

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
KATHLEEN LAMB

28th April 1928 - 2nd May 2020



Wilford Hill Crematorium
Wednesday 20th May 2020
at 12.00 noon



A bouquet of vibrant red roses with green leaves and stems, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, light green gradient.

ORDER OF SERVICE

*When the cortège enters the chapel,
if you are able, will you please stand.*

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Memory from *Cats*

by André Rieu

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

Jeremy Pemberton, Civil Celebrant

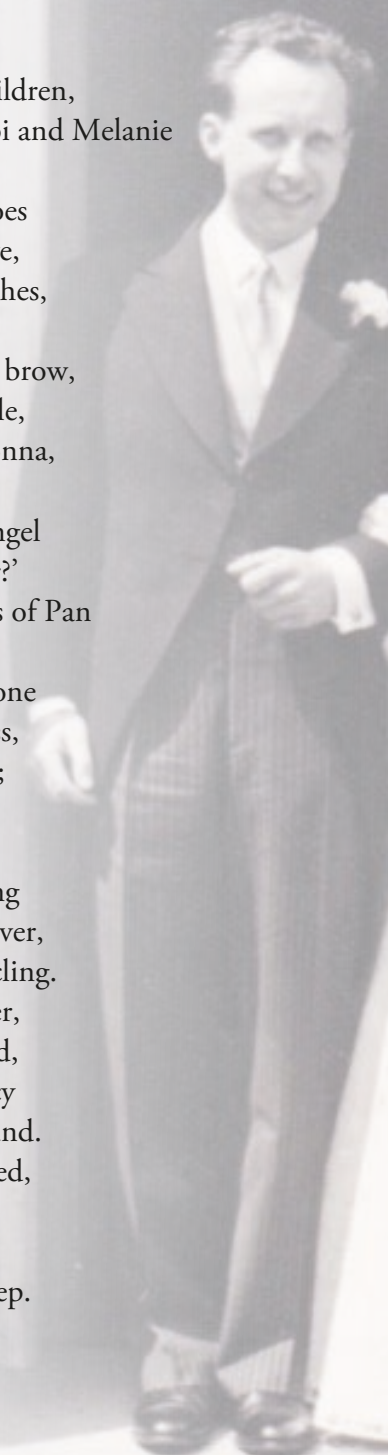
POEM

To Sister Oates

read by all of Kathleen's grandchildren,
Jamie, Tom, Charlotte, Sarah, Adam, Abi and Melanie

Along the lines of beds she goes
With a kind and watchful eye,
Soothing the pains and heartaches,
Passing not anyone by.
A touch of her hand on a fevered brow,
From her lips a beautiful smile,
Like the sweet and lovely Madonna,
Pausing - with you awhile.
With the look of a heavenly angel
She asks, 'How are you, dear?'
With a voice like the musical pipes of Pan
Which casts away all fear.
A fleeting second and she is gone
As her noble round must pass,
She fades away like a vision;
I'm alone again - alas.
Oh God! How I miss her,
But the comfort she will bring
Will live in my poor heart forever,
In my memory she will always cling.
Dear Lord, always protect her,
A better one cannot be found,
As she lives to minister mercy
In the honour that duty is bound.
When her noble days are ended,
In safety may thou keep,
Guard her in all her glory
So that in heaven she may sleep.

J. Marshall July 1953





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.

(Refrain)

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky.

(Refrain)

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one.

(Refrain)

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty
who has made all things well.

(Refrain)



MEMORIES OF KATHLEEN
including a contribution from Charlotte

POEM
read by Gill

REFLECTION MUSIC
Fields Of Gold
by Eva Cassidy

FINAL FAREWELL AND COMMITTAL





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.

CELTIC BLESSING

read by Jenni

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Unforgettable
by Nat King Cole



A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

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www.lymn.co.uk

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