



TRINITY COLLEGE | CHAPEL
THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of Sheamus ‘Peter’ Gebhardt

23 August 1936 – 22 July 2017



Trinity College Chapel

Thursday 17 August 2017, 2.30pm

With special thanks to Christina, Nicholas, Sophie, Anna and the grandchildren, and to all the loyal friends and acquaintances, upon whom Peter so relied. Special thanks to Robert Vickers Willis, Dr Robert James and Kyle Lancaster for their support.

“Where there is no vision, the people perish:
but he that keepeth the law, happy is he.” *Proverbs 29:18*

Trinity College acknowledges the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation, the traditional custodians of the land on which we gather. We acknowledge also their Elders past, present and emerging and pray for the ongoing work of reconciliation.

GATHERING IN GOD'S NAME

Prelude: from 'Eleven Chorale Preludes', Op. 122 by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Please stand to sing the processional hymn 'Let all the world in every corner sing'

**Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!
The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!**

**Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!
The church with psalms must shout:
No door can keep them out.
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!**

*Words: George Herbert (1593-1633)
Tune: LUCKINGTON by Basil Harwood (1859-1949)*

The Reverend Samuel Dow, Chaplain of Trinity College, offers words of welcome

The Reverend Dr Peter A. French, Vicar, Saint John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Toorak continues with the following:

**Grace and peace from the Lord be with you.
And also with you.**

'I am the resurrection and the life,' says the Lord, 'Those who believe in me, even though they die, yet will they live.' John 11.25

Let us pray.

Loving God, you alone are the source of life.

**May your life-giving Spirit flow through us
and fill us with compassion, one for another.**

In our sorrow give us the calm of your peace.

**Kindle our hope, and let our grief give way to joy
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

Please be seated

POEM

Read by Mr Paul Collis

Oh Peter –

You hijacked my world last night.

And this morning, bright your song
in cold, grey Bathurst light.

and,
Lonely Sounds

like Lonely...

I grew up too fast...back there, in cold country.

You left me
in that sphere

“Are you sure you want to remain here? I am leaving.” You asked.

I stayed...

...too long –
asking what’s the cost of one more goodbye anyway?
...in the atmosphere?

You flew into my chest today. Stayed a while, then left.

Made sure I was okay...
then left.

RIP Peter.

Author: Paul Collis

EULOGIES

Dr Simon Wylie

Dr Nick Gebhardt

Ms Anna Gebhardt

*Please stand to sing the hymn 'Father Hear the Prayer We Offer'**

*Sung at the induction of Peter Gebhardt as Headmaster, at the Chapel of All Saints College, 1966. "The lovely Bishop, the late Right Reverend Ken Leslie, knew a thing or two. 'Not for ease' (line 2 of first stanza), refers to the fact that the school had a Scientologist as Headmaster, then a Bishop (who once had to send to the local Catholic School, St. Stanislaus College, for a cane – the Bursar was dispatched). Then a retired Geelong Grammar Housemaster." PG.

**Father, hear the prayer we offer:
not for ease that prayer shall be,
but for strength that we may ever
live our lives courageously.**

**Not for ever in green pastures
do we ask our way to be;
but the steep and rugged pathway
may we tread rejoicingly.**

**Not for ever by still waters
would we idly rest and stay;
but would smite the living fountains
from the rocks along our way.**

**Be our strength in hours of weakness,
in our wanderings be our guide;
through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.**

*Words: Love Maria Willis (1824-1908)
Tune: SUSSEX, English Traditional melody
Coll., adapt., and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

Please be seated

THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD

A reading from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians

1 Corinthians 13.1-13 read by The Reverend Dr Peter A. French

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end.

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Hear the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

The Reverend Dr Peter A. French delivers a homily

Please remain seated as the Choir sings the anthem 'My Soul There is a Country'

My soul, there is a country
far beyond the stars,
where stands a wingèd sentry
all skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
and One born in a manger
commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
and — O my soul, awake! —
did in pure love descend,
to die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
there grows the flower of peace,
the rose that cannot wither,
thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
for none can thee secure
but one who never changes,
thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Text: Henry Vaughan (1622-1695)

Music: Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

THE PRAYERS

Let us pray with confidence to God our Father, who raised Jesus Christ
from the dead for the salvation of all.

