

After the service, you are all welcome to join the family for refreshments at Stanton-on-the-Wolds Golf Club, Golf Course Road, Stanton-on-the-Wolds, Nottingham NG12 5BH.



Donations in memory of Michael for **Diabetes UK** and **Mind** may be placed in the donations 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

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In Loving Memory of



Michael Sidney Mills

7th July 1932 - 9th October 2016



Wilford Hill Crematorium

Thursday 20th October 2016
at 2.00 pm

Order of Service

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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.

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Fly Me To The Moon - Frank Sinatra and Count Basie



TRIBUTE
by John Muncey

POEM
One At Rest
read by Jenna Mills

REFLECTION MUSIC
Every Time We Say Goodbye - Ella Fitzgerald

WORDS OF GOODBYE

ENTRY MUSIC
Clarinet Concerto in A Major - Mozart

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS



HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

EULOGY

by Stephen Mills

REFLECTION

by Saimon Mills

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)

