joining us on this sad occasion. It is amazing to see so many people. I want to take the opportunity to reflect and celebrate the life of Andrew Crawford. A talented, kind, fun and generous man.

I was Andrew's brother-in-law and he was an amazing Uncle to our boys A brilliant role model for them although much to his disappointment none of them have inherited his musical talents or love for music although he did try hard to nurture it.

I have known him since the early 1990s and I have seen him flourish during his time here in Yorkshire, becoming part of the history of Woodhouse Grove School and in the musical community, with his involvement with the Leeds Concert Band, here at the Minister and various choirs and music groups across the County where he performed, organised and conducted with his usual drive for perfection but with a sense of fun.

Andrew was the first child of Ann and Norman Crawford and grew up on the family farm in South Croxton, Leicestershire. He started his education at Gaddesby Village Primary School (where our children also went) and then moved on to Oakham School. He had a wonderful childhood, and his talent and intelligence quickly became apparent.

Although his intelligence was showing through at an early age, he wasn't always the most street smart on the farm. His brother Mark and Sister, Angela would often be up to no good, but sensed the arrival of one of their parents and left the scene of the crime. Often leaving the innocent Andrew to take the wrath for something he had no involvement with...!

His musical ability showed through. Becoming very accomplished with the piano, oboe, and organ very quickly. This culminated with him becoming a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists at a very young age.

He was quite brilliant at Maths. When he received his A Level results, he wasn't happy with the conclusion. He was quite clear that he had performed better than the result on the paper in front of him. Like all brilliant mathematicians - he was correct. When the mark was appealed, the exam board quickly responded and confirmed that he did indeed have an A grade. The reason for the error was that when they were collating the overall score that they had recorded the result of one of the exams at 0% when in fact Andrew had actually scored a perfect 100%.

As his time at Oakham neared the end, he had to make a decision as to what to do next. There were many prestigious universities that were keen for Andrew to join them. Particularly to focus on his music. He chose to continue the study of both Music and Maths at Birmingham University.

After University there was the opportunity for Andrew to use his obvious ability in Mathematics to perform a role in the city or in finance but again, he followed his heart and decided to use his love of

both subjects by going into teaching and giving others the benefit of his passion and talent. That led him to the University of Leeds to study his PGCE and brought him to Yorkshire where he would live for the rest of his life.

He started his first teaching job at Woodhouse Grove School where he would work his entire career. He worked at the Grove for 32 years. He inspired literally hundreds of students to deliver great results in both subjects, but he did more than that. For many students he gave them a love of music through his passion and excitement for the subject and his involvement in so many music groups and school productions. Since the sad news of his passing, the family have received so many messages from former pupils and colleagues who had been inspired by Andrew. Indeed, by chance my own nephews attended Woodhouse Grove and were heavily involved in music and both have spoken about the positive impact that Andrew had on their early lives

From a personal perspective whenever I think about Andrew, I think about Christmas. The Christmas period was very typical of Andrew's life. He would normally play the Christmas Eve service at Woodhouse Grove, he would then travel down to Leicestershire and would play at the Village Church on Christmas morning.

He would then head to one of the local pubs for a couple of drinks before lunch with his brother Mark and in later years with me (and more latterly with his nephews) as chaperones to make sure that they got back in time for lunch which Mum and Angela were preparing.

In the pub he would chat, charm, and entertain old friends and new. Back at our house he would take control of carving the turkey and serving the lunch with a glass of prosecco in hand. After lunch we would open presents and he would always go out of his way and think very carefully and thoughtfully about the gifts that he was buying for the family. The afternoon would conclude with him having a snooze in the armchair.

One of my favourite films and certainly my favourite Christmas film is "It's a wonderful life". It is an old black and white film when the main character, played by Jimmy Stewart is having a difficult time and he wished that he had never been born. He was then shown by his guardian angel, what the world would have been like if he hadn't been born. Needless to say, as you would expect from a Hollywood movie, the world was a much worse place.

Andrew would never have said, "he wished he had never been born", because to coin a phrase he had "a wonderful life", and he knew it. He embraced and cared deeply about everything, his music and musicals, his family and friends, his teaching and of course his holidays! He was always planning his next trip or cruise which would often involve a trip to the theatre. Many of which he did with his mum.

I wish though that he could have seen how many lives he had touched and impacted, in such a positive way, which we have had the honour and pleasure of seeing since his passing. He was a modest and generous man and I think he would genuinely have been surprised.

