



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
The White Lion  
47-49 Town Street  
Bramcote  
Nottingham  
NG9 3HH

Donations in memory of Joan for  
**Age UK**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
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**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

Half Crown House  
38 Derby Road  
Stapleford  
Nottingham  
NG9 7AA  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**JOAN FILLINGHAM**

21st June 1937 - 5th March 2024



Bramcote Crematorium,  
Serenity Chapel

Thursday 4th April 2024  
at 1.00 pm

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## ENTRANCE MUSIC

Until The Next Time  
Daniel O'Donnell

## WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

## 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.

## FAREWELL

## CLOSING WORDS

## EXIT MUSIC

My Way  
Frank Sinatra

## HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

## HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:  
*All things bright...*

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky:  
*All things bright...*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one:  
*All things bright...*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well:

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.*

*Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)*

## MEMORIES OF JOAN'S LIFE

### POEM

#### The Dash

read by Valerie Watson

I read of a man who stood to speak  
At the funeral of a friend,  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone,  
From the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth  
And spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years,

For that dash represents all the time  
That they spent alive on earth,  
And now only those who loved them  
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own,  
The cars, the house, the cash,  
What matters is how we live and love  
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard,  
Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left  
That can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough  
To consider what's true and real  
And always try to understand  
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger  
And show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives  
Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect  
And more often wear a smile,  
Remembering that this special dash  
May only last a while.

So when your eulogy is being read  
With your life's actions to rehash,  
Would you be proud of the things they say  
About how you spent your dash?

*Linda Ellis*