

HYMN
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 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 re-creation
Of the new day.

POEM

"SEEDS OF LOVE" By Emily Greene

Read by Lyn Taylor

(Lyn, a close friend of Jennifer's - they met
when they worked at NatWest Bank together)

From a single seed, a life begins,
With love and care, it truly wins.
Our dear gardener, their hands so kind,
Left seeds of love, forever entwined.
They nurtured not just flowers and trees,
But hearts and dreams with gentle ease.
Each bloom a reminder of their grace,
A testament to their warm embrace.
Though their earthly journey may cease,
Their spirit lingers in every piece.
Let us tend the garden they left behind,
With love and memories, intertwined.

EULOGY

by Nick Hutt

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Giulio Caccini - Ave Maria

(An opportunity for some quiet reflection
of your own memories of Jennifer)

PRAYER
THE LORD'S 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,
The power and the glory
For ever and ever.
Amen

FINAL FAREWELL

HYMN
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope
Where there is darkness, only light
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
In giving to all men that we receive
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.