

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

DAVID LAWRENCE JEREMIAH THOMPSON

27th June 1940 - 22nd August 2017

Thursday 7th September 2017 at 9.20 am
Wilford Hill Crematorium

The family wish to thank everyone for their kind wishes
and support following the sad loss of David.

After the service, you are invited to join the family
for refreshments at Lark Hill Village, Clifton,
Nottingham NG11 8BF.

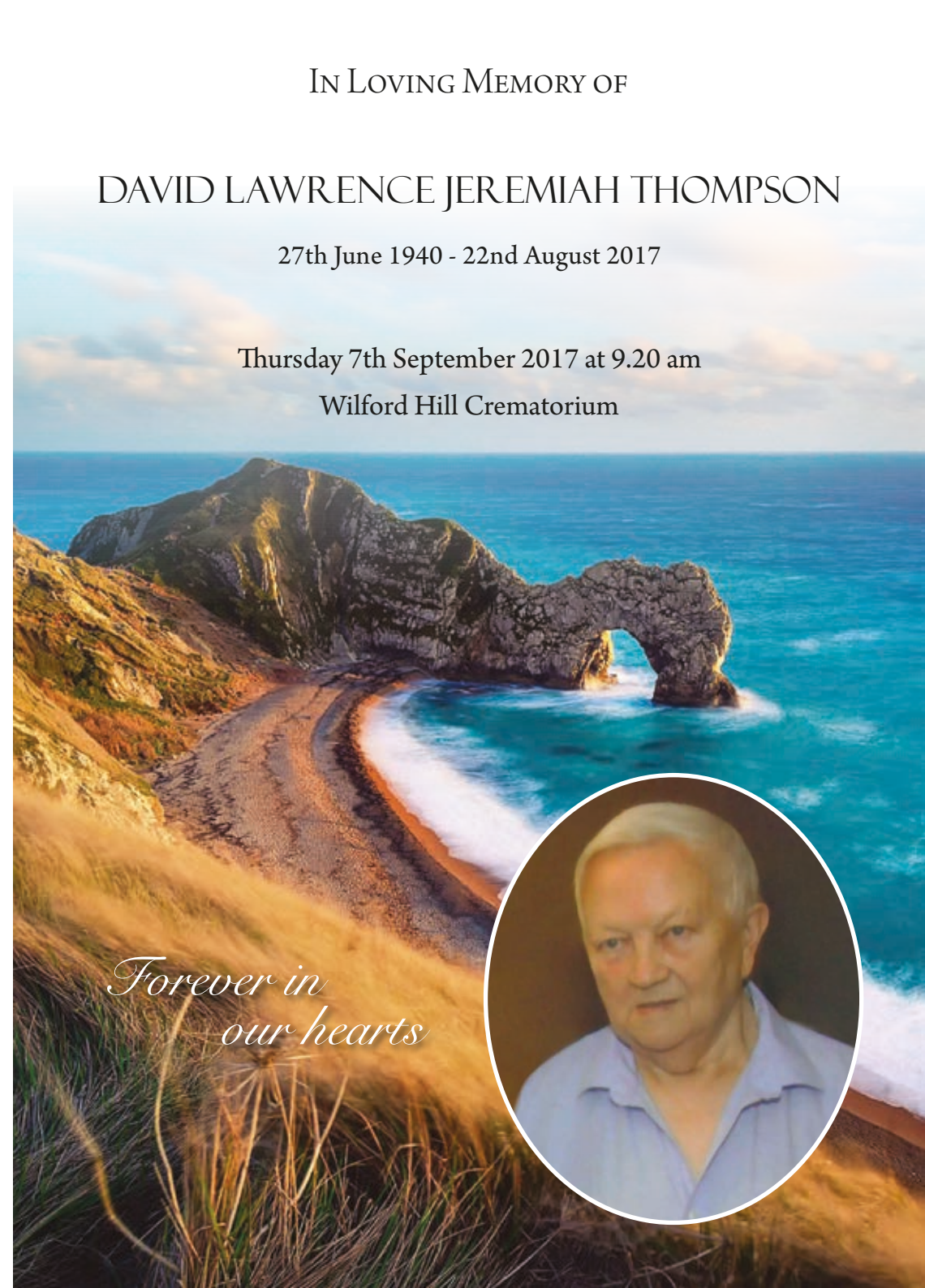
Donations in memory of David for the
Nottinghamshire Hospice
may be placed in the box as you leave the chapel,
given online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent to A.W. Lymn, The Family Funeral Service,
at the address below.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Chaworth House
24 Varney Road
Clifton
NG11 8EX
www.lymn.co.uk

