



Joyce's family would like to thank you for your kind messages of support and love at this sad time, and for attending the service here today.

Donations in memory of Joyce will be going to the
RNLI.

Donations can be left in the box provided
at the end of the service,
sent care of A W Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
at the address below
or with Gift Aid where appropriate at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Station House
82 Station Road
Sutton-in-Ashfield
NG17 5HB
www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of



JOYCE DOROTHY PETERSON

30th August 1927 - 30th March 2019

Thursday 25th April 2019
at 1.15 pm

Mansfield Crematorium, Thoresby Chapel






CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Trøllabundin by Eivør Pálsdóttir

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Dr Janeen Leith, Independent Celebrant



ENTRY MUSIC

Prélude from *Le Tombeau De Couperin* by Ravel

OPENING WORDS

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

by Christina Rossetti

REFLECTION MUSIC

Winterreise by Schubert

COMMITTAL

In loving memory of Joyce Peterson née Thomas

The blues and yellows of the April flora
Light up the greyness of the sky,
But there's a sadness in these mellow shades;
Tho' I'm more certain of the coming summer
Than the second flowering of that gentle one
To whom we must now say goodbye.
Joyce loved books and through them gave
Something of herself to everyone she knew
And it is this that will live on in those of us
Who are better for having known her for so long.
Alas I do not believe in a second coming for
This lovely wife, mother, grandmother and aunt,
Who now is faraway and out of our reach,
But I do have and always will, the certainty of
A sense of warmth that comes from the many
Beautiful memories she left behind, and I know
That warmth will last forever.

by Valerie Jenkins



EULOGY

I understand what mountains
the frigid wind is blowing from.
All smoke from placid chimneys
must billow in directions pre-ordained.
Weeds are not candles in the wind,
what are they then, you ask, my child,
a weed may be a plant of unknown
unknowable and undiscovered virtues.
A flower in disguise, an unloved flower?
And who would be the one to separate
the flowers from the weeds in any garden?
And why, my child and all who do believe
a garden without weeds, it seems to me
is like a House of Praise without its share of sinners.

by Herbert Nehrlich

THE CRAFTSMAN

I ply with all the cunning of my art
This little thing, and with consummate care
I fashion it—so that when I depart,
Those who come after me shall find it fair
And beautiful. It must be free of flaws—
Pointing no labourings of weary hands;
And there must be no flouting of the laws
Of beauty—as the artist understands.

Through passion, yearnings infinite—yet dumb—
I lift you from the depths of my own mind
And gild you with my soul's white heat to plumb
The souls of future men. I leave behind
This thing that in return this solace gives:
"He who creates true beauty ever lives."

by Marcus B Christian

DISABLED

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,
And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,
Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park
Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,
Voices of play and pleasure after day,
Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time Town used to swing so gay
When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees,
And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim, -
In the old times, before he threw away his knees.
Now he will never feel again how slim
Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands,
All of them touch him like some weird disease.

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,
And do what things the rules consider wise,
And take whatever pity they may dole.
Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes
Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
How cold and late it is! Why don't they come
And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

by Wilfred Owen