

To Celebrate the Life of



Averil Joy Johnson

27th July 1939 – 14th February 2023

Aged 83 years

Monday 6th March 2023

Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel

at 12.30 pm

Celebrant - Anja Laidler





Order of Service



Processional Music

Spring

Vivaldi's Four Seasons

Introduction and Welcome



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 God's 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 recreation
of the new day!

Eulogy

Read by David and Sally





Poem

Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
by William Wordsworth



Music for Reflection and Photo Tribute

Say A Little Prayer
by Aretha Franklin

Words of Farewell

Committal



Poem

Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.
All is well.
By Henry Scott Holland



Silent Reflection

Recessional Music

Where Do You Go To My Lovely
by Peter Sarstedt







If anyone would like to kindly make donation
in remembrance of Averil's life,
it will be very gratefully received and passed onto the
RNLI and the **SSAFA**,
as these are two charities that Averil supported for many years.

Averil's family warmly invite you to join them after the ceremony at
The Beeches Hotel, 69 Wilford Lane, Nottingham NG2 7RN.



A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305