

*To Celebrate the Life  
of*



# Michael Kenneth Holder

31st March 1930 - 27th April 2021

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Wednesday 12th May 2021  
at 3.00 pm





# Order of Service

## **Music on Entry**

Adagio for Strings

Barber

## **Prayer**



## 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)*



## **Words of Remembrance and Tribute**

### **Poem**

Afterglow  
read by Maddie

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo, whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun  
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

### **Song**

by Penny Keith

### **Prayers**



## Hymn

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*





**Committal**

**Closing Prayer and Blessing**





*'We are such stuff as dreams are made on,  
and our little life is rounded with a sleep.'*

*W. Shakespeare, The Tempest, Act IV, Scene I*

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

Donations in memory of Michael for  
**Alzheimer's Research UK**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
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**A.W. LYMN**

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