

HYMN
PRAISE MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

MEMORIES OF JOYCE

Rev Stannard

HYMN

The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Endeth

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended
The darkness falls at Thy behest
To thee our morning hymns ascended
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping
While Earth rolls onward into light
Through all the world, her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high

So be it, Lord, thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever
'Til all thy creatures own thy sway

READING

Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my familiar name.

Speak to me in the loving way you always used.

Put no difference into your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed
together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow
upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

THE COMMITAL

River Flows in You - Yiruma

READING
She is Gone

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love
and go on.

CLOSING WORDS

Rev Stannard

CLOSING MUSIC

Moonlight Serenade - Glenn Miller