

In Loving Memory of



PRISCILLA JANET SMITH

6th November 1940 - 5th November 2020

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

Memorial donations for
The Royal British Legion
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN
*The Family Funeral Service**

Park House
1 Park Road
Ilkeston
Derbyshire
DE7 5DA

www.lymn.co.uk

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Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel
Tuesday 8th December 2020 at 11.00 am

Order of Service

Taken by Andrea Garlick

ENTRY MUSIC

Take My Hand, Precious Lord
Elvis Presley

WELCOME

READING

My Grandmother
by Victoria L. Payne
read by Lucy

In my rose garden of memories
I see you standing there,
An angel in disguise
Who taught me how to care.

I long to hear your voice,
For real, not in my dreams;
I am missing you so much these days,
How empty my world seems.

People say time heals all wounds,
That someday the pain will subside,
But Grandma, I can tell you
I think they must have lied.

The emptiness I am feeling now
Is strong and I am weak,
These days go by without you,
So dreary and so bleak.

In my rose garden of memories
I know you'll always be,
For though you're gone from this mortal world,
In my heart you'll always be.

CELEBRATION OF JANET'S LIFE

HYMN

Morning Has Broken

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)



COMMITTAL

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil,

for you are with me;

your rod and your staff,

they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

you anoint my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

READING

You Can Only Have One Mother

You can only have one mother,

Patient, kind and true;

No other friend in all the world

Will be the same to you.

When other friends forsake you,

To Mother you will return,

For all her loving-kindness

She asks nothing in return.

As we look upon her picture,

Sweet memories we recall

Of a face so full of sunshine

And a smile for one and all.

Sweet Jesus, take this message

To our dear mother up above,

Tell her how we miss her

And give her all our love.

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Flying Without Wings

Westlife