

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

KATHLYN RIGLEY

'KATH'

1925 - 2018



Tuesday 14th August 2018



# Order of Service

## ENTRANCE MUSIC

May It Be  
by Enya

## WELCOME

. Reverend Dr Jeffrey Fewkes



POEM

The Glory Of The Garden  
by Rudyard Kipling

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,  
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,  
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;  
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,  
You will find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all;  
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and the tanks:  
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys  
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise;  
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,  
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,  
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;  
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,  
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

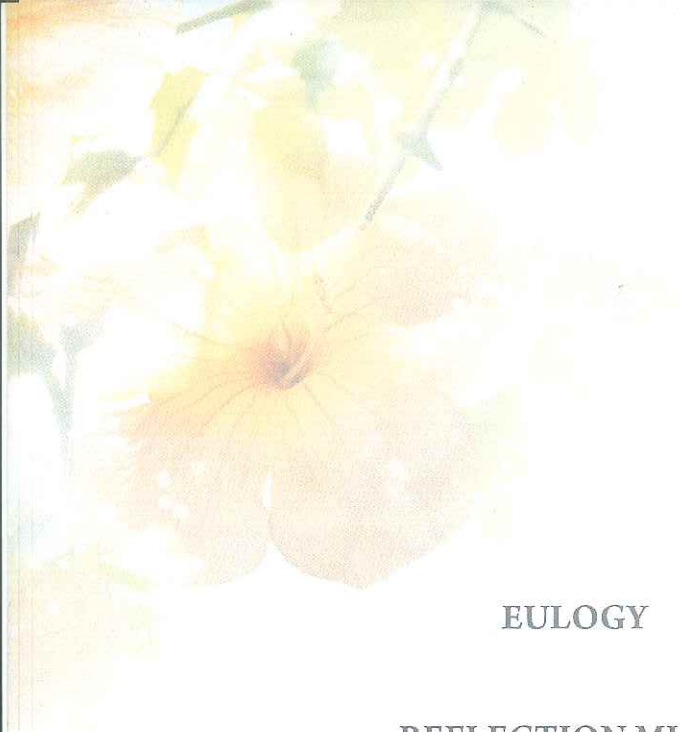
Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made  
By singing:—"Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade,  
While better men than we go out and start their working lives  
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,  
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick.  
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,  
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,  
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;  
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,  
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,  
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hand and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!  
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!





**EULOGY**

**REFLECTION MUSIC**

In Dreams

by Roy Orbison

**WORDS**

from grandchildren



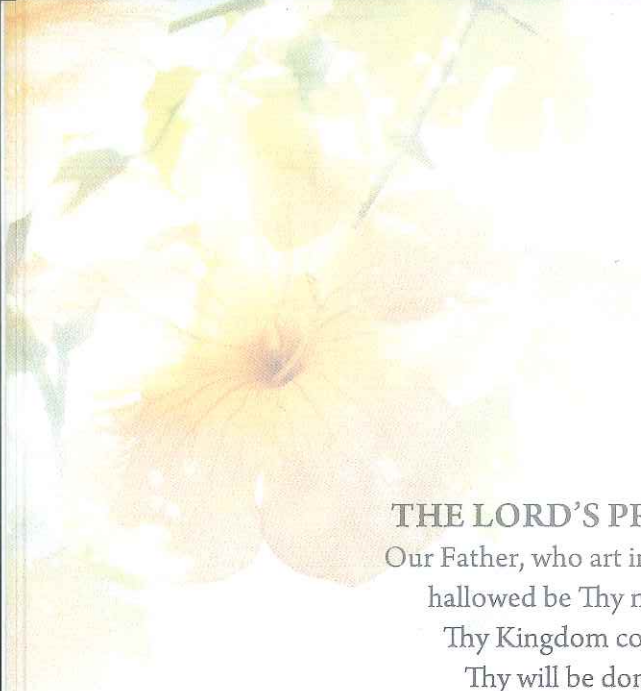
HYMN

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!

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)*



### 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.

## POEM

### You'll Meet Me In The Light

I know that you can't see me,  
But trust me, I'm right here.  
Although I'm up in heaven,  
My love for you stays near.

So often I see you crying,  
Many times you call my name.  
I want so much to lick your face  
And ease some of your pain.

I wish that I could make you see  
That Heaven indeed is real.  
If you could see me run and play,  
How much better you would feel.

But our love will promise me  
That when the time is right,  
You'll step out of the darkness  
And meet me in the light.







**BLESSING AND COMMITAL**

**MUSIC**

Time To Say Goodbye  
Andrea Bocelli and Sarah Brightman