

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on a Cross, my burdens gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

### **TRIBUTES**

Maia Kinsale - Granddaughter

Marina Skelhorn - Daughter

Poem read by Rebecca Pestell  
The Thousandth Man by Rudyard Kipling

### **READING**

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8  
Read by Meloney Blackman

## **ADDRESS**

Reverend James Yeates

## **THE PRAYERS**

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.

## **FINAL HYMN**

Abide with me

Henry Francis Lyte

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide  
The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away  
Change and decay in all around I see  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness  
Where is death's sting?  
Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee  
In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me  
Abide with me, abide with me

## **THE COMMENDATION**

Time to say goodbye Katherine Jenkins

The funeral will continue at:

West London Crematorium

Kensal Green Cemetary

Harrow Road

London

NW10 5JS