



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE AND WORK OF

George Russell Layton Bartholomeusz
(1942 - 2024)

Sunday 6th July 2025
5.00 pm

“In our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer:
For the blessings of this life and the hope of heaven’s future.”

—William Henry Draper (1894)

The Service is sung by

The Chapel Choir of S. Thomas' College, Mount Lavinia
Past Choristers and Contemporaries who sang under the direction
of Russell Bartholomeusz

Please remain silent before the service begins

*At 4.40 p.m. Denham Pereira, Former Chorister, plays a selection of music
once performed by Russell Bartholomeusz in this Chapel.*

Prelude and Fugue in C BWV 553*J. S. Bach, 1685–1750*
Liturgical Prelude No. 2 *George Oldroyd, 1886–1956*
Choral Song *Samuel Wesley, 1766–1837*
Chorale Prelude on 'Rockingham'..... *Charles Parry, 1848–1918*
Prelude in Classic Style..... *Gordon Young, 1919–1998*

Order of Service

*Members of the congregation are requested to join in all prints in **bold**.*

Remain seated as the choristers enter and take their place at the west end of the chapel

All stand as the procession of servers and clergy enter from the west end of the chapel

The choir sings

Introit

Blest are the pure in heart,
for they shall see our God,
the secret of the Lord is theirs,
their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
he doth himself impart,
and for his dwelling and his throne
chooseth the pure in heart.

Words: John Keble, 1792–1866

Music: Sir Henry Walford Davies, 1869–1941

Remain standing to sing

Processional Hymn

during which the procession moves through the nave to their places

**Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven.
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!**

**Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.**

**Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.**

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

Words: Henry Lyte, 1793–1847

Tune: PRAISE MY SOUL

John Goss, 1800–80

Descant: Christopher Robinson, b.1936

Remain standing. The chaplain says

The Bidding

We gather today to celebrate and give thanks for the life and work of Russell Bartholomeusz, a cherished member of this chapel and school community. A gifted musician, he was also a true polymath and a man of many talents. Russell possessed a generous heart. In private, he was a kind and thoughtful soul, driven by a profound sense of duty towards those less fortunate and a genuine concern for others.

Russell dedicated himself fully to the work entrusted to him, paying meticulous attention to even the smallest details. This careful devotion was perhaps a gift that served him well in his other great passion: the organ.

During this service, we shall pray for all who mourn Russell — his family, Felix and Heather, and their loved ones; as well as the many friends, colleagues, and students whom he nurtured throughout the years.

Silence is kept

Father in heaven,
we thank you and praise you because you have made us
in your own image and have given us gifts of body, mind and spirit.
We thank you now for Russell
and what he meant to the people gathered here today.
As we honour his memory,
make us to know that you are the one
from whom comes every perfect gift, even life eternal,
through Jesus Christ.

Amen.

All sit

Felix Bartholomeusz, Brother, reads

A Tribute

All stand to sing

Hymn

**Rejoice in God's saints,
today and all days;
a world without saints
forgets how to praise.
Their faith in acquiring
the habit of prayer,
their depth of adoring,
Lord, help us to share.**

**Some march with events
to turn them God's way;
some need to withdraw,
the better to pray;
some carry the gospel
through fire and through flood:
our world is their parish;
their purpose is God.**

**Rejoice in those saints,
unpraised and unknown,
who bear someone's cross
or shoulder their own;
they shame our complaining,
our comforts, our cares:
what patience in caring,
what courage, is theirs!**

**Rejoice in God's saints,
today and all days;
a world without saints
forgets how to praise.
In loving, in living,
they prove it is true:
the way of self giving,
Lord, leads us to you.**

Words: Fred Pratt Green, 1903–2000

Tune: HANOVER
Dr. William Croft, 1678–1727

All sit

Rohan de Lanerolle, Former Chorister, reads

Reading

Lord Tennyson uses the metaphor of a sea voyage at sunset to represent his approach toward death. The imagery of the tide, evening, and the “Pilot” suggests a peaceful transition — not with fear, but with calm acceptance and faith.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-92

Remain seated as the choir sings

Psalm 121

One of Russell's favourite Psalm texts

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord:
who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel:
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper:
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day:
neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in:
from this time forth for evermore.
Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Music: William McKie, 1901–84

Remain seated. Ranesh Peiris, Former Choir Leader, reads

A Tribute

Ishan de Lanerolle, Former Chorister, reads,

Reading

A reading from the Gospel according to St. John chapter 6

Jesus said to them, ‘I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty. But I said to you that you have seen me and yet do not believe. Everything that the Father gives me will come to me, and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away; for I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me. And this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day. This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day.’

