

THE FORM AND ORDER OF THE  
PRESENTATION  
AND DEDICATION  
OF THE CLIFFORD LLOYD BROWN JANES  
MEMORIAL ORGAN



ASSEMBLY HALL, LUTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
WEDNESDAY, 30<sup>TH</sup> MARCH, 1949, AT 2.45 P.M.

The Plaque is inscribed :  
*To the Glory of God and in abiding memory of  
Clifford Lloyd Brown Janes  
killed on Active Service 25th July 1943  
This Organ is the gift of his father H. C. Janes*

## ORDER OF SERVICE

¶ THE HEADMASTER, *Kenneth B. Webb, M.A., B.Sc., will describe the purpose and the nature of the Service and say something of Clifford Janes as a boy at School.*

¶ THE ASSEMBLY will join in singing the hymn by W. Charter Piggott :

FOR those we love within the veil,  
Who once were comrades of our way,  
We thank thee, Lord ; for they have won  
To cloudless day ;

And life for them is life indeed,  
The splendid goal of earth's strait race ;  
And where no shadows intervene  
They see thy face.

O fuller, sweeter is that life,  
And larger, ampler is the air :  
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive  
The glory there ;

Nor know to what high purpose thou  
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,  
Nor how at thy behest they touch  
This life of ours.

There are no tears within their eyes ;  
With love they keep perpetual tryst ;  
And praise and work and rest are one  
With thee, O Christ.

¶ THE HEAD PREFECT of the School, *R. V. Vaughan, will read a passage from John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—an allegory of passing through Death to Heaven.*

"So I saw that, when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold), was so extremely glorious, that they could not, as

yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose.

"Now I further saw, that between them and the Gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the Men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the Gate.

"The Pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond, and looked this way and that, but could find no way by which to escape the river. Then they asked the Men, if the waters were all of the same depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case: For, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

"Then they addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink; and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me.

"Christian, presently, found ground to stand upon; and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them: . . . Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two Men to lead them up by the arms: they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for, though they went in with them they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

"Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the Gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. . . . Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy."

¶ COUNCILLOR H. C. JAMES *will make the presentation.*  
*At a chord the Assembly will stand.*

¶ MRS. HAROLD WHITE, *eldest sister of Clifford Jones, will unveil the plaque and read the inscription.*

¶ *The Assembly will sit and listen to A Solemn Melody by H. Walford Davies played by J. H. BURGOYNE, D.S.C., school friend of Clifford Jones.*

¶ *The Chairman of the Governors, COUNCILLOR C. A. SINFIELD, will accept the Memorial Organ on behalf of the School and the Authorities.*

¶ THE HEADMASTER *will say Prayers. The Assembly will stand and join in the responses.*

LET us give thanks unto God for His faithful followers of all ages and for our own dearly loved ones.

Let us pray.

FOR all who have sought to bless men by their good works; who have laboured and suffered for freedom, good government and just laws; for all who have given their lives in the service of a noble cause:

*We praise Thee, O God, and bless Thy Name.*

FOR those who in the world's common ways have lived upright and helpful lives; for those companions on our life's journey who have cheered us by their sympathy, encouraged us by their example, strengthened us by their fellowship:

*We praise Thee, O God, and bless Thy Name.*

FOR the gifts of science and invention; for poets and craftsmen and all music-makers; for those who increase the beauty of life; for the consecration of art and science to the service of God; and for all things that help us to see the beauty of holiness.

*We praise Thee, O God, and bless Thy Name.*

REMEMBERING with gratitude the life of Clifford Lloyd Brown Janes, Old Boy of this School, let us dedicate this Memorial Organ, given to God's glory and to his memory, to God's high purposes through the years to come.

O LORD, Our Heavenly Father, the goal of all striving and the source of all Beauty and Truth, be pleased to inspire and to accept our worship day by day; bless, we pray Thee, this work of men's hands and minds; bless, we pray Thee, those who play and those who listen.

Through this instrument which we now dedicate to Thy Glory we pray that hearts may be comforted, minds uplifted and souls inspired now and in the years to come.

*Heavenly Father, bear our prayer. Amen.*

¶ THE ASSEMBLY will join in singing Isaac Watts' hymn :

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home ;

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

¶ *God's blessing will be asked :*

NOW may God bless us and keep us : may he give us light to guide us, courage to support us, and love to unite us, this day and for evermore.

*Amen.*

¶ *As the Assembly leaves the Hall THE ORGANIST will play " Marcia Religiosa " from the Sixth Organ Sonata by Rheinberger.*

Printed by  
THE LEAGRAVE PRESS LTD.,  
LUTON and LONDON