

Opening Music - Elgar - Nimrod

WELCOME & OPENING PRAYERS

MORNING HAS BROKEN

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

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

Readings - Ecclesiastes 3 1-8

Eulogy - Read by Jude Lumb, Step daughter.

Address- Rev. Mandy Williams

Music - Peer Gynt Suite No 1 -Morning Mood

Prayers

The Lords Prayer

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
and the power, and the glory,
forever and ever.

Amen.

Woodland Burial poem
by Pam Ayres

Don't lay me in some gloomy churchyard shaded by a wall
Where the dust of ancient bones has spread a dryness over
all,

Lay me in some leafy loam where, sheltered from the cold,
Little seeds investigate and tender leaves unfold.

There kindly and affectionately, plant a native tree
To grow resplendent before God and hold some part of me.
The roots will not disturb me as they wend their peaceful
way

To build the fine and bountiful, from closure and decay.
To seek their small requirements so that when their work is
done,

I'll be tall and standing strongly in the beauty of the sun.

*(Bob's ashes will be scattered in the Orchard at Ailscroft at a
later point.)*

WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS, AND SCATTER

We plough the fields, and scatter
the good seed on the land;
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand:
he sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain;
the breezes and the sunshine
and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above:
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
for all his love.*

He only is the Maker
of all things near and far;
he paints the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star:
the winds and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed;
much more, to us his children
he gives our daily bread.

We thank you, then, our Father,
for all things bright and good;
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food:
accept the gifts we offer
for all your love imparts;
and that which you most welcome –
our humble, thankful hearts!