

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

PETER ALAN THOMPSON

13th July 1937 - 13th December 2022



Thursday 12th January 2023 at 2.00 pm  
Mansfield Crematorium, Newstead Chapel





# ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiated by Celebrant, Chris Ibbs



PROCESSIONAL MUSIC  
Ain't Misbehavin'  
by Peter Thompson's Gentle Jazz Men

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

## HYMN

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

*Scottish Psalter (1650)*



## EULOGY

### POEM

Death Is Nothing At All  
by Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away to the next room.  
I am I and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name,  
Speak it to me in the same way you always used;  
Put no difference into your tone,  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was;  
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,  
Somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner.  
All is well.





## 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)*





ADDRESS

COMMENDATION

COMMITTAL



CLOSING BLESSING

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Try A Little Tenderness

by Peter Thompson's Gentle Jazz Men



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

You are all warmly invited to join them after the service for light refreshments at  
The Junction, 2 Newark Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire NG17 5JP  
and continue to remember Peter together.

Donations in memory of Peter will be for  
**The Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire Air Ambulance.**

Donations can be left in the envelope provided  
and placed in the box at the end of the service,  
sent care of A.W.Lymn, The Family Funeral Service  
at the address below or via Gift Aid where appropriate at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

**A.W. LYMN**

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