

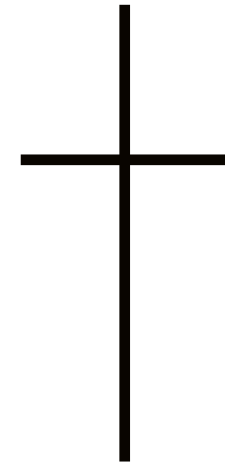
To Celebrate the Life
of

Christopher Barrie Wilson 'Chris'

29th November 1949 - 3rd August 2018

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

Memorial donations for
Dogs Trust
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries



Markeaton Crematorium

Thursday 13th September 2018
at 1.00 pm

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Derwent House
9 Becket Street
Derby
DE1 1HT
www.lymn.co.uk

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OPENING MUSIC

Nimrod

Elgar

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

PRAYERS OF COMFORT

SCRIPTURES OF HOPE

GOSPEL READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

John said: 'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, trust also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions. If that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you?

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

You know the way to the place where I am going.'

Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we don't know where you are going, so how can we know the way?'

Jesus answered, 'I am the way and the truth and the life.

No one comes to the Father except through me.'

BIBLE READING AND HOMILY

Psalm 121

I lift up my eyes to the mountains,
where does my help come from?
My help comes from the Lord,
the maker of heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot slip;
he who watches over you will not slumber.
Indeed, he who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord watches over you,
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;
the sun will not harm you by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep you from all harm,
he will watch over your life.

HYMN

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes 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,
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me 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 for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

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)

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

Our Memories Build A Special Bridge
by Emily Matthews

Our memories build a special bridge
When loved ones have to part,
To help us feel we're with them still
And soothe a grieving heart.
They span the years and warm our lives,
Preserving ties that bind.
Our memories build a special bridge,
And bring us peace of mind.

TRIBUTE TO CHRIS

POEM

His Journey's Just Begun
by Ellen Brenneman

Don't think of him as gone away,
His journey's just begun;
Life holds so many facets,
This earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a pace of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.
Thin how he must be wishing
The we could know today
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.
And think of him as living
In the hearts of those he touched,
For nothing loved in ever lost
And he was loved so much.