



The family would like to thank you all for being here today and for your messages of support and love at this sad time.

All are warmly invited to join us after the service for refreshments at
281 Restaurant and Rooms,
Nottingham Road,
Mansfield
NG18 4SE.

All donations in memory of Peter will be going to the **Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire Air Ambulance** and may be left in the donation box provided at the end of the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
at the address below or with GiftAid where appropriate online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

The Old Farm
2 Welbeck Road
Mansfield Woodhouse
NG19 9JZ

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of

Peter Brian James

15th August 1933 - 11th January 2017

St Lawrence's Church, Mansfield
Monday 13th February 2017 at 1.30 pm

Service conducted by Mr G. Anthony Hodson,
Licensed Reader, St Lawrence's Church, Mansfield



Order of Service

Welcome and Prayers

Prayers

Commendation

Address

G. Anthony Hodson

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)

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)

Family Memories

Ian James and Kevin Hardwick

Reading

Poem

God's Garden

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering,
He knew you were in pain;
He knew you would never
Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough
And hills were hard to climb,
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, "Peace be thine."

It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone,
For a part of us went with you
The day God called you home.