To conclude, I am going to use the words of his colleague Sarah. Andrew, you lived your life, as you wanted your bands to play – "with sparkle". You will be missed by so many. The show will go on, but it won't be half as good without you.

Homily - The Rev'd Canon Hilary Barber, Vicar

I'm hugely grateful to Helen Cuttle who introduced me to Andrew Crawford. During the period of the Pandemic, our Organist had decided to buy a house in Filey, and made the decision to spend weekends in North Yorkshire. Finding any organists now a days is no easy occupation, let alone finding someone who can take control of the Minster Harrison, the mighty King of Instruments. It's all very well being able to play your party pieces, but the art of accompaniment is another skill all together, knowing which stops to use and what not to use, delicately not drowning out the choir with loud pedal reeds, however tempting, and watching intensely as the conductor interprets a piece of music.

Andrew arrived a bit like a rabbit in head lights, but it was clear after his first Sunday morning, that the adrenaline rush was one he'd not experienced for some considerable time, and when I acquired if he'd consider coming back, he grind with his lovely smile, and said 'Yes I'd love to!' And so began Andrew's relationship with the Minster, some three years ago. Last summer Andrew accompanied the Minster Choir on their Tour to the North East, playing the organs at Hexham Abbey – see the picture of the back of the Order of Service, Newcastle Cathedral, and the Concert they gave at Beamish Museum. I remember walking with Andrew along the river bank of the Tyne, discussing Independent Education – Andrew of course had 32 years of teaching music and maths at Woodhouse Grove, and I am Chair of Governors at Rishworth School, and Andrew said he was looking forward to maybe going part time and doing more around here to support the Music Department at the Minster, and how much he loved this place, and felt he had something to give, and valued in his contribution. Andrew was very well organised, which for a musician is quite unusual – I can say that because I'm a musician too at heart! So for Clergy he was a dream to work with! This year Andrew brought his Leeds Concert Band to play here in the Minster Summer Festival – as we saw another side to Andrew, directing and conducting a group of adults, in their passion and love of making music together, and a totally different genre from that of Anglican church music.

This is a sad Funeral because none of us really want to be hear. It all feels rather surreal. I was just back from annual leave, and as I drove in to the Minster car park for Morning Prayer, Andy Barber, the Operations Manager came out of the Office and said I've just had a phone call, and Andrew Crawford has been found dead at home in the early hours of this morning. It was a strange Morning Prayer that day. David, Sam, John, and I said the Morning Office as we do every weekday, and then we sat in silence for some time as we tried to process the information we had just been given. I suspect many of us are today still trying to process this news of Andrew.

Many of you have known Andrew considerably longer than me or folk here at the Minster. Andrew was a son and brother to Ann, Angela and Mark, and of course a brother in law, and relation to his extended family. He was a colleague, especially in the music and maths

department, and he taught hundreds of children, including the current Headmaster! If you played in the Leeds Concert Band, he was your conductor and your friend.

I was in the Town Hall a few days ago, and as I was leaving, the Receptionist on the desk suddenly shouted *Where do we go when we die?* This took me slightly by surprise, typical Yorkshire, don't beat about the bush, say what you have to say, and come straight out with it. It turns out she'd lost her husband only some six weeks ago. She said she knew that our bodies were simply the shell that we live in here on earth, but she desperately wanted to know where his soul has gone.

As I walked back to the Minster, it left me in a reflective mood. It was as if she spoke for all of us. Some Funerals you take are easier than others. Dying in the wrong order is always messy, young children, and parents of young children, suicide, or Cancer of people in the prime of their lives. I'm not sure it's any easier to have a long disease and time to say good buy, or whether like Andrew, simple to die without any notice?

After 26 years of being a priest it doesn't really get any easier. As I sat at home and wrote this Homily after tea last night, I felt myself well up and shed a tear for poor Andrew.

This of course is head and heart stuff. In our hearts we are left confused and bewildered, just like the disciples would have been at the Crucifixion of Jesus. But in their heads, Jesus had told them about eternal life, and John in today's Gospel, reminds us that Jesus says that he goes to prepare a place, so that where he is, we may be also. Life can be so complicated, but some of this stuff is easier to simply accept as being truth. Where ever Jesus maybe – a place we call heaven – where ever that may be, together with the whole company of heaven – The Trinity, the saints and angels, those we still love but see no longer, that is where Andrew has gone. He has gone full circle – from God he came to his parents, to God and his maker he now returns. We can only approach death from a human point of view, it's the only experience that we have to make sense of, but new life, eternal life, after death, is very much a spiritual concept. I have no real idea what it might be like, except to say it will probably be nothing at all like anything I can really imagine. I am confident though, that if it has anything to with God, it will be OK, whatever the outcome!

