



In Loving Memory of

Jennifer Mary Coulby
'Jenny'

5th March 1944 - 31st October 2016

Jenny's family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this very sad time.

Please join us for refreshments and to celebrate Jenny's life at
The Beeches Hotel, 69 Wilford Lane,
West Bridgford, Nottingham, NG2 7RN

Memorial donations for
Central Notts MIND
may be left in the box provided on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn, The Family Funeral Service or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Thursday 24th November 2016 at 12 noon



Entrance Music

I Giorni, Ludovico Einaudi

Welcome and Prayer

Hymn

Jerusalem

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 those 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)

Commendation

Committal

Blessing

Exit Music

Human, The Killers





Poem

written by Jenny's daughter, Sarah
For My Mum

We always used to compose silly rhymes
For weddings, anniversaries and at Christmastime
But this is the hardest one to do
Finding words to express how I feel about you

I thought long and hard about what I could say
To convey how I feel now you've gone away
You went too soon, no time for goodbye
It's difficult to understand why

Now you're not here to be part of my life
To watch Lou and Phil when they become man and wife
I'll remember you collecting shells with Grace
And cherish that beautiful smile on your face

I'll treasure forever the good times we had
Think of happier days so I don't feel so sad
Remember the special times we've shared
Little things you've done to show you cared

When things weren't so good, you were always there
Finding just the right words to show that you care
I always knew I could come to you
For support and love to help me get through

Not only a Mum, you were also my friend
And my love for you will never end
We had some laughs and plenty of fun
Sleep peacefully now my precious Mum

It hurts so much now that we're apart
You'll always have a special place in my heart
What I'd give for another day with you
I love you mum, you know I do

All my love, Sarah xxx

Tributes

Poem

She Is Gone

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1959)





Music for Reflection

'She'

Charles Aznavour (1974)

Bible Reading

I Corinthians 13

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not 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 have not love, I am nothing.

If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames,
but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.
It is not rude, 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 perfection comes, the imperfect 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 childish ways behind me.

Now we see but a poor 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.

Prayers

Hymn

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that Thou art;
Be Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my true word,
Be Thou ever with me, and I with Thee, Lord;
Be Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son;
Be Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be Thou my whole armour, be Thou my true might;
Be Thou my soul's shelter, be Thou my strong tower:
O raise Thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:
Be Thou mine inheritance now and always;
Be Thou and Thou only the first in my heart;
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, Thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be Thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

*Words: Ancient Irish hymn;
trans. Mary Byrne, 1905, and versified by Eleanor Hull, 1912*

