



You are all welcome to join the family for refreshments at the  
Frame Breakers, High Street, Ruddington NG11 6DT.

Donations in memory of John for the  
**Pancreatic Cancer Research Fund**  
may be placed in the donation box provided  
or sent care of  
A W Lymn,  
The Family Funeral Service,  
at the address below.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Albert Oliver and Sons  
45 Easthorpe Street  
Ruddington  
NG11 6LB  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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*To Celebrate the Life  
of*



**John Robinson**

4th December 1925 - 9th May 2019

Wilford Hill Cemetery Chapel

Monday 3rd June 2019

at 1.40 pm







### **Closing Words**

*The committal will take place at the graveside.*

### **Exit Music**

My Way by Frank Sinatra



### **Entrance Music**

The White Cliffs Of Dover by Vera Lynn

### **Welcome and Introduction**

by Heather Johnson

### **Celebration of John's Life**

by Ben

### **Family Tributes**

by Amy and Lyndsey



## Poem

To Those Whom I Love And Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go.  
I have so many things to see and do.  
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears,  
But be thankful we had so many good years.

I gave you my love, and you can only guess  
How much you've given me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love that you have shown,  
But now it is time I travelled on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must,  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
It is only for a while that we must part,  
So treasure the memories within your heart.

I won't be far away, for life goes on,  
And if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near,  
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear  
All my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you come this way alone,  
I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome home.'

## Hymn

Jerusalem  
*sung by all*

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

## The Lord's Prayer

**All: 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.**