

**AN ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF THE REV'D BILL JOLLY**

We gather today to do three things.

**To deal reverently with the body**

Firstly we gather to pay our last respects to the body of William James (Bill) Jolly. It is part of the Christian tradition that the body is not to be discarded or treated lightly or irreverently. In recognition of the fact that we have been fearfully and wonderfully made, that we have been made in the image of our creator, we deal with the body with due respect and care and thus show respect and honour to both Bill and his maker.

**To give thanks and grieve for a life**

Second we gather to celebrate the life of Bill.

Whilst I knew Bill over the past 6 years I have come to know him better through speaking with Carol and his sons, of which he was so proud, and through information provided by his younger brother Ed, who with his wife Maria wrote "It is with a very sad heart that Maria and I have not been able to get back from the other side of the world to be here to remember and celebrate the life of Bill my big brother."

Born in Glen Huntly, Melbourne 10 September 1941, to Betty and Frank Jolly, a pharmacist, a career which Ed would also follow.

Bill attended Caulfield Sth Primary, then Caulfield Grammar, where he excelled at cricket, as a scorer. He also was the student librarian. After School he went to Mercier House to study to be a teacher and he taught English, History, and Politics firstly at the Preparatory School for Geelong Grammar and then Taylor's College in the heart of the city of Melbourne between 1963-1973 where he helped some prominent sportsmen in Melbourne matriculate.

He took some time off for a tour of the UK in 1968, and in 1970 he went with ABM to teach at Martyrs College where despite precautions he caught double malaria.

Bill was always destined to join the Ministry. He taught at the Sunday School at the family church of St. Agnes Anglican, was the head Server and was always helping out and organizing with whatever needed to be done.

Having been twice turned down for Anglican ministry he was supported by Felix Arnett to study theology at Kings and Lincoln in England. He became involved in the ministry of St. Martin's in the Fields just off Trafalgar Square, London, in social services and prison visiting during his holidays. This was a good demonstration of Bill's commitment to Christian service, to reflect to others the love that he had received.

Returning to Australia Bill was deaconed in Melbourne in 1976, and followed now Archbishop Felix to Brisbane where he was priested and had curacies in Ipswich and Sandgate. There on the steps of his landlady he met Carol. He asked her to join his Club20 for which they were both chronologically challenged, but there was a much more age appropriate activity when they were married at St John's Cathedral in the late 70s (10/2/1979), and they have 2 sons, Michael and David and 3 grandchildren.

They moved to Palmwoods which when the Parish was divided Bill became the first Vicar of Buderim, having pastoral care of the Big Pineapple.

In the mid 80s moved to Eaglehawk in the Bendigo Diocese, and then through Bishop Ron Stone to Tasmania to Battery Point. In each parish he and Carol

sought to present the message of Christ without jargon and sought to build community. He took opportunities to speak of the things of God, as he longed for others to come and grow in their faith as his own faith deepened and developed.

He took his pastoral duties seriously and understood their long term impact. He kept a diary of baptisms, wedding and funerals so those involved would be prayed for on the anniversaries. Bp Ron Stone could write that Bill was "one of the finest parish priests we have known." Serving God, alongside Carol was Bill's greatest love.

Leaving Battery Point in 2006 Bill and Carol became a treasured part of the Cathedral Community, with Bill being an active part of our team here at 8am and the Friday Healing service until earlier this year when his health deteriorated, which lead ultimately to his death which Carol at his side at the Royal.

Bill was caring, kind, genuine, he could be frustrating, but he was always unforgettable.

He had a cheeky dry sense of humour, and a quiet wisdom, both of which I was the glad recipient in the Vestry of this Cathedral, and I will miss him.

There were a number of things Bill liked, some of the surprising. He loved chocolate, sprinkles on ice cream, sugared almonds. He liked the BBC Daily Service, Sounds Sacred from Ulster, British Parliamentary debate, and the music of Phil Collins, which was a much a surprise to me as the moustache!

Despite his private nature he loved making connections with and between people. His interest in people is exemplified by a story his brother, Ed, passed on. When at a function Bill was introduced to Ric Birch who was well known for organising the Opening Ceremony of the Sydney Olympics and other such events. Yet Bill did not ask about that, as every other person would, but inquired after his brother with whom Bill had been at school at Caulfield South Primary. People rather than achievements were what was important.

It is right and proper that, while we mourn the passing of Bill today that we give thanks to God for the good we have found and experienced from him.

### **A chance to face the big questions.**

As we gather we also have a chance to take stock of the big questions, to face the reality of our own mortality. Ps 90 says "Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." The death of a loved one, and occasions such as this always help us to face our own number of days and encourage us to be wise in the days that remain to us.

In Bill we see an example of a man of faith. His son Michael captured Bill well "The best thing about my Dad was the way he loved and served others. He did this out of a conviction that Jesus came to love broken and hurting people on this earth. He believed that by trusting Jesus there was true and real hope of life beyond the grave."

For Bill this faith was expressed through patterns of worship of the Anglican Church and these this service of Holy Communion, which was so central to his pastoral ministry, proclaim this love and this hope.

The Communion service is an expression of the Christian belief that in Jesus God has shown his great love for us, in that he has entered into to this world, with all its sorrow and pain. In the central act of the bread and wine we have symbols of Jesus death which show both the depth of the love of God and the extent to which Jesus entered into the brokenness of this world.

If as we take bread and wine we grasp this we will find great comfort, God loves us and understand the grief and sorrow that we go through today. As we pray we can know that God cares and understands.

But there is more than comfort there is hope. The Holy Communion is also called The Eucharist, the thanksgiving, it is a celebration. It is a strange that the Christian Church has from the earliest days celebrated the death of its leader. This only really makes sense in the context of the resurrection of Jesus. The death of Jesus was not just an example but a saving act dealing with the hurt and pain and evil of this world and the resurrection of Jesus shows that God's kingdom with Jesus as the king will triumph and that we can be part of it.

As we take the bread and wine we hear words of hope, that God's love not only sustains us now but is a death defying love.

And this is something we simply receive, it is not something we deserve or earn, but is a gift to us from God in Jesus, in his death a resurrection, it is what the Bible calls grace.

Love of God, hope in God, grace from God, these marked Bill's life and ministry, they are central to this service, and it is my prayer and it would be Bill's that you leave this place knowing this love, hope and grace.

The Very Rev'd Richard Humphrey  
Dean of Hobart