Funeral of David J.A. Clines

6th January 2023
Hutcliffe Wood Crematorium
Sheffield, England

21 November 1938
Sydney, Australia

8th December 2022
At home, Sheffield, England
Instructions for living a life:
Pay attention.
Be astonished.
Tell about it.

Mary Oliver
Order of Service

Reflective Music
Schubert: 4 impromptus
Op posth. 142, No. 2 in A flat Major, (1827)

Music during arrival of the willow coffin
Bach: cantata, Ich habe genug (I have enough)
BMV 82, (1727)

Introduction
Words from celebrant
Lindsay de Wal
There is a moment for everything, a time for every activity in the world.
There is a time for giving birth, and a time for dying; a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant. There is a time for killing, a time for healing; a time for tearing down, a time for building.
There is a time for tearing down, and a time for building; a time for making love, a time for not making love; a time for kissing, a time for not kissing. There is a time for searching, and a time for losing; a time for keeping, and a time for discarding. There is a time to tear, and a time to mend; a time for silence, and a time for speech.
There is a time for loving, and a time for hating; a time for war, and a time for peace.

But what profit is there in all these activities?, I asked when I studied the activities that God gives humans to busy themselves with.

Every activity he has made is beautiful in its own moment. But the totality he has cloaked in darkness, so that we can never discover the full meaning of all the activities he has created.

What I do know is that there is nothing better for human beings than to be happy and enjoy themselves as long as they live. When we eat and drink and find happiness in all our activities, that is a gift from God.

I know too that whatever God does will recur for ever; there is no adding to it, no taking away. It is a closed system, and it is awesome. Whatever happens has already happened before, and what has happened before is what is yet to happen. In its turn, every activity is summoned back into existence by God.
Just Lying On The Grass At Blackwater

I think sometimes of the possible glamour of death -
that it might be wonderful to be
lost and happy inside the green grass -
or to be the green grass! -
or, maybe the pink rose, or the blue iris,
or the affable daisy, or the twirled vine
looping its way skyward – that I might be perfectly peaceful
to be the shining lake, or the hurrying, athletic river,
or the dark shoulders of the trees
where the thrush each evening weeps himself into an ecstasy.

I lie down in the fields of goldenrod, and everlasting.
Who could find me?
My thoughts simplify. I have not done a thousand things
or a hundred things but, perhaps, a few.
As for wondering about answers that are not available except
in books, though all my childhood I was sent there
to find them, I have learned
to leave all that behind

as in summer I take off my shoes and my socks,
my jacket, my hat, and go on
happier, through the fields. The little sparrow
with the pink beak
calls out, over and over, so simply—not to me

but to the whole world. All afternoon
I grow wiser, listening to him,
soft, small, nameless fellow at the top of some weed,
enjoying his life. If you can sing, do it. If not,
even silence can feel, to the world, like happiness,
like praise,
from the pool of shade you have found beneath the everlasting.

Mary Oliver
Tributes

Heather McKay

Elsie Rose Granthier

Miriam Grace

Reflective Silence

*Schubert: Piano Sonata number 17 in D flat Major*

Committal

Lindsay de Wal

Reflective Music

*Aria: “Schlummert ein, ihr mattem Augen”*

from *Bach: cantata Ich habe genug (I have enough) BMV 82A, (1727)*
Schlummert ein, ihr matten Augen
from – Bach cantata, Ich habe genug (I have enough)

Schlummert ein, ihr matten Augen,  Slumber, my weary eyes,
Fallet sanft und selig zu!        Fall softly and close in contentment.

Welt, ich bleibe nicht mehr hier,  O World, I will linger here no more.
Hab ich doch kein Teil an dir,     For indeed, I find nothing in you
Das der Seele könnte tauge      Pleasing to my soul.

Hier muss ich das Elend bauen,  Here I am resigned to misery,
Aber dort, dort werd ich schauen  But there, there I shall feel
Süßen Friede, stille Ruh.          Sweet peace and quiet rest.

Departure

Slumber, my weary eyes,
Fall softly and close in contentment.
Today’s music was selected from choices of David, by Megan Granthier, who has also provided links to listen to the music on David’s new website.

For more information see David's new website: www.davidjaclines.org

Including:
- charity and donations;
- condolences;
- today’s Order of Service;
- Memorial Service and accompanying symposium;
- academic obituary.

Email:
info@davidjaclines.org

Please consider supporting
David’s continuing legacy:

We are accepting donations to the DJA Clines Bursary Funds to help international scholars attend the Society of Biblical Literature and Society for Old Testament Study conference.

There are collection boxes in the foyer and card reader today and pay-links on David’s website or via info@davidjaclines.org
When it’s over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.
When it is over, I don’t want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.
I don’t want to find myself sighing and frightened,
or full of argument.
I don’t want to end up simply having visited this world.

Mary Oliver
David’s family thank you for being alongside us today. We invite you to join us for refreshments at:

Side 8 Social,
Octagon Centre, Clarkson Street, Sheffield, S10 2TQ

We are accepting donations to the David J.A. Clines fundraiser to help international scholars attend the Society of Biblical Literature and Society for Old Testament Study conferences. There are a collection boxes in the foyer or you can pay via a card reader.