Various prayers are offered by Mr Campbell Bairstow and Ms Clare Pullar, concluding with the following:

As our Saviour Christ has taught us, we are confident to pray,

Our Father, which art in heaven,

hallowed be thy name,

thy Kingdom come,

thy will be done in earth,

as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive them that 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.**

POEM – ‘Elegy for Peter Gebhardt’

*Read by Mr Dougal Hurley**

*Dougal is the author with Peter Gebhardt of ‘Crabbed Age and Youth,’ the book of poetry written to launch the Joshua Hardy Scholarship Fund.

Author: Dougal Hurley

POEM - ‘Because I could not stop for Death (479)’

Read by Ms Sophie Gebhardt

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – ‘tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses’ Heads
Were toward Eternity –

Author: Emily Dickson

POEM – ‘Work and Play’

Read by Ms Ruby McKenna

The swallow of summer, she toils all summer,
A blue-dark know of glittering voltage,
A whiplash swimmer, a fish of the air.

But the serpent of cars that crawls through the dust
In shimmering exhaust
Searching to slake
Its fever in ocean
Will play and be idle or else it will bust.

The swallow of summer, the barbed harpoon,
She flings from the furnace, a rainbow of purples,
Dips her glow in the pond and is perfect.

But the serpent of cars that collapsed at the beach
Disgorges its organs
A scamper of colours
Which roll like tomatoes
Nude as tomatoes
With sand in their creases
To cringe in the sparkle of rollers and screech,

The swallow of summer, the seamstress of summer,
She scissors the blue into shapes and she sews it,
She draws a long thread and she knots it at corners.

But the holiday people
Are laid out like wounded
Flat as in ovens
Roasting and basting
With faces of torment as space burns them blue
Their heads are transistors
Their teeth grit on sand grains
Their lost kids are squalling
While man-eating flies
Jab electric shock needles but what can they do?

They can climb in their cars with raw bodies, raw faces
And start up the serpent
And headache it homeward
A car full of squabbles
And sobbing and stickiness
With sand in their crannies
Inhaling petroleum
That pours from the foxgloves
While the evening swallow
The swallow of summer, cartwheeling through crimson,
Touches the honey-slow river and turning
Returns to the hand stretched from under the eaves-
A boomerang of rejoicing shadow.

Author: Ted Hughes

POEM - 'The Dancing Fingers' (*upon a visit from our grandson Max*)

Read by Max McKenna

The sunflowers have opened their eyes
The seeds are shining, black diamonds in the window of the world
The fingers dance down the mind's keyboard
We watch and listen in awe
Arpeggios and chocolate cake,
And, then, from across the continental water
The National Anthem of Star Wars
The tune rehearsed in his note-making.
Distance is reduced to cousinly propinquity
The fingers are still dancing, keyboard voices
It's the harmony of it all,
Just as you get the front foot to the pitch
Of the ball. It's the music of boundary leather.
The unison of body and spirit,
It makes for the surety of bright stars.
Music ensures the generations will endure
So long as the fingers keep dancing,
Even on air.

Author: Peter Gebhardt

The Reverend Dr Peter A. French offers a final prayer of farewell

THE BLESSING AND DISMISSAL

The College Chaplain says

The Lord bless you and keep you; The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace. **Amen.**

Go in the peace of Christ.

Thanks be to God. Amen.

*Please remain standing to sing the recessional hymn 'For All the Saints'**

**With special gratitude to All Saints' College, Bathurst (1967-1975). PG.*

**For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest—
Alleluia, Alleluia!**

**Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light—
Alleluia, Alleluia!**

**Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold—
Alleluia, Alleluia!**

**And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong—
Alleluia, Alleluia!**

**From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Alleluia, Alleluia!**

Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897)

Tune: SINE NOMINE by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Postlude: Organ Concerto in G, BWV 592, by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Peter's family thank you for your love, support and attendance at today's service and invite you to join them for refreshments in the Trinity College Dining Hall, located to your right and across the Bulpadock, as you exit the Chapel.

In lieu of flowers please consider making a donation to:

Joshua Hardy Scholarship Fund at Trinity College
trinity.unimelb.edu.au/donate

Or

The Ilbjerri Theatre Company
www.ilbjerri.com.au

A Fund and a Company both dear to Peter.