



THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LIFE OF
ANNE ELIZABETH STEVENSON
'NANCY'

1st April 1922 - 20th June 2020

"...From infancy you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith in Christ Jesus."

2 Timothy, Chapter 3: verse 15

Wilford Hill Crematorium,
Main Chapel

Wednesday 8th July 2020
at 2.00 pm





ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Amen from *Messiah*
G F Handel

WELCOME

John Wilkes



HYMN - To God Be The Glory

To God be the glory, great things he has done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
 who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
 and opened the life gate that we may go in.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 let the earth hear his voice!*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 let the people rejoice!*

*O come to the Father thro' Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory, great things he has done!*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!
 To ev'ry believer the promise of God;
 the vilest offender who truly believes,
 that moment from Jesus forgiveness receives.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord...

Great things he has taught us, great things he has done,
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
 but purer and higher and greater will be
 our wonder, our worship, when Jesus we see.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord...

Words: Fanny Crosby (1875), Tune: W. Howard Doane

PRAYER



HYMN - Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father;
there is no shadow of turning with thee;
thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;
as thou hast been thou forever wilt be.

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see:
all I have needed thy hand hath provided -
great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
sun, moon, and stars in their courses above
join with all nature in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.
Great is thy faithfulness...

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide,
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!
Great is thy faithfulness...

Words: Thomas Chiselm (1923)

Tune: W. M. Runyan

TRIBUTES

Family Memories and Sarah Shipley



A SONG FOR MEDITATION

When All My Words Are Said

Sylvia Burnside

When all my words are said and all my days are ended,
my eyes shall see the light of earth no more.
My soul shall journey on to greater light eternal.
A better home awaits on heaven's shore.

*O the glory, O the honour, to behold the One I love!
My Creator, my Deliverer, my Protector, my Reward!
All my troubles then forgotten, all my pain will then be gone,
and I will gaze in adoration at my Lord.*

And when my loved ones speak of how I lived among them,
I pray they will recall my heart was yours.
A life defined by grace, a legacy of service,
who loved and gave and lived to honour God.

So, while this life remains, help me to bear your image
and give my all to follow in your way.
Each heartbeat comes from you, so take my hope and passions
to serve your kingdom's purpose every day.

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BIBLE READING

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 12: verses 1-8 NIV

Margaret Stone

Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the days of trouble come and the years approach when you will say, "I find no pleasure in them:" before the sun and the light and the moon and the stars grow dark, and the clouds return after the rain; when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men stoop, when the grinders cease because they are few, and those looking through the windows grow dim; when the doors to the street are closed and the sound of grinding fades; when people rise up at the sound of birds, but all their songs grow faint; when people are afraid of heights and of dangers in the streets; when the almond tree blossoms and the grasshopper drags itself along and desire no longer is stirred. Then people go to their eternal home and mourners go about the streets.

Remember him - before the silver cord is severed, and the golden bowl is broken; before the pitcher is shattered at the spring, and the wheel broken at the well, and the dust returns to the ground it came from, and the spirit returns to God who gave it. "Meaningless! Meaningless!" says the Teacher.
"Everything is meaningless!"

MESSAGE

COMMITTAL

HYMN - How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the worlds thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
thy pow'r 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, my Saviour God, to thee...

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, my Saviour God, to thee...

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art!"
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee...

Words: Carl Gustav Boberg; Tr. Stuart K Hine (1949), Tune: Swedish Folk Melody

CLOSING PRAYER

Mark Storry

FINALE

Finale Violin Concerto 2nd movement
Andante Edward Elgar



Nancy's family would like to thank all those who have supported Nancy and themselves in recent times. Thank you, too, for joining us today.

Memorial donations for the
Stroke Association
can be made online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

Robin Hood House
Robin Hood Street
Nottingham
NG3 1GF

www.lymn.co.uk

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