



The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for refreshment at
Gladstone Lodge,
Market Street,
Ilkeston
DE7 5RB.

Donations to the
Cedars Residents Fund
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Park House
1 Park Road
Ilkeston
Derbyshire
DE7 5DA

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
AGNES WEBSTER

6th November 1920 - 9th February 2019



Bramcote Crematorium,
Reflection Chapel
Tuesday 19th February 2019 at 2.15 pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Reverend G. Halliday

MUSIC IN

Ave Maria - Andrea Bocelli

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYERS

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

MUSIC OUT

Time To Say Goodbye - Sarah Brightman



HYMN

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 for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893)

This poem is from Agnes

POEM One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest, for me you should not weep.
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts, for I am just asleep.
The living, thinking me that was is now forever still,
And life goes on without me now, as time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now because I've gone away,
Dwell not long upon it, friend, for none of us can stay.
Those of you who liked me, I sincerely thank you all,
And those of you who loved me, I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan, as time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate, to laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now if time began, if time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all, and now I am at peace.



HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*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 through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:
Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;
Then sings my soul...

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

Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

BIBLE READING

MEMORIES OF AGNES

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

