

In Loving Memory  
of



# Marilyn Taylor

9th August 1941 - 26th March 2024

Thursday 2nd May 2024 at 10.00 am  
St Swithin's Church

# Order of Service

led by Reverend Canon John L. Smith

## **PROCESSIONAL MUSIC**

Nimrod  
Edward Elgar

## **WELCOME AND SENTENCES**

by Canon John Smith

## HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways;  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

## INTRODUCTION

Canon John Smith





**COLLECT**

**PSALM 23**

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:

for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

## BIBLE READING

1 Corinthians 13  
read by Joan Smith

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.  
But the greatest of these is love.



**POEM**

The Dash

by Linda Ellis

read by Caroline Smith

I read of a man who stood to speak  
at the funeral of a friend  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone  
from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth  
and spoke the following date with tears,  
but he said what mattered most of all  
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time  
that they spent alive on earth.  
And now only those who loved them  
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own --  
the cars...the house...the cash.  
What matters is how we live and love  
and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.  
Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left  
that can still be rearranged.



If we could just slow down enough  
to consider what's true and real,  
and always try to understand  
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger  
and show appreciation more,  
and love the people in our lives  
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect  
and more often wear a smile,  
remembering this special dash  
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read  
with your life's actions to rehash,  
would you be proud of the things they say  
about how you spent your dash?





## HYMN

We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand:  
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine, and soft, refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above;  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love.*

He only is the maker of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

*All good gifts around us...*

We thank Thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.

Accept the gifts we offer for all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

*All good gifts around us...*

*Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)*





**MUM'S EULOGY**

read by Amanda Weiss

**ADDRESS**

Canon John Smith

**REFLECTION MUSIC**

Cavatina

Stanley Myers

Craig Ogden (classical guitar)

**PRAYERS**

**THE LORD'S PRAYER**

## HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful  
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

The purple headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky:  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one:  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well:

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful  
The Lord God made them all.*

*Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)*



**COMMENDATION AND BLESSING**

**RECESSIONAL MUSIC**

What A Wonderful World

Louis Armstrong

The committal will now take place at  
Tithe Green Burial Ground,  
Salterford Lane, Calverton, Nottingham NG14 6NZ





The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and messages at this sad time.

You are all invited to join them, following the committal at Tithe Green, at Ramsdale Park Golf Centre, Oxtun Road, Calverton, Nottingham NG14 6NU for refreshments and to continue to share happy memories of Marilyn.

Donations in memory of Marilyn for the **Royal National Lifeboat Institute** may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, donated online at [www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries) or by scanning the QR code below  
Or sent care of A.W Lymn at the address below.

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