



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

Memorial donations for the
British Heart Foundation
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.

All are welcome for refreshment at the
Beeches Hotel,
69 Wilford Lane, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7RN.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of



Mavis Beryl Stapleton

23rd April 1930 - 22nd February 2018



*Wilford Hill Cemetery,
West Chapel*

*Friday 16th March 2018
at 11.40 am*

A cluster of white lilies with yellow centers and red stamens, positioned in the bottom left corner of the page.

Commendation and Blessing

*The service of committal continues at the graveside,
where all are welcome to join the family.*

Retiring Music

'Goodbye's (The Saddest Word)'
Celine Dion

A large, out-of-focus image of white lilies with yellow centers and red stamens, occupying the right side and bottom of the page.

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth,
As it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that 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.

Order of Service

Introductory Music

'When I Fall In Love'
Nat King Cole

Opening Prayer

Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Giving Thanks for Mavis' Life

Address

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me
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 forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Reading

Revelation, Chapter 21: verses 1-7

I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

‘See, the home of God is among mortals.

He will dwell with them; they will be his peoples,
and God himself will be with them;

he will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;

mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.’

And the one who was seated on the throne said, ‘See, I am making all things new.’

Also he said, ‘Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.’

Then he said to me, ‘It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega,
the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift
from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things,
and I will be their God and they will be my children.’



Poem

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room;
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long,
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that once we shared;
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the master plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do;
Miss me, but let me go.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress tree.

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not fear the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

by Christina Georgina Rossetti