Robert Michael Henderson
BSc (London) PhD (London) MA
8 April 1957 – 10 December 2023
Fellow 1993–2023
Tutor 1995–2011
Senior Tutor 2011–2023
Research Associate, Department of Pharmacology 1988–1992
University Lecturer in Pharmacology 1992–2001
University Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology 2001–2005
Professor in Macromolecular Pharmacology 2005–2023

11 a.m. Wednesday 17 January 2024
The service is conducted by

The Revd Jeremy Caddick, Dean of Emmanuel College

Emmanuel College Choir is conducted by Graham Walker, Director of Music

The organ is played by George Maddison and Miles Peacock, Organ Scholars

So that we have a record of everyone who has come today, please complete the card that came with this order of service and either leave it in the Chapel or at the reception afterwards.

Donations in memory of Robert may be made to either

The MND Association
www.mndassociation.org/get-involved/donations

or The Arthur Rank Hospice
www.arhc.org.uk

Donations may be made direct to the charities or sent to:
Richard Stebbings Funeral Service Ltd,
Kendal House, Cambridge Road, Impington, Cambridge CB24 9YS

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ORDER OF SERVICE

Those parts of the service in bold type are said together.

All stand as the coffin is carried in. The Choir sings

In the midst of life we are in death,
of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord,
which for our sins justly art moved:
yet O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty.
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.
Thou knowest Lord the secrets of our hearts,
shut not up thy merciful ears to our prayers.

John Merbecke (1505–1585)  Book of Common Prayer, Funeral Service

All remain standing. The Dean welcomes the congregation.

All stand to sing

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.

St Anne NEH 417
Supplement to the New Version, 1708

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

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

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

Psalm 90
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)
To every thing 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.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth? I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life. And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes 3.1–13, 19–22
The Choir sings

The Lord is my shepherd:
  therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture:
  and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul:
  and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name’s sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
  for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
  thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
  and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son:
  and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be:
  world without end. Amen.

Charles Hylton Stewart (1884–1932)  

Address

Kirstie Lumley
Robert’s niece
Professor Robert Macfarlane reads

The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold,
We cannot cage the minute
Within its nets of gold;
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon.

Our freedom as free lances
Advances towards its end;
The earth compels, upon it
Sonnets and birds descend;
And soon, my friend,
We shall have no time for dances.

The sky was good for flying
Defying the church bells
And every evil iron
Siren and what it tells:
The earth compels,
We are dying, Egypt, dying
And not expecting pardon,
Hardened in heart anew,
But glad to have sat under
Thunder and rain with you,
And grateful too
For sunlight on the garden.

Louis MacNeice (1907–1963)

The Choir sings

In paradisum deducant angeli:
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctum
Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam
habeas requiem.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

May angels lead thee to paradise,
at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee,
and bring thee into the holy city, Jerusalem.
May Choirs of angels receive thee,
and with Lazarus, once a beggar,
mayst thou have eternal rest.

Requiem Mass
Each time we tackle something with joy, each time we open our eyes toward a yet untouched distance we transform not only this and the next moment, but we also rearrange and gradually assimilate the past inside of us. We dissolve the foreign body of pain of which we neither know its actual consistency and make-up nor how many (perhaps) life-affirming stimuli it imparts, once dissolved, to our blood!

Death, especially the most completely felt and experienced death, has never remained an obstacle to life for a surviving individual, because its innermost essence is not contrary to us (as one may occasionally surmise), but it is more knowing about life than we are in our most vital moments. I always think that such a great weight with its tremendous pressure somehow has the task of forcing us into a deeper, more intimate layer of life so that we may grow out of it all the more vibrant and fertile. I learned this experience very early on through various circumstances, and it was then confirmed from pain to pain: what is here and now is, after all, what has been given and is expected of us and we must attempt to transform everything that happens to us into a new familiarity and friendliness with it. For where else should we direct our senses, which after all have been exquisitely designed to grasp and master what is here?

I have not yet been able to get back to working productively. It is therefore my task to chastise and reproach myself for not yet being far enough along to grow some new vines and extend a few leaves over the ruination of the past few years. Perhaps they are pushing through somewhere but the surface is only rubble and desolation, with no new growth in sight. I ought to begin in any random spot, right now, today, immediately, but it’s not a matter of my being picky when, in spite of this realization, I am waiting for certain conditions that I expect to provide a kind of peculiar support. I am hoping for a small, old house and an old garden where I may enter into a long period of being apart, close to nature and to a few things humming with the gentle beating of the past.

