

WELCOME & PRAYER

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by the Reverend Philip Albrow

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

POEM WRITTEN AND READ BY BEATRICE CLARKE

This is a poem just for you,
To show how much we all love you,
It's your 70th birthday Baddy,
Hip hip hooray.

We've loved you from the very start,
For all the things you do,
From taking me and Henry to the Ritz,
And for being just you.

I love it when you come to our house,
And you sit in the chair as cold as a mouse,
Though when I come to yours, it's as hot as a sauna,
It's probably even hotter than it is in Botswana.

You're not the biggest walking fan,
Not even to the Church,
Unless it's for a shopping trip,
When you just search and search.

You love to watch TV,
And love all the soaps,
Emmerdale and Corrie,
You love them both.

Antiques you love them,
Whether big or small,
As long as they're in every room,
It doesn't matter at all.

Your nails are perfection,
Too good to be true,
Whether they are pink or red,
But never ever blue.

Your house is just like you,
As Phoebe would say,
'Posh and clean',
All throughout the day.

You love your lipstick,
Whether it's pink or red,
You probably love it more,
Than your big bed.

Scarves are just the same you see,
You have too many to count,
All in different colours,
In one big mound.

When it comes to gadgets,
You may not be a wizkid,
But at least you can use an Ipad,
Unlike other grandparents.

We all know you love colouring,
You could do it all day,
You've even got me involved,
In the craze.

You're a very stylish Baddy,
Better than the rest,
But I think you're the ONLY Baddy,
in the whole of Somerset.

You spoil us all the time in so many ways,
From treating us to sweets and taking us to plays;
Baddy, you're just one of a kind,
You're a superhero in my mind.

TRIBUTE BY JASON CLARKE

POEM WRITTEN BY TESSA AND READ BY MARK SEXTON

Today I really wanted to say,
With you I would have loved to stay,
But hopefully I am now with Ron,
And all of those already gone.

I have been so very blessed,
My parents both so great,
Husband Ron, the very best,
My love and sountmate,

Our girls were my life and breath,
They meant everything to me,
Please don't cry over my death,
You have made me very happy.

I thank them for all they've done,
And for keeping close to me,
I was so proud to be their mum,
Of this I hope they see.

My grandchildren of which there's four,
Were the icing on the cake,
Each one of them I so adored,
And hope a good life they make.

I loved you. all so very much,
And please together keep in touch,
The love in our family grows strong and deep,
Leaving you memories to treasure and keep.