

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by the Celebrant Anthony McGilloway

RECEPTION OF COFFIN

Respects to Margaret

Please take your seats

WIND BENEATH MY WING's - Bette Midler

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

The Lords Prayer

Mathew 6.9-13

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who 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.

Morning Has Broken

By Elenor Farjeon

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

THE FIRST READING

When I Go

By Donna Ashworth

Read by Anthony McGilloway For Julie Stewart

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to live with my love,
in a different way.

And if you need to see me,
close your eyes,
or look in your shadow,
when the sun shines,

I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet and you will know,
that I did not leave.

There is no leaving when a soul is blended with another.

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to look for me in the moments.

I will be there.

THE SECOND READING

Death is Nothing at all

By Henry Scott Holland

Read by Lauren Lloyd

Death is nothing at all. It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.
Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together
is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever
the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort,
without the ghost of a shadow upon it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.
All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble
of parting when we meet again!

THE FINAL READING

Your Mother is Always With You

By Deborah Culver

Read by Keeley Scott

She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street.
She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of
life itself.

She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well.

She's your breath in the air on a cold winters' day.

She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow.

She is Christmas morning.

Your mother lives inside your laughter.

She's the place you come from, your first home.

She's the map you follow with every step you take.

She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy.

But nothing on Earth can separate you.

Not time.

Not space.

Not even death.

Celebrant Anthony McGilloway

Celebrating Margaret

A celebration of short stories will be heard about Margaret's wonderful life and her dedication to her family.



Family and Friends Address

Remembering Margaret

The Family will share fond memories and stories of their beloved Mum and Grandmother.

