

Music & More online Supplement No. 46



The service of Thanksgiving for the life of His Honour Brian Roy Duckworth

...attracted a packed cathedral of family, friends, colleagues and civic and national leaders, including the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Shuttleworth.

And like Brian himself, the service was full of exuberant joy, firm faith, shafts of wit with high good humour and deep commitment (for Brian had chosen all the readings and the music).



We were greeted by three of Brian's grandchildren, seen here with Mrs Sheila Walker, who gave us orders of service.

Inside the cathedral we were welcomed by Carolyn Duckworth and her family, as Shaun Turnbull, our assistant director of music, played Dupré's *Prelude and Fugue in B major*, the closing chorus from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, and the *St Anthony Chorale* by Haydn.

We all stood to sing the processional hymn *Onward, Christian soldiers*, as Felix, Henrietta, Carolyn, Rupert and Ben Duckworth processed to take their places on the front rows of the South side of the Nave...



...whilst the Dean processed past Lord and Lady Shuttleworth, Mrs Geraldine Armstrong and His Honour Judge David Stockdale & Mrs Stockdale ...



...by which time the Duckworths had taken their seats and were singing lustily, *'Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise!'*



After the Dean welcomed us, the choir, conducted by cathedral Director of Music Samuel Hudson, sang Stanford's *Te Deum in B flat*.



The choir was made up of experienced musicians, mainly from the Renaissance Singers, who sang superbly after only one rehearsal.

The first reading was taken from Ecclesiastes, 12: 1-8, from the King James Bible. **Brian was a one-time President of the Blackburn Branch of the Prayer Book Society.** He liked the traditional language of traditional Christianity! The reader was Brian and Carolyn's eldest son, **Rupert**, who, nearly 40 years ago, had been a Blackburn Cathedral chorister in JB's choir – and thus his parents had become strong members of our cathedral congregation.



'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth...'

Rupert was followed by his sister, **Henrietta**, who read Kipling's 'IF'.



*'If you can keep your head when all about you
are losing theirs and blaming it on you...
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son.'*

Then we all stood to sing **Jerusalem**:



*'And was Jerusalem builded here among these dark satanic mills?
I will not cease from mental fight...
Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.'*

It was **Felix Duckworth's** turn to read – ***Ordeal by Golf*** by P. G. Wodehouse. This reflected not only Brian's hobby of golf and his outlook on life, but also a passing reference to his profession!

*'The only way
of really finding
out a man's
true character
is to play golf
with him...'*

*Indeed,
statisticians
estimate that
the average of
crime among
good golfers is
lower than in
any class of
the community
except possibly
bishops...*

*...the men who
talk while their
opponent is
driving – these
are in and out
of Wormwood
Scrubs all the
time.'*



This was greeted by loud laughter from us all, which must have reached Brian's ears in the hereafter!

His Honour Judge **David Stockdale**, QC, Recorder of Manchester, gave

The Eulogy, which included many stories of Brian's bravery, ebullience, courage and boundless good humour, his wise counsel and his shining professionalism.

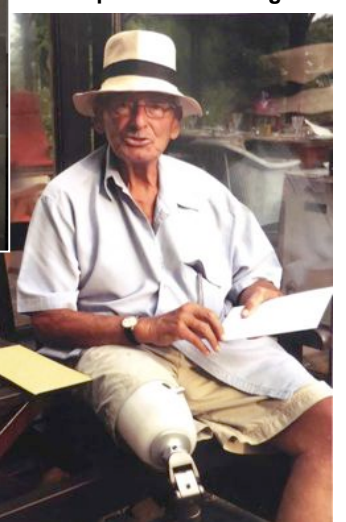


Alas, halfway through the Eulogy the cathedral's sound system broke down

(this is the first time that it has ever happened!) and so many of us were unable to hear the rest of the Judge's wise words.

The choir then sang exquisitely Stainer's ***God so loved the world***.

In his address, **Dean Christopher Armstrong** said



that the two photographs of Brian in the order of service – in his Judge's robes (previous page) and then after his leg had been amputated, summed up his enormous zest for living and his profound Christian faith:

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

Finally it was **Ben Duckworth's** turn to read.
The passage came from Dodie Smith's play, *Dear Octopus*:

*'We are a very
ordinary family. We
own no crests, no
heirlooms, and our few
ancestors are very
badly painted. And
there lies its
strength...'*

*'And so I give you our
toast...'*

*'Ladies and
Gentlemen, "The
Family".'*



The choir sang once more: S. S. Wesley's lovely setting of *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee*.

Three Canons then prayed: (See their photograph on p. 1)

Canon Brian Beaumont, *For The Queen's Majesty*.

Canon Michael Taylor, *For the Clergy and People*.

Canon Timothy Lipscomb, *The Prayer of St Chrysostom*.

We all stood to sing *Who would true valour see*,
and then **The Dean** gave us his blessing...



... after which there was one more hymn (a typical Brian Duckworth choice, which was sung at Winston Churchill's funeral!)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord...

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

There was only one piece of music which could top that – and that was Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in D minor* which Shaun Turnbull played with the panache and verve that Brian would have relished.

And after it was over, Carolyn invited us all to Samlesbury Hall 'for a tippie and a nibble'.



How greatly we rejoiced in each other's company,
for the spirit of Brian was there 'in spades'.



*Every memory of **Brian** is blessed
and we thank **Carolyn** and her family
for enabling us to remember such a man
so fervently and so joyfully,
for it is in our ongoing fellowship
that **Brian's** spirit will live on
in all our hearts.*



*Carolyn and Brian
in Blackburn Cathedral
in 2004*