

TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF
JOAN KATHLEEN BALL

25th October 1939 - 8th September 2024



Wednesday 2nd October 2024 at 2.00 pm
Mansfield Crematorium, Newstead Chapel

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by Malcolm Barham, Civil Funeral Celebrant

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC
Largo from *Xerxes*
Handel

OPENING WORDS

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:
Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul...

Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

POEM
She Is Gone

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what she'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b. 1958)

REMEMBERING JOAN

TIME OF REFLECTION

Music: How Do You Do It?

Gerry and the Pacemakers

accompanied by a visual tribute

READING

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13: verses 1-13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing.

If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails.

But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love

HYMN

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Morning Mood from the Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, Op. 46

Edvard Grieg



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

All are welcome for refreshments, following the service, at Forever Green Restaurant, Ransom
Wood Business Park, Southwell Road West, Rainworth,
Mansfield NG21 0HJ.

Donations in memory of Joan for the

Stroke Association

may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

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