
A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF



DENNIS LEWIS HENSHAW

1933 - 2020

Gedling Crematorium
Wednesday 23rd December 2020
at 10.30 am

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Music

Who Do You Think You Are Kidding, Mr Hitler from *Dad's Army*

The Welcome

Introduction Prayers

by Reverend Philip Thomas

Hymn

The King Of Love My Shepherd Is

The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

The Reading

The Address

The Prayers

Eulogy

Poem
A Grandad Or A King

I'd like to be a King and boss a country
And have a moat around my castle wall,
 I'd like to run an army and a navy
 And eat my dinner in a marble hall,
I'd like to ride a white horse in my cities
And hear the people cheer and shout and sing,
But I'd rather be a Grandad than a King.

I've had a share in doing things that count,
Long hours of work have brought me many things,
 Some that cannot be taken from me,
 Even if it's true that riches may have wings.

I know the thrill that comes with long endeavour,
 To knock a sturdy foe out of the ring,
I love the things that have been granted to me,
 But I'd rather be a Grandad than a King.

A little hand that grasps me by the finger,
 A little cheek that's velvet to my touch,
A little smile that makes me want to linger,
 (I wonder if I'm loving him too much?).

A little life to carry my life onward
And love and sunshine in my life to bring,
I've got a lot of things I'd hate to part with,
 But I'd rather be a Grandad than a King.

Hymn

The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee:
Alleluia!

The Blessing

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.

Commendation

Committal

Music on Exit

That's Life
Frank Sinatra
