



Celebrating the life of

David Paul Howard



2nd January 1943 - 27th September 2024

Service conducted by Father Bernard Eaton

Held at St Peter-in-the-Forest Church, Walthamstow

on Friday 18th October 2024 at 10.30 in the morning

Live stream available via St Peter-in-the-church Facebook page



THE GATHERING

Music: I Know My Redeemer Liveth

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

St. John 11. 25, 26

Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord

Romans 8.38-39

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

EULOGY

Read by Simon Howard

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil:

for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou
preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Barbara and family would like to thank all of you for attending today, especially those who have travelled from a distant.

There will follow at 1130, a short service of committal for David at the City of London Crematorium. The family will attend and those of you who wish to join them are welcome.

There will be refreshments at
30 Upper Walthamstow Road E17 3QQ
and you are all cordially invited to attend either shortly after the church service or after the committal, as you choose.



Firm in rectitude may it rise superior in opposition, and like the bleak mountain which bears its crest with dignified composure to every tempest and fearlessly presents its bosom to the midnight storm, may it remain until such time shall be no more a perfect monument of wisdom, strength and beauty, which age cannot obliterate nor adversity decay.

Then the brother who has thus discharged his duties may potentially await his dying throb, that awful change we must all experience when the soul takes wing through that boundless expanse and may we say "It is well finished" and admit us to the above where the divisions of time shall cease and a glorious eternity burst open to our view.