John 6. 35–40

**Alleluya, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluya, his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his blood.**

**Alleluya, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluya, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?**

Choir only:

Alleluya, Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluya, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

**Alleluya, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluya, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.**

Remain standing until invited to be seated

Sermon

given by

Ven. Sunil Ferdinando

A chaplain who served alongside Russell in this chapel

Remain seated. The choir sings

Anthem

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
for with blessing in his hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.

King of Kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture –
in the Body and the Blood:
He will give to all the faithful
his own Self for heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged Seraph;
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya,
Lord most high.

All kneel or remain seated. The chaplain continues,

In Remembrance

*In this act of remembrance, three candles are lit,
each signifying an important aspect of Russell's life:
his family and friends, his work as a teacher, his service in this Chapel.*

In silence let us remember before God his servant Russell Bartholomeusz

Silence is kept

Let us give thanks for the gift of friendship —
for those who, like Russell, formed deep and lasting bonds beyond kin-
ship, nurturing relationships marked by kindness, loyalty, and grace.

Gracious God, we thank you for Russell's deep devotion to those
closest to him. For the warmth he brought to family gatherings,
the steady support he gave in times of joy and sorrow, and the
bonds of kindness and loyalty that marked his place in the lives
of those he called family. May those who mourn him now be
comforted by the memory of his affection, laughter, and quiet
strength. **Amen.**

Heather Bartholomeusz, Sister, lights the first candle

Let us give thanks for those who dedicate their lives to teaching —
for those who, like Russell, shape young minds with patience, challenge
them with purpose, and inspire them with a passion for learning.

Teach us, good Lord, to serve thee as thou deservest;
to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the
wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask
for any reward save the joy of knowing that we do thy will, for thy
dear love's sake. **Amen.**

St. Ignatius Loyola

*Ranjini Abeynaike, a colleague who worked alongside Russell, lights the second
candle*

Let us give thanks for those who serve God through music — for those who, like Russell, offer their gifts in worship, lead choirs in praise, and lift hearts toward heaven with beauty and reverence:

Creator God, we thank you for the beauty of music and the arts, through which hearts are stirred, wounds are healed, and your glory is made known. For those who compose, perform, teach, and inspire — who draw forth wonder from sound, movement, and silence — we give you thanks.

May their offerings, shaped in discipline and joy, continue to uplift your people and bring light to the world. **Amen.**

Daniel Dissanayake, choir leader, lights the third candle.

All sit. The choir sings

Anthem

The peace of God which passeth all understanding
Keep your hearts and minds
Keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God
And of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord
And the blessing of God almighty
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost
be amongst you
and remain with you always.
Amen.

Words: The Book of Common Prayer

Music: Sir John Rutter

The chaplain continues

Let us pray to God that we may cherish the memory of Russell as we seek to do his will:

Assist us, O Lord, to proclaim the love and the joy of your Name, that through friendship and laughter we may sense the hereafter you promise as life's richest gain. **Amen.**

**The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.**

**We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.**

Choir only

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

**The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.**

**So be it, Lord: thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.**

Words: John Ellerton, 1826–93

Tune: ST. CLEMENT
Charles Scholefield, 1839–1904
Descant: Philip Stopford, b.1977

Remain standing. The chaplain says

The Blessing

Go forth into the world in peace;
be of good courage;
hold fast that which is good;
render to no one evil for evil;
strengthen the fainthearted;
support the weak;
help the afflicted;
honour all people;
love and serve the Lord,
rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit:
and the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be upon you and remain with you always.
Amen.

Remain standing as the procession of servers, choristers and clergy move down the nave to the West Door, then sit.

You are invited to be seated for the playing of the voluntary or to leave quietly at this point.

Organ Voluntary

Fugue in D BWV 580

J. S. Bach

Thank you for worshipping with us.
Members of the congregation are all invited
to a time of fellowship in the Main Hall.