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*Forever in
our hearts*



ORDER OF SERVICE

CLOSING PRAYER

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC
We'll Meet Again
Vera Lynn

He read the words that thrilled his soul:
'The Son of God has made you whole'.
The snorting engine stopped the ride
And carriage doors flew open wide
And loved ones mingled, tears were past,
For death was conquered, home at last.
And so he stood, as through the smoke,
He heard a voice as someone spoke
And surely there was no surprise
And yet it caused his heart to rise.
For on the shining platform place,
Chris sat there beaming, oil on face
And in his hand a spanner wrench
And other tools across the bench.
'I wondered when you'd come to me,'
He whispered very tenderly
And taking him to his embrace,
He gazed into his father's face.
He laughed and smiled from ear to ear,
'You know, Dad, there is no time here.
'No cares, no woe, no pain, no strife;
Just everlasting peace and life,
For here's the place where loved ones greet
And celebrate the chance to meet.
'But, Chris lad! Your grubby clothes
And oil-stained hands and eyes and nose;
I thought you'd all be moving slow
With angel harps and eyes aglow!'
He squeezed him tight as starlight fell,
'There's work to do up here as well.

We can't just float around with wings
We have to serve the King of kings.'
'They stepped into the living dream
Of gleaming rails and hissing steam
To be together evermore
And take the train to heaven's door.
To be united now, as planned
And celebrate the Promised Land.
To serve the Master all their days
And work with joy and prayer and praise.
And so, my friend, I urge and plead
You make a move and get up speed.
Don't miss His offer or His call;
The Final Train Ride comes to all.

ENTRY MUSIC

Amazing Grace
Harry Secombe

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE

PRAYER

READING

St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 13

PRAYER AND TIME FOR QUIET REFLECTION

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.

SONG

You'll Never Walk Alone
Gerry and the Pacemakers

When you walk through a storm;
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of a storm is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown;
Walk on,
Walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.
Walk on,
Walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.

EULOGY

COMMITTAL

POEM The Train Ride

A lifetime passes suddenly,
We blink into eternity,
As sadness, heartache, toil and care
Evaporate in blissful air.
And there he stands in such a throng,
The rush of peace and noise of song,
As people dressed in white and gold
Are gathered now into the fold.
He beckons one who seems to know
And asks how much to board and go;
He smiles until the noises fade
And tells him that the ticket's paid.
And as the steam comes hissing out,
He hears a great and glorious shout
As passengers climb to take their seat
With eager hands and searching feet.
He whispers, 'How will I get back?
There's just one line and just one track?'
The porter cries, 'Don't sigh or fuss
This journey has one terminus.
'No need for luggage, money, fare;
It's all been sorted, no despair!
For when you reach the other side,
You'll find his arms are open wide.'
He heard the engine strain and toil,
The air was full of smoke and oil
And yet it seemed, around the place,
The sweetest scent of love and grace.

The train pulled out to wing its flight,
The station soon slipped out of sight
Through fields of silver, pure as silk
And fragrant flowers as white as milk.
The carriage rocked in harmony
With voices raised in joyful glee;
The whistle shrieked in loud acclaim
As all began to praise His name.
And in his joy he had to bring
His offering to the Saviour King;
The sweet notes of the flute he played
And there upon the altar laid.
The scenes of love had spirits high,
But then the engine reached the sky
And no way they could bridge the gap;
The train would surely tumble back!
Yet straight ahead the cheers rang loud,
For there projecting from a cloud,
A cross of wood had made a way;
The train sped on without delay.
To get across the great divide,
His life was slain and crucified.
But here, at last, he looked ahead
And no more worry, no more dread.
Instead, a city all divine
And straight in front, a station sign.
The sign was shaped just like a crown
And as the signal pointed down,