

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Gallilee,
O calm of hills above
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

Drop they still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

FAMILY TRIBUTES

Ollie

Poem - 'Miss Me but Let Me Go' by Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that once we shared,
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone
It is all part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know,
Laugh at all the things we used to do
Miss me, but let me go.

Sheila Longville - Family Memories

Nic

Poem - 'Remember Me' by Anthony Dowson

Speak of me as you have always done.
Remember the good times, laughter and fun.
Share the happy memories we've made.
Do not let them wither or fade.
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze,
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease.
I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep,
But memories we've shared are yours to keep.

Sometimes our final days may be a test,
But remember me when I was at my best.
Although things may not be the same,
Don't be afraid to use my name.
Let your sorrow last for just a while,
Comfort each other and try to smile.
I've lived a life filled with joy and fun.
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become.

Eulogy - Tony Boullemier

Bible reading - Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under heaven;
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what 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 throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, 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 for war, and a time for peace.

THE ADDRESS by Rev. J Hardaker

HYMN *by William Blake*

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
among these dark Satanic mills?