



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Sylvia Florence Grimes

10th APRIL 1941 - 12th JUNE 2024



**5th July 2024 at 1.00pm
St Mary's Church, Rhyl
Followed by a private family interment
Service led by Father Anthony**

HYMN 1
Amazing Grace

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind, but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far
And grace will lead us home

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun
Than when we first begun

HYMN 2
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 word

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dew fall 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 Word

HYMN 3

All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Recessional song

The Garden

If tears could build a stairway
And memories a lane
We'd walk right up to heaven
And bring you back again
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you did not go alone
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home
God looked around his garden
And he found an empty place
Then he looked down upon the earth
And he saw your precious face
He put his arms around you
And he lifted you to rest
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best
Yes, he always takes the best
We knew that you were suffering
We knew you were in pain
We knew you'd never get well
On this earth again
So he closed your weary eyes, and
He whispered, "Peace be thine"
Then he took you up to heaven
So gentle, so kind
Oh, God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best



APPRECIATION

The family would like to thank you all for your kind support during this time of sadness. We will be raising a glass for Sylvia at the Rugby Club after the service. Donations in memory of Sylvia will gratefully be accepted for British Heart Foundation.

