
In Loving Memory
of
Julie Elizabeth Payne

22nd July 1944 ~ 21st December 2022



Bramcote Crematorium
Monday 9th January 2023
3.00 pm



ENTRY MUSIC

Amazing Grace
by Judy Collins

WELCOME

Keith Brown, Funeral Celebrant

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)

MEMORIES OF MUM

FAMILY POEM

read by grandchildren Addae and Ato

Remember Me

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember me with tears,
Remember all the laughter,
We've shared throughout the years.

Now I am contented,
That my life it was worthwhile,
Knowing that I passed along the way
I made somebody smile.

When you are walking down the street
And you've got me on your mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps
Only half a step behind.

So please don't be unhappy
Just because I'm out of sight,
Remember that I'm with you
Each morning, noon and night.

HYMN

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love;
Where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.

*O Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.
O Master, grant that I may never seek...

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997)

FAMILY POEM

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

read by Nils and Greta

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)

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.

GAELIC BLESSING

read by Ian

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And the rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Build Me Up Buttercup
The Foundations





Donations in memory of Julie for
Hayward House Hospice
may be made online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

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