
A Service
to Celebrate the Life of
HAZEL MARY PAYNE

12th January 1926 - 25th September 2020



West Bridgford Baptist Church
Friday 9th October 2020
at 2.15 pm

MUSIC ON ENTRANCE

Clair

by Gilbert O'Sullivan

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Stephen McKibbin

HYMN

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish; but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)

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.

PSALM 23

read by Jayne Newman

REMEMBERING HAZEL

Alison Edwards and Gareth Edwards

Hazel might have been 94, but as somebody commented recently, she wasn't an "old lady". She had packed a lot into those 94 years, growing up as a young girl in Cambridgeshire, older sister to Jill and Jacq. She gained a scholarship to a local high school and then went to the University of Reading. She had to travel through London at a very dangerous time during the war and her parents were worried about her doing that. Her sisters, however, were very impressed!

To her credit, Hazel went on to graduate and then to teach in Spalding before moving to Nottingham to work at Boots where she met Norman. There then followed a long and happy marriage. Many strong friendships were forged from the early days and they remain strong today. Alison was born first and then her sister, Margaret.



While the girls were still young, the Payne family became regular attendees of the Baptist Church in West Bridgford. Hazel would be very pleased for everyone to be celebrating her life there amongst friends who became important in the family's life.

When both girls went to school, Hazel returned to work as a part-time lecturer at People's College in Nottingham. She taught various different science subjects. Alison and Margaret always enjoyed hearing stories about her time there.

Alison and Margaret both left home in Musters Crescent to follow in their mother's footsteps to become teachers. Hazel and Norman supported them throughout their careers and their family lives. They were delighted when the grandchildren started arriving, first Lucy, then Sabina, Rachel and Gareth. They all became part of the extended family of Northwold Avenue, to where Hazel and Norman had moved. They were surrounded by many caring friends and neighbours who were always there, both in happy and in sad times.

People have kindly shared their individual memories of Hazel, but the overriding message is that she was an incredible, lovely, loving and thoughtful lady. She was always very smart in both senses of the word and she will be greatly missed by all those who knew and loved her, and who have come together from every part of her long life.

POEM

She Is Gone

by David Harkins

read by Rachel Edwards

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'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love 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's 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'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b. 1958)

PRAYERS

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:
Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul...

Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

BENEDICTION

MUSIC ON EXIT

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree (With Anyone Else But Me)
by The Andrews Sisters



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

Memorial donations for
Macmillan Cancer Support
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
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