Today is a sad day, because we are mourning Andrew's death, and this is after all his Funeral. In October, I'm hoping we can come together again, with many more staff and pupils from Woodhouse Grove, and the Leeds Concert Band, and have a Memorial Service for Andrew, when we can more appropriately celebrate his life, and share in the music that brought him alive and so much pleasure. This will be held on Sunday 8th October at 4pm. Do spread the word.

I was unsure quite how to finish this Homily, but one thing I did know about Andrew was that he had a strong faith, and had been a weekly communicant, here in the Minster. I often find either hymnody or poetry can speak so clearly of complicated things, and point to God in a way I struggle to find. So, I finish with *The Musician*, by R S Thomas:

A memory of Kreisler once:
At some recital in this same city,
The seats all taken, I found myself pushed
On to the stage with a few others,
So near that I could see the toil
Of his face muscles, a pulse like a moth
Fluttering under the fine skin,
And the indelible veins of his smooth brow.

I could see, too, the twitching of the fingers,
Caught temporarily in art's neurosis,
As we sat there or warmly applauded
This player who so beautifully suffered
For each of us upon his instrument.

So it must have been on Calvary
In the fiercer light of the thorns' halo:
The men standing by and that one figure,
The hands bleeding, the mind bruised but calm,
Making such music as lives still.
And no one daring to interrupt
Because it was himself that he played
And closer than all of them the God listened.

Music - The Russian Contakion for the dead. *From the Burial Service.*

https://youtu.be/RuN88TGYGSM?si=vIAp5WcjMJ_IIYh

Give rest, O Christ,
to thy servant with thy saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more;
neither sighing, but life everlasting.
Thou only art immortal,
the Creator and Maker of man;
and we are mortal, formed of the earth,
and unto earth shall we return;
for so thou didst ordain
when thou createst me, saying:
'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'
All we go down to the dust,
and, weeping o'er the grave we make our song:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.
Give rest, O Christ,
to thy servant with thy saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more;
neither sighing, but life everlasting.

The Prayers

Prayers are led by The Rev'd Rob Drost, Chaplain at Woodhouse Grove School.

The response to *Lord in your mercy* is: **Hear our prayer.**

God of Peace,

As we reflect on our own lives, give peace to Andrew's family, to work colleagues and to friends, who mourn at this time, especially Ann, Angela and Mark. Support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen, the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then, in your mercy, grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at last.

*Lord in your mercy – **hear our prayer.***

God of Love,

As we reflect on those whom we love and see no more, we draw on your promise and comfort that you have made nothing in vain and you love all that has been created. In keeping their memories precious, grant us, that in all our duties - your help. In all our troubles - your guidance. And in all our sorrows - your loving arms.

*Lord in your mercy – **hear our prayer.***

God of Hope,

As we reflect on the skills and gifts of Andrew, we are mindful of the thousands of young people and adults who have been taught by him. Those whose lives have been inspired and nurtured. May we, in turn be inspired to work for good in this world and bring about change, that all will know of a love that is inclusive, warm, and forgiving.

*Lord in your mercy – **hear our prayer.***

At the end

**God of mercy,
entrusting into your hands all that you have made
and rejoicing in our communion
with all your faithful people,
we make our prayers through Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Amen.**

Hymn

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.*

Music

The Choir sings In Paradisum from Faure's Requiem as the coffin is sprinkled with water reminding us of Andrew's baptism, and incense is used to remind us of our prayers for Andrew ascending with him to the heavenly city.

https://youtu.be/WPLBvZ4rCFw?si=sQZUJkWZKvk_DRW

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 receive them in Paradise,
at they coming may the martyrs receive thee
and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem.
There may the chorus of angels receive thee,
and with Lazarus, once a beggar,
may thou have eternal rest.*

Sending Out

Commendation and Farewell

Canon Hilary Barber

Let us commend Andrew to the mercy of God,
our maker and redeemer.

Silence is kept

Andrew, go forth from this world:
in the love of God the Father who created you,
in the mercy of Jesus Christ who redeemed you,
in the power of the Holy Spirit who strengthens you.
May the heavenly host sustain you
and the company of heaven enfold you.
In communion with all the faithful,
may you dwell this day in peace.
Amen.

Music:

Toccata – Widor Symphony No 5

<https://youtu.be/ZqeMJ-UbiZA?si=Te2IFple320O9iRy>

