



Joan and family wish to thank you for your support and for your presence today.
You are invited to join the family for refreshments at
The Beeches Hotel,
Wilford Lane,
West Bridgford
NG2 7RN

There will be a retiring collection in memory of Isabell, for
Cancer Research UK
or donations may be sent
c/o A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service
at the address below.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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A SERVICE OF CELEBRATION AND THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF
ISABELLA DUFF GILL

11th November 1922 - 20th December 2017



Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel
Tuesday 16th January 2018
at 2.20 pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSIC ON ENTERING THE CHAPEL

Thine Be The Glory
by G.F. Handel

SENTENCES AND INTRODUCTION





COMMENDATION AND BLESSING

MUSIC ON LEAVING THE CHAPEL

Winter from *The Four Seasons* by Vivaldi
performed by Nigel Kennedy

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!*

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)

A TRIBUTE TO ISABELL
by Roy Bradshaw

READING
Psalm 23
read by Alan Stockwell

ADDRESS
The Reverend Canon Alan Haydock

PRAYERS

HYMN

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893)