

A celebration of the life of



Margaret Maria Collett

14th October 1935 – 7th July 2024

The Sacred Heart Church, Wadhurst
Monday, 14th of October, at 11am

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Ave Maria

WELCOME, INTRODUCTION & PRAYER

Father Patrick

ABIDE WITH ME

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, O abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, 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.

***A READING FROM THE FIRST LETTER OF ST PAUL TO THE
THESSALONIANS***

Ani Wrobel

We want you to be quite certain, brothers,
about those who have died,
to make sure that you do not grieve about them,
like the other people who have no hope.
We believe that Jesus died and rose again,
and that it will be the same for those who have died in Jesus:
God will bring them with him.

We can tell you this from the Lord's own teaching,
that any of us who are left alive until the Lord's coming
will not have any advantage over those who have died.

At the trumpet of God,
the voice of the archangel will call out the command
and the Lord himself will come down from heaven;
those who have died in Christ will be the first to rise,
and then those of us who are still alive will be taken up in the
clouds, together with them, to meet the Lord in the air.

So we shall stay with the Lord for ever.
With such thoughts as these you should comfort one another.

The word of the Lord.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

READING FROM THE HOLY GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN

Father Patrick

Jesus said to his disciples:

“Do not let your hearts be troubled.

You have faith in God; have faith also in me.

In my Father’s house there are many dwelling places.

If there were not, would I have told you
that I am going to prepare a place for you?

And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come back again and take you to myself,
so that where I am you also may be.

Where I am going you know the way.”

Thomas said to him,

“Master, we do not know where you are going;
how can we know the way?”

Jesus said to him,

“I am the way and the truth and the life.
No one comes to the Father except through me.”

The Gospel of the Lord

HOMILY

Father Patrick

BIDDING PRAYERS

Father Patrick

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.

EULOGY

Jutta Wrobel

PRAYER AND BLESSING

Father Patrick

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.

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Suo-Gân



*Memories are special, recall them everyday.
They're always there within your heart and cannot fly away.
Remember all the special times you shared throughout the years.
And those memories of happiness will wipe away the tears.*

Refreshments will be served after the service at:

**Saxonbury
Mayfield Lane
Wadhurst
TN5 6JE**