



*In loving memory of*



## **MARK OWEN TRANTER**

16th December 1959 - 21st December 2025

Aged 66 years.

Funeral service at

**The Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Kingsland.**

**12 noon Friday 20<sup>th</sup> February 2026**

Service conducted by Rev'd Nick Read

## **Order of Service**

*The coffin enters the Church*

### **Music**

*“I’d do anything for love” by Meatloaf*

### **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

#### **Hymn**

Lord of all hopefulness,  
Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever child-like,  
No cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,  
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled  
At the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,  
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome,  
Your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord,  
At the eve of the day.

## Mark Remembered

### Pictorial tribute

*Music "Fields of Gold"*

### Mark as a young man

*A tribute from Karen, Anne and Rose*

### Reading

*Verses from Hereford is Heaven, by Geoffrey Bright*

*read by Adrian Jones*

And now the rich deep vale of Lugg will turn from red to green,  
To mark where men have sown their corn from Leominster to  
Presteigne;

And by mid-Lent in many a wood, the palm and primrose bloom,  
And hops send forth their tender shoots along the River Frome.

When bluebells cover Dinmore, and lambs on Bradnor play,  
The cuckoo comes to Orelton fair to tell us it is May.  
And if there be a Paradise, it surely must be here,  
When songs of birds and flowers, mark the springtime of the year.

The man goes to his labours, and in the valleys, soon  
The sound of scythe in hay fields, will tell us it is June.  
And now the air is drenched with scents, the best of all I wean,  
The smell at morn of new mown hay, at eve, the fields of bean.

As Summer dies and Autumn comes the green hills change to brown,  
And heather blooms on Wimble, and gorse on Bromyard Down;  
And in the valleys far below, the sheaves of golden corn,  
Are being carried to the barns, to wait the threshing morn.

### Hymn

We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.  
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

### *Refrain:*

*All good gifts around us are sent from heav'n above;  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.*

He only is the maker of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star.  
The wind and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread. [Refrain]

We thank You, our Creator, for all things bright and good:  
The seedtime and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.  
Accept the gifts we offer for all Your love imparts;  
Accept what You most welcome: our humble, thankful hearts!  
*[Refrain]*

**Eulogy, by Tim Clarke**

## **Bible reading**

*Ecclesiastes 3:1-8, read by Richard Hyde*

To everything there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:  
A time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;  
A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
a time to break down, and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to get, and a time to lose;  
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate;  
a time of war, and a time of peace.

## **Prayers**

### **The Lord's Prayer**

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come;  
thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who 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

## Hymn

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 forevermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## Commendation

*The coffin leaves the church*

## Music

“Simply the Best”, by Tina Turner

## Graveside Committal





Wendy & all the family would like to thank everyone for all their kind messages of sympathy and support received at this very sad time & for your attendance today at the service.

Donations in memory of Mark will be divided between We Are Farming Minds, the ITU Department at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham and Midlands Air Ambulance.

Following the service everyone is warmly invited to join the