Rainer Maria Rilke to Adelheid von der Marwitz, September 11, 1919
**Hymn**

*All stand to sing*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, 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 kindliness, 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.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

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*Slane*  
*Jan Struther (1901–1953)*  
*Irish Traditional Melody*

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**Address**

*All sit*

Doug Chalmers  
*Master*
The ‘Code of the Woosters’, incidentally, is ‘never let a pal down’. Here Bertie Wooster is giving us the back story on his friend Gussie Fink-Nottle’s engagement to Madeline Bassett, a girl ‘who thinks that every time a fairy blows its wee nose a baby is born’.

This Gussie, then, was a fish-faced pal of mine who, on reaching man’s estate, had buried himself in the country and devoted himself entirely to the study of newts, keeping the little chaps in a glass tank and observing their habits with a sedulous eye. A confirmed recluse you would have called him, if you had happened to know the word, and you would have been right. By all the ruling of the form book, a less promising prospect for the whispering of tender words into shell-like ears and the subsequent purchase of platinum ring and licence for wedding it would have seemed impossible to discover in a month of Sundays.

But Love will find a way. Meeting Madeline Bassett one day and falling for her like a ton of bricks he had emerged from his retirement and started to woo, and after numerous vicissitudes had clicked and was slated at no distant date to don the spongebag trousers and gardenia for buttonhole and walk up the aisle with this ghastly girl.

I call her a ghastly girl because she was a ghastly girl. The Woosters are chivalrous, but they can speak their minds. A droopy, soupy, sentimental exhibit, with melting eyes and a cooing voice and the most extraordinary views on such things as stars and rabbits. I remember her telling me once that rabbits were gnomes in attendance on the Fairy Queen and that the stars were God’s daisy chain. Perfect rot, of course. They’re nothing of the sort.

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse (1881–1975)
All stand as the coffin is carried out of the Chapel.

Lottie Swainston sings

**Morire?**

To die?

**Morire?... E chi lo sa qual è la vita!**

Is it something that opens itself up, bright and free,

to the world’s charms, to love and to hope,
or something that in renunciation slumbers?

**Questa che s’apre luminosa e schietta ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,**

Is it the bashful and quiet simplicity

**O quella che in rinuncie s’è assopita?**

that is passed down like a warning,

**È la semplicità timida e queta che si tramanda come ammonimento come un segreto di virtù segreta perché ognuno raggiunga la sua mèta,**

so that everyone can achieve his goal,

**O non piuttosto il vivo balenare di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,**

or is it instead the bright flash

**e la pace travolta e l’inesausta fede d’avere per desiderare?**

of new dreams over jaded dreams,

**Ecco... io non lo so, ma voi che siete all’altra sponda sulla riva immensa ove fiorisce il fiore della vita son certo lo saprete.**

and restlessness and a never-ending faith you need in order to desire?

In truth, I don’t know, but you who have crossed to that far and boundless shore where the flower of life blooms, you must know, I am sure.

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Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

Giuseppe Adami (1878–1946)

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The coffin is preceded by the clergy and followed by members of Robert’s family and the Master with the Fellows in pairs.

The procession moves once around Front Court in a clockwise direction, then directly across the lawn to the main gate. Other members of the congregation are invited to remain under the Chapel Cloister until the coffin reaches the gate, when those who wish are encouraged to follow for the Committal.
The Committal

As We Look Back

As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?
For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?
Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgement,
Courage and integrity?
We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made.
To let us have the very best?
And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We’re thanking you now.
And we are hoping you knew all along,
How much you meant to us.

Clare Jones

We have given thanks for the life of our brother Robert,
for his life-enhancing gifts of character,
for his intellectual achievements, for his sense of humour
and for all that we learned from him and experienced with him.

He studied the workings of nature in its smallest detail
and we now give him into the arms of the eternity that lies beyond nature.

We commit his body to the elements
to the earth upon which he walked
to the water that sustained him
to the fire that will cleanse him
and to the air that will carry him away.

In love and thankfulness we say goodbye.
Nunc Dimittis

The Choir sings

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Thomas Tallis (1505–1585) St Luke 2.29–32
Short Service

The Dean says

Unto God’s gracious mercy and protection we commit you.
The Lord bless you and keep you.
The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you.
The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED IN HALL
AFTER THE SERVICE

Everyone is warmly invited